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THE MOURNING ATHENE, FROM THE ACROPOLIS.

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FUNERAL ORATIONS IN STONE AND WORD.

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

IN an article in this Magazine for March, 1890, on the "Restored Head of Iris in the Parthenon Frieze," an account was given of the successful excavations carried on by the Greek government on the Acropolis of Athens a few years ago. It was there stated that, with the exception of two ancient works of art, all the remains found at that time belonged to the period preceding the destruction of the ancient city of Athens by the Persians under Xerxes, and thus all were earlier in date than the year 480 B.C. The two works of art which formed this exception were found near the surface, where they must have been buried at a much later period, both of them distinctly later than the Persian invasion. The one was the fragment of relief from the Parthenon frieze representing the head of Iris, published in that article; the other is a bass-relief representing Athene (or Minerva) leaning on her lance before a pillar or slab, which is reproduced in the frontispiece to this number.

This marble slab is comparatively small in dimensions. It is about one foot nine inches high by one foot one inch in width. The work is in excellent preservation, and though of modest appearance, as far as the size and the manifest elaborateness are concerned, it is one of exceptional interest, and presents many problems. M. Kavvadias, the Greek Director of Excavations, in the first notice in the official gazette, or *Deltion*, pointed to the expression of melancholy in the attitude and expression of the figure; while Mr. E. A. Gardner, in an early notice of this work in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, considers it "a very beautiful work, of which the significance is, and is likely to remain, an unsolved problem."

I venture to believe that the problem which at first seemed so difficult of solution can now be approached with no ill-founded hope of satisfactory settlement.

There are really three main questions which present themselves to the archæologist studying this work. The first is, To what period and what school may the work be ascribed? The second is, What type of Athene is here represented? And the third is, What is the meaning and significance of Athene in this peculiar attitude and situation, and what purpose did this slab serve?

I believe that all archæologists will be agreed, when they consider not only the place where the monument was found, but also the numerous reliefs which have been discovered, especially within recent years, in Attica, that the work must be ascribed to the Attic school. We really only meet with difficulty when we attempt to assign an accurate date. For it must be evident to even those who are not specialists in the study of such monuments that there is a certain dualism or incongruity in the treatment of this figure. This incongruity is to be found in the elements of freedom, skill in modelling and in composition, on the one hand, as contrasted with a certain archaic severity and awkwardness in composition and execution on the other. The severity, conventionality, and awkwardness point to the archaic period, which reaches, roughly speaking, from the earliest antiquity of Greek art down to the year 460 B.C.; the freedom and grace in composition and execution point to the period when Greek art was emancipated completely from its archaic trammels by Phidias, after the year 460 B.C. Awkwardness and conventionality are mainly to be

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found in this figure in the lower portion, from the waist downwards, freedom and grace in the upper part of the figure, above the waist. When we merely consider this lower portion, we must be struck, in the first place, with the discrepancy of its character as compared with the successful rendering of a definite sentiment in the pose and composition of the figure as a whole. With merely this lower portion of the figure to judge from, we should have expected a more conventional treatment in the upper portion: a head placed straight between the shoulders, and harder and severer lines in the folding of the drapery. Yet it cannot be denied that the artist has succeeded, by the gentle inclination of the head, by the attitude of leaning upon the spear, by the very lines suggested by the lofty helmet, in expressing a delicate and subdued sentiment which we are wont to associate only with later works of Greek art. So also the artist has succeeded in this very low relief in conveying with freedom and without suggestion of constraint a delicate turn of the upper part of the body about the shoulders, so that the figure is not completely in full face as regards the torso, and presents a very subtle system of foreshortening. But when he comes to the lower portion of the figure, about the hips, he cannot succeed in carrying on the suggestion of this delicate turn of the body, and the semblance of roundness is destroyed by the manifest appearance of flatness. So too he succeeds with remarkable skill, considering this flatness of relief, in suggesting the elaborate turn, from the shoulder downwards, of the arm which rests upon her hip; yet immediately below the waist, where the wrist and hand n[illegible] continue to suggest the delicate turn [illegible] whole arm, he appears to fail [illegible] omewhat clumsy tr[illegible] d of the hand. Fin[illegible] the modelling of t[illegible] repancy at once becon[illegible] the varied flow of line so [illegible] indicating the texture of the garment and its delicate sensitiveness (if I may use such a word) in varying and accentuating the part of the body above the waist, and the unresponsive folds below the waist. These lower folds, again, in their regularity and parallel lines, point to the conventionalism which is universal in the works of the archaic period.

Ever since archæologists have realized that in the period of decline of Greek art, in the first century B.C., there was a kind of revival and conscious attempt at reproducing the spirit of the great by-gone age of Hellas—in short, a kind of renaissance—many works which had formerly been ascribed to the archaic period were recognized as being the productions of this late revival of archaic art. The artists and copyists of this period, chiefly living in Rome or working for the Roman market, consciously strove to reproduce in spirit and in form the works belonging to the earlier periods, even attempting to reproduce the very imperfections and conventionalisms of this early art. This attempt and this spirit correspond in a great degree to a wave of artistic effort which in our century we have been witnessing in Germany and in England. In Germany these artists were called the "Nazarene School"; in England they are called Pre-Raphaelites. Both allow themselves to be inspired by the quaint spirit of Italian art before Raphael, and the manifestations of this severer tone in what might be called imperfections of technique. As regards works of Greek sculpture, the tendency has been to consider as *archaistic*, in contradistinction to *archaic*, all those works which, though in their general composition, in modelling of the nude and in treatment of drapery, corresponded to early archaic works, betrayed their origin in a later date by the involuntary intrusion of freedom and advanced technical skill in some portion of the work. Thus wherever one finds a certain dualism and discrepancy in any given work with regard to the points I have been describing, the tendency would be to consider such a work as belonging to this late so-called archaistic period. But there is one important point which must never be forgotten, namely, that in the so-called Period of Transition (from 500 to 460 B.C.), when art as a whole and the individual artists were in the act of freeing themselves from the archaic trammels, and of claiming their birthright to complete freedom of artistic rendering—that in this period, which immediately precedes the great efforts of Phidias, the same dualism occurs. It is here that the most patient and minute special study is required to distinguish the works of the late archaistic schools from those belonging to the early period of transition. Yet a com-

TEMPLE OF "NIKE APTEROS," ON THE ACROPOLIS.

parison of such works side by side may in many instances at once show the marked difference that obtains between them; and this relief of Athene is one of the best instances in which the dualism we have dwelt upon clearly points to the genuine work of the fifth century B.C., and differs fundamentally from the peculiarities to be noted in the works of the Græco-Roman period. As a work of the fifth century B.C., however, it cannot certainly be placed earlier than the year 470. On the other hand, owing to the introduction of a certain sentiment or pathos in the attitude of the figure, which sentiment, it has been supposed, is foreign to the art of the great period of Phidias and Polycleitos, the work has been ascribed by some to the very close of the fifth century, and even to the beginning of the fourth century B.C. When we have answered the question as to the meaning and destination of this work, we shall see that there is no reason for placing the relief so late on account of the introduction of sentiment. So far, I would fix its date, as regards the character of the work itself, between the years 470 and 450 B.C.—a period in which, owing to the emancipating efforts not only of sculptors like Phidias, but also to the important influence of his older contemporary the painter Polygnotos, free and naturalistic art had begun to introduce itself; while, on the other hand, the severer spirit of the older artists had not completely died away and lost its p[illegible] dominance. But if we consider the [illegible] human side, namely, the question [illegible] made it, I should be [illegible] his work to an art[illegible] ere many at Athens) [illegible] ave lived down to the last [illegible] fifth century, but whose earl[illegible] and traditions were formed by an artist of the older and severer school. In the work of such an artist there would be the traces of both periods of art mingled with one another, and even though this individual work might have been made in the year 430 B.C., the artist may have learned his craft from old-school teachers

CARYATID PORCH OF THE ERECHTHEUM, ON THE ACROPOLIS.

like Hegias or Kalamis about the year 460, or even 470, B.C. And, finally, we must not forget, when dealing with such a specimen of the minor arts, the influence of some well-known type of Athene which the sculptor had before him or in his mind when he executed this more modest commission. That the sculptors of such reliefs, when they had to carve an Athene, were thus influenced by the well-known types, the sacred temple statues by great artists, is fully established by facts. And thus the sculptor of this relief may, in the second half of the fifth century B.C., have been influenced by a temple statue representing Athene which belonged to an earlier period, and manifested in its modelling the characteristics of more archaic art. In fact, the awkwardness of pose as regards the lower portion of the figure, the modelling of which recalls the more conventional temple statues of earlier dates, seems to arise from the attempt—not quite successful—of putting such a severe type of temple statue into this new, definite, and expressive pose. I could adduce several other instances of reliefs the peculiarities of which can only be explained by the attempted adaptation of an earlier temple statue to a new situation or scene.

To sum up, then, the relief might either have been produced in the years between 470 and 450 B.C.—though, in spite of what I shall have to say, the introduction of the sentiment seems to me to militate against so early a date—or it would be the work of an artist who, twenty years of age in 470 B.C., would be seventy years of age in 420 B.C., and who, with the more archaic traditions of his earlier training, might have made this relief at a later period of his life; or, finally (and this stands well with the previous suppositions), the work is some years subsequent to the year 450 B.C. (not later than 420 B.C.), and the artist was influenced by a sacred statue of Athene which belonged to an earlier period, and had distinct traces of archaism in its modelling. The influence of such an earlier type commends itself more and more as we study other similar reliefs representing Athene.

I may at once say that the type to

which this Athene belongs is not that of the Athene Parthenos, the famous gold and ivory statue which Phidias made in the Parthenon; nor is it the type of Promachos, who guards her own city against the foes. The type seems to me rather that youthful side and conception of Athene which more and more succeed-

MARBLE RELIEF OF ATHENE-NIKE, END OF FIFTH CENTURY B.C.
In Lansdowne House, London.

Athene Promachos, the colossal bronze statue on the Acropolis by that artist. The prototype of the Athene in our relief seems to me to be a sacred temple statue of a somewhat earlier date, and one which does not represent Athene distinctly as either the virgin goddess Parthenos, or the markedly warlike character of Athene ed in establishing itself until it became a separate divinity under the name of Nīkē, or Victory. But at Athens, before Victory had thus become a separate divinity, she existed and was worshipped as one peculiar aspect of the goddess Athene, under the name Athene-Nīkē, and to her a temple and a statue were erected imme-

diately after the Persian war, in the time of Cimon, the predecessor of Pericles. This temple may with the greatest probability be identified in the beautiful small edifice commonly known as the Temple of Nike Apteros, which stands on the very brow of the Acropolis; and a statue to this goddess erected in the time of Cimon would, I hold, correspond in all probability to the type of Athene as rendered in our relief, standing erect, without the definite action marked by the attitude of our figure. An interesting counterpart to this rendering of Athene-Nike is that of another Attic relief in Lansdowne House, London, representing Athene-Nike holding her helmet before her in her hand, and here published for the first time. The sculptor of this Attic relief has chosen a different model for his figure. He has been distinctly influenced by the works of Phidiac art. The drapery of this figure is free from any touch of earlier conventionality or severity; in fact, in the folding and general arrangement it corresponds completely to that of the maidens on the frieze of the Parthenon, and in drapery and headdress and type of head its nearest analogies are to be found in these maidens and in the Caryatides of the Erechtheum on the Acropolis. This relief will well illustrate what the minor sculptors, immediately influenced by the work of Phidias at Athens, did when they were commissioned to make such a relief, and at the same time it distinctly shows how the sculptor of our Athene-Nike was influenced by the earlier type, which we may be justified in considering to have been established in the time of Cimon. But though our sculptor may thus have been influenced by an earlier type, he certainly marks a great advance in the freedom with which he has adapted the older figure to the expression of a new and definite meaning, which makes this almost a unique work in the history of Greek art. A still further and later modification and derivative of the earlier prototype may be found in a statue the exact position of which in the history of art has always been a puzzle. It is the celebrated Pallas of Velletri, now in the Louvre Museum, Paris, of which the colossal bust at Munich, from the Villa Albani, gives a more perfect rendering as regards the most striking head. The statue and the bust are probably copies of a fourth-century original, yet I have always felt that in some of their characteristics of grandeur mingled with grace they pointed to some Attic influence of the fifth century B.C.; and our relief of Athene-Nike, by means of a comparison of the two heads, well serves to illustrate the earlier Attic influence in the form of this beautiful type of the so-called Velletri Pallas. But it is interesting to see what the fourth-century artist has put into his figure in contradistinction to the situation on our relief. For though in the statue and in the bust there are no accessories, such as the slab, and the lance upon which our Athene is leaning, to indicate a definite and individual situation as a motive to the drooping head, the artist of the Velletri Pallas still gives a delicate forward inclination to his head, which now serves him to express one of the leading features of the virgin goddess Athene, namely, the thoughtfulness of the Goddess of Wisdom. For here in this statue, standing erect in solemn majesty, the inclination of the head is not indicative of mourning or sorrow, but it gives to the whole work a pensive expression, and accentuates as the central point of importance and interest in the statue, to which the eye of the spectator is forcibly led by the whole composition of the work, the brow of this youthful goddess. And it is one of the many great achievements of the genius of Greek art that it should have been able to manifest the solemn and dignified characteristics of thoughtfulness without in any way impairing the charm of maidenly youthfulness, which two elements are the component features of the goddess Athene. But this great subtlety of individualization is more characteristic of the fourth century B.C. than of the more monumental character of breadth which marks the works of the fifth century B.C. And in our relief the sentiment is only justified by the definite situation and by the destination of the slab itself.

The meaning of this figure and the purpose which the slab served appear to me evident. The solemn restful attitude of the figure, with drooping head and down-cast eyes, leaning upon her spear, the point of which rests against and touches a square piece of marble upon which she is gazing, is manifestly a sign of mourning. The square stone in front of her is not a pillar, or it would have

HEAD OF "PALLAS OF VELLETRI," FROM THE COLOSSAL BUST AT MUNICH.

had some finish or ornament on the top, such as the Athene holding the helmet has before her. It is a square sepulchral slab, the thin side of which faces us, whereas the broad front faces the goddess. She is thus gazing upon that side upon which the account of the grave which the stone covers is given. Whoever has seen these sepulchral slabs standing side by side along the sacred road where the Greeks buried their dead, will recognize this as the clear rendering of the side view. I must, moreover, attach some importance to an apparently minute point, and that is that the spear of the goddess is inverted. For there is no doubt that the point is upon the ground, whereas the finger of her left hand is resting upon the blunt end of the spear. I know of no passage in Greek authors definitely recording the fact that the inversion of a spear was a sign of mourning; yet we certainly know that the inversion especially of the torch with reference to the chthonic deities of the lower world was a mark of mourning. In

Roman times Virgil, the most archæological of Latin authors, in the account of the burial of Pallas, describes "the sad phalanx following the Trojans, Tyrrhenians and Arcadians with inverted arms":

> "*Tum maesta phalanx Teucrique sequuntur,*
> *Tyrrhenique omnes et versis Arcades armis.*"

And Tacitus, in his account of the burial of Germanicus, tells us of their reversing the standards and fasces. The custom has even survived in modern military burials; and it is interesting to note that our custom may go back thousands of years to a ceremony which would refer to the pagan deities of the lower world. But I should think that the marked attitude of sorrow, the more marked even from the contrast between the upper and lower parts of the figure, would in itself be enough to confirm this interpretation. A consideration of the use to which this slab was put makes this meaning all the more imperative.

From its dimensions the slab could not have served as a sepulchral slab, such as surmounted Greek graves. These are invariably larger and of different shape. Nor can it be a part of an architectural decoration. It really corresponds to a class of ancient reliefs—a great number with the figure of Athene upon them—found at Athens, which are the sculptured ornamentations and headings to public inscriptions regarding some decree, treaty, or public record. Athene is then represented as personifying the Attic people, and she stands with lance and shield (the type generally borrowed from the Athene Parthenos), with the personification of the other people with whom the treaty is made opposite to her, or sometimes a personification of the Attic Demos or people itself. Now among the inscriptions found in Attica, and at Athens itself, there are a large number which make public record of the valor of citizens who had fallen in battle. Their names were recorded, as Thucydides says in the speech of Pericles, on stone slabs as a public recognition of their bravery. The burial of the dead and the finding of their remains was a matter of great importance to the Greeks, and it was a solemn ceremony after a battle to find the dead and to give them a decent burial. On the grave itself there may have been some account of their death; but at home also their names were to be inscribed to stimulate their countrymen to emulation. Of all the uses to which our relief could be put, from its mere shape and form, this is the most probable, in fact, the only one I can conceive of; and from its nature and the artistic treatment of the subject, it certainly seems to me the most likely destination of this work: to have headed an inscription containing the names of those who had fallen in battle, which record was placed in some public spot in Athens or on the Acropolis. Our Athene-Nike would then be standing in the attitude of mourning, with reversed spear, gazing down upon the tombstone which surmounts the grave of her brave sons. And bearing this destination of the marble relief in mind, the sentiment expressed in the figure of Athene is not the outcome of the subjective sentiment of the artist who carved the work, or of the general spirit of the age, as is the case in works of the fourth century B.C. The situation in which Athene is here rendered is a definite and exceptional one in order to convey a definite and individual story. And the expression of such sentiment need in no way lead us to ascribe to the work a later date than the one suggested. Works of sculpture, moreover, referring to the dead are throughout the first works in the history of Greek art by means of which sentiment is expressed in sculpture. The function and importance of sepulchral monuments in thus bridging over the step between the lofty idealistic art of the fifth century and the more naturalistic art of the fourth century B.C., which gives immediate expression to human sentiment and moods, form an interesting chapter in the development of Greek art.

Our relief would thus tell the story, create a sympathetic mood in the spectator, and sing the praise of those whose names would be recorded on the slab which it surmounted. It is thus that I would call this relief "A Funeral Oration in Stone"; and though I do not mean to say that the inscription which it surmounted referred immediately to those who had fallen in the campaign of 431 B.C., I still feel that the most perfect counterpart in literature to this relief in sculpture is the famous funeral oration of Pericles as recorded by Thucydides.

As is well known, there exists some doubt among scholars as to the authenticity of the speeches recorded by Thu-

cydides in his history. And there can be no doubt that the peculiar tricks in the style of Thucydides himself manifest themselves also in the speeches which he puts into the mouths of very different people. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that as regards the speeches delivered at Athens, Thucydides, living there at the time and a full member of this deliberative body itself, must have heard the speeches there delivered, and this more especially applies to the speeches of Pericles, for whom he had so great an admiration. As Professor Jebb says in his admirable essay on the speeches in Thucydides (*Hellenica*, p. 281): "As Thucydides must have repeatedly heard Pericles—whom he describes as the first of Athenians, most powerful in action and in speech—it would be strange if he had not endeavored to give at least some traits of the eloquence which so uniquely impressed contemporaries. Pericles is said to have left nothing written; but Aristotle and Plutarch have preserved a few of the bold images or striking phrases which tradition attributed to him. Several examples of such bold imagery occur in the Thucydidean speeches of Pericles," especially in the funeral speech, "and it can hardly be doubted that they are phrases which have lived in the historian's memory. But the echo is not heard in single phrases only. Every reader of the funeral oration must be aware of a majesty in the rhythm of the whole, a certain union of impetuous movement with lofty grandeur which Thucydides has given to Pericles alone. There is a large alloy, doubtless, of rhetorical ornament in the new manner of overstrained antithesis; but the voice of the Olympian Pericles is not wholly lost in it."

I would also impress one important consideration bearing upon this question, and this is the comparatively more perfect verbal memory which in the days that knew no printing-press enabled hearers to remember and to discuss with a high degree of accuracy whatever they heard, especially when clad in so perfect an artistic form. For that the Greeks, even before the establishment of schools of formal rhetoric by the sophists, regarded their speeches as works of art cannot be doubted. And when we consider the main construction of the funeral oration of Pericles, we cannot fail to be impressed by the succinct plan of its exposition. He begins with a few introductory remarks of simple explanation, and then turns to a general eulogy of Athens as contrasted with her enemy Sparta. It is clear to him that at this moment he must act upon the feelings of his fellow-countrymen to cheer them out of the possible depression which the late events might readily produce. He wishes to give them self-confidence, and at the same time he makes this a praise of culture and higher civilization which belong to the Athenian people as a brilliant torch, handed on through ages, to shed its light even upon the peoples of our day. And from this general eulogy, using it as a wonderful transition, he passes on to the more definite purpose of his oration, and shows what a great sacrifice those make who give up their lives, which were set in such brilliant and joyous surroundings. But, on the other hand, he shows how great the duty is and how bright the glory to surrender one's life for the preservation of such a national home. And he then turns to draw the moral for those who survive, which is really the central aim of the whole speech. Finally, turning to the surviving relatives, he addresses a few weighty words of condolence to them, and with a short, dignified ending he turns their minds back to the reality of the life which is before them, with its tasks, and dissolves the enervating influence of his rhetorical art. This makes this speech such a great moral piece of oratory. He will not encourage sweet and useless self-pity. The oration is such as not simply to work upon the emotions of his audience and to fill them with the inebriating fumes of passionate eloquence; but it is imbued with the supreme virtue of Hellenic life, moderation; and he thus strives to turn the whole current of his rhetorical power into the channels of a vigorous and healthy national life.

But no transcription can give an estimate of this oration, and I cannot refrain from giving in full the translation of Dr. Jowett, which certainly also is an adequate instance of the English style of this scholar:

FUNERAL ORATION.

"Most of those who have spoken here before me have commended the law-giver who added this oration to our other funeral customs. It seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honor should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle.

But I should have preferred that when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honored in deed only, and with such an honor as this public funeral which you are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperilled on the eloquence or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much, and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another, who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious, and will suspect exaggeration. Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself; but when the speaker rises above him, jealousy is aroused, and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost of my power shall endeavor to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

"I will speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which, by their valor, they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us, their sons, this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigor of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or barbarian, I will not speak, for the tale would be long, and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

"Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him, which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard for those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as for those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

"And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps us to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us, so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

"Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner, or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret, if revealed to an enemy, might profit him. We rely not upon our management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbor's country, and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

"If, then, we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers?—since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus, too, our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our

tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs not as a harmless but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance, but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving, favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors, not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit. To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist, whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survives should gladly toil on her behalf.

"I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them, whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said, as of them, that their deeds, when weighed in the balance, have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who came short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were minded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

"Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you forever about the advantages of a brave defence, which you know already. But instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again, each one for himself, a praise which grows not old,

and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous, who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

"Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes, and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honor, whether an honorable death like theirs or an honorable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: 'Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honor alone is ever young; and not riches, as some say, but honor is the delight of men when they are old and useless.'

"To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead, and however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors, but when a man is out of the way the honor and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition. To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

"I have paid the required tribute in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part, for the dead have been honorably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up; this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons, living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the state. And now when you have duly lamented, every one his own dead, you may depart."

The same spirit which pervades this lofty oratory, with its grandeur and its simplicity and its moderation, seems to have inspired the modest sculptor to carve the small relief which surmounted a record giving the names of those who had died for their country, and it is in its turn an eloquent funeral oration in stone.

I can, finally, not refrain from pointing to an analogy which is as interesting as it is significant. I mean the resemblance, down to some phrases, between the funeral oration of Pericles and the short yet monumental oration of President Lincoln at Gettysburg. And it would well repay us if we should dwell upon the comparison of these words, more lasting than bronze, spoken at such critical periods in the history of their nation by Pericles and by Lincoln. I leave the reader to ponder over this comparison, and would but add that this speech of Lincoln's, short and modest in form, is yet none the less grand and monumental, as is the small relief of our Attic sculptor.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead,

who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

JANE FIELD.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER III.

IT was many years since Mrs. Field had taken any but the most trivial journeys. Elliot was a hundred and twenty miles away. She must go to Boston; then cross the city to the other depot, where she would take the Elliot train. This elderly unsophisticated woman might very reasonably have been terrified at the idea of taking this journey alone, but she was not. She never thought of it.

The latter half of the road to the Green River station lay through an unsettled district. There were acres of low birch woods and lusty meadow-lands. This morning they were covered with a gold-green dazzle of leaves. To one looking across them, they almost seemed played over by little green flowers; now and then a young birch-tree stood away from the others, and shone by itself like a very torch of spring.

Mrs. Field walked steadily through it. She had never paused to take much thought of the beauty of nature; to-day a tree all alive and twinkling with leaves might, for all her notice, have been naked and stiff with frost.

She did not seem to walk fast, but her long steps carried her over the ground well. It was long before train-time when she came in sight of the little station with its projecting piazza roofs. She entered the ladies' room and bought her ticket, then she sat down and waited. There were two other women there—middle-aged countrywomen in awkward wool gowns and flat straw bonnets, with a certain repressed excitement in their homely faces. They were setting their large, faithful, cloth-gaitered feet a little outside their daily ruts, and going to visit some relatives in a neighboring town; they were almost overcome by the unusualness of it.

Jane Field was a woman after their kind, and the look on their faces had its grand multiple in the look on hers. She had not only stepped out of her rut, but she was going out of sight of it forever.

She sat there stiff and silent, her two feet braced against the floor, ready to lift her at the signal of the train, her black leather bag grasped firmly in her right hand.

The two women eyed her furtively. One nudged the other. "Know who that is?" she whispered. But neither of them knew. They were from the adjoining town, which this railroad served as well as Green River.

Sometimes Mrs. Field looked at them, but with no speculation; the next moment she looked in the same way upon the belongings of the little country depot—the battered yellow settees, the time-tables, the long stove in its tract of littered sawdust, the man's face in the window of the ticket office.

"Dreadful cross-lookin', ain't she?" one of the women whispered in the other's ear.

Jane heard the whisper, and looked at them. The women gave each other violent pokes, they reddened and tittered nervously, then they tried to look out of the window with an innocent and absent air. But they need not have been troubled. Jane, although she heard the whisper perfectly, did not connect it with herself at all. She never thought much about her own appearance; this morning she had as little vanity as though she were dead.

When the whistle of the train sounded, the women all pushed anxiously out on the platform.

* Begun in May number, 1892.

"Is this the train that goes to Boston?" Mrs. Field asked one of the other two.

"I s'pose so," she replied, with a reciprocative flutter. "I'm goin' to ask so's to be sure. I'm goin' to Dale."

"I always ask," her friend remarked, with decision.

When the train stopped, Mrs. Field inquired of a brakeman. She was hardly satisfied with his affirmative answer. "Are you the conductor?" said she, sternly peering.

The young fellow gave a hurried wave of his hand toward the conductor, "There he is, ma'am."

Mrs. Field asked him also, then she hoisted herself into the car. When she had taken her seat, she put the same question to a woman in front of her.

It was a five hours' ride to Boston. Mrs. Field sat all the while in her place with her bag in her lap, and never stirred. There was a look of rigid preparation about her, as if all her muscles were strained for an instant leap.

Two young girls in the opposite seat noticed her and tittered. They had considerable merriment over her, twisting their pretty silly faces, and rolling their blue eyes in her direction, and then averting them with soft repressed chuckles.

Occasionally Mrs. Field looked over at them, thought of her Lois, and noted their merriment gravely. She never dreamed that they were laughing at her. If she had, she would not have considered it twice.

It was four o'clock when Mrs. Field arrived in Boston. She had been in the city but once before, when she was a young girl. Still, she set out with no hesitation to walk across the city to the depot where she must take the cars for Elliot. She could not afford a carriage, and she would not trust herself in a street car. She knew her own head and her old muscles; she could allow for their limitations, and preferred to rely upon them.

Every few steps she stopped and asked a question as to her route, listening sharply to the reply. Then she went straight enough, speeding between the informers like guide-posts. This old provincial threaded the city streets as unappreciatively as she had that morning the country one. Once in a while the magnificence of some shop window, a dark flash of jet or a flutter of lace on a woman's dress, caught her eye, but she did not see it. She had nothing in common with anything of that kind; she had to do with the primal facts of life. Coming as she was out of the country quiet, she was quite unmoved by the thundering rush of the city streets. She might have been deaf and blind for all the impression it made upon her. Her own nature had grown so intense that it apparently had emanations, and surrounded her with an atmosphere of her own impenetrable to the world.

It was nearly five o'clock when she reached her station, and the train was ready. It was half past five when she arrived in Elliot. She got off the train, and stalked, as if with a definite object, around the depot platform. She did not for one second hesitate or falter. She went up to a man who was loading some trunks on a wagon, and asked him to direct her to Lawyer Tuxbury's office. Her voice was so abrupt and harsh that the man started.

"Cross the track, an' go up the street till you come to it, on the right-hand side," he answered. Then he stared curiously after her as she went on.

Lawyer Tuxbury's small neat sign was fastened upon the door of the L of a large white house. There was a green yard, and some newly started flower beds. In one there was a clump of yellow daffodils. Two yellow-haired little girls were playing out in the yard. They both stood still, staring with large wary blue eyes at Mrs. Field as she came up the path. She never glanced toward them.

She stood like a black-draped statue before the office door, and knocked. Nobody answered.

She knocked again louder. Then a voice responded, "Come in." Mrs. Field turned the knob carefully, and opened the door. It led directly into the room. There was a dull oil-cloth carpet, some beetling cases of heavy books, a few old arm-chairs, and one battered leather easy-chair. A great desk stood against the farther wall, and a man was seated at it, with his back toward the door. He had white hair, to which the sunlight coming through the west window gave a red-gold tinge.

Mrs. Field stood still, just inside the door. Apart from anything else, the

room itself had a certain awe-inspiring quality for her. She had never before been in a lawyer's office. She was fully possessed with the rural and feminine ignorance and holy fear of all legal appurtenances. From all her traditions, this office door should have displayed a grinning man or woman trap, which she must warily shun.

She eyed the dusty oil-cloth—the files of black books—the chairs—the man at the desk, with his gilded white head. He wrote on steadily, and never stirred for a minute. Then he again sung out, sharply, "Come in."

He was deaf, and had, along with his insensibility to sounds, that occasional abnormal perception of them which the deaf seem sometimes to possess. He often heard sounds when none were recognizable to other people.

Now, evidently having perceived no result from his first response, he had heard this second knock, which did not exist except in his own supposition and the waiting woman's intent. She had, indeed, just at this point said to herself that she would slip out and knock again if he did not look around. She had not the courage to speak. It was almost as if the deaf lawyer, piecing out his defective ears with a subtler perception, had actually become aware of her intention, which had thundered upon him like the knock itself.

Mrs. Field made an inarticulate response, and took a grating step forward. The old man turned suddenly and saw her. She stood back again; there was a shrinking stiffness about her attitude, but she looked him full in the face.

"Why, good-day!" he exclaimed. "Good-day, madam. I didn't hear you come in."

Mrs. Field murmured a good-day in return.

"Take a seat, madam." The lawyer had risen, and was advancing toward her. He was a small, sharp-eyed man, whose youthful agility had crystallized into a nervous pomposity. Suddenly he stopped short, he had passed a broad slant of dusty sunlight which had lain between him and his visitor, and he could see her face plainly. His own elongated for a second, his under jaw lopped, and his brows contracted. Then he stepped forward. "Why, Mrs. Maxwell!" said he; "how do you do?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," replied Mrs. Field. She tried to bow, but her back would not bend.

"I am delighted to see you," said the lawyer. "I recognize you perfectly now. I should have before, if the sun had not been in my eyes. I never forget a face."

He took her by the hand, and shook it up and down effusively. Then he pushed forward the leather easy-chair with gracious insinuation. Mrs. Field sat down, bolt-upright, on the extreme verge of it.

The lawyer drew a chair to her side, seated himself, leaned forward until his face fronted hers, and talked. His manner was florid, almost bombastic. He had a fashion of working his face a good deal when he talked. He conversed quite rapidly and fluently, but was wont to interlard his conversation with what seemed majestically reflective pauses, during which he leaned back in his chair and tapped the arm slowly. In fact his flow of ideas failed him for a moment, his mind being so constituted that they came in rapid and temporary bursts, geyser fashion. He inquired when Mrs. Field arrived, was kindly circumstantial as to her health, touched decorously but not too mournfully upon the late Thomas Maxwell's illness and decease. He alluded to the letter which he had written her, mentioning as a singular coincidence that at the moment of her entrance he was engaged in writing another to her, to inquire if the former had been received.

He spoke in terms of congratulation of the property to which she had fallen heir, and intimated that further discussion concerning it, as a matter of business, had better be postponed until morning. Daniel Tuxbury was very methodical in his care for himself, and was loath to attend to any business after six o'clock.

Mrs. Field sat like a bolt of iron while the lawyer talked to her. Unless a direct question demanded it, she never spoke herself. But he did not seem to notice it; he had enough garnered-in complacency to delight himself, as a bee with its own honey. He rarely realized it when another person did not talk.

After one of his pauses, he sprang up with alacrity. "Mrs. Maxwell, will you be so kind as to excuse me for a moment?" said he, and went out of the office

with a fussy hitch, as if he wore invisible petticoats. Mrs. Field heard his voice in the yard.

When he returned there was an old lady following in his wake. Mrs. Field saw her before he did. She came with a whispering of silk, but his deaf ears did not perceive that. He did not notice her at all until he had entered the office, then he saw Mrs. Field looking past him at the door, and turned himself.

He went toward her with a little flourish of words, but the old lady ignored him entirely. She held up her chin with a kind of ancient pertness, and eyed Mrs. Field. She was a small, straight-backed woman, full of nervous vibrations. She stood apparently still, but her black silk whispered all the time, and loose ends of black ribbon trembled. The black silk had an air of old gentility about it, but it was very shiny; there were many bows, but the ribbons were limp, having been pressed and dyed. Her face, yellow and deeply wrinkled, but sharply vivacious, was overtopped by a bunch of purple flowers in a nest of rusty black lace and velvet.

So far Mrs. Field had maintained a certain strained composure, but now her long, stern face began flushing beneath this old lady's gaze.

"I conclude you know this lady," said the lawyer, with a blandly facetious air to the new-comer.

At that she stepped forward promptly, with a jerk as if to throw off her irresolution, and a certain consternation. "Yes, I s'pose I do," said she, in a voice like a shrill high chirp. "It's Mis' Maxwell, ain't it—Edward's wife? How do you do, Esther? I hadn't seen you for so long, I wasn't quite sure, but I see who you are now. How do you do?"

"I'm pretty well, thank you," said Mrs. Field, with a struggle putting her twisted hand into the other woman's, extended quiveringly in a rusty black glove.

"When did you come to town, Esther?"

"Jest now."

"Let me see, where from? I can't seem to remember the name of the place where you've been livin'. I know it too."

"Green River."

"Oh yes, Green River. Well, I'm glad to see you, Esther. You 'ain't changed much, come to look at you; not so much as I have, I s'pose. I don't expect you'd know me, would you?"

"I—don't know as I would." Mrs. Field recoiled from a lie even in the midst of falsehood.

The old lady's face contracted a little, but she could spring above her emotions. "Well, I don't s'pose you would, either," responded she, with fine alacrity. "I've grown old and wrinkled and yellow, though I ain't gray," with a swift glance at Mrs. Field's smooth curves of white hair. "You turned gray pretty young, didn't you, Esther?"

"Yes, I did."

The old lady's front hair hung in dark brown spirals, a little bunch of them against either cheek, outside her bonnet. She set them dancing with a little dip of her head when she spoke again. "I thought you did," said she. "Well, you're comin' over to my house, ain't you, Esther? You'll find a good many changes there. My daughter Flora and I are all that's left now, you know, I s'pose."

Mrs. Field moved her head uncertainly. This old woman, with her straight demands for truth or falsehood, was torture to her.

"I suppose you'll come right over with me pretty soon," the old lady went on. "I don't want to hurry you in your business with Mr. Tuxbury, but I suppose my nephew will be home, and—"

"I'm jest as much obliged to you, but I guess I'd better not. I've made some other plans," said Mrs. Field.

"Oh, we are going to keep Mrs. Maxwell with us to-night," interposed the lawyer. He had stood by smilingly while the two women talked.

"I'm jest as much obliged, but I guess I'd better not," repeated Mrs. Field, looking at both of them.

The old lady straightened herself in her flimsy silk draperies. "Well, of course, if you've got other plans made, I ain't goin' to urge you, Esther," said she; "but any time you feel disposed to come, you'll be welcome. Good-evenin', Esther. Good-evenin', Mr. Tuxbury." She turned with a rustling bob, and was out the door.

The lawyer pressed forward hurriedly. "Why, Mrs. Maxwell, weren't you coming in? Isn't there something I can do for you?" said he.

"No, thank you," replied the old lady, shortly. "I've got to go home; it's my

"SHE WALKED ON, WITH HER STERN, IMPASSIVE OLD FACE SET STRAIGHT AHEAD."

tea-time. I was goin' by, and I thought I'd jest look in a minute; that was all. It wa'n't anything. Good-evenin'." She was half down the walk before she finished speaking. She never looked around.

The lawyer turned to Mrs. Field. "Mrs. Henry Maxwell was not any too much pleased to see you sitting here," he whispered, with a confidential smile. "She wouldn't say anything; she's as proud as Lucifer; but she was considerably taken aback."

Mrs. Field nodded. She felt numb. She had not understood who this other woman was. She knew now—the mother of the young woman who was the rightful heir to Thomas Maxwell's property.

"The old lady has been pretty anxious," Mr. Tuxbury went on. "She's been in here a good many times—made excuses to come in and see if I had any news. She has been twice as much concerned as her daughter about it. Well, she has had a pretty hard time. That branch of the family lost a good deal of property."

Mrs. Field rose abruptly. "I guess I'd better be goin'," said she. "It must be your tea-time. I'll come in again to-morrow."

The lawyer put up his hand deprecatingly. "Mrs. Maxwell, you will of course stay and take tea with us, and remain with us to-night."

"I'm jest as much obliged to you for invitin' me, but I guess I'd better be goin'."

"My sister is expecting you. You remember my sister, Mrs. Lowe. I've just sent word to her. You had better come right over to the house with me now, and to-morrow morning we can attend to business. You must be fatigued with your journey."

"I'm real sorry if your sister's put herself out, but I guess I'd better not stay."

The lawyer turned his ear interrogatively. "I beg your pardon, but I didn't quite understand. You think you can't stay?"

"I'm—much obliged to your sister an' you for invitin' me, but—I guess—I'd better—not."

"Why—but—Mrs. Maxwell! Just be seated again for a moment, and let me speak to my sister; perhaps she—"

"I'm jest as much obliged to her, but I feel as if I'd better be goin'." Mrs. Field stood before him, mildly unyielding. She seemed to waver toward his will, but all the time she abided toughly in her own self like a willow bough.

"But, Mrs. Maxwell, what *can* you do?" said the lawyer, his manner full of perplexity, and impatience thinly veiled by courtesy. "The hotel here is not very desirable, and—"

"Can't I go right up to—the house?"

"The Maxwell house?"

"Yes, sir; if there ain't anything to hinder."

Mr. Tuxbury stared at her. "Why, I don't know that there is really anything to hinder," he said, slowly. "Although it is rather— No, I don't know as there is any actual objection to your going. I suppose the house belongs to you. But it is shut up. I think you would find it much pleasanter here, Mrs. Maxwell." His eyebrows were raised, his mouth pursed up.

"I guess I'd better go, if I can jest as well as not; if I can get into the house." Mrs. Field spoke with deprecating persistency.

Mr. Tuxbury turned abruptly toward his desk, and began fumbling in a drawer.

She stood hesitatingly watchful. "If you would jest tell me where I'd find the key," she ventured to remark. She had a vague idea that she would be told to look under a parlor blind for the key, that being the innocent country hiding-place when the house was left alone.

"I have the key, and I will go to the house with you myself directly."

"I hate to make you so much trouble. I guess I could find it myself, if—"

"I will be ready immediately, Mrs. Maxwell," said the lawyer, in a smoothly conclusive voice which abashed her.

She stood silently by the door until he was ready. He took her black bag peremptorily, and they went side by side down the street. He held his head well back, his lips were still tightly pursed, and he swung his cane with asperity. His important and irascible nature was oddly disturbed by this awkwardly obstinate old woman stalking at his side in her black clothes. Feminine opposition, even in slight matters, was wont to aggravate him, but in no such degree as this. He found it hard to recover his usual courtesy of manner, and indeed scarcely spoke a word during the walk. He could not himself understand his discomposure. But Mrs. Field did not seem to notice. She walked on, with her stern, impassive old face set straight ahead. Once they met a young girl who

made her think of Lois; her floating draperies brushed against her black gown, for a second there was a pale, innocent little face looking up into her own.

It was not a very long walk to the Maxwell house.

"Here we are," said the lawyer, coldly, and unlatched a gate, and held it open with stiff courtesy for his companion to pass.

They proceeded in silence up the long curve of walk which led to the front door. The walk was brown and slippery with pine needles. Tall old pine-trees stood in groups about the yard. There were also elm and horse-chestnut trees. The horse-chestnuts were in blossom, holding up their white bouquets, which showed dimly. It was now quite dusky.

Back of the trees the house loomed up. It was white and bulky, with fluted cornices and corner posts, and a pillared porch to the front door. Mrs. Field passed between the two outstanding pillars, which reared themselves whitely over her, like ghostly sentries, and stood waiting while Mr. Tuxbury fitted the key to the lock.

It took quite a little time; he could not see very well, he had forgotten his spectacles in his impatient departure. But at last he jerked open the door, and a strange conglomerate odor, the very breath of the life of the old Maxwell house, steamed out in their faces.

All bridal and funeral feasts, all daily food, all garments which had hung in the closets and rustled through the rooms, every piece of furniture, every carpet and hanging, had a part in it.

The rank and bitter emanations of life, as well as spices and sweet herbs and delicate perfumes, went to make up the breath which smote one in the face upon the opening of the door. Still it was not a disagreeable, but rather a suggestive and poetical odor, which should affect one like a reminiscent dream. However, the village people sniffed at it, and said, "How musty that old house is!"

That was what Daniel Tuxbury said now. "The house is musty," he remarked, with stately nose in the air.

Mrs. Field made no response. She stepped inside at once. "I'm much obliged to you," said she.

The lawyer looked at her, then past her into the dark depths of the house. "You can't see," said he. "You must let me go in with you and get a light." He spoke in a tone of short politeness. He was in his heart utterly out of patience with this strange, stiff old woman.

"I guess I can find one. I hate to make you so much trouble."

Mr. Tuxbury stepped forward with decision, and began fumbling in his pocket for a match. "Of course you cannot find one in the dark, Mrs. Maxwell," said he, with open exasperation.

She said nothing more, but stood meekly in the hall until a light flared out from a room on the left. The lawyer had found a lamp, he was himself somewhat familiar with the surroundings, but on the way to it he stumbled over a chair with an exclamation. It sounded like an oath to Mrs. Field, but she thought she must be mistaken. She had never in her life heard many oaths, and when she did had never been able to believe her ears.

"I hope you didn't hurt you," said she, deprecatingly, stepping forward.

"I am not hurt, thank you." But the twinge in the lawyer's ankle was confirming his resolution to say nothing more to her on the subject of his regret and unwillingness that she should choose to refuse his hospitality, and spend such a lonely and uncomfortable night. "I won't say another word to her about it," he declared to himself. So he simply made arrangements with her for a meeting at his office the next morning to attend to the business for which there had been no time to-night, and took his leave.

"I never saw such a woman," was his conclusion of the story which he related to his sister upon his return home. His sister was a widow, and just then her married daughter and two children were visiting her.

"I wish you'd let me know she wa'n't comin'," said she. "I cut the fruit cake an' opened a jar of peach, an' I've put clean sheets on the front chamber bed. It's made considerable work for nothin'." She eyed, as she spoke, the two children, who were happily eating the peach preserve. She and her brother were both quite well-to-do, but she had a parsimonious turn.

"I'd like to know what she'll have for supper," she remarked further.

"I didn't ask her," said the lawyer, dryly, taking a sip of his sauce. He was rather glad of the peach himself.

"I shouldn't think she'd sleep a wink, all alone in that great old house. I know I shouldn't," observed the children's mother. She was a fair, fleshy, quite pretty young woman.

"That woman would sleep on a tombstone if she set out to," said the lawyer. His speech, when alone with his own household, was more forcible and not so well regulated. Indeed, he did not come of a polished family; he was the only educated one among them. His sister, Mrs. Lowe, regarded him with all the deference and respect which her own decided and self-sufficient character could admit of, and often sounded his praises in her unrestrained New England dialect.

"She seemed like a real set kind of a woman, then?" said she now.

"Set is no name for it," replied her brother.

"Well, if that's so, I guess old Mr. Maxwell wa'n't so far wrong when he didn't have her down here before," she remarked, with a judicial air. Her spectacles glittered, and her harsh, florid face bent severely over the sugar-bowl and the cups and saucers.

The lamp-light was mellow in the neat, homely dining-room, and there was a soft aroma of boiling tea all about. The pink and white children ate their peach sauce in happy silence, with their pretty eyes upon the prospective cake.

"I suppose there must be some bed made up in all that big house," remarked their mother; "but it must be awful lonesome."

Of the awful lonesomeness of it truly, this smiling, comfortable young soul had no conception. At that moment, while they were drinking their tea and talking her over, Jane Field sat bolt-upright in one of the old flag-bottomed chairs in the Maxwell sitting-room. She had dropped into it when the lawyer closed the door after him, and she never stirred afterward. She sat there all night.

The oil was low in the lamp which the lawyer had lighted, and left standing on the table between the windows. She could see distinctly for a while the stately pieces of old furniture standing in their places against the walls. Just opposite where she sat was one of lustreless old mahogany, extending the width of the wall between two doors, rearing itself upon slender legs, set with multitudinous drawers, and surmounted by a clock. A piece of furniture for which she knew no name, an evidence of long-established wealth and old-fashioned luxury, of which she and her plain folk, with their secretaries and desks and bureaus, had known nothing. The clock had stopped at three o'clock. Mrs. Field thought to herself that it might have been the hour on which old Mr. Maxwell died, reflecting that souls were more apt to pass away in the nave of the night. She would have liked to wind the clock, and set the hands moving past that ghostly hour, but she did not dare to stir. She gazed at the large dull figures sprawling over the old carpet, at the glimmering satiny scrolls on the wall-paper. On the mantel-shelf stood a branching gilt candlestick, filled with colored candles, and strung around with prisms, which glittered feebly in the low lamp-light. There was a bulging sheet-iron wood stove—the Maxwells had always eschewed coal; beside it lay a little pile of sticks, brought in after the chill of death had come over the house. There were a few old engravings—a head of Washington, the Landing of the Pilgrims, the Webster death-bed scene, and one full-length portrait of the old statesman, standing majestically, scroll in hand, in a black frame.

As the oil burned low, the indistinct figures upon the carpet and wall-paper grew more indistinct, the brilliant colors of the prisms turned white, and the fine black and white lights in the death-bed picture ran together.

Finally the lamp went out. Mrs. Field had spied matches over on the shelf, but she did not dare to rise to cross the room to get them and find another lamp. She did not dare to stir.

After her light went out, there was still a pale glimmer upon the opposite wall, and the white face of the silent clock showed out above the cumbersome shadow of the great mahogany piece. The glimmer came from a neighbor's lamp shining through a gap in the trees. Soon that also went out, and the old woman sat there in total darkness.

She folded her hands primly, and held up her bonneted head in the darkness, like some decorous and formal caller who might expect at any moment to hear the soft, heavy step of the host upon the creaking stair and his voice in the room. She sat there so all night.

Gradually this steady-headed, unima-

ginative old woman became possessed by a legion of morbid fancies, which played like wildfire over the terrible main fact of the case—the fact which underlay everything—that she had sinned, that she had gone over from good to evil, and given up her soul for a handful of gold. Many a time in the night, voices which her straining fancy threw out, after the manner of ventriloquism, from her own brain, seemed actually to vibrate through the house, footsteps pattered, and garments rustled. Often the phantom noises would swell to a very pandemonium surging upon her ears; but she sat there rigid and resolute in the midst of it, her pale old face sharpening out into the darkness. She sat there, and never stirred until morning broke.

When it was fairly light, she got up, took off her bonnet and shawl, and found her way into the kitchen. She washed her face and hands at the sink, and went deliberately to work getting herself some breakfast. She had a little of her yesterday's lunch left; she kindled a fire, and made a cup of tea. She found some in a caddy in the pantry. She set out her meal on the table, and drew a chair before it. She had wound up the kitchen clock, and she listened to its tick while she ate. She took time, and finished her slight repast to the last crumb. Then she washed the dishes, and swept and tidied the kitchen.

When that was done it was still too early for her to go to the lawyer's office. She sat down at an open kitchen window and folded her hands. Outside was a broad green yard, enclosed on two sides by the Maxwell house and barn. A driveway led to the barn, and on the farther side a row of apple-trees stood. There was a fresh wind blowing, and the apple blossoms were floating about. The drive was quite white with them in places, and they were half impaled upon the sharp green blades of grass.

Over through the trees Mrs. Field could see the white top of a market wagon in a neighboring yard, and the pink dress of a woman who stood beside it trading. She watched them with a dull wonder. What had she now to do with market wagons and daily meals and housewifely matters? That fair-haired woman in the pink dress seemed to her like a woman of another planet.

This narrow-lived old countrywoman could not consciously moralize. She was no philosopher, but she felt, without putting it into thoughts, as if she had descended far below the surface of all things, and found out that good and evil were the root and the life of them, and the outside leaves and froth and flowers were fathoms away, and no longer to be considered.

At ten o'clock she put on her bonnet and shawl, and set out for the lawyer's office. She locked the front door, put the key under a blind, and proceeded down the front walk into the street.

The spring was earlier here than in Green River. She started at a dancing net-work of leaf shadows on the sidewalk. They were the first she had seen this season. There was a dewy arch of trees overhead, and they were quite fully leaved out. Mr. Tuxbury was in his office when she got there. He rose promptly and greeted her, and pushed forward the leather easy-chair with his old courtly flourish.

"I suppose that old stick of a woman will be in pretty soon," he had remarked to his sister at breakfast-time.

"Well, you'll keep on the right side of her, if you know which side your bread is buttered," she retorted. "You don't want her goin' to Sam Totten's."

Totten was the other lawyer of Elliot.

"I think I am quite aware of all the exigencies of the case," Daniel Tuxbury had replied, lapsing into stateliness, as he always did when his sister waxed too forcible in her advice.

But when Mrs. Field entered his office, every trace of his last night's impatience had vanished. He inquired genially if she had passed a comfortable night, and on being assured that she had, pressed her to drink a cup of coffee which he had requested his sister to keep warm. This declined with her countrified courtesy, so shy that it seemed grim, he proceeded, with no chill upon his graciousness, to business.

Through the next two hours Mrs. Field sat at the lawyer's desk, and listened to a minute and wearisome description of her new possessions. She listened with very little understanding. She did not feel any interest in it. She never opened her mouth except now and then for a stiff assent to a question from the lawyer.

A little after twelve o'clock he leaned back in his chair with a conclusive sigh,

and fixed his eyes reflectively upon the ceiling. "Well, Mrs. Maxwell," said he, "I think that you understand pretty well now the extent and the limitations of your property."

"Yes, sir," said she.

"It is all straight enough. Maxwell was a good business man; he kept his affairs in excellent order. Yes, he was a very good business man." Suddenly the lawyer straightened himself, and fixed his eyes with genial interest upon his visitor; business over, he had a mind for a little personal interview to show his good-will. "Let me see, Mrs. Maxwell, you had a sister, did you not?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she living?"

"No, sir." Mrs. Field said it with a gasping readiness to speak one truth.

"Let me see, what was her name?" asked the lawyer. "No; wait a moment; I'll tell you. I've heard it." He held up a hand as if warding off an answer from her, his face became furrowed with reflective wrinkles. "Field!" cried he, suddenly, with a jerk, and beamed at her. "I thought I could remember it," said he. "Yes, your sister's name was Field. When did she die, Mrs. Maxwell?"

"Two years ago."

There was a strange little smothered exclamation from some one near the office door. Mrs. Field turned suddenly, and saw her daughter Lois standing there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

SEVERAL of our notable as well as notorious human, social, and civic customs find their prehistoric prototypes in the insect kingdom. The monarchical institution sees its singular prophecy in the domestic economy of the bees. War and slavery have always been carried on systematically and effectually by ants, and, according to Huber and other authorities, agriculture, gardening, and an industry very like dairy farming have been time-honored customs among this same wise and thrifty insect tribe, whose claims to thoughtful consideration were so long ago voiced by Solomon of proverbial fame. Thévenot mentions "Solomon's ant" as among the "beasts which shall enter paradise." Indeed, the human saint as well as sluggard may "go to the ant" for many suggestive hints and commentaries.

These are only a few of the more notable parallelisms which suggest themselves. But others are not wanting if we care to follow the subject. In addition to the

many models of thrift and virtuous industry, embodying types of many of the trade employments known to humanity, have we not also among these "meadow tribes" our luxurious "idlers" and "exquisites," the butterflies and flower-haunting flies and "dandy" beetles; and, opposed to all these, the suggestive antithesis of the promiscuous marauders, thieves, and brigands everywhere interspersed?

Thus we have our individual insect assassin and assassination organized in war; so, on the other hand, have we our insect merrymakers; why not, then, our picnic or carnival?

Such I am moved to call the singular episode which I observed last summer, and which I have endeavored to picture as true to the life as possible in the accompanying presentment. The sceptic will perhaps remark on examination that the scene is characterized by somewhat too free a license to warrant the ideal of a "picnic." But he is hypercritical. There are picnics and picnics—picnics of high and of low degree. Do I not recall more than one notorious festive outing of the "next lower than the angels" in which the *personnel* seemed about similarly proportioned, and the fun and attraction comparatively related to the license?

One July afternoon a year ago I was returning home from one of my botanizing strolls. I had just emerged from a deep wood, and was skirting its border, when my attention was caught by a small fluttering swarm of butterflies, which started up at my approach, and hovered about a blossoming blackberry bush a few yards in advance of me at the side of my path. The diversity of the butterfly species in the swarm struck me as singular, and the mere allurement of the blackberry blossoms—not usually of especial attraction to butterflies—could hardly explain so extensive a gathering. Here was the great yellow swallow-tail (*Turnus*), red admiral (*Atlanta*), small yellow butterfly (*Philodice*), white cabbage-butterfly, comma and semicolon, and numerous small fry, fluttering about me in evident protest against my intrusion. They showed no inclination to vacate the premises, so, in pursuance of one of the first articles of my saunterer's creed, I concluded to retreat softly a few paces and watch for developments. One by one the swarm sought their original haunt, settling on the bramble, and I now noticed that only in occasional instances did the insects seek the flowers, the attraction seeming to be confined to the leaves. I stole up softly for a nearer point of observation, and could now distinctly see the beautiful yellow and black open wings of the swallow-tail softly gliding or gently fluttering as it hung from the edge of a leaf, while it explored its surface with its uncoiled capillary tongue. Just beyond my *Turnus*, on another leaf, I now noted a new presence, the orange Aphrodite butterfly, silvery spotted, its nether wings being folded over its back, too much absorbed to have been startled by my first approach. Occasionally, without any cause which I could detect from my present position—certainly in no way connected with my presence—a small swarm of the butterflies would rise in a flutter above the bush, as though actuated by a common whim—a brief winged tangle in which a beautiful sprite of velvety black hovering in a globular halo, shot through with two white semicircular arcs, was always a momentary feature.

Carefully stealing through the tall grass, I now approached to within touching distance of the haunt, and was soon lost in mingled wonder, amusement, and surprise at the picnic now disclosed, the occasional butterfly swarm being now easily explained. From my first point of view only the top of the bramble spray was visible above the grass, and by far the most interesting portion of the exercises had been concealed from view. The butterflies, while naturally the most conspicuous element, were now seen to be in a small minority among the insect gathering, the bramble leaves being peopled with a most motley and democratic assemblage of insects. Class distinctions were apparently forgotten in the common enthusiasm; the plebeian bluebottle and blowfly now consorted with Aphrodite and sipped at the same drop. Many a leaf was begemmed with the blue bodies closely set side by side or in a close cluster. The meat-fly, house-fly, and horse-fly made themselves promiscuous in every portion of the spray, and what with the rainbow-eyed and ruby-eyed flies, black and silver-banded flower-flies, and other tiny, restless, iridescent atoms of the fly fraternity, the family of *Musca* was well represented at the feast.

Nor were these all the guests at the banquet—for banquet there certainly was, judging from the eager sipping and crowd-

ing everywhere upon the leaves, the flowers even yet, as I first noticed, seeming to have little attraction.

I have no direct means of knowing as to the social discrimination of the host as shown in the entertainment, for that invitations were issued, the subsequent facts would show. But I have good reasons for believing, from the course of events, that the gathering included a number of questionable personages that were not counted upon.

Here, for instance, was an overwhelming contingent of the whole tough gang of wasps and hornets—brown wasps from under the eaves and fences; black hornets from the big paper nests; yellow-jackets from where you please; deep steel-blue wire-waisted wasps from the mud cells in the garret, to say nothing of an occasional longer-waisted digger-wasp, and a host of their allied lesser associates scattered around generously among the assemblage.

Every now and then a big darning-needle took a shimmering circuit about the bush, and doubtless knew what he was about; as did also what at first glimpse appeared to be a big bumblebee, which seemed to find attraction in the neighborhood, although he seldom alighted upon the leaves, preferring to sit upon a neighboring weed and watch his opportunities.

I have thus described a few of the more prominent guests or personages present at the feast. But I have reported little of their "goings on." Doubtless there were appropriate toasts and responses, or what in bug etiquette answered to this seemingly indispensable human fad, while as to that other festive social essential of after-dinner speeches, coupled in this case with most vigorous discussion, I am certain the air was blue with something of this sort, if the eloquent pantomime bore any significance. Here, for instance, is one isolated, but frequent, episode. A peaceable little group of plain bluebottle-flies, with but a single thought, are all sipping at the same drop in contentment. A brief respite, for now the tips of a pair of inquisitive antennæ appear from the under edge of the leaf upon which they are sipping, and gingerly explore the upper surface. They are quickly followed by the covetous almond-eyed gaze of a brown wasp, that now steals cautiously around to the upper surface, and appears wholly engrossed in licking the leaf. Nearer and nearer he sidles up to the group of flies, and now with deliberate purpose and open jaws makes a dash among them. But they are too quick for him, and are away in a glittering blue tangle, which finally concentrates itself upon a neighboring leaf, where the eager tippling is immediately resumed. The wasp now holds the fort, and seems in no mood to be trifled with. With head and fore feet upraised and open jaws, he seems "spoiling for a fight," and ready to make war upon the first comer. But no, he is evidently expecting a friend, that, I now observe, approaches him determinedly down the stem of the leaf. The new-comer, a brown wasp like himself, is now at close range, and in an instant more, without any visible courteous preliminaries, the two set upon each other with a common enthusiasm, and with jaws working and stings fencing the interlocked combatants fall to the ground for a finish. I presume the affair was carried to the fourteenth round without any undue interference.

Another and another of these friendly meetings between them and other wasps took place in the half-hour in which I watched the sport. There were lulls in hostilities, during which an atmosphere of perfect peace and harmony seemed to reign around my bramble-bush. The flies were motionless in their ecstasy, and the hornet element seemed by common consent to keep temporarily shady, and even the butterflies seemed to forget that they had wings. But not for long, for now with a shimmering glitter our darning-needle invades the scene, and retires to a convenient perch with a ruby-eyed fly in his teeth, while a swarm of very startled butterflies tells conspicuously of the demoralization which he has left in his path. Among the butterfly representatives I at length observed one individual which at first had escaped me, an exclusive white cabbage-butterfly which sipped quietly at his leaf in the shade, and seemed to take little interest in the disreputable actions of his associates. Nothing could move him or entice him away from his convivial employment. But, alas! his folly soon found him out, for, on happening to look again, I observed he had found a new acquaintance, a hornet that had evidently been long desirous of meeting him. One by one I saw my butterfly's dismembered wings fall to the grassy jungle below, while a big black

THE PICNIC.

wasp proceeded to enjoy the collected sweets which he had doubtless observed were being so carefully stored away there in the shady retreat.

And now my pretty black butterfly—no, it proved to be the little day-flying grapevine-moth, the eight-spotted black *Alypia*—appeared from some unseen source, and spun his crapy white-streaked halo among the leaves, at length settling among a little company of flies. Softly behind him creeps a brown wasp (*Polistes*), with his mouth watering, while from the opposite quarter a steel-blue mud-wasp approaches, with apparently similar designs. Neither invader sees the other. Simultaneously, as though answering to a signal, the two make a dash at the moth; but he is too quick for them. In a twinkling he is off in his pretty halo again, while the two disappointed contestants have clinched, and with stings and jaws vigorously plying, fall to the jungle below, and seek satisfaction in mortal combat.

Here is a pretty little yellow and black banded flower-fly, which is having a quiet little picnic all by himself on a bed of yarrow bloom close by. But a big black paper-hornet has suddenly seen an attraction hither also, and is soon creeping stealthily among the blossoms with a wild and hungry look. But the hornets seemed to waste their time on the flies. Seemingly confident in their less complicated wing machinery, the two-winged fly rarely sought escape until within very close range of the enemy, and his resources never seemed to disappoint him at the critical moment.

Among the insect assemblage was a large number of ants of all kinds and sizes, the common large black species being conspicuous. Here is one creeping and sipping along a grass stem. A small digger-wasp likes this grass stem too, but instead of exchanging courtesies on the subject, the wasp proceeds to bite the ant's head off without ceremony, and continues sipping at the stem as though decapitation were a mere casual incident in its daily walk.

On the same stem a big blowfly has alighted. Judging from appearances, he has had his fill of good things, and is now making his leisurely toilet in the peculiar fashion of his kind, rubbing down his back and wings with his hind legs, twisting his front feet into spirals, and ever and anon testing the strength of his elastic neck attachment as he threatens to pull his head from his body.

This worldly act has been progressing for some moments under the gaze of a big black digger-wasp, who now concludes to cut it short. When at close range with his prey, the fly suddenly discovers the unhealthy location which he occupies, and actually protruding his tongue by way of parting salute, he is off with a buzz. He has barely taken wing, however, when a still louder buzz is heard, while a great black bumblebee follows closely in his wake, until the sounds of both are lost in the distance. The hum of this bumblebee is a frequent musical feature of the entertainment, and many is the dance that is set to its minstrelsy, as the burly insect darts in among the merrymakers, and is off to his perch near by. It is only as we steal away and observe him closely that we learn the secret of his occasional sorties. There on a clover blossom he sits—sipping honey? Oh no. It is honey-dew that he is enjoying, and second-hand at that, as he devours the satiated blue-bottle-fly which is empaled on his black horny beak. For this is only a bumblebee in masquerade—a carnivorous fly, in truth, which, safe in its disguise of respectability, hovers in the flowery haunts of the innocents, and, of course, reaps his reward.

And what is this? A yellow-jacket has found an ambrosial attraction here upon the bramble leaf. Meanwhile a great black and white paper-hornet has seen his opportunity, and is soon slyly approaching behind the sipper. That he has designs on that jacket and its contents is apparent. In a moment the onslaught is consummated, and in the struggle which ensues the black assailant relieves his victim—of his watch presumably, for he has captured the entire garment, which he soon rifles and discards, with some show of satisfaction.

And so my carnival proceeds. So it began with the dawn; so it will continue till dusk; and through the night, with new revels, for aught I know, and will be prolonged for days or weeks.

Reflective reader, how often, as you have strolled through some nook in the suburban wood, have you paused in philosophic mood at the motley relics of

good cheer which sophisticated the retreat, so pathetically eloquent of pristine joys to which you had been a stranger? Here in my present picnic is the suggestive parallel, for even though no such actual episodes as those I have described had been witnessed by me, an examination of the premises beneath my bramble were a sufficient commentary. These were the unimpeachable witnesses of the pleasures which I have pictured. Dismembered butterfly wings strewed the grassy jungle, among which were a fair sprinkling from that black and white halo already noted. Occasional dead wasps and detached members of wasp and hornet anatomy were frequent, while the blue glitter of the bodies of flies lit up a shadowy recess here and there, showing that Musca had not always so correctly gauged his comparative wing resources as my observation had indicated.

It was interesting to discover, too, down deep among the herbage, another suggestive fact in the presence of a shrewd spider that showed a keen eye to the main chance, and had spread his gossamer catch-all beneath the bramble. It was all grist into his mill, and no doubt his charnel-house at the base of his silken tunnel could have borne eloquent testimony alike to his wise sagacity and his epicurean luxury.

I have pictured my picnic, and the question naturally arises, what was it all about — what the occasion for this celebration? There was certainly no distinct visible cause for the social gathering upon this particular bramble-bush. There were a number of other bramble-bushes in the near neighborhood which, it would seem, should possess equal attractions, but which were ignored. In what respect did the one selected differ from the others?

This bramble had become the scene of my carnival simply because it chanced to be directly beneath an overhanging branch of pine some twenty feet above. Here dwelt mine host who had issued the invitations and spread the feast, the limb for about a foot space being surrounded by a colony of aphides, or plant-lice, from whose distilling pipes the rain of sweet honey-dew had fallen ceaselessly upon the leaves below. The flies, butterflies, and ants had been attracted, as always, by its sweets; the preoccupied convivial flies, in turn, were a tempting bait for the wasps and hornets, and my dragon-fly and mock bumblebee found a similar attraction in the neighborhood.

An examination of the trunk of the pine showed the inevitable double procession of ants, both up and down the tree, with the habitual interchange of comment; and could we but have obtained a closer glimpse of the pine branch above, we might certainly have observed the queer spectacle of the small army of ants interspersed everywhere among the swarm of aphides. Not in antagonism; indeed, quite the reverse; herders, in truth, jealously guarding their feeding flock, creeping among them with careful tread, caressing them with their antennæ while they sipped at the honeyed pipes everywhere upraised in most expressive and harmonious welcome.

This intimate and friendly association of the ants and aphides has been the subject of much interesting scientific investigation and surprising discovery. Huber and Lubbock have given to the world many startling facts, the significance of which may be gathered from the one statement that certain species of ants carry their devotion so far as literally to cultivate the aphides, carrying them bodily into their tunnels, where they are placed in underground pens, reared and fed and utilized in a manner which might well serve as a pattern for the modern dairy farm. Indeed, after all that we have already seen upon a single bramble-bush, would it be taking too much license with fact to add one more pictorial chronicle—an exhilarated and promiscuous group of butterflies, ants, hornets, wasps, and flies uniting in "a health to the jolly aphis"?

THE BIRTHPLACE OF COMMODORE ISAAC HULL.

BY JANE DE FOREST SHELTON.

IF the portrait of some grandam who lived in the early days of the century could "materialize," and stepping down, take her place beside the "tailor-made girl" of to-day, the difference would be no more marked than that between the good ship *Constitution* and a modern "ocean greyhound." Nevertheless, in spite of the top-heaviness of the old ship as compared with the new, if the two sailed down our harbor, there would be no necessity for an order of "hats off," and our heart-beats would tell us for which rang out the "three times three."

Well does this great foremother of ours command both love and reverence. Stanch was she with the strength of oak from the forest primeval; unwavering ever as the polestar in the path of duty; and like a true woman of the olden time, ere "rights" and "suffrage" had lifted their heads from the nether chaos, she *obeyed* her master, while he, true and brave man of the olden time that he was, loved and honored her.

The last century had nearly finished its final decade ere the young United States made any effort to organize a navy. A few frigates were then built, and in 1798 Isaac Hull was appointed to one of them, with the rank of lieutenant in the navy. He had grown up in the merchant service, and at the mature age of nineteen commanded a ship and made a voyage to London. When called to serve his country he was twenty-five years of age, and a distinguished ship-master in New York. With the opening of the new century the *Constitution* first came under his control, and ever remained his favorite. In the memorable year of 1812 he was again in command of this ship of his heart, which under his direction was destined to win from the people of this land a love akin to adoration, and the strong name of "Old Ironsides."

The war of the Revolution secured a free foothold to the successors of the first sturdy colonists. The fire of liberty no longer needed the protection of an armed host, but burned brightly on thousands of hearth-stones, sending through the wide-mouthed chimneys the smoke of its incense, ever floating upward in thanksgiving. But it was necessary that the blaze of battle fire should be reflected on the Atlantic's breast ere the Union's right on the high seas was recognized. Isaac Hull not only secured for his country this freedom, but to him, as her representative, the standard of the "mistress of the seas" first bent itself. It was the cool presence of mind that is never taken unawares, the energy and fearlessness that admit of no result but success, and the strategic ability that gives the advantage over superior force and years of discipline—these, inherited from his father, and placed at the service of his country, established her claim to be a naval power.

Now that "the dust has settled," now that the mists that lay on the sea of dissension have been blown away by the pure breath of love for a common heritage in face and tongue, now that the hands of England and America are clasped in ever-increasing friendliness, it is the valor, loyalty, and patriotism that are honored in a man, whether he ranked once as friend or foe.

In 1639—hardly twenty years since the white-winged *Mayflower* had proved a bird of ill omen to the Massachusetts tribes, and the great Pequot war being ended—a small band of Connecticut colonists chose for a new settlement the site of an old Indian village near Long Island Sound, on the western bank of the Housatonic River. The Indian name of "Cupheag" gave place to "Stratford"—in memory, according to the most pleasing tradition, of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of some of their number.

But in spite of the two claims of "right" and "might"—the patent granted by King James, and the conquest of territory in the Indian wars—it was found desirable, after a time, to have still another basis for their claim as landowners. After much parley, the Indians, charmed by the gleam and shine of sundry brass kettles, weapons of warfare, and the wonderful "white man's thunder," did "ingadge" to waive all right to a certain extent of meadow, forest, and hill-ranges in exchange for these alluring commodities from beyond the "big water." A display of penmanship followed—quaint old English on the part of the whites, and mystic signatures, arrow-

Isaac Hull

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, 1814.

THE "CONSTITUTION" BEING TOWED OUT OF BOSTON HARBOR, 1812.

heads ("all the world's akin" surely) and the like, on the part of the Indian —which ceded to the former the district primarily included in the town of Stratford, stretching up the river "12 myle northward," and running seven or eight miles to the west.

As the colony increased in numbers the more daring ones reached out from the main settlement near the mouth of the river, and here and there the nuclei of future towns were formed. Always on the hill-tops, not only because the better land lay there, but because the low lands were skirted by the river, which was the red man's road. He, in spite of treaties and bills of sale, was not always to be trusted.

One of these early settlements, about eight miles northwest of the colonial centre, was named, with a clinging love for old Yorkshire's cathedral town, "Ripon," or "Ripton." In time, however, Ripton, growing in strength, asserted her importance, becoming first a borough, and eventually a town. Traditional affection yielding before local pride in honor of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the State Governor, in 1789 she took the name of Huntington. Her "centre" was well up on the hills, a place of consequence in its day, sending out into the world many an illustrious son. Lesser settlements were formed within her limits, and she even attained to the dignity and importance of having her own seaport. The Indian, facing the inevitable, disturbed by the

pioneer's axe and the plash of his mill-wheel, had retreated. At the river-side, four miles over and down the hills by the king's highway, a cluster of houses came into being. Here the river, coming down from between the northern hills, makes a long sweep eastward, and on its southern bank, back of the little docks called "The Landing," and the wide road bordered with elm-trees, stands the line of houses, with quaint roofs, hipped and gabled, friendly in their nearness. Beyond them to the eastward rises a rocky wooded hill-side called the Point of Rocks, and there the river, after receiving in its wide arms the lesser Naugatuck, makes a sharp turn southward on its winding way to the open Sound.

Across the river from the Point of Rocks is Derby Landing, or, as it was more generally termed, "The Narrows." Derby was settled soon after Stratford, and in time it too had found the river-side safe, and being at the head of tide-water, its commerce was early established. It became the base for supplies for the back country, a port whose vessels sailed to all parts of the world, and whose foreign trade was for some years greater than that of New Haven. It was a place for ship-owners and ship-builders, receiving the name of the "Ship-building Town." Naturally it was a place for captains, their homes and families, and of stores where not only domestic goods were to be found, but the merchandise of both the East and West Indies, and the manufactures of England and the European nations, while the docks were piled with this country's products for export.

One of the wealthiest and most influential families in Derby from its settlement was the Hull family. They lived at "Uptown," and built mills where plaster, grain, and flaxseed were ground and lumber sawn for export as well as for domestic use. This industry remained under the control of the family for several generations, and on the site of the old mill one of the millstones even now lies.

In 1750 there was born to this family a son named Joseph, the fourth of the name, and the fifth in descent from Richard Hull, who came from Derbyshire to Connecticut before 1640. In those days a man's work began before he reached legal manhood, and while yet a boy Joseph Hull engaged in West Indian trade, becoming as familiar with the changing face of the ocean as with the hills and valleys of his childhood's home.

A ferry was early established between Derby and the opposite shore, then a part of Stratford. Among the earliest houses on that side of the river was one about half a mile from the Landing, built in 1721, and sold by Yelverton Perry to Nathan Bennett in 1736. It was a large house with a stone chimney, a sure proof of its antiquity, as bricks did not come into use in that part of the country until about the middle of the century. The house remained intact until April, 1890, when it was burned, with adjacent buildings. The old deed of sale says: "104 acres of land in the Borough of Ripton, in consideration of fifteen hundred and thirty-two pounds in hand....a dwell-

THE MONUMENT TO JOSEPH HULL, LONG HILL CEMETERY, HUNTINGTON, ERECTED BY HIS SON ISAAC.

HOUSE WHERE ISAAC HULL WAS BORN.

ing-house and barn standing on said land....one-eighth part of [interest in] a saw-mill standing on said land, and one-half of a ferry-boat, with the privilege of the ferry for himself and heirs."

This property, with more land bought from others, was inherited from Nathan Bennett by his son Daniel, a deacon in the Congregational church at Ripton. When Lafayette, coming from Long Island to join Washington on the Hudson, passed through this part of the State, he and his officers had breakfast at this house. It was on a Sunday morning, and Deacon Bennett, with two little children in the wagon, was just starting for Ripton, when a man in uniform appeared, and asked if he could give Lafayette and his officers breakfast, and also furnish assistance in transporting the troops and cannon across the river. The deacon consented at once, sent the children into the house, ordered a sheep killed and cooked, and then went to the neighboring farmers for men and teams to render the necessary assistance. The army had been encamped in the upper part of Derby, and the river must be crossed by ferry and fording.

The meal having been served and eaten, and the crossing successfully accomplished, the bill was called for. Deacon Bennett asked if the entertainment had been satisfactory. "Perfectly," was the reply. "Then there is no charge; you are entirely welcome."

In this house in 1752 a daughter was born, to whom was given the time-honored name of Sally.

There is an old story of which the world never tires. "How it happened" is of unflagging interest; but in this instance, as in many others where tradition has not reached down to the present, only imagination can be sent back to that happy past when Joseph Hull and Sally Bennett found the world all rose-color. Perhaps their friendship began in childhood. Perhaps it was a case of that occasional propinquity which carries its concealed magic. A story is told of an old lady who expressed no surprise when an intended marriage was announced that had caused the rest of her little world to open wide its eyes. She merely said: "Why, of course. I expected it. *He had the next seat to her in the kirk!*" Perhaps, as Ripton meeting-house was far off over the hills, it was sometimes easier to cross by ferry to Derby and walk demurely up the valley to the little church there! However, it happened, as it has ever since

there was "a garden eastward in Eden"; and will, until the last sheaf of humanity has been garnered.

So in 1769 there was a wedding in the old Bennett house—weddings were usually in the homesteads in those days—and after living a few years on the Derby side of the river, the young couple set up their *lares* and *penates* in a house built by Joseph Hull at the Landing, on land given by Deacon Bennett to Sally as part of her dower. This added the last one to the line of houses that have stood in peaceful neighborliness for more than a century, and here Isaac Hull was born on the 6th of March, 1773.

The falling of tea-chests in Boston Harbor caused a ripple that was felt to the farthest shores of the thirteen colonies, and on July 4, 1776, the vibrant rim of Liberty Bell set in motion those waves of sound that called every man whose heart yearned for freedom to fall into line. Joseph Hull was among the first to respond, and entered the army as lieutenant of artillery. He was soon taken prisoner, and for two years endured much suffering. Then obtaining release, he was again at his country's service, and remained through the entire war. His remarkable coolness under danger, his fearlessness and great strategic ability, are verified by many traditions. At one time, riding from Derby to New Haven, as he reached the brow of a hill, he saw a number of British soldiers coming toward him. He was alone and unarmed; he stopped his horse an instant, turned and beckoned as if signalling a force to follow him, then riding forward, demanded the swords of the soldiers, which, as they expected the immediate arrival of his reenforcement, were at once surrendered.

Those were days for stout-hearted women as well as men, and Sally Hull was a brave example when her husband started on the long march for liberty, leaving her and three little boys, Isaac, the second son, being in his fourth year. She must have borne a patient heart during the weary years of his imprisonment, and the courage of the day was necessary on being left again and again to await the unknown result while he bore his part in the great struggle. Nor were the women and children in the quiet homes always in safety. The sight of the enemy's red coat and the tramp of his footstep were to be watched and listened for. New Haven was plundered and Fairfield burned, and whose turn might come next none could tell.

Undoubtedly a boy's instincts are always a boy's instincts, but the age in which he lives bends them one way or another. Isaac Hull was ten years old when peace was declared, and the long record of his father's endurance, heroism, fearlessly meeting and successfully outwitting the enemy, must have done much to mould the boy for the future. Inheritance, strengthened by a noble example, called to the front the high qualities that told for his country's gain so markedly. It is easy to imagine the boy by the peaceful river-side living over his father's brave deeds and longing to emulate them. But his could not have been a dreamy life. He had an early training in the dangerous whaling expeditions on Long Island Sound in open boats, where courage and boldness of action, following a quick perception, were early instilled. That "the child is father of the man" is again abundantly proved.

The old houses speak only of peace now. It is not easy to realize their "troublous times." Their outlook has changed with the changes of more than a century, but they silently testify to the brave spirits, the strong-hearted men and women, and children too, to whom the blue sky and shining river and the outlines of the green hills looked as they do now, though mechanical progress and the modern gods of steam and electricity have transformed all else. Wars and rumors of wars have echoed round them, as 1812, 1848, 1861–65, have left their marks on other parts of the great country; but their peril was when the nation was born, and they have witnessed since only an ever-increasing freedom as the art of war has given place to the arts of peace.

That "the course of empire" is "westward" is well proved. Equally true it is that, despite its "course," the *site* of empire remains. Who can count the Jerusalems from Melchizedek till to-day? How many Troys did Schliemann find ere he reached that of Priam? Though the United States is but learning to count its centuries, while the older nations sum up their millenniums, still it is verified. Cupheag was followed by Stratford. The Paugassett settlement at Derby, and the kindred Pootatuck one, where old Ripton's youngest child, the borough of

Shelton, now lies, and the old Indian fields and forts on the point between the two, where busy Birmingham long since established her reputation for industry, lift their voices in evidence. It is not possible to measure the distance between a cluster of wigwams on the quiet hillside and the long lines of brick factories with their din and roar; but when the turning of the soil puts a stone pestle or arrow-head into the white hand of to-day, it feels the touch of the red brother's. "We measure time by heart-throbs, not by figures on the dial."

In many things the aim of the present is to reproduce the past. But the line and plummet of the most faithful of architects can no more make the new house like the old model than the theatrical make-up can transform the young man into an old one. The result may be admired as a work of art, but it is not nature. The touch of time gives a sag to the tent pole, a suggestion of waviness in outline, and a rounding of angles that the tool of man tries in vain to reproduce. And the old house has a human interest that cannot be obtained by opening a wide door and letting out a troop of children to play on the porch. It is like a man full of years and honors, whose mental vision sees the empty places filled with those "loved long since and lost awhile."

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XVII.

IN the front room the little assemblage had the effect of some small religious sect. The people were plainly dressed in a sort of keeping with their serious faces; there was one girl who had no sign of a ribbon or lace about her, and looked like a rather athletic boy in her short hair and black felt hat, and her jacket buttoned to her throat. She sat with her hands in the side pockets of her coat, and her feet pushed out beyond the hem of her skirt. There were several men of a foreign type, with beards pointed and parted; an American, who looked like a school-master, and whose mouth worked up into his cheek at one side with a sort of mechanical smile when he talked, sat near a man who was so bald as not to have even a spear of hair anywhere on his head. The rest were people who took a color of oddity from these types; a second glance showed them to be of the average humanity; and their dress and its fashion showed them to be of simple condition. They were attired with a Sunday consciousness and cleanliness, though one gentleman whose coat sleeves and seams were brilliant with long use looked as if he would be the better for a little benzining, where his mustache had dropped soup and coffee on his waistcoat; he had prominent eyes, with a straining, near-sighted look.

Kane sat among them with an air at once alert and aloof; his arms were folded, and he glanced around from one to another with grave interest. They were all listening, when Ray came in, to a young man who was upholding the single-tax theory, with confidence and with eagerness, as something which in its operation would release the individual energies to free play and to real competition. Hughes broke in upon him.

"That is precisely what I object to in your theory. I don't *want* that devil released. Competition is the Afreet that the forces of civilization have bottled up after a desperate struggle, and he is always making fine promises of what he will do for you if you will let him out. The fact is he will do nothing but mischief, because that is his nature. He is Beelzebub, he is Satan; in the Miltonic fable he attempted to compete with the Almighty for the rule of heaven; and the fallen angels have been taking the consequence ever since. Monopoly is the only prosperity. Where competition is there can be finally nothing but disaster and defeat for one side or another. That is self-evident. Nothing succeeds till it begins to be a monopoly. This holds good from the lowest to the highest endeavor —from the commercial to the æsthetic, from the huckster to the artist. As long, for instance, as an author is young and poor"—Ray felt, looking down, that the speaker's eye turned on him—"he must compete, and his work must be deformed by the struggle; when it becomes known that he alone can do his kind of work, he

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monopolizes and prospers in the full measure of his powers; and he realizes his ideal unrestrictedly. Competition enslaves, monopoly liberates. We must, therefore, have the greatest possible monopoly, one that includes the whole people economically as they are now included politically. Try to think of competition in the political administration as we now have it in the industrial. It isn't thinkable! Or, yes! They do have it in those Eastern countries where the taxes are farmed to the highest bidder, and the tax-payer's life is ground out of him."

"I think," said the school-masterly-looking man, "we all feel this instinctively. The trusts and the syndicates are doing our work for us as rapidly as we could ask."

A voice, with a German heaviness of accent, came from one of the foreigners. "But they are not doing it for our sake, and they mean to stop distinctly short of the whole-people trust. As far back as Louis Napoleon's rise we were expecting the growth of the corporate industries to accomplish our purposes for us. But between the corporation and the collectivity there is a gulf, a chasm that has never yet been passed."

"We must bridge it!" cried Hughes.

A young man, with a clean-cut English intonation, asked, "Why not fill it up with capitalists?"

"No," said Hughes; "our cause should recognize no class as enemies."

"I don't think it matters much to them whether we recognize them or not, if we let them have their own w'y," said the young man, whose cockney origin betrayed itself in an occasional vowel and aspirate.

"We shall not let them have their own way unless it is the way of the majority too," Hughes returned. "From my point of view they are simply and purely a part of the movement, as entirely so as the proletariat."

"The difficulty will be to get them to take your point of view," the young man suggested.

"It isn't necessary they should," Hughes answered, "though some of them do already. Several of the best friends of our cause are capitalists; and there are large numbers of moneyed people who believe in the nationalization of the telegraphs, railroads, and expresses."

"Those are merely the first steps," urged the young man, "which may lead now'ere."

"They are the first steps," said Hughes, "and they are not to be taken over the bodies of men. We must advance together as brothers, marching abreast, to the music of our own heart-beats."

"Good!" said Kane. Ray did not know whether he said it ironically or not. It made the short-haired girl turn round and look at him where he sat behind her.

"We in Russia," said another of the foreign-looking people, "have seen the futility of violence. The only force that finally prevails is love; and we must employ it with those that can feel it best, with the little children. The adult world is hopeless; but with the next generation we may do something—everything. The highest office is the teacher's, but we must become as little children if we would teach them, who are of the kingdom of heaven. We must begin by learning of them."

"It appears rather complicated," said the young Englishman, gayly, and Ray heard Kane choke off a laugh into a kind of snort.

"Christ said He came to call sinners to repentance," said the man who would have been the better for benzining. "He evidently thought there was some hope of grown-up people if they would cease to do evil."

"And several of the disciples were elderly men," the short-haired girl put in.

"Our Russian friend's idea seems to be a version of our Indian policy," said Kane. "Good adults, dead adults."

"No, no. You don't understand, all of you—" the Russian began, but Hughes interrupted him.

"How would you deal with the children?"

"In communities, here, at the heart of the trouble, and also in the West, where they could be easily made self-supporting."

"I don't believe in communities," said Hughes. "If anything in the world has thoroughly failed it is communities. They have failed all the more lamentably when they have succeeded financially, because that sort of success comes from competition with the world outside. A community is an aggrandized individual; it is the extension of the egoistic motive to a large family, which looks out for its own good against other families, just as a small

family does. I have had enough of communities. The family we hope to found must include all men who are willing to work; it must recognize no aliens except the drones, and the drones must not be suffered to continue. They must either cease to exist by going to work, or by starving to death. But this great family—the real human family—must be no agglutinated structure, no mere federation of trades-unions; it must be a natural growth from indigenous stocks, which will gradually displace individual and corporate enterprises by pushing its roots and its branches out under and over them till they have no longer earth or air to live in. It will then slowly possess itself of the whole field of production and distribution."

"*Very* slowly," said the young Englishman; and he laughed.

The debate went on, and it seemed as if there were almost as many opinions as there were people present. At times it interested Ray; at times it bored him; but at all times he kept thinking that if he could get those queer zealots into a book they would be amusing material, though he shuddered to find himself personally among them. Hughes coughed painfully in the air thickened with many breaths, and the windows had to be opened for him; then the rush of the elevated trains filled the room, and the windows were shut again. After one of these interludes, Ray was aware of Hughes appealing to some one in the same tone in which he had asked him to go and send in his whiskey and milk; he looked up, and saw that Hughes was appealing to him.

"Young man, have you nothing to say on all these questions? Is it possible that you have not thought of them?"

Ray was so startled that for a moment he could not speak. Then he said, hardily, but in the frank spirit of the discussion, "No, I have never thought of them at all."

"It is time you did," said Hughes. "All other interests must yield to them. We can have no true art, no real literature, no science worthy the name, till the money stamp of egoism is effaced from success, and it is honored, not paid."

The others turned and stared at Ray; old Kane arched his eyebrows at him, and made rings of white round his eyes; he pursed his mouth as if he would like to laugh. Ray saw Mrs. Denton put her hand on her mouth; her husband glowered silently; her sister sat with downcast eyes.

Hughes went on: "I find it easier to forgive enmity than indifference; he who is not for us is against us in the worst sense. Our cause has a sacred claim upon all generous and enlightened spirits; they are recreant if they neglect it. But we must be patient, even with indifference; it is hard to bear, but we cannot fight it, and we must bear it. Nothing has astonished me more, since my return to the world, than to find the great mass of men living on as when I left it, in besotted indifference to the vital interests of the hour. I find the politicians still talking of the tariff, just as they used to talk: low tariff and cheap clothes for the working-man; high tariff and large wages for the working-man. Whether we have high tariff or low, the working-man always wins. But he does not seem to prosper. He is poor; he is badly fed and housed; when he is out of work, he starves in his den till he is evicted with a ruthlessness unknown in the history of Irish oppression. Neither party means to do anything for the working-man, and he hasn't risen himself yet to the conception of anything more philosophical than more pay and fewer hours."

A sad-faced man spoke from a corner of the room. "We must have time to think, and something to eat to-day. We can't wait till to-morrow."

"That is true," Hughes answered. "Many must perish by the way. But we must have patience."

His son-in-law spoke up, and his gloomy face darkened. "I have no heart for patience. When I see people perishing by the way, I ask myself how they shall be saved, not some other time, but now. Some one is guilty of the wrong they suffer. How shall the sin be remitted?" His voice shook with fanatical passion.

"We must have patience," Hughes repeated. "We are all guilty."

"It would be a good thing," said the man with the German accent, "if the low-tariff men would really cut off the duties. The high-tariff men don't put wages up because they have protection, but they would surely put them down if they didn't have it. Then you would see labor troubles everywhere."

"Yes," said Hughes; "but such hopes

as that would make me hate the cause, if anything could. Evil that good may come? Never! Always good, and good for evil, that the good may come more and more! We must have the true America in the true American way, by reasons, by votes, by laws, and not otherwise."

The spirit which he rebuked had unlocked the passions of those around him. Ray had a vision of them in the stormy dispute which followed, as waves beating and dashing upon the old man; the head of the perfectly bald man was like a buoy among the breakers, as it turned and bobbed about, in his eagerness to follow all that was said.

Suddenly the impulses spent themselves and a calm succeeded. One of the men looked at his watch; they all rose one after another to go.

Hughes held them a little longer. "I don't believe the good time is so far off as we are apt to think in our indignation at wrong. It is coming soon, and its mere approach will bring sensible relief. We must have courage and patience."

Ray and Kane went away together. Mrs. Denton looked at him with demure question in her eyes when they parted; Peace imparted no feeling in her still glance. Hughes took Ray's little hand in his large, loose grasp, and said,

"Come again, young man; come again!"

XVIII.

"If ever I come again," Ray vowed to himself, when he got into the street, "I think I shall know it!" He abhorred all sorts of social outlandishness; he had always wished to be conformed, without and within, to the great world of smooth respectabilities. If for the present he was willing to Bohemianize a little, it was in his quality of author, and as part of a world-old tradition. To have been mixed up with a lot of howling dervishes like those people was intolerable. He tingled with a sense of personal injury from Hughes's asking him to take part in their discussion; and he was all the angrier because he could not resent it, even to Kane, on account of that young girl, who could not let him see that it distressed her, too; he felt bound to her by the tie of favor done which he must not allow to become painful.

He knew, as they walked rapidly down the avenue, crazy with the trains hurtling by over the jingling horse-cars and the clattering holiday crowds, that old Kane was seeking out his with eyes brimming with laughter, but he would not look at him, and he would not see any fun in the affair. He would not speak, and he held his tongue the more resolutely because he believed Kane meant to make him speak first.

He had his way; it was Kane who broke the silence, after they left the avenue, and struck into one of the cross-streets leading to the Park. Piles of lumber and barrels of cement blocked two-thirds of its space, in front of half-built houses, which yawned upon it from cavernous depths. Boys were playing over the boards and barrels, and on the rocky hill-side behind the houses, where a portable engine stood at Sunday rest, and tall derricks rose and stretched their idle arms abroad. At the top of the hill a row of brown-stone fronts looked serenely down upon the havoc of stone thrown up by the blasting, as if it were a quiet pleasance.

"Amiable prospect, isn't it?" said Kane. "It looks as if Hughes's Afreet has got out of his bottle, and had a good time here, holding on for a rise, and then building on spec. But perhaps we oughtn't to judge of it at this stage, when everything is in transition. Think how beautiful it will be when it is all solidly built up here as it is down-town!" He passed his hand through Ray's lax arm, and leaned affectionately toward him as they walked on, after a little pause he made for this remark on the scenery. "Well, my dear young friend, what do you think of my dear old friend?"

"Of Mr. Hughes?" Ray asked, and he restrained himself in a pretended question.

"Of Mr. Hughes, and of Mr. Hughes's friends."

Ray flashed out upon this. "I think his friends are a lot of cranks."

"Yes; very good; very excellent good! They *are* cranks. Are they the first you have met in New York?"

"No; the place seems to be full of them."

"Beginning with the elderly gentleman whom you met the first morning?"

"Beginning with the young man who met the elderly gentleman."

Kane smiled with appreciation. "Well, we won't be harsh on those two. We won't call *them* cranks. They are philosophical observers, or inspired dreamers, if you like. As I understand it we

are all dreamers. If we like a man's dream, we call him a prophet; if we don't like his dream, we call him a crank. Now, what is the matter with the dreams, severally and collectively, of my dear old friend and his friends? Can you deny that any one of their remedies, if taken faithfully according to the directions blown on the bottle, would cure the world of all its woes inside of six months?"

The question gave Ray a chance to vent his vexation impersonally. "What is the matter with the world?" he burst out. "I don't see that the world is so very sick. Why isn't it going on very well? I don't understand what this talk is all about. I don't see what those people have got to complain of. All any one can ask is a fair chance to show how much his work is worth, and let the best man win. What's the trouble? Where's the wrong?"

"Ah," said Kane, "what a pity you didn't set forth those ideas when Hughes called upon you!"

"And have all that crew jump on me? Thank you!" said Ray.

"You would call them a crew, then? Perhaps they were a crew," said Kane. "I don't know why a reformer should be so grotesque; but he is, and he is always the easy prey of caricature. I couldn't help feeling to-day how very like the burlesque reformers the real reformers are. And they are always the same, from generation to generation. For all outward difference, those men and brethren of both sexes at poor David's were very like a group of old-time abolitionists conscientiously qualifying themselves for tar and feathers. Perhaps you don't like being spoken to in meeting?"

"No, I don't," said Ray, bluntly.

"I fancied a certain reluctance in you at the time, but I don't think poor David meant any harm. He preaches patience, but I think he secretly feels that he's got to hurry, if he's going to have the kingdom of heaven on earth; and he wants every one to lend a hand."

For the reason, or from the instinct, that forbade Ray to let out his wrath directly against Hughes, he now concealed his pity. He asked stiffly: "Couldn't he be got into some better place? Where he wouldn't be stunned when he tried to keep from suffocating?"

"No, I don't know that he could," said Kane, with a pensive singleness rare in him. "Any help of that kind would mean dependence, and David Hughes is proud."

They had passed through lofty ranks of flats, and they now came to the viaduct carrying the northern railways; one of its noble arches opened before them like a city gate, and the viaduct in its massy extent was like a wall that had stood a hundred sieges. Beyond they found open fields, with the old farm fences of stone still enclosing them, but with the cellars of city blocks dug out of the lots. In one place there was a spread of low sheds, neighbored by towering apartment-houses; some old cart-horses were cropping the belated grass; and comfortable companies of hens and groups of turkeys were picking about the stable-yard; a shambling cottage fronted on the avenue next the park, and drooped behind its dusty, leafless vines.

"He might be got into that," said Kane, whimsically, "at no increase of rent, and at much increase of comfort and quiet—at least till the Afreet began to get in his work."

"Wouldn't it be rather too much like that eremitism which he's so down on?" asked Ray, with a persistence in his effect of indifference.

"Perhaps it would, perhaps it would," Kane consented, as they struck across into the Park. The grass was still very green, though here and there a little sallow; the leaves, which had dropped from the trees in the October rains, had lost their fire, and lay dull and brown in the little hollows and at the edges of the paths and the bases of the rocks; the oaks kept theirs, but in death; on some of the ash-trees and lindens the leaves hung in a pale reminiscence of their summer green.

"I understood the son-in-law to want a hermitage somewhere—a co-operative hermitage, I suppose," Ray went on. He did not feel bound to spare the son-in-law, and he put contempt into his tone.

"Ah, yes," said Kane. "What did you make of the son-in-law?"

"I don't know. He's a gloomy sprite. What is he, anyway? His wife spoke of his work."

"Why, it's rather a romantic story, I believe," said Kane. "He was a young fellow who stopped at the community on his way to a place where he was going to find work; he's a wood-engraver. I believe he's always had the notion that the

world was out of kilter, and it seems that he wasn't very well himself when he looked in on the Family to see what they were doing to help it. He fell sick on their hands, and the Hugheses took care of him. Naturally he married one of them when he got well enough, and naturally he married the wrong one."

"Why the wrong one?" demanded Ray, with an obscure discomfort.

"Well, I don't know! But if it isn't evident to you that Mrs. Denton is hardly fitted to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of such a man—"

Ray would not pursue this branch of the inquiry. "*His* notion of what the world wanted was to have its cities eliminated. Then he thought it would be all serene."

"Ah, that wouldn't do," said Kane. "Cities are a vice, but they are essential to us now. We could not live without them; perhaps we are to be saved by them. But it is well to return to Nature from time to time."

"I thought I heard you saying some rather disparaging things of Nature a little while ago," said Ray, with a remaining grudge against Kane, and with a young man's willingness to convict his elder of any inconsistency, serious or unserious.

"Oh, primeval Nature, yes. But I have nothing but praise for this kind—the kind that man controls and guides. It is outlaw Nature that I object to, the savage survival from chaos, the mother of earthquakes and cyclones, blizzards and untimely frosts, inundations and indigestions. But ordered Nature—the Nature of the rolling year; night and day, and seed-time and harvest—"

"The seasons," Ray broke in, scornfully, from the resentment still souring in his soul, "turn themselves upside down and wrong end to, about as often as financial panics occur, and the farmer that has to rely on them is as apt to get left as the husbandman that sows and reaps in Wall Street."

"Ah!" sighed Kane. "That was well said. I wish I had thought of it for my second series of *Hard Sayings*."

"Oh, you're welcome to it!"

"Are you so rich in paradoxes? But I will contrive to credit it somehow to the gifted author of *A New Romeo*. Is that what you call it?"

Ray blushed and laughed, and Kane continued.

"It's a little beyond the fact, but it's on the lines of truth. I don't justify Nature altogether. She is not free from certain little foibles, caprices; perhaps that's why we call her *she*. But I don't think that, with all her faults, she's quite so bad as Business. In that we seem to have gone to Nature for her defects. Why copy her weakness and bad faith? Why not study her steadfastness, her orderliness, her obedience in laying the bases of civilization? We don't go to her for the justification of murder, incest, robbery, gluttony, though you can find them all in her. We have our little prejudice against these things, and we seem to derive it from somewhere outside of what we call Nature. Why not go to that Somewhere for the law of economic life? But come," Kane broke off, gayly, "let us babble of green fields; as for God, God, I hope we have no need to think of such things yet. Please Heaven, our noses are not as sharp as pens, by a long way. I don't wonder you find it a beautiful and beneficent world, in spite of our friends yonder, who want to make it prettier and better, in their way." Kane put his arm across Ray's shoulder, and pulled him affectionately towards him. "Are you vexed with me for having introduced you to those people? I have been imagining something of the kind."

"Oh, no—" Ray began.

"I didn't really mean to stay for Hughes's conventicle," said Kane. "Chapley was wise, and went in time, before he could feel the wild charm of those visionaries; it was too much for me; when they began to come, I *couldn't* go. I forgot how repugnant the golden age has always been to the heart of youth, which likes the nineteenth century much better. The fact is, I forgot that I had brought you till it was too late to take you away."

He laughed, and Ray, more reluctantly, laughed with him.

"I have often wondered," he went on, "how it is we lose the youthful point of view. We have it some night, and the next morning we haven't it; and we can hardly remember what it was. I don't suppose you could tell me what the youthful point of view of the present day is, though I should recognize that of forty years ago. I—"

He broke off to look at a party of horsemen pelting by on the stretch of the smooth hard road, and dashing into a bridle-path beyond. They were heavy

young fellows, mounted on perfectly groomed trotters, whose round haunches trembled and dimpled with their hard pace.

"Perhaps *that* is the youthful point of view now: the healthy, the wealthy, the physically strong, the materially rich. Well, I think ours was better; pallid and poor in person and in purse as we imagined the condition of the ideal man to be. There is something," said Kane, "a little more expressive of the insolence of money in one of those brutes than in the most glittering carriage and pair. I think if I had in me the material for really hating a fellow-man, I should apply it to the detestation of the rider of one of those animals. But I haven't. I am not in prospective need even, and I am at the moment no hungrier than a gentleman ought to be who is going to lunch with a lady in the Mandan Flats. By-the-way! Why shouldn't you come with me? They would be delighted to see you. A brilliant young widow, with a pretty stepdaughter, is not to be lunched with every day, and I can answer for your welcome."

Ray freed himself. "I'm sorry I can't go. But I can't. You must excuse me; I really couldn't; I am very much obliged to you. But—"

"You don't trust me!"

"Oh, yes, I do. But I don't feel quite up to meeting people just now. I'll push on down town. I'm rather tired. Good-by."

Kane held his hand between both his palms. "I wonder what the real reason is! Is it grudge, or pride, or youth?"

"Neither," said Ray. "It's—clothes. My boots are muddy, and I've got on my second-best trousers."

"Ah, now you are frank with me, and you give me a real reason. Perhaps you are right. I dare say I should have thought so once."

XIX.

Ray did not go to deliver any of his letters that afternoon; he decided now that it would be out of taste to do so on Sunday, as he had already doubted that it would be, in the morning. He passed the afternoon in his room, trying from time to time to reduce the turmoil of his reveries to intelligible terms in verse, and in poetic prose. He did nothing with them; in the end, though, he was aware of a new ideal, and he resolved that if he could get his story back from Chapley & Co., he would rewrite the passages that characterized the heroine, and make it less like the every-day, simple prettiness of his first love. He had always known that this did not suit the character he had imagined; he now saw that it required a more complex and mystical charm. But he did not allow himself to formulate these volitions and perceptions, any more than his conviction that he had now a double reason for keeping away from Mr. Brandreth and from Miss Hughes. He spent the week in a sort of ecstasy of forbearance. On Saturday afternoon he feigned the necessity of going to ask Mr. Brandreth how he thought a novel in verse, treating a strictly American subject in a fantastic way, would succeed. He really wished to learn something without seeming to wish it about his manuscript, but he called so late in the afternoon that he found Mr. Brandreth putting his desk in order just before starting home. He professed a great pleasure at sight of Ray, and said he wished he would come part of the way home with him: he wanted to have a little talk.

As if the word home had roused the latent forces of hospitality in him, he added, "I want to have you up at my place, some day, as soon as we can get turned round. Mrs. Brandreth is doing first-rate, now; and that boy—well, sir, he's a perfect Titan. I wish you could see him undressed. He's just like the figure of the infant Hercules strangling the serpent when he grips the nurse's finger. I know it sounds ridiculous, but I believe that fellow recognizes me, and distinguishes between me and his mother. I suppose it's my hat—I come in with my hat on, you know, just to try him; and when he catches sight of that hat, you ought to see his arms go!"

The paternal rhapsodies continued a long time after they were in the street, and Ray got no chance to bring in either his real or pretended business. He listened with mechanical smiles and hollow laughter, alert at the same time for the slightest vantage which Mr. Brandreth should give him. But the publisher said of his own motion,

"Oh, by-the-way, you'll be interested to know that our readers' reports on your story are in."

"Are they?" Ray gasped. He could not get out any more.

Mr. Brandreth went on: "I didn't examine the reports very attentively myself, but I think they were favorable, on the whole. There were several changes suggested; I don't recall just what. But you can see them all on Monday. We let Miss Hughes go after lunch on Saturdays, and she generally takes some work home with her, and I gave them to her to put in shape for you. I thought it would be rather instructive for you to see the different opinions in the right form. I believe you can't have too much method in these things."

"Of course," said Ray, in an anguish of hope and fear. The street seemed to go round; he hardly knew where he was. He bungled on inarticulately before he could say: "I believe in method, too. But I'm sorry I couldn't have had the reports to-day, because I might have had Sunday to think the suggestions over, and see what I could do with them."

"Well, I'm sorry, too. She hadn't been gone half an hour when you came in. If I'd thought of your happening in! Well, it isn't very long till Monday! She'll have them ready by that time. I make it a rule myself to put all business out of my mind from 2 P.M. on Saturday till Monday 9 A.M., and I think you'll find it an advantage, too. I won't do business, and I won't talk business, and I won't think business after 2 o'clock on Saturday. I believe in making Sunday a day of rest and family enjoyment. We have an early dinner; and then I like to have my wife read or play to me, and now we have in the baby and that amuses us."

Ray forced himself to say that as a rule he did not believe in working on Sunday either; he usually wrote letters. He abruptly asked Mr. Brandreth how he thought it would do for him to go and ask Miss Hughes for a sight of the readers' reports in the rough.

Mr. Brandreth laughed. "You *are* anxious! Do you know where she lives?"

"Oh, yes; I stopped there last Sunday with Mr. Kane on our way to the Park. I saw Mr. Chapley there."

"Oh!" said Mr. Brandreth, with the effect of being arrested by the last fact in something he might otherwise have said. It seemed to make him rather unhappy. "Then you saw Miss Hughes's father?"

"Yes; and all his friends," Ray answered, in a way that evidently encouraged Mr. Brandreth to go on.

"Yes? What did you think of them?"

"I thought they were mostly harmless; but one or two of them ought to have been in the violent wards."

"Did Mr. Chapley meet them?"

"Oh, no; he went away before any of them came in. As Mr. Kane took me, I had to stay with him."

Mr. Brandreth got back a good deal of his smiling complacency, which had left him at Ray's mention of Mr. Chapley in connection with Hughes. "Mr. Chapley and Mr. Hughes are old friends."

"Yes; I understood something of that kind."

"They date back to the Brook Farm days together."

"Mr. Hughes is rather too much of the Hollingsworth type for my use," said Ray. He wished Mr. Brandreth to understand that he had no sympathy with Hughes's wild-cat philosophy, both because he had none, and because he believed it would be to his interest with Mr. Brandreth to have none.

"I've never seen him," said Mr. Brandreth. "I like Mr. Chapley's loyalty to his friends—it's one of his fine traits; but I don't see any necessity for my taking them up. He goes there every Sunday morning to see Mr. Hughes, and they talk—political economy together. You know Mr. Chapley has been a good deal interested in this altruistic agitation."

"No, I didn't," said Ray.

"Yes. You can't very well keep clear of it altogether. I was mixed up in it myself at one time: our summer place is on the outskirts of a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, and we had our *Romeo and Juliet* for the benefit of a social union for the work-people; we made over two hundred dollars for them. Mr. Chapley was a George man in '86. Not that he agreed with the George men exactly; but he thought there ought to be some expression against the way things are going. You know a good many of the nicest kind of people went the same way at that time. I don't object to that kind of thing as long as it isn't carried too far. Mr. Chapley used to see a good deal of an odd stick of a minister at our summer place that had got a good some of the new ideas in a pretty crooked kind of shape; and then he's read Tolstoï a good

deal, and he's been influenced by him. I think Hughes is a sort of safety-valve for Mr. Chapley, and that's what I tell the family. Mr. Chapley isn't a fool, and he's always had as good an eye for the main chance as anybody. That's all."

Ray divined that Mr. Brandreth would not have entered into this explanation of his senior partner and father-in-law, except to guard against the injurious inferences which he might draw from having met Mr. Chapley at Hughes's, but he did not let his guess appear in his words. "I don't wonder he likes Mr. Hughes," he said. "He's fine, and he seems a light of sanity and reason, among the jack-a-lanterns he gathers round him. He isn't at all Tolstoïan.

"He's a gentleman, born and bred," said Mr. Brandreth, "and he was a rich man for the days before he began his communistic career. And Miss Hughes is a perfect lady. She's a cultivated girl too, and she reads a great deal. I'd rather have her opinion about a new book than half the critics' I know of, because I know I could get it honest, and I know it would be intelligent. Well, if you're going up there, you'll want to be getting across to the avenue, to take the elevated." He added, "I don't mean to give you the impression that we've made up our minds about your book, yet. We haven't. I've only glanced over the opinions of our readers, and I merely know that they're favorable to it in some respects from a literary point of view. But a book is a commercial venture as well as a literary venture, and we've got to have a powwow about that side of it before we come to any sort of conclusion. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand that," said Ray, "and I'll try not to be unreasonably hopeful," but at the same moment his heart leaped with hope.

"Well, that's right," said Mr. Brandreth, taking his hand for parting. He held it, and then he said, with a sort of desperate impulse, "By-the-way, why not come home with me, now, and take dinner with us?"

XX.

Ray's heart sank. He was so anxious to get at those opinions; and yet he did not like to refuse Mr. Brandreth; a little thing might prejudice the case; he ought to make all the favor at court that he could for his book. "I—I'm afraid it mightn't be convenient—at such a time—for Mrs. Brandreth—"

"Oh, yes it would," said Mr. Brandreth in the same desperate note. "Come along. I don't know that Mrs. Brandreth will be able to see you, but I want you to see my boy; and we can have a bachelor bite together, anyway."

Ray yielded, and the stories of the baby began again when he moved on with Mr. Brandreth. It was agony for him to wrench his mind from his story, which he kept turning over and over in it, trying to imagine what the readers had differed about, and listen to Mr. Brandreth saying, "Yes, sir, I believe that child knows his grandmother and his nurse apart, as well as he knows his mother and me. He's got his likes and dislikes already: he cries whenever his grandmother takes him. By-the-way, you'll see Mrs. Chapley at dinner, I hope. She's spending the day with us."

"Oh, I'm very glad," said Ray, wondering if the readers objected to his introduction of hypnotism.

"She's a woman of the greatest character," said Mr. Brandreth, "but she has some old-fashioned notions about children. I want my boy to be trained as a boy from the very start. I think there's nothing like a manly man, unless it's a womanly woman. I hate anything masculine about a girl; a girl ought to be yielding and gentle; but I want my boy to be self-reliant from the word Go. I believe in a man's being master in his own house; his will ought to be law, and that's the way I shall bring up my boy. Mrs. Chapley thinks there ought always to be a light in the nurse's room, but I don't. I want my boy to get used to the dark, and not be afraid of it, and I shall begin just as soon as I can, without seeming arbitrary. Mrs. Chapley is the best soul in the world, and of course I don't like to differ with her."

"Of course," said Ray. The mention of relationship made him think of the cousin in his story; if he had not had the cousin killed, he thought it would have been better; there was too much bloodshed in the story.

They turned into a cross-street from Lexington Avenue, where they had been walking, and stopped at a pretty little apartment-house, which had its door painted black and a wide brass plate enclosing its key-hole, and wore that air of

standing aloof from its neighbors peculiar to private houses with black doors and brass plates.

Mr. Brandreth let himself in with a key. "There are only three families in our house, and it's like having a house of our own. It's so much easier living in a flat for your wife that I put my foot down, and wouldn't hear of a separate house."

They mounted the carpeted stairs through the twilight that prevails in such entries, and a sound of flying steps was heard within the door where Mr. Brandreth applied his latch-key again, and as he flung it open a long wail burst upon the ear.

"Hear that?" he asked, with a rapturous smile, as he turned to Ray for sympathy; and then he called gayly out in the direction that the wail came from: "Oh, hello, hello, hello! What's the matter, what's the matter? You sit down here," he said to Ray, leading the way forward into a pretty drawing-room. "Confound that nurse! She's always coming in here in spite of everything. I'll be with you in a moment. Heigh! What ails the little man?" he called out, and disappeared down the long narrow corridor, and he was gone a good while.

At moments Ray caught the sound of voices in hushed, but vehement dispute; a door slammed violently; there were murmurs of expostulation. At last Mr. Brandreth reappeared with his baby in his arms, and its nurse at his heels, twitching the infant's long robe into place.

"What do you think of that?" demanded the father, and Ray got to his feet and came near, so as to be able to see if he could think anything.

By an inspiration he was able to say, "Well, he *is* a great fellow!" and this apparently gave Mr. Brandreth perfect satisfaction. His son's downy little oblong skull wagged feebly on his weak neck; his arms waved vaguely before his face.

"Now give him your finger, and see if he won't do the infant Hercules act."

Ray promptly assumed the part of the serpent, but the infant Hercules would not open his tightly clinched, wandering fist.

"Try the other one," said his father; and Ray tried the other one with no more effect. "Well, he isn't in the humor; he'll do it for you some time. All right, little man!" He gave the baby, which had acquitted itself with so much distinction, back into the arms of its nurse, and it was taken away.

"Sit down, sit down!" he said, cheerily. "Mrs. Chapley will be in directly. It's astonishing," he said, with a twist of his head in the direction the baby had been taken, "but I believe those little things have their moods just like any of us. That fellow knows as well as you do, when he's wanted to show off, and if he isn't quite in the key for it, he won't do it. I wish I had tried him with my hat, and let you see how he notices."

Mr. Brandreth went on with anecdotes, theories, and moral reflections relating to the baby, and Ray answered with praiseful murmurs and perfunctory cries of wonder. He was rescued from a situation which he found more and more difficult by the advent of Mrs. Chapley, and not of Mrs. Chapley alone, but of Mrs. Brandreth. She greeted Ray with a certain severity, which he instinctively divined was not so much for him as for her husband. A like quality imparted itself, but not so authoritatively, from her mother; if Mr. Brandreth was not master in his house, at least his mother-in-law was not. Mrs. Brandreth went about the room and made some housekeeperly rearrangements of its furniture, which had the result of reducing it, as it were, to discipline. Then she sat down, and Ray, whom she waited to have speak first, had a feeling that she was sitting in judgment on him, and the wish, if possible, to justify himself. He began to praise the baby, its beauty, and great size, and the likeness he professed to find in it to its father.

Mrs. Brandreth relented slightly. She said, with magnanimous impartiality, "It's a very *healthy* child."

Her mother made the reservation, "But even healthy children are a great care," and sighed.

The daughter must have found this intrusive. "Oh, I don't know that Percy is any great care as yet, mamma."

"He pays his way," Mr. Brandreth suggested, with a radiant smile. "At least," he corrected himself, "we shouldn't know what to do without him."

His wife said, dryly, as if the remark were in bad taste, "It's hardly a question of that, I think. Have you been long in New York, Mr. Ray?" she asked, with an abrupt turn to him.

"Only a few weeks," Ray answered, inwardly wondering how he could render

the fact propitiatory. "Everything is very curious and interesting to me as a country person," he added, deciding to make this sacrifice of himself.

It evidently availed somewhat. "But you don't mean that you are really from the country?" Mrs. Brandreth asked.

"I'm from Midland; and I suppose that's the country, compared with New York."

Mrs. Chapley asked him if he knew the Mayquays there. He tried to think of some people of that name; in the mean time she recollected that the Mayquays were from Gitcheegumee, Michigan. They talked some irrelevancies, and then she said, "Mr. Brandreth tells me you have *met* my husband," as if they had been talking of him.

"Yes; I had that pleasure even before I met Mr. Brandreth," said Ray.

"And you know Mr. Kane?"

"Oh, yes. He was the first acquaintance I made in New York."

"Mr. Brandreth told me." Mrs. Chapley made a show of laughing at the notion of Kane, as a harmless eccentric, and she had the effect of extending her kindly derision to Hughes in saying, "And you've been taken to sit at the feet of his prophet already, Mr. Brandreth tells me: that strange Mr. Hughes."

"I shouldn't have said he was Mr. Kane's prophet exactly," said Ray with a smile of sympathy. "Mr. Kane doesn't seem to need a prophet; but I've certainly seen Mr. Hughes. And heard him, for that matter." He smiled, recollecting his dismay when he heard Hughes calling upon him in meeting. He had a notion to describe his experience, and she gave him the chance.

"Yes?" she said, with veiled anxiety. "Do tell me about him!"

At the end of Ray's willing compliance, she drew a deep breath, and said, "Then he is *not* a follower of Tolstoï?"

"Quite the contrary, I should say."

Mrs. Chapley laughed more easily. "I didn't know but he made shoes that nobody could wear. I couldn't imagine what other attraction he could have for my husband. I believe he would really like to go into the country and work in the fields." Mrs. Chapley laughed away a latent anxiety, apparently, in making this joke about her husband, and seemed to feel much better acquainted with Ray. "How are they living over there? What sort of family has Mr. Hughes? I mean, besides the daughter we know of?"

Ray told, as well as he could, and he said they were living in an apartment.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Chapley, "I fancied a sort of tenement."

"By-the-way," said Mr. Brandreth, "wouldn't you like to see our apartment, Mr. Ray"—his wife quelled him with a glance, and he added—"some time?"

Ray said he should, very much.

Mrs. Brandreth, like her mother, had been growing more and more clement, and now she said, "Won't you stay and take a family dinner with us, Mr. Ray?"

Ray looked at her husband, and saw that he had not told her of the invitation he had already given. He did not do so now, and Ray rose and seized his opportunity. He thanked Mrs. Brandreth very earnestly, and said he was so sorry he had an appointment to keep, and he got himself away at once.

Mrs. Chapley hospitably claimed him for her Thursdays, at parting; and Mrs. Brandreth said he must let Mr. Brandreth bring him some other day; they would always be glad to see him.

Mr. Brandreth went down to the outer door with him, to make sure that he found the way, and said, "Then you *will* come some time?" and gratefully wrung his hand. "I saw how anxious you were about those opinions!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW KENTUCKY BECAME A STATE.

BY GEORGE W. RANCK.

IT is not Kentucky's fault if the centennial of her admission into the Union comes in 1892, right alongside of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America. Congress is to blame for that. But, even a contrast with the tremendous achievement of the incomparable Columbus cannot divest of its absorbing interest the romantic story of the founding of our first interior commonwealth.

Its very beginning was unique. The rise of a State and the establishment of the magnificent empire of the West were decreed when, on the 7th of June, 1769,

Daniel Boone looked out upon "the beautiful level of Kentucky," which so impressed him with the abundance and splendid development of its animal life, with the astonishing fertility of its virgin soil, and the lavishness of its natural gifts, still clothed with all the charms of primeval freshness, that he afterwards described it as "a second paradise."

Kentucky, in the manner of her founding, illustrated the new era that had just dawned upon the world. Unlike any of the States of the old Confederation, she had never actually experienced the dominion of a foreign power, nor felt the authority of a royal master. She was born free. Boone brought with him into the depths of the Western wild a coal of that sacred fire which burned so brightly upon the banks of the Yadkin, and in the same month of May, 1775, when the heroic North Carolinians adopted the immortal declaration of Mecklenburg, the pioneers of Kentucky gathered in solemn conclave under a mighty elm in the now famous blue-grass region, and they also virtually proclaimed their independence of Great Britain. For this alone could be the meaning of the attempted establishment of the colony of Transylvania upon no other authority than that of occupancy and of a deed from the Cherokees, and with the bold announcement specifically and deliberately made that "all power is originally in the people."

Such was the spirit of the men who laid the foundation of Kentucky, and built upon it under circumstances that seemed a defiance of the impossible itself. They did this in a land which they found devoid of every product of human art, and while cut off from civilization and from human aid by hundreds of miles and by ranks of mountains. It was one of the most remarkable feats of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in some respects is without a parallel. It opened the way for results the importance of which is already beyond all calculation.

But swallowed up as they were in this vast solitude, the pioneers were not too remote for savage vengeance, nor too far away to bear a glorious part in the war of the Revolution. Few minor events of American history are more thrilling or more widely known than the successes of "the Hunters of Kentucky" over the British and the Indians at the sieges of Boonsborough and of Bryant's Station, their massacre at the deadly ambuscade of the Blue Licks, and the swift and wonderful campaigns of George Rogers Clark, the Stonewall Jackson of the early West.

It was in 1780, in the very midst of the harassments and distractions of this war, that Virginia, to her everlasting credit, took time to perfect a bill and make a donation for education in Kentucky that resulted in the founding of Transylvania University. Jefferson, whose broad culture was second only to his superb statesmanship, was then at the helm in the Old Dominion, and he had linked his enduring name with that of Kentucky long before he had penned "the Resolutions of '98."

To fully appreciate the situation of the Kentucky pioneers, it must be remembered that while the close of the Revolution meant peace to the seaboard States, it did not mean peace to them. Savage depredations and burnings and slaughters continued through all the years from the surrender of Yorktown until the British gave up the military posts in the Northwest, and to these aggravations, from which the old government could not protect them, must be added the trying vexations through which they went before they could secure the separation of the district from Virginia, and its admission into the Union. It was during these unsettled times that General Wilkinson, the soldier of fortune who afterwards became the commander-in-chief of the American army, cut such a figure; that the Spanish conspiracy and the question of the free navigation of the Mississippi so agitated the people; and that the jealousy of the North and the South over the balance of power had an early demonstration in the long-delayed reception of Kentucky with her slaves as a member of the Union.

The old Confederation had ample time to crumble leisurely to pieces, and Kentucky to consume years in holding separation conventions before the object she so patiently sought was gained. It was not until the 4th of February, 1791, that Congress passed the bill admitting her into the Union, but the event was put off for more than a year, for the bill stipulated that it was not to occur until the 1st of June, 1792. This act was the first of its kind ever adopted by the Congress of the United States, and was signed by Washington when New York city was the capital of the country, and when the present Federal government was only three years

old. An eloquent evidence of the patriotic feeling existing in Kentucky at this time, in spite of her neglect by the government, is seen in the date of the adoption of her first Constitution—the 19th of April, 1792—the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. This document, which was evidently modelled after the then new Constitution of the United States, seems to have been for the most part the work of George Nicholas, an associate of Madison and Patrick Henry, a student of the backwoods who would have done credit to the Middle Temple, and the leading legal light of his day in the district. It was a College of Electors, as required by this Constitution, which convened shortly after its adoption, and in regular national style made choice of Isaac Shelby as Governor.

And it came to pass that Friday, the 1st of June, 1792, rolled around, and on that day, a hundred years ago, Kentucky became a member of the Union, with Lexington, the most central of her settlements, as the capital of the new-born State.

It is curious that "Lexington," the title of a British Lord, should have become the slogan of the American Revolution, but not more curious than the fact that the first spot of ground on this continent named to commemorate the opening battle of that struggle should have been located beyond the confines of civilization, and in the heart of the far-distant wilderness of Kentucky. Lexington, the metropolis of the blue-grass region, is to-day the oldest public monument in existence to the first dead of the war of independence, and she was toasted as the first namesake of Lexington, Massachusetts, at the centennial celebration of that battle. The beautiful incident of the naming of Lexington, Kentucky, which occurred early in June, 1775, was witnessed by Simon Kenton and other noted pioneers. Longfellow was urged to make it the subject of a poem, and corresponded with the writer in regard to it, but he died, unfortunately, too soon for the story to be embalmed by him in immortal verse.

When Lexington became the capital of Kentucky in 1792, she had a thousand inhabitants, and was the largest and most important town in the State, in spite of mud roads and of thieving Indians, who carried off the settlers' negroes and sold them at Detroit for whiskey. Her stores were filled with heavy stocks of goods; manufactories flourished, and especially powder-mills, as one might naturally imagine, considering the exposed condition of her customers; her sales of pack-horses were large and constant; her schools were growing; traders were coming and going all the time; and altogether she was a busy town, furnishing an immense area of the Western country, including Cincinnati, with supplies of every kind.

Such was the settlement, crowded with strangers, where on Monday the 4th of June, 1792, commenced the first session of the Kentucky Legislature, and the organization of the State government. On that day Governor Shelby arrived from Danville, where all the conventions had been held, and as he came on horseback down the hill which overlooked the little capital, the citizens made the valley of the Elkhorn resound with the cracking of their flint-lock rifles, and with the roar of an old six-pounder which the explosive and emphatic Mad Anthony Wayne requested the use of a short time after. The Governor, provided with leggins, saddle-bags, and holsters, was halted with his escort at the intersection of the two principal streets of the village, where he was received with military honors by the largest and most picturesque procession that the Western country had ever seen. There, with all the formality and punctiliousness that Sir Charles Grandison himself could have desired, he was presented with a written address of welcome in behalf of Lexington by Mr. John Bradford, or "Old Wisdom," as he was admiringly called, the chairman of the town Board of Trustees, the editor of the only newspaper in the commonwealth, and a gentleman of substantial scientific attainments. The oath of office was then administered to the Governor, who, after more salutes had been indulged in, took his place in the procession, which immediately began to move, and to the sound of drum and fife and ten village bells, he was escorted through the main street, past the printing-office, the site of the old block-house, the prosperous-looking stores, and the liberty pole, the pillory, and the stocks, the court-house yard, where the settlers hitched their horses, and on to the Sheaf of Wheat inn, where he "'lighted" from his tired nag and lodged. The "Light Infantry" and the "Troop of Horse" then paraded the

unpaved public square, where the inaugural ceremonies were concluded by the firing of fifteen rounds—one for each of the States then in the Union—and a general discharge of rifles in honor of the new Governor.

The General Assembly met in the State House, a gloomy but substantial two-story log building of the regular old pioneer type, above whose gabled roof on Main Street floated the American flag. It met, however, mainly to elect officers, after which it adjourned, and the rest of the day was spent in rejoicings, in the announcement of appointments by the Governor, and in the interchange of courtesies between the citizens and their guests. On the 6th of June, after the Legislature had been fully organized, the members of both Houses assembled in the Senate Chamber of the State House to formally receive the Governor's message, which was delivered in person, after the elaborate Federal style of the day, which was followed in Kentucky up to the time of Governor Scott, when it was changed to the present simple one in accordance with a precedent established by President Jefferson. Exactly at noon the Governor entered the plain and unpretentious room attended by the Secretary of State, and was immediately conducted to a position on the right of the Speaker of the Senate, when, after respectfully addressing first the Senate and then the House, he proceeded to read the communication he had prepared. At the close of the address he delivered to each Speaker a copy of the manuscript, and retired as solemnly and as formally as he had entered. The two Houses then separated, and after gravely voting an address in reply to that of his Excellency, adjourned. It was a curious sight, that first session of the Kentucky Legislature, where an imitation of a kingly custom of Great Britain appeared in such striking contrast to the natural and unaffected ways of early Western life: the pomp of the House of Lords in a log cabin; the royal ermine and the republican 'coon-skin.

Kentucky literally fought her way to Statehood through seventeen such years as mark the calendar of no other American commonwealth. She had never known the fostering care of the general government, which, even as late as 1792, had accomplished nothing in the way of opening the Mississippi to her trade, nor had done anything to free her from that serious obstacle to her progress, the retention of the Northwestern posts by England. The presence of British troops encouraged the Indians to violence; and the State was admitted to the Union during the murdering and marauding that followed St. Clair's defeat. But the self-made commonwealth remained true to the government which so many of her sons had fought and suffered to establish. The very motto of the State seal is a reminder of the patriotic sentiments which animated Kentucky a hundred years ago. It was suggested by a couplet from a popular air that was sung by the Sons of Liberty during the Revolution:

> "Come, join hand in hand, Americans all;
> By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

SLEEP.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

BEHOLD I lay in prison like St. Paul,
  Chained to two guards that both were grim and stout.
All day they sat by me and held me thrall:
  The one was named Regret, the other Doubt.
And through the twilight of that hopeless close
  There came an angel shining suddenly
That took me by the hand, and as I rose
  The chains grew soft and slipped away from me.
The doors gave back and swung without a sound,
  Like petals of some magic flower unfurled.
I followed, treading o'er enchanted ground,
  Into another and a kindlier world.
The master of that black and bolted keep
Thou knowest is Life; the angel's name is Sleep.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARMY.

BY FELDZEUGMEISTER BARON VON KUHN.

HALBERDIER (EMPEROR'S BODY-GUARD).

IN consequence of the events of the year 1866, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy effectuated a radical change in its military system. The principles upon which the Prussian military constitution had been established served in general as its basis.

His Majesty the Kaiser has supreme command over the entire armed force of the many parts of the empire, and as commander-in-chief he also has the power to declare war or peace. The political dualism, the division of the monarchy into two distinct states of the empire, each of which has its own constitution and a distinct system of representation, has not been without influence upon the formation of the military relations of the imperial state. Fortunately, indeed, the real strength of the army—the line—exists as a unified whole, and the existing army, as such, is under imperial regulation; but the right of recruitment and of legislation with reference to military service has been reserved to those representing in Parliament (Reichsrath) those countries included under the general title of Cisleithania, on the one side, and to the provinces of the Hungarian crown, Transleithania, on the other side.

The Imperial Ministry of War forms the supreme nucleus of the whole military power of the monarchy. It is divided into four sections, comprising fifteen departments, in which are united the many branches of the *personnel* of the organization, disposition of troops, administration, the affairs of justice, health, debt, etc. The naval section, with its two departments for business, forms an independent part of the Imperial Ministry of War. There is also in each of the two parts of the empire a Ministry of National Defence, to which the affairs of the landwehr and landsturm are submitted. The landwehren of the single parts of the empire form bodies constitutionally separated from each other. Since the new defensive laws of 1889, the army of first class, as well as the imperial and royal landwehr, is unconditionally subject to the commands of the Kaiser, and relatively to those of the Imperial Minister of War.

But the restriction upon the employment of the royal Hungarian landwehr abroad or in other parts of the empire has been fixed by the decision of the representative bodies, though it may be employed without the leave of these bodies if there be danger in delay.

The language of the service is German, excepting in the Hungarian landwehr, where the Hungarian and Croatian dialects prevail.

The military system is based upon the required service of every man for twenty-four years after reaching his majority. The regular required service is as follows:

1. In the first class, ten years for the army and its Ersatz reserve (substitute reserve), that is, three years in line and seven in reserve; ten years in the Ersatz reserve for those directly appointed to the same; twelve years for the armed force of Bosnia and Herzegovina, that is, three years in line and nine in reserve; twelve years for the marine, that is, four years in line, five in reserve, and three in marine defence.

2. In the second class (landwehr), two years after completion of required service in the standing army, or twelve for those directly appointed to the landwehr or its Ersatz reserve.

3. In the third class (landsturm), three years before entering upon the age for required service, nine years for all who had left the marine and the landwehr, twenty-one years for all who have been appointed directly to the landsturm.

Through the increase of the annual re-

THE EMPEROR AND STAFF.

HUNGARIAN INFANTRY.

cruit contingent to the number of 103,000 men for the army of the first class, which was passed in 1889, an operative military force of 800,000 men was assured.

In the army of the second class the annual recruit contingent for the imperial-royal landwehr amounts to 10,000 men; for the royal Hungarian landwehr, 12,500 men.

The army of the third class, the landsturm, is intended, in case of necessity, to supply the first and second classes, to furnish the army with the laboring forces necessary for its requirements, and, finally, to directly oppose the enemy that has forced its way into the country. It thus represents the last resource of strength on the part of the defensive forces of the country. It is divided into two summons, and consists of nine years' drill in military service.

The military law of 1889, as opposed to that of 1868, makes necessary curtailments owing to the shortened term of required service. Absolute exemption is wholly excluded. A one-year (so-called) volunteer service will satisfy the military obligation of an educated young man. He is not allowed, however, during this volunteer year to continue his professional studies; and in case he fails to pass the examination of the reserve officer at the expiration of this period, he must continue his service a second year along with the troops. These regulations cause at present a greater number of the one-year volunteers to attain the rank of reserve officer.

In order to distribute the military burden more equally upon the shoulders of all the subjects, a war revenue, called the military tax, is levied in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Excepting those wholly destitute and unable to work, every subject liable to service, unless on account of unfitness he fails to obtain appointment and is rejected, or emigrates before the completion of his service, has to pay an annual tax proportionate to his fortune or business for each year of service. This sum varies between one and one hundred gulden, and in Hungary between three and one hundred. The moneys thus collected are employed for the support of soldiers' widows and orphans.

It is desirable that there should be an increase in the income from the military tax, in order that it may be adequate for the support of the soldiers' widows and orphans, as intended.

The following difficulties still continue in the regulations of the new military law for the army of the second class: the want of unified management, the ine-

AUSTRIAN INFANTRY.

quality of the contingents as regards age and training, the need of one common official language; also the restriction upon the use of the royal Hungarian landwehr. For military purposes it is very desirable that these defects should be removed, yet it is impossible under present political circumstances.

Based upon the military laws thus cursorily described, the organization has been effected. The Inspector-General of the army, who oversees the instruction and training of the army, and also directs and supervises the more important evolutions of the troops, is wholly responsible to his Majesty.

The oldest son of the victor of Aspern, his Imperial Highness Field-marshal Archduke Albrecht, born 1817, has been intrusted for many years with the position of Imperial and Royal Inspector-General of the army.

At the head of the General's Staff is the so-called Chief of the General's Staff, personally first in order under the immediate command of his Majesty the Kaiser. Second in order, he is assistant to the Imperial Ministry of War, and generally directs his proposals to the latter, but he is also empowered to report directly to his Majesty the Kaiser upon important matters. The Austrian corps staff of generals forms an exclusive officers' corps, and promotion in it is made from the captain to the chief.

The supply to the corps of the General's Staff is as follows: (*a*) In rank of captain, from officers with a record of at least three years' successful service in commanding troops, and of at least satisfactory graduation from the military school, or completion of the final examination of this same school. The assignment to service on the General's Staff precedes, without any limit as to time, the reception into the corps of the General's Staff. (*b*) In rank of major, from chiefs (Rittmeister) of all arms, after passing the examination for staff-officer of the General's Staff, and after a proof of practical qualification.

The officers of the General's Staff under occasional special orders come in contact with the troops, but they are separated from the real life of the inner circle of the army. The Chief of the General's Staff has charge of the employment, equipment, and instruction of the corps of the General's Staff.

The duties of the officers of the General's Staff are service in its six bureaus, in the war archive, in the Imperial Ministry of War, and also in the higher staffs, as well as in special military occupations.

For the purpose of military organization the monarchy is subdivided into fifteen military territorial districts, that is, into fourteen corps districts and one military commandery or post.

The territory of occupation—Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the Landschak of Novi-Bazar—forms a separate (fifteenth) corps district. The leading posts in these districts—corps commands, sometimes called military commands—are as follows: first, the corps command in Cracow, includes West Galicia, Silesia, and the northern part of Moravia; second, in Vienna, includes Lower Austria, the middle and southern part of Moravia; third, in Grätz, includes Steiermark, Kärnten, Krain, Istria, Göritz, and Gradisca; the fourth in Buda-Pesth, fifth in Pressburg, sixth in Kaschau, and the seventh in Temesvar form the divisions in Hungary; the eighth in Prague and ninth in Josephstadt, the divisions in Bohemia; tenth, in Przemysl, includes Middle Galicia; eleventh, in Lemberg, East Galicia and Bukowina; twelfth, in Hermannstadt, Siebenbürgen; thirteenth, in Agram, Croatia and Sclavonia; fourteenth, in Innsbruck, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Salzburg, and Upper Austria; fifteenth, in Sarajevo, the occupation district; the military post in Zara, Dalmatia.

The mobilizable commands, posts, companies, and establishments of the armed force comprise, as a whole, in case of war, the army in the field. It is organized, according to the provisional military circumstances, into an army corps of higher rank, that is, in companies, in corps, and in armies. The companies are distinguished according to their combination in infantry or cavalry troops. The first organization of the army in the field into the so-called bodies of the army, the formation of this latter, as well as the arrangement of the commands and posts, companies and establishments in the same, are determined by his Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty, as commander-in-chief, by means of the military *ordre de bataille.*

The companies organized as the army in the field are equipped, on mobilization, with all kinds of necessary military sup-

FIELD CHASSEURS.

plies, so that they may be either joined in a corps or arranged in smaller armies, subject to the immediate order of the commander of the army, able in either case, however, to be employed independently for a greater or less length of time.

The infantry troops, formed principally from all kinds of arms, constitute the first tactical and administrative body of the army of higher order, and, at the same time, the basal unity for the combination of corps and army. The infantry division regularly consists of two infantry brigades, composed of fourteen or fifteen battalions of infantry and Jäger troops, three to four squadrons of cavalry, one division of battery (twenty-four cannons) as artillery of the division, finally technical troops and the necessary establishments. The cavalry section consists regularly of two cavalry brigades, including four regiments of cavalry, one mounted division of battery, as artillery of the division (twelve guns), and the necessary equipments. The corps consists regularly of two or three infantry divisions, two battery divisions, as corps artillery (forty-eight guns), the necessary technical troops, military pontoon-bridge conveyances, and finally the equipments. The commander of the army has the direction of the greater cavalry forces in each single corps; to the commander of the corps, in case of necessity, namely, on the march and in battle, is left the power to unite the cavalry which has been assigned to the divisions of infantry, and to dispose of the same. The separate corps on the march regularly form the army column, to which, in order to make them as independent as possible, are assigned two lines or parts of the same (field magazine of supplies, field hospital, etc.), both according to the need and the conditions of operation. If a corps or a company be detached for a greater or less length of time for the performance of any independent operations, or even at the very beginning of the campaign be detailed for special services, such parts of the army are correspondingly organized and equipped with supplies and reserve outfits requisite to their self-maintenance in proportion to the number of the fighting force and the task assigned.

The army bodies of higher order which, according to provisional military circumstances, are placed under one and the same command, form an army. This same is composed generally of the number of corps or troop divisions determined by the *ordre de bataille*, the required number of technical troops, military bridge conveyances, and the reserve outfits of second order. If several armies are ordered to operate on one and the same battle-ground, a commander-in-chief of the army is appointed by special direction of the highest authorities. A field-marshal is intrusted with this leadership. The corps are commanded by the ordnance-master, the divisions by field-marshal lieutenants.

The division and distribution of the imperial and royal army in peace contain thirty troop divisions of infantry, four of artillery (Lemberg, Jaroslaw, Cracow, and Vienna), sixty-three infantry brigades, six mountaineer, nineteen cavalry, and fourteen artillery. The system of supplying the army from the territories, that is, the formation of it from military territories, cannot be a uniformly perfect and strict one, because of the necessary consideration of the political boundaries.

The conditions of housing are for the most part favorable. The most substantial stipulations for a continuous progress in this direction were procured through the laws on quartering. Infantry, artillery, and technical troops are almost altogether quartered in caserns, and only exceptionally, in Galicia and in the territory of occupation, in barracks. The cavalry is stationed, for the most part, in caserns and barracks, but in a few cases among the citizens.

The first class, according to the single weapons, next consists of 102 regiments of infantry, composed of four field battalions, each of which numbers four field companies and one Ersatz battalion of four Ersatz companies. In time of peace, only the cadres are present in these latter. In case of mobilization, one to two additional staffs are appointed to the Ersatz battalions. The field companies are numbered from 1 to 16, the Ersatz companies from 1 to 4. The regiments themselves are designated consecutively by number, but usually have in addition the name of the commander.

The peace establishment of a regiment of infantry, consisting of staff, 4 field battalions, and the staff of the Ersatz battalion, amounts to 73 officers, 1422 men, and 5 horses.

In peace, one-half of the captains in the infantry are mounted, and these are obliged to furnish their own horses. In case of mobilization, each captain providing a horse for himself receives a ration of forage.

The peace strength of the Austro-Hungarian infantry in line, estimated according to the normal establishment in peace, consists of 408 field battalions, together with 102 Ersatz battalion cadres, amounting to about 7300 officers, 145,000 men, and 500 horses.

In war, these numbers are considerably increased. The war establishment of a field or Ersatz company regularly amounts to 4 officers and 232 men; at times, 5 officers and 228 men. That of the regiment, 110 officers and 4871 men, of whom 98 officers and 4549 men are in fighting order. In war order, the whole infantry in line, with its 510 field and Ersatz battalions, together with the staff, presents a force of about 11,200 officers, 496,800 men, and 5800 horses.

The Jäger troop is composed of the Tyrolese regiment and 30 independent battalions of field Jäger. The regiment first mentioned consists of 12 field battalions and 3 Ersatz battalions, to each of which latter, in peace, 1 staff is appointed. Each of the field battalions is made up of 4 field companies, numbered from 1 to 48; each of the Ersatz battalions consists of 4 companies, numbered from 1 to 12.

The 42 Jäger battalions, along with their 42 Ersatz companies, enroll in their ranks, in peace, 812 officers, 20,504 men, and 85 horses. Over against these figures stands a military force of about 1150 officers, 55,400 men, and 1730 horses, representing the 42 field battalions and the 42 Ersatz companies.

Both infantry and Jäger are armed with repeating rifles of the Mannlicher system, a six-grooved 8-millimeter calibre breech-loader, with packet-loading, which may be counted among the most precise weapons. Its range has been increased to 2500 metres. The pouch ammunition consists of 100 cartridges. In the Austro-Hungarian monarchy there is only one manufactory of arms, which is in Steyr, and belongs to a stock company. It is remarkably well equipped for work, and by running full time, excluding night-work, can supply upwards of 9000 rifles per week.

UHLAN (ONE-YEAR VOLUNTEERS).

The number of regiments corresponds to the divisions of the monarchy, namely, 105 military supply districts and 3 naval. To each of the 102 regiments of infantry of the former, one district has been assigned regularly as Ersatz (supply), and to the regiment of Tyrolese Jäger three districts. For the Ersatz of the other arms and military establishments, special regulations have been made. There is in every district a command of the supply

district for the transaction of the Ersatz affairs, the commander of which is simultaneously commander of the Ersatz battalion.

The Austro-Hungarian army has 42 regiments of cavalry, and of these the 15 dragoon regiments are recruited only from Germans and partly from Czechs, the 16 hussar regiments from Hungary, and the 11 uhlan regiments receive Polish and Croto-Sclavonian recruits. Each of these regiments consists of the staff, two divisions of three squadrons each, and of the Ersatz cadre, which is locally joined to the regiment in time of peace. In mobilization an Ersatz squadron is formed from the Ersatz cadre for the express purpose of supervising the training of the Ersatz troops and procuring substitutes of horses; further, one reserve squadron, which is to be used with the bodies of the army and for purposes of occupation, two bands of staff cavalry for service at the quarters of the chief and the staff, and finally one telegraph patrol.

A band of pioneers is assigned to each regiment of cavalry in order to enable the troops to make those remote excursions which are often necessary on account of the destruction of works, for example, of railways, etc.

The peace register of a field squadron is 5 officers, 166 men, and 156 horses; in war it numbers 5 horses more, but is otherwise the same.

The pioneer band has 1 officer, 27 men, and 28 horses.

The regiment of cavalry—staff, 6 squadrons, Ersatz staff—registers in peace 43 officers, 1037 men, and 965 horses; in war, with staff, 6 field squadrons, 1 Ersatz squadron, 1 reserve squadron, 2 bands staff cavalry, including the train, which numbers 62 officers, 1649 men, 1639 horses; of these, 1386 are mounted in fighting condition.

The force of the Austro-Hungarian horsemen in time of peace, therefore, amounts to 252 squadrons, 1806 officers and 43,554 men; in war, 252 field and 42 reserve squadrons, for the Ersatz squadron and staff cavalry bands have about 2600 officers, 69,200 men, and 68,600 horses.

The lance (pike) having been taken from the uhlan regiments in 1884, the entire mounted force is furnished alike with horses and weapons, thus producing that unity of the cavalry for which so many had earnestly worked. The weapons consist of a sabre and Werndl carbine, which allows a shot to be aimed at a distance of 1600 metres. The under-officers carry a revolver.

The military ammunition pouch carries fifty rounds of cartridges for the breech-loading carbine, thirty for the revolver.

Up to the present time horses have been procured for the army by general purchasing of full-aged ones through the three commissions of remount-assent and their four *expositors*, or by retail trading of the individual members of the troops.

The breeding of horses is highly developed in many parts of the monarchy, and the horse market very good. In each of three colt farms there are kept 400 colts from three and one-half to four and one-half years of age. These are assigned to the regiments after they have become full grown. On the other hand, measures have been taken to stop the trading and to purchase the horses as directly as possible from the breeder. More than one-third are procured by direct purchase, and less than two-thirds by contract and free competition. It is calculated that regularly the annual demand requires twelve per cent. riding and ten per cent. draught horses, making about six thousand animals. In case of mobilization, owners of horses are bound by law to make up the necessary increase for the army for an indemnity.

The artillery is divided into the field and the fortress artillery; and further, the field artillery consists of fourteen regiments of corps artillery, twenty-eight heavy battery divisions, and one mountain battery in Tyrol. The regiments of corps artillery have the numbers of the army corps to which they belong, besides the name of the commander. The heavy batteries are numbered from 1 to 28.

In each corps the regiment of corps artillery and the batteries apportioned to the two companies of infantry form one brigade of artillery, whose number agrees with that of the corps.

Each of the twenty-eight batteries is made up of the staff of the division, three heavy batteries, numbered 1 to 3, the munition park, and the Ersatz-depot cadre, from which, in time of mobilization, the munition-park division is made, consisting of one munition column of infantry, one of artillery, and the Ersatz depot.

DRAGOONS.

JÄGER OFFICERS.

The mountaineer battery division in Tyrol is made up of the staff of the division, three mountaineer batteries, with various mountaineer armament, numbered 1, 3, and 5 (doubled in time of mobilization, adding Nos. 2, 4, and 6), and the Ersatz-depot cadre.

When the army is in the field, the regiments of corps artillery, together with the 1st and 2d battery divisions and the corps of munition park, are divided like the artillery corps, the heavy batteries numbered 1 to 28, then the heavy batteries numbered 29 to 42, which are to be distinguished from the regiments of corps artillery, together with the divisions of munition park belonging to them.

In war and peace the mounted batteries have 6 guns, with horses. The other batteries have 4 in peace, 8 in war, excepting batteries 29 to 42, which, at the least peace register, present only 2 guns with horses.

The normal register of a battery in peace is 3 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, 99 men, and 42 horses; that of a mounted battery, 4 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, 120 men, and 109 horses. In war the register is increased to 4 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, 195 men, 148 horses; at times, 4 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, 178 men, and 215 horses.

The mountaineer batteries have a peculiar arrangement, which they have employed with success in the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Ordnance which can be taken apart are transported on the backs of animals.

In peace a mountaineer battery of a regiment of corps artillery has 2 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, 65 men, 24 mountain horses and beasts of burden; that of the mountaineer battery division in Tyrol, 4 officers, 90 men, and 13 horses; but in war there are 2 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, 108 men, 67 mountain horses and beasts of burden; at times, 2 officers, 101 men, 52 mountain horses and beasts of burden.

The force of the field artillery in peace, consisting of 14 regiments of corps artillery, 28 divisions of heavy battery, and the mountain Tyrolese battery division, with the Ersatz cadre belonging to it, contains, in 168 regular batteries, 42 at the greatest reduction, 16 mounted and 15 mountaineer, 28 munition parks, 15 Ersatz-depot cadres, 28 munition parks and Ersatz-depot cadres, with 756 ordnance of nine centimetres bore, 96 of eight, and 60 of seven, about 1200 officers, 23,400 men, and 7900 horses and beasts of burden. The force in war, including reserve ordnance, with 1750 guns of nine centimetres, 96 of eight, and 72 of seven, numbers about 1900 officers, 76,400 men, 64,600 horses and beasts of burden.

The fortress artillery, intended for the offensive and defensive service of strongholds, consists of six regiments of fortress artillery and three battalions of the same. The regiments are numbered from 1 to 6, having the names of their commanders. The battalions are numbered from 1 to 3.

In peace the companies of fortress artillery are scattered chiefly in the fortresses.

In peace the field company of the fortress artillery has 4 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, 99 men; in war, 6 officers, 1 cadet officer's representative, and 239 men.

The peace register of the fortress artillery numbers, in 72 field and 18 Ersatz cadres, 408 officers, 7722 men, and 24 horses; the war register, in 90 companies, about 640 officers, 21,700 men, and 100 horses.

The arms of the artillery troops, determined by their special employment, consist of pioneer, infantry, or cavalry sabres. Of these same, the mounted artillery carry a lighter variety, also revolvers for the officers and the serving troops of the mounted artillery, finally Werndl infantry rifles, with 30 rounds of cartridges as military wallet ammunition for the fortress artillery.

The material for the guns is composed of steel-bronze, also called Uchatius's

HUSSARS.

bronze, after the inventor, General Baron von Uchatius. This is more elastic and more capable of withstanding the destructive influence of gases than cast steel. Everything necessary for army and navy is prepared at home. In this way Austria not only has made itself independent of foreign countries, but also gives considerable support to its native industries.

The engineer corps is composed of the staff and troop of engineers. The former consists of officers only, the total number being 159, who as engineering directors manage the affairs relating to fortifications and militia in definitely limited districts.

The engineer troop consists of 2 regiments, each of which consists of 5 field battalions, 2 reserve companies, and 1 Ersatz battalion of 5 Ersatz companies. In peace, the latter of these consists only of the staff. The field battalion is divided into 4 companies. Furthermore, in juncture with the regiments are 15 columns of pioneers, provided with the necessary implements for the construction of greater or less works, and with the chief engineer park.

In peace, both engineer regiments number 276 officers, 5054 men, and 58 horses; in war, about 330 officers, 12,700 men, and 1370 horses (together with by-wagons, 1718 horses, and 558 wagons).

The pioneer regiment is divided into 5 field battalions, each composed of 4 field companies, into 1 reserve company, 1 Ersatz company, and 1 reserve of ordnance. In war it is broken up, and employed in independent battalions and companies.

To this pioneer regiment is leagued also the depot pioneer ordnance.

The pioneer company is organized chiefly for the building of pontoon-bridges, but its business is also to restore and destroy roads, to assist in the construction of temporary fortifications, and to construct the necessary water-works. The Austrian bridges were built from the plans of General Baron von Birago, who died in 1845.

When mobilized, the entire regiment, together with the pioneer ordnance depot, the ordnance reserve, No. 6, and 2 movable pioneer ordnance depots, extends from 134 officers, 2634 men, and 29 horses to a force of about 180 officers, 8100 men, and 920 horses, the regiment alone having 170 officers, 7760 men, and 920 horses. The train of the regiment numbers 412 drivers and 760 horses.

The duty of the railway and telegraph regiment is to destroy or restore railways and telegraph lines, or, in some cases, to construct new ones for military purposes. In times of peace, divisions of this regiment are ordered to serve in the civil railway companies, in order to be better trained for this work. The peace register of the regiment, numbering 45 officers, 844 men, and 14 horses, is increased on the field to about 110 officers, 4800 men, and 350 horses.

The train troop consists of three regiments. In peace, each of these regiments is composed of a regiment's staff, five train divisions, and one Ersatz-depot cadre. In peace, each train division consists of the division's staff, a number of train squadrons, and one Ersatz-depot cadre (with the number of the train division).

The register of the three train regiments in peace amounts to only 327 officers, 2535 men, and 1527 horses; but the war register, on the other hand, has about 1100 officers, 45,300 men, 50,200 horses, and 5000 beasts of burden. The armament consists of cavalry sabre for officers, cadet officers' representatives, sergeants, underofficers of accounts of first class, and farriers of all the train bands, heads of bands, underofficers of accounts of second class, corporals, and trumpeters of all the train bands, excepting the mountaineer train squadrons and divisions of train park, as well as for the mounted train soldiers of the squadrons and commands accompanying the train.

In peace, the sanitary band consists of the command of the band and 26 sections. In time of mobilization, in addition to this, it consists of field and reserve sanitary sections, formed in requisite numbers from the former sections, next sanitary sections for the German Ordens-hospitals for the wounded. Single sanitary sections are assigned to the hospitals of the garrison, and have the same numbers as the latter.

The sanitary band is commanded by a special corps of officers, which is independently supplied. Its members, however, are not to be confused with the military medical corps of officers, the physicians proper.

In peace, the sanitary band has a regis-

FIELD ARTILLERY.

TRAIN.

ter of 83 officers, 2834 men, and in war numbers about 400 officers and 21,200 men.

The landwehren stand next to the line. In peace they are kept wholly apart from the standing army, and, moreover, are separated from each other by the two divisions of the empire. They receive their orders from the Ministry of National Defence, and are supplied from those who have served ten years (three in the line and seven in the reserve), and have still, according to law, two years' service in the landwehr, as well as from particular recruits, enrolled from eight weeks up to three months, and also mustered later for military drill. The landwehr of those countries represented in the Reichsrath is again divided into the so-called imperial-royal landwehr and the national guards of Tyrol and Vorarlberg. The imperial-royal landwehr is under the control of the commander-in-chief of the Ministry of National Defence. The corps commands belonging to it form in their own district, as imperial-royal landwehr commands, intermediate bodies.

The imperial-royal landwehr infantry consists of 82 battalions of landwehr and 10 of national guards.

In war, each battalion has 1 staff, 4 field companies, 1 Ersatz company, also 1 reserve company, and, finally, 1 staff company. In war, as in peace, the battalions are to be combined into regiments. In case of need these regiments are divided into landwehr brigades and companies, whose classification with artillery comes through the artillery of the standing army. The register of a landwehr (national guard) battalion's staff amounts to 9 officers and 95 men. The war register of a landwehr field and reserve company has 4 officers and 232 men; of an Ersatz company, in normal condition, 5 officers and 228 men; of a field and reserve company of national guards, 4 officers, 236 men; of an Ersatz company, in normal condition, 5 officers and 232 men. In mobilization the register of a landwehr battalion has 29 officers, 1417 men—when the Ersatz company reaches its maximum rate, 29 officers, 1557 men; of a battalion of national guards, 32 officers and 1488 men—when the Ersatz company reaches its maximum, 32 officers, and 1628 men. Therefore the total sum of the landwehr infantry, according to the regular war register, is about 2890 officers and 131,000 men.

The armament, ammunition, regimentals, etc., are like those of the infantry of the standing army.

The mounted landwehr troops are composed of the landwehr cavalry, the mount-

ed national guard in Tyrol and Vorarlberg, and the mounted guards in Dalmatia.

The landwehr cavalry consists of 3 regiments of dragoons and 3 of uhlans.

The mounted national guard in Tyrol and Vorarlberg and those in Dalmatia are intended chiefly for the ordnance, post, and signalling service. The former are enlisted from Tyrol and Vorarlberg, the latter from Dalmatia.

The mounted national guard of Tyrol and Vorarlberg is divided into a division's staff, 2 field squadrons, and 1 Ersatz section. The mounted guards in Dalmatia are divided into one field squadron and one Ersatz section.

The total number of the landwehr cavalry amounts to about 200 officers, 5260 men, and 5200 horses.

BOSNIANS.

The Hungarian landwehr has a distinct position in the army, carries emblems and flags with the national colors of Hungary, and is subject during war to the command placed over it, but in peace to the royal Hungarian military authority. As such, the commander-in-chief of the landwehr acts in union with the Ministry of Home Defence. All the youth liable to service in the defence (*Wehr*) who have not been placed in the army are assigned to the landwehr, and are trained by a course in military drill. The 94 battalions forming in peace four field companies and one Ersatz company are combined into 28 regiments, whose staffs are continued even in peace.

Much is being done for the training of professional officers and for their higher education, namely, through the Honvéd (militia) Ludovika Academy at Buda-Pesth, with its three grades, the four-form school for cadets, the one-year course in the training of Honvéd officers for persons having the rank of furlough, and the higher officers' course.

There are seven district commands existing as intermediate authorities for the military and administrative official duties.

The royal Hungarian landwehr cavalry consists of 10 regiments of hussars. In peace, each of these regiments is composed of 6 squadrons; in war, it has, besides, a supplementary squadron appointed from the regiments' ranks, and a staff.

The peace register of a royal Hungarian landwehr regiment of cavalry is 25 officers, 310 men, 212 horses; at times, 218

EMPEROR'S BODY-GUARD—AUSTRIAN.

horses. The war register, 37 officers, 874 men, and 795 horses. The officers' corps is educated in the Central Cavalry School.

The landsturm is the military organization of the third class in both parts of the empire, and is placed under national protection.

The first call upon the landsturm, consisting as it does of those capable men from 19 to 37 years of age who do not belong to the army or to the landwehr, or have served out their time, is to be made in case of need, when it is to be used as an Ersatz reserve for army and landwehr, that is, for the completion of the breaks in the army on the field.

The second call—the landsturm in its narrower sense—includes men capable of bearing arms from 38 to 42 years of age, the officers retired from service to 60 years of age. For many years, in Tyrol and Vorarlberg, men from 18 to 45 years of age, who are capable of bearing arms but are not serving, have been liable to the *Sturm* service. These form, in peace, local bands of landsturm, 50 to 100 men strong, which, again, are united into companies of 2 to 6 bands, and into battalions of 3 to 6 companies, under elected officers. The regulations and armament are directed by the state.

A beginning was made, November, 1881, in Bosnia and Herzegovina to train the strong and skilful men of those parts for military service, and since the 1st of October, 1885, eight Bosnio-Herzegovinian battalions of infantry have been sent to the four supply stations of the military frontier. The officers and underofficers are appointed from the Austrian companies; the arms and equipment are the same as those of the remaining infantry. The uniform has the same cut, but is light blue in color, and the red fez, with a blue woollen tassel, is worn on the head.

To complete the picture, mention may here be made of the various body-guards, which are provided with very magnificent and peculiar uniforms. These are chiefly intended for the escort of the Kaiser on festive occasions and for the guard of the palaces and castles. They are appointed partly from the troops, partly from deserving officers and non-commissioned officers that have been wounded and are half disabled. They are entitled as follows: first archers body-guard, Hungarian body-guard, halberdier body-guard, mounted squadron of body-guard, and infantry company of body-guard.

A recapitulation of the figures introduced above, including a count of the staffs and the many military establishments which could not be enumerated in this necessarily concise review, shows an approximate peace strength in the I. class of 265,000 men in army, 6900 in navy, 2900 in Bosnio-Herzegovinian troops, making a grand total of 275,000 men; in the II. class of 10,000 men in the imperial and royal landwehr, 17,000 in royal Hungarian landwehr. Therefore the grand total peace strength is 302,000 men.

In war, these figures are increased as follows: In the I. class, 808,000 men; in the II. class, 440,000 men. Including the members of the III. class (landsturm) that have had military training, the monarchy has disposition of about 2,390,000 men—six per cent. of the entire population.

The unity of the army is secured by the German-speaking and German-educated corps of officers. Full recognition is given to the thoroughly scientific training of the same. Numerous schools for cadets, also special ones for special weapons, are preparing young men for their future profession, and a great number of training establishments, among which are the military academy in Wiener-Neustadt, the technical military academy in Vienna, and the Ludovika academy in Pesth, are intended for this purpose, as well as for higher instruction. Moreover, great care is bestowed on the continuous education of the corps of officers.

The disposable material for the training of the corps of non-commissioned officers varies in the separate provinces of Austria and Hungary, but it is for the most part good. The greater number of the non-commissioned officers acquire their instruction in their troops, where those elements capable of training are united in sections, and are trained for a half-year, chiefly in practical service.

Austria and Hungary possess a well-trained, but, on the whole, somewhat too young, corps of non-commissioned officers.

The improvement of the troops is sought with devoted earnestness, and the army itself seeks to profit by the experience of past campaigns.

In general, the training of the Austro-Hungarian army is of a high grade. It is influenced by the heterogeneous character of its soldiers, further by unfavorable climatic conditions, and by the distant connections of many troops. However, in consequence of the uniform orders and the intense activity of the corps of professional officers, as a whole, a homogeneousness of the different sorts of soldiery is not to be mistaken. In the first class the infantry is good; it shoots and marches very well. The cavalry rides very well, and is well trained in field service. The training of the artillery and technical troops is of a high grade.

EMPEROR'S BODY-GUARD—HUNGARIAN.

In the second class, both the royal Hungarian and the imperial and royal infantry are well trained. The imperial and royal cavalry, as well as the royal Hungarian, is almost equal to that of the standing army.

Of the more extensive fixed camps of evolution, that at Bruck-on-the-Leytha deserves particular mention. From May until September in monthly succession it is visited annually by each of the divisions of the garrison at Vienna. At this place is established the shooting-school of the army, which forms the nucleus for practice in shooting.

The territorial division of the empire, which has existed for a considerable length of time, will doubtlessly have its accelerating effect on the future mobilization of the army. For the defence of the country the fortifications are put in the closest communication with the army. Though few in number, they are sufficient, on the whole, for modern requirements, both as regards necessary protection against the far-ranging guns, and as fortified camps which can furnish the room necessary for the shelter of more or less large bodies of troops. Opposite the neighbor on the east is the important fortified camp of Cracow, with the ancient castle on Mount Wawel as citadel, with outlying forts on both banks of the Vistula. In middle Galicia, Przemysl, which was assailed during the Oriental war, has been built as a fortified camp. And the armament in both fortifications has been renewed.

The old *Sperr* forts in most of the passes of the Transylvanian Alps serve as a first line of protection against the Roumanian frontier; as a second line, similar fortifications in Siebenbürgen, among which Karlsburg is noticeable as being a fortified depot.

Peterwardein, on the former military frontier, commands the long pontoon-bridge over the Danube.

Moreover, on the frontier of Servia and Bosnia there are fortified points, as Brod, Croatian Gradisca, and Little Karlstadt, on the Save and Kulpa.

On the Dalmatian coast the fortified military port of Cattaro has been strengthened, and the points of Cattaro and Sebenico have been also fortified against Montenegro.

In Herzegovina the fortified towns of Trebinje, Bilek, Mostar, and Nevesinje are surrounded with forts and block-houses commandingly located, so as to mutually protect and support each other. The capital of Bosnia, Sarajevo, is also fortified.

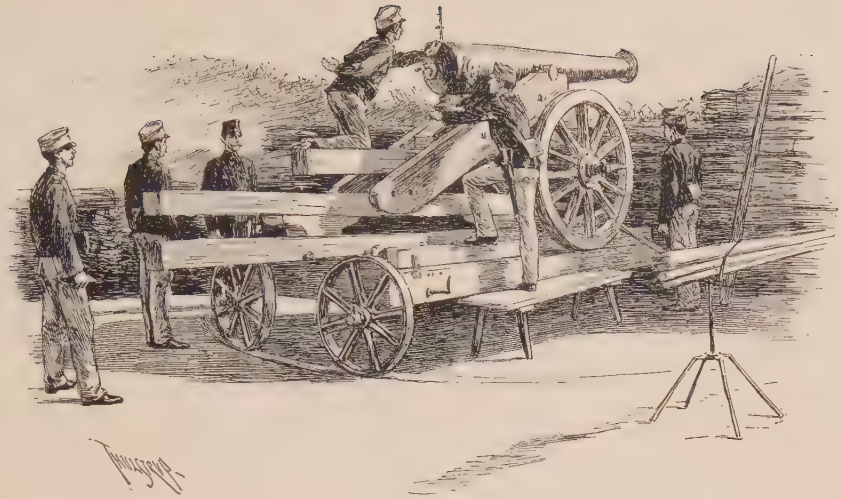
The chief military port of the monarchy is Pola, which is surrounded with strong fortifications both on its sea front and on its land side, and is also provided with a *Noyan*. The possession of Pola is of the greatest importance to the monarchy. Its favorable location offers a safe anchorage to the biggest ships, and marks the place as a haven of the first class.

Because of the great dock-yards, where all the ship-building and other works pertaining to the navy are done, and because of the storage of all kinds of naval supplies in the enormous arsenals, this port has been elevated by Austria to occupy the central position of all affairs relating to the navy, and its loss would be almost equivalent to the crippling of the fleet. Facing Italy, Austria also possesses a series of fortifications suited to the character of the land. The most important passes leading from Venetia to Carinthia and Tyrol, as well as the south-southwestern frontier of Tyrol, are secured by *Sperr* forts, and, by the establishment of a uniform plan, they are laid out according to a connected system.

Trient forms the central point for the defence of southern Tyrol.

Of the frontier fortresses opposite to the German Empire may be mentioned Olmutz, Theresienstadt, Königgrätz, Josephstadt, in Moravia and Bohemia; yet these fortifications no longer answer to modern demands, and for this reason are abandoned. Besides the unimportant fortified depots of Arad on the Maros, Temesvar, the capital of Banat, and Esseg on the Drave, the monarchy also possesses in Komorn a strong and important fortress. Komorn, built 1472 by Matthias Corvinus, on the great island at the confluence of the Waag and the Danube, was strengthened by Kaiser Leopold, 1672, and rebuilt 1805. The stronghold can be defended by a comparatively small force, and serves doubly as a *tête de pont* and a fortified depot.

In order to assemble great army masses, as modern warfare demands, at fixed spaces, and with sufficient speed both for the attack and defence, it is absolutely necessary that all the avenues of communication should be well developed. At present Austria and Hungary possess a net of natural waterways in their many navigable rivers and canals, the total length of which amounts to nearly 7254 kilometres. Among these, the Danube is of special importance, not only because



FORTRESS ARTILLERY.

it is navigable for 1452 kilometres, but also because, having this length, it flows through the whole extent of the monarchy itself.

Among the means for transportation in case of war, and especially for the march out, the railway plays the chief rôle. In October, 1890, the average length of railways in active use amounted to 26,223 kilometres.

The naval fleet forms the final defensive power of Austria and Hungary. For a long time, and principally, indeed, for financial reasons, it has had scarcely that care and attention which it deserves. And this was to be regretted the more since Austria and Hungary, in their extensive sea-coast districts, possess excellent material for the manning of their ships. And the 116 different Austro-Hungarian ports of the Adriatic Sea, moreover, form settled markets for pretty valuable trade. Under the auspices of Archduke Maximilian, the navy recently received fresh impulse. Admiral Tegethoff has followed in the footsteps of the imperial Prince, and understands how to lead the fleet to a brilliant victory.

The central management of the navy is in the hands of the section of the Imperial Ministry of War which it concerns, and the head of the same is also commander-in-chief. The port admiralty of the principal military port, Pola, the importance and excellence of which have been already noted, and the command of the sea district in Triest, are placed directly under his charge.

At the present time the floating material of the navy, including all the school-ships, tenders, hulks, and *remorqueurs*, consists of 125 ships and boats, which may be classified as follows:

I. chief class: ships of the navy, to which belong the ships of the operative fleet and those for special purposes. The operative fleet contains (1) battle ships (iron-clad), and, indeed, 2 turret ships, 8 casemated ships, and 1 armed frigate; (2) the cruisers, that is, 7 torpedo-ships, 5 torpedo-boats; (3) the torpedo-boats, namely, 23 first class, Nos. IX.–XXXIV. second class, Nos. I.–VIII. third class; (4) advice-boats, wheel steamers, 3; (5) train-ships, 1 torpedo-depot ship, 1 workshop ship, 1 material-transport ship, and 1 ship arranged for the transport of the sick; (6) 2 small monitors on the Danube.

Ships for special purposes include (1) station and mission ships, namely, 2 frigates, 8 corvettes, 6 cannon-boats, 3 screw steamers; (2) 6 vessels for harbor and coast service.

II. chief class: school-ships and their second ships, 1 artillery school-ship, 1 consort, 1 torpedo and sea-mining school-ship, sailing brigs, school-ship for sailors, namely, 1 sailing corvette and 1 sailing schooner, and, finally, 1 second ship of the occasional casern ship (sailing schooner).

The III. chief class contains 4 hulks.

The armament of the navy consists of Uchatius and Krupp guns, the former of which were made at home.

The contingent of the navy is furnished mostly by the three supply districts of the sea-coast countries. The period of service is twelve years—four in active service, five in the reserve, and three in the sea defence (*Seewehr*). The crews are combined into a sailor corps, which is again resolved into two depots of six companies each. The peace establishment amounts to 6890 men, which is increased in war to 13,752. The corps of sea officers, including the midshipmen, numbers 533 officers and cadets in peace, 757 in war.

The training of the crews—and these are, on the average, schooled seamen—for service on the war ships takes place in the depots, which the sailors afterwards leave for the ships appointed to service. For volunteer youths there is an apprentice school-ship and a mechanical school. Only the artillery and torpedo crews are trained on the various school-ships. The midshipmen are also prepared here for their duties, while the naval academy for higher scientific instruction is at the service of the officers.

The Austro-Hungarian navy does not have foreign stations, yet regular training voyages are made outside of the Mediterranean Sea.

TORPEDO-BOAT.

ON CREMATION.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

IT matters little to the winged sprite
That flits and flits the clustered stars among,
What fate befell the useless vesture flung
So sadly earthward at the time of flight.
Eyes dazzled by a sudden flood of light
Cannot look into darkness; hymns are sung
In vain for spirit ears, on which has rung
God's perfect music, heard at last aright.
Yet for this worn-out garment seems more fit
Than beak of Parsee bird, or wormy shroud,
Or grinning ages in Egyptian pit,
A chant of merry fire tongues singing loud,
While deft flame fingers shall unravel it,
And slim wind fingers weave it into cloud.

P'TI' BAROUETTE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

DAT was de winter of de big snow. Dere was de h'ol' Phinée Daoust an' me an' Xiste Brouillette was 'unt an' trap on the 'ead-water of the Gatineau. We mus' be near de 'ead of de St. Maurice too, an' de h'only place near was de Fort Metiscan, somew'ere on de Nort'.

De las' camp w'at we make was de wors' of h'all. De wedder was bad; de col' was make so 'ard, de game h'all go, an' de snow was so dry de *raquettes* go h'almos' to de groun', an' 'e fly h'up an' blow roun' like powder.

One night we was sit on de fire, an' we was talk 'bout clear h'out an' strike down for de Big River, an' we was h'all ver' glad for go. 'E was too far 'way, dose place; de day was too short; dere's no skin w'at's wort' de bodder for take 'eem; an' de snow come so h'often an' 'e's so light dere's no good for set de traps.

We 'ave buil' good *cabane*, an' 'e's no bodder for keep warm, but dere's not too much for h'eat; an' on de bad wedder, an' h'every day w'en 'e get dark, we was h'all get tire' for sit on dat fire an' lis'en to de h'ol' Phinée tol' de story. An' dat was de wors' of h'all. Dat h'ol' feller know h'all de awful story of h'all w'at arrive on de worl'. 'E tell de wors' 'bout w'at arrive on de bush; 'bout de fellers w'en dey're h'all 'lone; an' 'e know h'all 'bout de Windegos. An' 'e tell dose t'ing h'on de night-time, an' Xiste an' me ver' h'often be so scare' our pipe dey go h'out; but w'en 'e's t'rough we h'all laugh, an' try for fool de h'odder w'at we not min' dose t'ing w'at dey tell de baby for make 'eem keep qui't. But, bagosh! 'e's not de same for 'ear dose t'ing an' be sit on de fire at 'ome wid de h'ol' modder w'at sit on 'er corner an' de girls w'at *veiller*, an' be sit on de camboose fire near de 'ead of de Gatineau an' 'ear de h'ol' feller like Phinée tol' dose t'ing, an' h'outside dere's h'only t'ousan' million trees, an' de snow, an' de win', an' de dark.

Well, dat night Phinée 'e jus' begin for say, "My poor chil'n, I'll 'ear de story of wa't arrive on de man w'at was fix like h'us one time—," w'en de dog w'at was sleep on de fire lif' h'up 'es 'ead an' give one bark like de gun go h'off, an' we 'mos' jump h'out our skin; den 'e run on de door, an' 'e bark an' 'owl like somet'ing was come on de camp, an' I'll grab my gun an' start for de door, an' Phinée an' Xiste come be'in'.

We look w'at de dog was bark for, an' we see dere's somet'ing w'at stan' straight h'up on de w'ite snow. An' Xiste 'e say, "Bagosh, dat's de man, any'ow! 'Ere, sir! Go on de 'ouse, you pig!" 'e say on de dog.

An' den I'll shout, an' de man don' say nodding.

An' den Phinée 'e say, "Dat's too small for de man, 'e's de woman for sure, or p'r'aps 'e's de—"

An' I'll say, "Don'! don'!" Dat's h'awful for 'ear de h'ol' man make some jokes like dat on de night-time, an' somet'ing h'out dere on de snow w'at we don' know. W'ath'ever dat was, 'e stan' dere h'all black, an' don' say nodding, an' we h'all stan' dere too, an' look an' look, an' de dog crawl roun' be'in', an' make de noise like de baby w'at be scare' bad.

Bymby I'll go down littl' bit from de door, an' I'll say, "W'o's dat?" An' I'll 'ear somet'ing was answer, an' de minute I'll 'ear dat, I'll wonder 'ow I'll be so scare', an' I'll run down fas', an' w'en I'll be dere, I'll fin', not de woman like Phinée say, but de littl' Injun boy, not more nor fourteen, sixteen year h'ol', wid 'es gun 'cross 'es h'arm, an' 'mos' froze. Den I'll say, "Come wid me, poor littl' devil; h'all frien's 'ere, plenty fire, plenty h'eat;" —an' 'e don' say nodding, jus' come 'long be'in' like de dog.

'E pass' on de h'inside de camp like 'e was dere h'all de time. 'E don' say nodding, 'e don' look on nobody, jus' sit down on de fire, all wrap' h'up on 'es blanket, an' 'es gun 'cross 'es knee. An' dere 'e sit an' look on de fire, jus' like w'at 'e see somet'ing far 'way h'off, an' dere was no fire dere, an' dere was nodding dere, jus' 'eem an' w'at 'e see.

Phinée put h'on de tea for boil, an' w'en 'e see de littl' feller was warm' h'up good, 'e say, "'Ere, P'ti' Barouette!" Dat's Phinée; 'e h'always make some jokes, an' give de poor littl' feller name like 'e was big Injun. Barouette? Dat's w'at you call de w'eelbarrow. Well, 'e say: "Ere, P'ti' Barouette! Don' look too far 'way, h'else p'r'aps you see de Windegos. Drink dat." An' 'e give 'eem de 'ot tea.

"'E JUS' SIT ON THE FIRE AN' 'E SMOKE."

De boy look on 'eem, an' 'e was satisfy, an' 'e take de tea, an' 'e 'ol' 'eem long time; an' bymby, after w'ile, 'e go for sleep dere wid de gun 'cross 'e knee, an' we was sit dere an' look on 'eem, an' h'ax de h'odder w'at arrive on' dat littl' feller.

Bymby Phinée 'e say: "Dat don' make nodding, h'all dat talk. I'll go for bed, me, an' de boy 'e's tol' 'es story to-morrow, or de nex' day, or de day h'after dat." An' den 'e go for get h'up. But de minute 'e move, de boy jump h'up wid 'es h'eye wide h'open, an' t'row h'up 'es gun like 'e go for shoot; but I'll knock de gun h'up, an' before 'e know, Phinée 'ave 'eem safe, an' 'e say sof' an' kin', like 'e was talk to de woman, "Dere, dere, my poor littl' cabbage; jus' you lie down, an' nobody don' touch you 'ere."

But de boy back h'over on de corner, an' 'e stan' dere, an' h'every time we move 'e was watch us like de cat watch de dog.

Xiste 'e say, "Bagosh! Melchior, I'll don' like de way dat boy look wid 'es h'eye; dat make de bad luck."

But Phinée 'e say, "Ah, tut, tut, tut! de boy's scare' bad wid somet'ing, dat's h'all. Go for sleep, an' don' min' 'eem."

An' bymby, sure 'nough, de boy slide down on 'es 'eels, an' bymby 'e go for sleep on de corner, an' h'everyt'ing was qui't some more, only h'outside de tree w'at crack wid de col'.

On de middle of de night I'll wake h'up, for 'e's my turn for fix de fire, an' I'll look h'over on de boy, an' I'll see 'eem dere sit h'up on 'es corner wid 'es h'eye fas' shut. But de minute I'll take de firs' step, 'e jump h'up like de firs' time, an' start for t'row h'up 'es 'an's, like 'e 'ave de gun, an' w'en 'e fin' dat's gone, 'e drop down on 'es knee, an' 'es two 'an's h'up over 'es h'eye, an' 'e say sof' an' quick, "Shoot! shoot!" Injun talk. Den bymby, after w'ile, 'e take 'es 'an's down h'off 'es face, an' look on me ver' 'ard, an' den' 'e crawl h'over on 'es blanket, an' lie down widout say nodding more. Bagosh, I'll fin' dat fonny! I'll not know w'at for t'ink, an' so I'll fix de fire, an' I'll go back on my bunk, an' I'll go for sleep myself.

Well, de nex' day de boy was not be so scare'. 'E h'eat w'at we was give 'eem, but 'e not say nodding. An' Phinée try Injun talk wid 'eem, but dat don' make nodding too. An' dey begin for say de boy can' talk any'ow. But I'll tell Phinée w'at I'll 'ear, an' 'e say:

"Dat's correc'. 'E go for tell de story bymby, w'en I'll h'ax 'eem."

W'en we break de camp an' start for de Big River, I'll make de boy do de work like de res', an' de day h'after we lef' 'e say "V'la!" w'en 'e 'ear me h'ax for de strap w'at was be'in' me. An' after dat

'e speak littl' more, an' littl' more; but 'e was de Injun boy, an' h'all w'at 'e say not make ver' long string ef 'e was say 'eem h'all to once. But de t'ing was, 'e can speak, an' 'e can speak de French pretty good, too.

I'll see Phinée was watch de boy, an' one night, w'en we was 'ave de supper, 'e was look ver' 'ard on de boy, w'at begin for look like live Injun some more, an 'e say:

"I'll 'ave 'eem! You're de son to de Canard Noir. I'll see you wid 'eem on de Spanish River, two year pas'."

An', bagosh! w'en 'e say dat, de littl' feller get scare', like 'e was de firs' night, an' 'e begin for tell de lies; but Phinée say to h'everyt'ing w'at 'e say:

"*Dat's* not good! *Dat's* not good! I'll know de Injun like I'll know de dog. You're de son to de Canard Noir!"

An' dat night we was 'wake h'up by de dog, an' we jump on time for see Phinée run h'out on the dark, an' bymby 'e come back, an' 'e 'ave le P'ti' Barouette wid 'eem, an' 'e say, "Now you try an' run 'way some more an' I'll cut h'out your 'eart, an' I'll give 'eem to de Windegos for h'eat!" an' de boy 'e look like 'e was die, 'e was so scare'.

An' bymby Phinée 'e say: "Now dere's no good for go h'on like dis way. Tell us w'at de trouble was, an' 'ow 'e arrive."

Den we h'all sit on de fire, an' bymby de boy begin for speak, an' 'e tol' us 'ow 'e *was* de son to de Canard Noir, an' 'ow de h'ol' man was sick w'en dey start on deir way for make de 'Odson Bay, an' 'ow de res' dey go h'on an' lef' dem. Dere was de h'ol' man, an' de modder, an' 'eem, an' de littl' baby; but firs' dey make dem good *cabane*, an' lef' dem plenty powder an' somet'ing for h'eat. An' after w'ile de h'ol' man not be no worse, an' bymby 'e get some more better, an' den de snow come, an' dey wait for de river's take so dey be go h'up on de h'ice.

Bymby h'all dey 'ave lef' was h'eat, an' de col' was make more 'ard an' more 'ard, an' h'every day dey 'ave to go more far on de bush for fin' de game; an' h'all de time de game was go more far too, an' h'every day dey was more 'fraid for start de *voyage* for de bay; for ef de game was bad dere, 'e was sure for be worse w'en de go more nort'.

Den de storm come, an' dey can' go h'out, an' bymby h'only de wolf an' de snow was lef', an' de Canard Noir 'e won' go h'out w'en de storm was h'over. 'E jus' sit on the fire an' 'e smoke, an' don' say nodding w'en de littl' feller fix h'up for start.

An' dat day de boy 'ardly fin' de trail, de snow was so dry dere was no mark, an' h'everyt'ing was so change 'e can' fin' de mos' deir trap; but the littl' feller go h'on, an' go h'on, an' 'e try for foller w'at trail 'e fin', but 'e's no good, an' w'en 'e turn 'e was 'mos' die 'e was so tire' an' 'ongry before 'e come on de *cabane*.

'E pull back de clot', an' 'e crawl on de h'inside. Dere was de fire burn h'up good, an' dere was de Canard Noir w'at sit on de fire, but de modder was cover h'up 'er 'ead wid 'er blanket—an'—dere was somet'ing on de fire.

De littl' feller look firs' on de Canard Noir, an' den 'e look on de modder. Den 'e take 'es blanket an' 'e crawl h'out de *cabane* some more, an' 'e make de 'ole on de snow, an' some'ow on de morning 'e was still 'live.

An' de Canard Noir come h'out, an' 'e stan' dere, an' 'e say, "De wolf stay 'ere, an' de wolf h'eat an' not die." An' den dey bot' go back on de *cabane*.

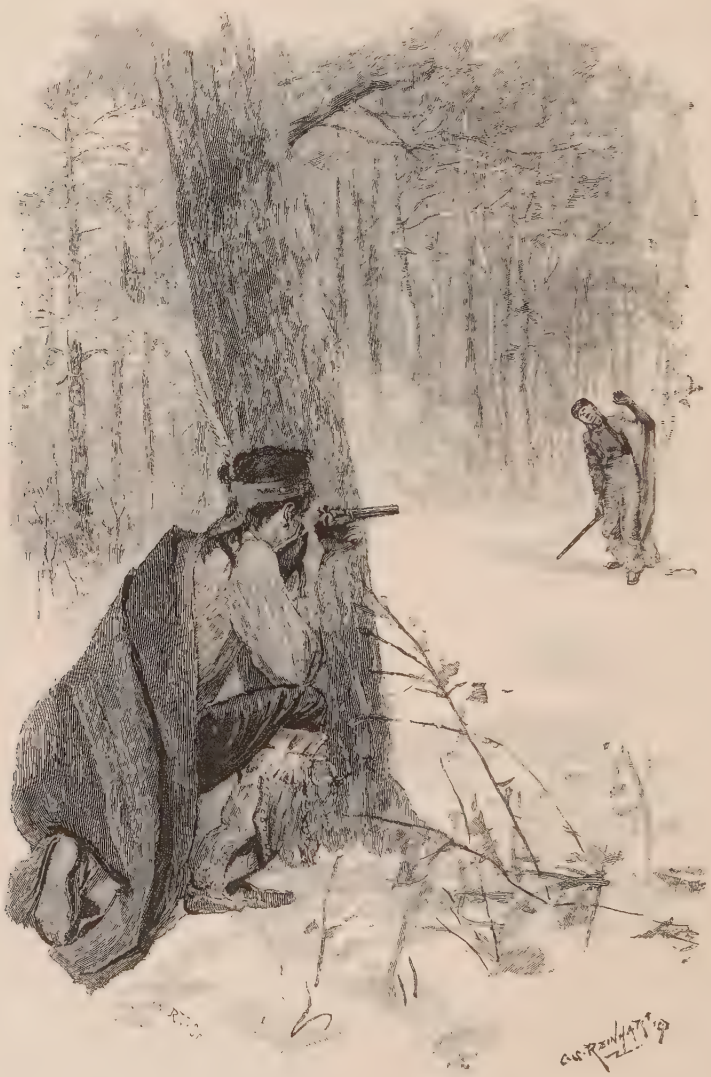
An' now de boy speak h'only Injun talk.

'E tol' us 'ow bymby dey was 'ongry some more; 'ow de modder an' de Canard Noir sit dere on de fire an' won' go h'out; 'ow 'e see de modder was watch de Canard Noir, an' 'ow 'e was 'fraid for go h'out an' lef' dem dere wid demself. An' 'ow one day 'e can' stay dere no longer; an' 'ow 'e go h'out, an' dere was no game; an' 'ow, w'en 'e was come back, de Canard Noir was 'lone on de *cabane*, an', like de firs' time—dere was somet'ing on de fire.

Den, jus' like de modder, 'e was watch de Canard Noir, an' de Canard Noir was watch 'eem. On de night dey was never lie down, an' ef de one was move, de h'odder jump h'up for show 'e was 'wake.

One day de Canard Noir say 'e go wid de boy for 'unt too. An' dey was start h'out, an' de littl' feller start de one way, an' de Canard Noir start de h'odder. But de boy not go ver' far w'en 'e look roun', an' dere 'e see 'es fadder was stan' dere an' watch 'eem. Den de boy know w'at 'e was t'ink, an' h'all de time 'e watch be'in' jus' de same like 'e was look on front. An' bymby 'e was sure 'e see de fadder w'at foller be'in'. An' w'en 'e see

dat, 'e make de start like 'e see de game, an' 'e keep 'eemself low down on de groun', an' 'e run quick, till 'e get h'over de top of de 'ill, an' dere 'e 'ide be'in' de tree an' wait.



"AN' JUS' W'EN DE CANARD SEE 'EEM, 'E FIRE."

An' bymby 'e see de Canard Noir come h'up, h'all ben' h'over, an' 'e move sof' an' fas'; an' de littl' feller wait till 'e get 'eem clear of de tree, an' jus' w'en de Canard see 'eem, 'e fire, an' de Canard t'row h'up 'es h'arm an' fall h'over on 'es face on de snow; an' de littl' feller scream' an' scream', an' den 'e turn an' run so fas' 'e can, widout know w'ere 'e go; an' dat night 'e was come on our camp.

Dat was de story 'e tol' us dat nigh', an' h'all de time 'e was speak sof' an' qui't, Injun way; an' 'e was tol' h'all dat like 'e was arrive on some h'odder people, an' not on 'eem. An' w'en 'e was t'rough, 'e go h'off on 'es blanket an' sleep like 'e was h'all well some more.

Well, we was talk an' talk, an' we h'ax w'at was bes' for do, an' we don' know. Phinée, 'e say dere's no good for 'ang de boy, an' dey be 'ang 'eem sure ef we tol'. An' 'e was good boy, too; 'e work 'ard; 'e never say nodding for de col'; 'e don' talk. So w'en we get down on Notre Dame du Désert, an' we fin' de Père Gendron was pass on de settlement for make 'es mission, we tol' 'eem, an' we sen' 'eem de boy.

An' de nex' day w'en we h'ax de Père w'at 'e t'ink, 'e jus' say: "Poor littl' chil'! Poor chil'!" Den we h'ax 'eem w'at 'e do, an' 'e say: "Do? I'll jus' give 'eem slap on de side 'es 'ead, an' tol' 'eem for not do 'eem some more!"

An' p'r'aps dat was de bes'.

THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In the spring of 1887, Mr. Lowell read, at the Lowell Institute in Boston, six lectures on the Old English Dramatists. They had been rapidly written, and in their delivery much was said extemporaneously, suggested by the passages from the plays selected for illustration of the discourse. To many of these passages not even a reference was inserted in the manuscript; they were read from the printed book. The lectures were never revised by Mr. Lowell for publication, but they contain such admirable and interesting criticism, and are in themselves such genuine pieces of good literature, that it has seemed to me that they should be given to the public.

Charles Eliot Norton.

When the rule limiting speeches to an hour was adopted by Congress, which was before most of you were born, an eminent but somewhat discursive person spent more than that measure of time in convincing me that whoever really had anything to say could say it in less. I then and there acquired a conviction of this truth, which has only strengthened with years. Yet whoever undertakes to lecture must adapt his discourse to the law which requires such exercises to be precisely sixty minutes long, just as a certain standard of inches must be reached by one who would enter the army. If one has been studying all his life how to be terse, how to suggest rather than to expound, how to contract rather than to dilate, something like a strain is put upon the conscience by this necessity of giving the full measure of words, without reference to other considerations which a judicious ear may esteem of more importance. Instead of saying things compactly and pithily, so that they may be easily carried away, one is tempted into a certain generosity and circumambience of phrase, which, if not adapted to conquer Time, may at least compel him to turn his glass and admit a drawn game. It is so much harder to fill an hour than to empty one!

These thoughts rose before me with painful vividness as I fancied myself standing here again, after an interval of thirty-two years, to address an audience at the Lowell Institute. Then I lectured, not without some favorable acceptance, on Poetry in general and what constituted it, on Imagination and Fancy, on Wit and Humor, on Metrical Romances, on Ballads, and I know not what else—on whatever I thought I had anything to say about, I suppose. Then I was at the period in life when thoughts rose in coveys, and one filled one's bag without considering too nicely whether the game had been hatched within his neighbor's fence or within his own—a period of life when it doesn't seem as if everything had been said; when a man overestimates the value of what specially interests himself, and insists with Don Quixote that all the world shall stop till the superior charms of his Dulcinea of the moment have been acknowledged; when he conceives himself a missionary, and is persuaded that he is saving his fellows from the perdition of their souls if he convert them from belief in some æsthetic heresy. That is the mood of mind in which one may read lectures with some assurance of success. I remember how I read mine over to the clock, that I might be sure I had enough, and how patiently the clock listened, and gave no opinion except as to duration, on which point it assured me that I always ran over. This is the pleasant peril of en-

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thusiasm, which has always something of the careless superfluity of youth. Since then, and for a period making a sixth part of my mature life, my mind has been shunted off upon the track of other duties and other interests. If I have learned something, I have also forgotten a good deal. One is apt to forget so much in the service of one's country—even that he is an American, I have been told, though I can hardly believe it.

When I selected my topic for this new venture, I was returning to a first love. The second volume I ever printed, in 1843, I think it was—it is now a rare book, I am not sorry to know; I have not seen it for many years—was mainly about the Old English Dramatists, if I am not mistaken. I dare say it was crude enough, but it was spontaneous and honest. I have continued to read them ever since, with no less pleasure, if with more discrimination. But when I was confronted with the question what I could say of them that would interest any rational person, after all that had been said by Lamb, the most sympathetic of critics, by Hazlitt, one of the most penetrative, by Coleridge, the most intuitive, and by so many others, I was inclined to believe that instead of an easy subject, I had chosen a subject very far from easy. But I sustained myself with the words of the great poet who so often has saved me from myself:

> "Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore
> Che m'ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume."

If I bring no other qualification, I bring at least that of hearty affection, which is the first condition of insight. I shall not scruple to repeat what may seem already too familiar, confident that these old poets will stand as much talking about as most people. At the risk of being tedious, I shall put you back to your scales as a teacher of music does his pupils. For it is the business of a lecturer to treat his audience as M. Jourdain wished to be treated in respect of the Latin language—to take it for granted that they know, but to talk to them as if they didn't. I should have preferred to entitle my course Readings from the Old English Dramatists with illustrative comments, rather than a critical discussion of them, for there is more conviction in what is beautiful in itself than in any amount of explanation why, or exposition of how, it is beautiful. A rose has a very succinct way of explaining itself. When I find nothing profitable to say, I shall take sanctuary in my authors.

It is generally assumed that the Modern Drama in France, Spain, Italy, and England was an evolution out of the Mysteries and Moralities and Interludes which had edified and amused preceding generations of simpler taste and ruder intelligence. 'Tis the old story of Thespis and his cart. Taken with due limitations, and substituting the word *stage* for *drama*, this theory of origin is satisfactory enough. The stage was there, and the desire to be amused, when the drama at last appeared to occupy the one and to satisfy the other. It seems to have been, so far as the English Drama is concerned, a case of *post hoc*, without altogether adequate grounds for inferring a *propter hoc*. The Interludes may have served as training-schools for actors. It is certain that Richard Burbage, afterwards of Shakespeare's company, was so trained. He is the actor, you will remember, who first played the part of Hamlet, and the untimely expansion of whose person is supposed to account for the Queen's speech in the fencing scene, "He's fat and scant of breath." I may say, in passing, that the phrase merely means "He's out of training," as we should say now. A fat Hamlet is as inconceivable as a lean Falstaff. Shakespeare, with his usual discretion, never makes the Queen hateful, and made use of this expedient to show her solicitude for her son. Her last word, as she is dying, is his name.

To return. The Interlude may have kept alive the traditions of a stage, and may have made ready a certain number of persons to assume higher and graver parts when the opportunity should come; but the revival of learning, and the rise of cities capable of supplying a more cultivated and exacting audience, must have had a stronger and more direct influence on the growth of the Drama, as we understand the word, than any or all other influences combined. Certainly this seems to me true of the English Drama at least. The English Miracle Plays are dull beyond what is permitted even by the most hardened charity, and there is nothing dramatic in them except that they are in the form of dialogue. The Interludes are perhaps further saddened in the read-

ing by reminding us how much easier it was to be amused three hundred years ago than now, but their wit is the wit of the Eocene period, unhappily as long as it is broad, and their humor is horse-play. We inherited a vast accumulation of barbarism from our Teutonic ancestors. It was only on those terms, perhaps, that we could have their vigor too. The Interludes have some small value as illustrating manners and forms of speech, but the man must be born expressly for the purpose—as for some of the adventures of mediæval knight-errantry—who can read them. *Gammer Gurton's Needle* is perhaps as good as any. It was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566, and is remarkable, as Mr. Collier pointed out, as the first existing play acted before either university. Its author was John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, and it is curious that when Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge he should have protested against the acting before the university of an English play so unbefitting its learning, dignity, and character. *Gammer Gurton's Needle* contains a very jolly and spirited song in praise of ale. Latin plays were acted before the universities on great occasions, but there was nothing dramatic about them but their form. One of them by Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has been printed, and is not without merit. In the *Pardoner and the Frère* there is a hint at the drollery of those cross-readings with which Bonnel Thornton made our grandfathers laugh:

Pard. Pope July the Sixth hath granted fair and well—
Fr. That when to them God hath abundance sent—
Pard. And doth twelve thousand years of pardon to them send—
Fr. They would distribute none to the indigent—
Pard. That aught to this holy chapel lend.

Everything in these old farces is rudimentary. They are not merely coarse; they are vulgar.

In France it was better, but France had something which may fairly be called literature before any other country in Europe, not literature in the highest sense, of course, but something, at any rate, that may be still read with pleasure for its delicate beauty, like *Aucassin and Nicolete*, or for its downright vigor, like the *Song of Roland*, or for its genuine humor, like *Renard the Fox*. There is even one French Miracle Play of the thirteenth century by the Trouvère Rutebeuf based on the legend of Theophilus of Antioch, which might be said to contain the germ of Calderon's *El Magico Prodigioso*, and thus remotely of Goethe's *Faust*. Of the next century is the farce of *Pathelin*, which has given a new word with its several derivatives to the French language, and a proverbial phrase, *revenons à nos moutons*, that long ago domiciled itself beyond the boundaries of France. *Pathelin* rises at times above the level of farce, though hardly to the region of pure comedy. I saw it acted at the Théâtre Français many years ago, with only so much modernization of language as was necessary to make it easily comprehensible, and found it far more than archæologically entertaining. Surely none of our old English Interludes could be put upon the stage now without the gloomiest results. They were not, in my judgment, the direct, and hardly even the collateral, ancestors of our legitimate comedy. On the other hand, while the Miracle Plays left no traces of themselves in our serious drama, the play of Punch and Judy looks very like an impoverished descendant of theirs.

In Spain it was otherwise. There the old Moralities and Mysteries of the Church Festivals are renewed and perpetuated in the Autos Sacramentales of Calderon, but ensouled with the creative breath of his genius, and having a strange phantasmal reality in the ideal world of his wonder-working imagination. One of his plays, *La Devocion de la Cruz*, an Auto in spirit if not in form, dramatizes, as only he could do it, the doctrine of justification by faith. In Spain, too, the comedy of the booth and the plaza is plainly the rude sketch of the higher creations of Tirso and Lope and Calderon and Rojas and Alarcon, and scores of others only less than they. The tragicomedy of *Celestina*, written at the close of the fifteenth century, is the first modern piece of realism or naturalism, as it is called, with which I am acquainted. It is coarse, and most of the characters are low, but there are touches of nature in it, and the character of Celestina is brought out with singular vivacity. The word tragicomedy is many years older than this play, if play that may be called which is but a

succession of dialogues, but I can think of no earlier example of its application to a production in dramatic form than by the Bachelor Fernando de Rojas in this instance. It was made over into English, rather than translated, in 1520—our first literary debt to Spain, I should guess. The Spanish theatre, though the influence of Seneca is apparent in the form it put on, is more sincerely a growth of the soil than any other of modern times, and it has one interesting analogy with our own in the introduction of the clown into tragedy, whether by way of foil or parody. The Spanish dramatists have been called marvels of fecundity, but the facility of their trochaic measure, in which the verses seem to go of themselves, makes their feats less wonderful. The marvel would seem to be rather that, writing so easily, they also wrote so well. Their invention is as remarkable as their abundance. Their drama and our own have affected the spirit and sometimes the substance of later literature more than any other. They have to a certain extent impregnated it. I have called the Spanish theatre a product of the soil, yet it must not be overlooked that Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus, and Terence had been translated into Spanish early in the sixteenth century, and that Lope de Rueda, its real founder, would willingly have followed classical models more closely had the public taste justified him in doing so. But fortunately the national genius triumphed over traditional criterions of art, and the Spanish theatre, asserting its own happier instincts, became and continued Spanish, with an unspeakable charm and flavor of its own.

One peculiarity of the Spanish plays makes it safe to recommend them even *virginibus puerisque*—they are never unclean. Even Milton would have approved a censorship of the press that accomplished this. It is a remarkable example of how sharp the contradiction is between the private morals of a people and their public code of morality. Certain things may be done, but they must not seem to be done.

I have said nothing of the earlier Italian Drama because it has failed to interest me. But Italy had indirectly a potent influence, through Spenser, in supplying English verse till it could answer the higher uses of the stage. The lines —for they can hardly be called verses—of the first attempts at regular plays are as uniform, flat, and void of variety as laths cut by machinery, and show only the arithmetical ability of their fashioners to count as high as ten. A speech is a series of such laths laid parallel to each other with scrupulous exactness. But I shall have occasion to return to this topic in speaking of Marlowe.

Who, then, were the Old English Dramatists? They were a score or so of literary bohemians, for the most part, living from hand to mouth in London during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century and the first thirty years of the seventeenth, of the personal history of most of whom we fortunately know little, and who, by their good luck in being born into an unsophisticated age, have written a few things so well that they seem to have written themselves. Poor, nearly all of them, they have left us a fine estate in the realm of Faery. Among them were three or four men of genius. A comrade of theirs by his calling, but set apart from them alike by the splendor of his endowments and the more equable balance of his temperament, was that divine apparition known to mortals as Shakespeare. The civil war put an end to their activity. The last of them, in the direct line, was James Shirley, remembered chiefly for two lines from the last stanza of a song of his in *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, which have become a proverb:

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

It is a nobly simple piece of verse, with the slow and solemn cadence of a funeral march. The hint of it seems to have been taken from a passage in that droningly dreary book the *Mirror for Magistrates*. This little poem is one of the best instances of the good fortune of the men of that age in the unconscious simplicity and gladness (I know not what else to call it) of their vocabulary. The language, so to speak, had just learned to go alone, and found a joy in its own mere motion, which it lost as it grew older, and to walk was no longer a marvel.

Nothing in the history of literature seems more startling than the sudden spring with which English poetry blossomed in the later years of Elizabeth's reign. We may account for the seemingly unheralded apparition of a single

genius like Dante or Chaucer by the genius itself; for, given that, everything else is possible. But even in such cases as these much must have gone before to make the genius available when it came. For the production of great literature there must be already a language ductile to all the varying moods of expression. There must be a certain amount of culture, or the stimulus of sympathy would be wanting. If, as Horace tells us, the heroes who lived before Agamemnon have perished for want of a poet to celebrate them, so doubtless many poets have gone dumb to their graves, or, at any rate, have uttered themselves imperfectly, for lack of a fitting vehicle or of an amiable atmosphere. Genius, to be sure, makes its own opportunity, but the circumstances must be there out of which it can be made. For instance, I cannot help feeling that Turold, or whoever was the author of the *Chanson de Roland*, was endowed with a rare epical faculty, and that he would have given more emphatic proof of it had it been possible for him to clothe his thought in a form equivalent to the vigor of his conception. Perhaps with more art, he might have had less of that happy audacity of the first leap which Montaigne valued so highly, but would he not have gained could he have spoken to us in a verse as sonorous as the Greek hexameter, nay, even as sweet in its cadences, as variously voluble by its slurs and elisions, and withal as sharply edged and clean cut as the Italian pentameter? It is at least a question open to debate. Mr. Matthew Arnold taxes the *Song of Roland* with an entire want of the grand style; and this is true enough; but it has immense stores of courage and victory in it, as Taillefer proved at the battle of Hastings —yes, and touches of heroic pathos, too.

Many things had slowly and silently concurred to make that singular pre-eminence of the Elizabethan literature possible. First of all was the growth of a national consciousness, made aware of itself and more cumulatively operative by the existence and safer accessibility of a national capital, to serve it both as head and heart. The want of such a focus of intellectual, political, and material activity has had more to do with the backwardness and provincialism of our own literature than is generally taken into account. My friend Mr. Hosea Biglow ventured to affirm twenty odd years ago that we had at last arrived at this national consciousness through the convulsion of our civil war—a convulsion so violent as might well convince the members that they formed part of a common body. But I make bold to doubt whether that consciousness will ever be more than fitful and imperfect, whether it will ever, except in some moment of supreme crisis, pour itself into and re-enforce the individual consciousness in a way to make our literature feel itself of age and its own master till we shall have got a common head as well as a common body. It is not the size of a city that gives it this stimulating and expanding quality, but the fact that it sums up in itself and gathers all the moral and intellectual forces of the country in a single focus. London is still the metropolis of the British as Paris of the French race. We admit this readily enough as regards Australia or Canada, but we willingly overlook it as regards ourselves. Washington is growing more national and more habitable every year, but it will never be a capital till every kind of culture is attainable there on as good terms as elsewhere. Why not on better than elsewhere? We are rich enough. Bismarck's first care has been the Museums of Berlin. For a fiftieth part of the money Congress seems willing to waste in demoralizing the country, we might have had the Hamilton books and the far more precious Ashburnham manuscripts. Perhaps what formerly gave Boston its admitted literary supremacy was the fact that fifty years ago it was more truly a capital than any other American city. Edinburgh once held a similar position, with similar results. And yet how narrow Boston was! How scant a pasture it offered to the imagination! I have often mused on the dreary fate of the great painter who perished slowly of inanition over yonder in Cambridgeport, he who had known Coleridge and Lamb and Wordsworth, and who, if ever any,

> "With immortal wine
> Should have been bathed and swum in more heart's ease
> Than there are waters in the Sestian seas."

The pity of it! That unfinished Belshazzar of his was a bitter sarcasm on our self-conceit. Among *us*, it was unfinishable. Whatever place can draw together the

greatest amount and greatest variety of intellect and character, the most abundant elements of civilization, performs the best function of a university. London was such a centre in the days of Queen Elizabeth. And think what a school the Mermaid Tavern must have been! The verses which Beaumont addressed to Ben Jonson from the country point to this:

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past, wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and, when that was gone,
We left an air behind us which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise."

This air, which Beaumont says they left behind them, they carried with them, too. It was the atmosphere of culture, the open air of it, which loses much of its bracing and stimulating virtue in solitude and the silent society of books. And what discussions can we not fancy there, of language, of diction, of style, of ancients and moderns, of grammar even, for our speech was still at school, and with license of vagrant truancy for the gathering of wild flowers and the finding of whole nests full of singing birds! Here was indeed a new World of Words, as Florio called his dictionary. And the face-to-face criticism, frank, friendly, and with chance of reply, how fruitful it must have been! It was here, doubtless, that Jonson found fault with that verse of Shakespeare's,

"Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,"

which is no longer to be found in the play of *Julius Cæsar*. Perhaps Heminge and Condell left it out, for Shakespeare could have justified himself with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome's favorite Greek quotation, that nothing justified crime but the winning or keeping of supreme power. Never could London, before or since, gather such an academy of genius. It must have been a marvellous whetstone of the wits, and spur to generous emulation.

Another great advantage which the authors of that day had was the freshness of the language, which had not then become literary, and therefore more or less commonplace. All the words they used were bright from the die, not yet worn smooth in the daily drudgery of prosaic service. I am not sure whether they were so fully conscious of this as we are, who find a surprising charm in it, and perhaps endow the poet with the witchery that really belongs to the vocables he employs. The parts of speech of these old poets are just archaic enough to please us with that familiar strangeness which makes our own tongue agreeable if spoken with a hardly perceptible foreign accent. The power of giving novelty to things outworn is, indeed, one of the prime qualities of genius, and this novelty the habitual phrase of the Elizabethans has for us without any merit of theirs. But I think, making all due abatements, that they had the hermetic gift of buckling wings to the feet of their verse in a measure which has fallen to the share of few or no modern poets. I think some of them certainly were fully aware of the fine qualities of their mother-tongue. Chapman, in the poem "To the Reader," prefixed to his translation of the Iliad, protests against those who preferred to it the softer Romance languages:

"And for our tongue that still is so impaired
By travailing linguists, I can prove it clear,
That no tongue hath the Muses' utterance heired
For verse and that sweet Music to the ear
Strook out of rime, so naturally as this;
Our monosyllables so kindly fall,
And meet, opposed in rhyme, as they did kiss."

I think Chapman has very prettily maintained and illustrated his thesis. But, though fortunate in being able to gather their language with the dew still on it, as herbs must be gathered for use in certain incantations, we are not to suppose that our elders used it indiscriminately, or tumbled out their words as they would dice, trusting that luck or chance would send them a happy throw; that they did not select, arrange, combine, and make use of the most cunning artifices of modulation and rhythm. They debated all these questions, we may be sure, not only with a laudable desire of excellence, and with a hope to make their native tongue as fitting a vehicle for poetry and eloquence as those of their neighbors, or as those of Greece and Rome, but also with something of the eager joy of adventure

and discovery. They must have felt with Lucretius the delight of wandering over the pathless places of the Muse, and hence, perhaps, it is that their step is so elastic, and that we are never dispirited by a consciousness of any lassitude when they put forth their best pace. If they are natural, it is in great part the benefit of the age they lived in, but the winning graces, the picturesque felicities, the electric flashes, I had almost said the explosions, of their style are their own. And their diction mingles its elements so kindly and with such gracious reliefs of changing key, now dallying with the very childishness of speech like the spinsters and the knitters in the sun, and anon snatched up without effort to the rapt phrase of passion or of tragedy that flashes and reverberates!

The dullest of them, for I admit that many of them were dull as a comedy of Goethe, and dulness loses none of its disheartening properties by age, no, nor even by being embalmed in the precious gems and spices of Lamb's affectionate eulogy—for I am persuaded that I should know a stupid mummy from a clever one before I had been in his company five minutes—the dullest of them, I say, has his lucid intervals. There are, I grant, dreary wastes and vast solitudes in such collections as Dodsley's *Old Plays*, where we slump along through the loose sand without even so much as a mirage to comfort us under the intolerable drought of our companion's discourse. Nay, even some of the dramatists who have been thought worthy of editions all to themselves, may enjoy that seclusion without fear of its being disturbed by me.

Let me mention a name or two of such as I shall not speak of in this course. Robert Greene is one of them. He has all the inadequacy of imperfectly drawn tea. I thank him, indeed, for the word "brightsome," and for two lines of Sephestia's song to her child,

"Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee,"

which have all the innocence of the Old Age in them. Otherwise he is naught. I say this for the benefit of the young, for in my own callow days I took him seriously because the Rev. Alexander Dyce had edited him, and I endured much in trying to reconcile my instincts with my superstition. He it was that called Shakespeare "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," as if any one could have any use for feathers from such birds as he, except to make pens of them. He was the cause of the dulness that was in other men, too, and human nature feels itself partially avenged by this stanza of an elegy upon him by one "R. B.," quoted by Mr. Dyce:

"Greene is the pleasing object of an eye;
Greene pleased the eyes of all that looked upon him;
Greene is the ground of every painter's dye;
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him;
Nay, more, the men that so eclipsed his fame
Purloyned his plumes; can they deny the same?"

Even the libeller of Shakespeare deserved nothing worse than this! If this is "R. B." when he was playing upon words, what must he have been when serious?

Another dramatist whom we can get on very well without is George Peele, the friend and fellow-roisterer of Greene. He, too, defied the inspiring influence of the air he breathed almost as successfully as his friend. But he had not that genius for being dull all the time that Greene had, and illustrates what I was just saying of the manner in which the most tiresome of these men waylay us when we least expect it with some phrase or verse that shines and trembles in the memory like a star. Such are:

"For her I'll build a kingly bower
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams";

and this, of God's avenging lightning,

"At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning in his hateful bones."

He also wrote some musically simple stanzas, of which I quote the first two, the rather that Thackeray was fond of them:

"My golden locks Time hath to silver turned
(O Time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing),
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading been;
Duty, faith, and love, are roots, and ever green.

"My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lover's songs shall turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers, that are old age's alms.
And so from court to cottage I depart,
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart."

There is a pensiveness in this, half pleas-

urable, half melancholy, that has a charm of its own.

Thomas Dekker is a far more important person. Most of his works seem to have been what artists call pot-boilers, written at ruinous speed, and with the bailiff rather than the Muse at his elbow. There was a liberal background of prose in him, as in Ben Jonson, but he was a poet and no mean one, as he shows by the careless good luck of his epithets and similes. He could rise also to a grave dignity of style that is grateful to the ear, nor was he incapable of that heightened emotion which might almost pass for passion. His fancy kindles wellnigh to imagination at times, and ventures on those extravagances which entice the fancy of the reader as with the music of an invitation to the waltz. I had him in my mind when I was speaking of the *obiter dicta*, of the fine verses dropt casually by these men when you are beginning to think they have no poetry in them. Fortune tells Fortunatus, in the play of that name, that he shall have gold as countless as

> "Those gilded wantons that in swarms do run
> To warm their *slender bodies* in the sun,"

thus giving him a hint also of its ephemeral nature. Here is a verse, too, that shows a kind of bleakish sympathy of sound and sense. Long life, he tells us,

> "Is a long journey in December gone."

It may be merely my fancy, but I seem to hear a melancholy echo in it, as of footfalls on frozen earth. Or take this for a pretty fancy:

> "The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn to the head,
> Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months Since—"

when do you suppose? I give you three guesses, as the children say. Since 1600! Poor Fancy shudders at this opening of Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, and thinks her silver arrows a little out of place, like a belated masquerader going home under the broad grin of day. But the verses themselves seem plucked from *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

This is as good an instance as may be of the want of taste, sense of congruity, and of the delicate discrimination that makes style, which strike and sometimes even shock us in the Old Dramatists. This was a disadvantage of the age into which they were born, and is perhaps implied in the very advantages it gave them, and of which I have spoken. Even Shakespeare offends sometimes in this way. Good taste, if mainly a gift of nature, is also an acquisition. It was not impossible even then. Samuel Daniel had it, but the cautious propriety with which it embarrassed him has made his drama of *Cleopatra* unapproachable, in more senses than one, in its frigid regularity. His contemplative poetry, thanks to its grave sweetness of style, is among the best in our language. Yet Daniel wrote the following sentences, which explain better than anything I could say why his contemporaries, in spite of their manifest imperfections, pleased then and continue to please: "Suffer the world to enjoy that which it knows and what it likes, seeing whatsoever form of words doth move delight, and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed and uttered, that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." Those men did "move delight, and sway the affections of men," in a very singular manner, gaining, on the whole, perhaps, more by their liberty than they lost by their license. But it is only genius that can safely profit by this immunity. Form, of which we hear so much, is of great value, but it is not of the highest value, except in combination with other qualities better than itself, and it is worth noting that the modern English poet who seems least to have regarded it, is also the one who has most powerfully moved, swayed, and delighted those who are wise enough to read him.

One more passage and I have done. It is from the same play of *Old Fortunatus*, a favorite of mine. The Soldan of Babylon shows Fortunatus his treasury, or cabinet of bric-à-brac:

> "Behold yon tower, there stands mine armoury,
> In which are corselets forged of beaten gold
> To arm ten hundred thousand fighting men,
> Whose glittering squadrons when the sun beholds,
> They seem like to ten hundred thousand Joves,
> When Jove on the proud back of thunder rides,
> Trapped all in lightning-flames. There can I show thee
> The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire;
> There shalt thou see the scarf of Cupid's mother,
> Snatcht from the soft moist ivory of her arm
> To wrap about Adonis' wounded thigh;
> There shalt thou see a wheel of Titan's car
> Which dropt from Heaven when Phæton fired the world.

I'll give thee (if thou wilt) two silver doves
Composed by magic to divide the air,
Who, as they flie, shall clap their silver wings
And give strange music to the elements.
I'll give thee else the fan of Proserpine,
Which, in reward for a sweet Thracian song,
The blackbrow'd Empress threw to Orpheus,
Being come to fetch Eurydice from hell."

This is, here and there, tremblingly near bombast, but its exuberance is cheery, and the quaintness of Proserpine's fan shows how real she was to the poet. Hers was a generous gift, considering the climate in which Dekker evidently supposed her to dwell, and speaks well for the song that could make her forget it. There is crudeness, as if the wine had been drawn before the ferment was over, but the arm of Venus is from the life, and that one verse gleams and glows among the rest like the thing it describes. The whole passage is a good example of fancy, whimsical, irresponsible. But there is more imagination and power to move the imagination in Shakespeare's "sunken wreck and sunless treasures" than all his contemporaries together, not even excepting Marlowe, could have mustered.

We lump all these poets together as dramatists because they wrote for the theatre, and yet how little they were truly dramatic seems proved by the fact that none, or next to none, of their plays have held the stage. Not one of their characters, that I can remember, has become one of the familiar figures that make up the habitual society of any cultivated memory even of the same race and tongue. Marlowe, great as he was, makes no exception. To some of them we cannot deny genius, but creative genius we must deny to all of them, and dramatic genius as well.

This last, indeed, is one of the rarest gifts bestowed on man. What is that which we call dramatic? In the abstract, it is thought or emotion in action, or on its way to become action. In the concrete, it is that which is more vivid if represented than described, and which would lose if merely narrated. Goethe, for example, had little dramatic power; though, if taking thought could have earned it, he would have had enough, for he studied the actual stage all his life. The characters in his plays seem there rather to express his thoughts than their own. Yet there is one admirably dramatic scene in *Faust* which illustrates what I have been saying. I mean Margaret in the cathedral, suggested to Goethe by the temptation of Justina in Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso*, but full of horror as that of seductiveness. We see and hear as we read. Her own bad conscience projected in the fiend who mutters despair into her ear, and the awful peals of the "Dies Iræ," that most terribly resonant of Latin hymns, as if blown from the very trump of doom itself, coming in at intervals to remind her that the

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum,"

herself among the rest—all of this would be weaker in narration. This is real, and needs realization by the senses to be fully felt. Compare it with Dimmesdale mounting the pillory at night, in *The Scarlet Letter*, to my thinking the deepest thrust of what may be called the metaphysical imagination since Shakespeare. There we need only a statement of the facts—pictorial statement, of course, as Hawthorne's could not fail to be—and the effect is complete. Thoroughly to understand a good play and enjoy it, even in the reading, the imagination must body forth its personages, and see them doing or suffering in the visionary theatre of the brain. There, indeed, they are best seen, and Hamlet or Lear loses that ideal quality which makes him typical and universal if he be once compressed within the limits, or associated with the lineaments, of any, even the best, actor.

It is for their poetical qualities, for their gleams of imagination, for their quaint and subtle fancies, for their tender sentiment, and for their charm of diction that these old playwrights are worth reading. They are the best comment also to convince us of the immeasurable superiority of Shakespeare. Several of them, moreover, have been very inadequately edited, or not at all, which is perhaps better, and it is no useless discipline of the wits, no unworthy exercise of the mind, to do our own editing as we go along, winning back to its cradle the right word for the changeling the printers have left in his stead, making the lame verses find their feet again, and rescuing those that have been tumbled higgledy-piggledy into a mire of prose. A strenuous study of this kind will enable us better to understand many a faulty passage

in our Shakespeare, and to judge of the proposed emendations of them, or to make one to our own liking. There is no better school for learning English, and for learning it when, in many important respects, it was at its best.

I am not sure that I shall not seem to talk to you of many things that seem trivialities if weighed in the huge business scales of life, but I am always glad to say a word in behalf of what most men consider useless, and to say it the rather because it has so few friends. I have observed, and am sorry to have observed, that English poetry, at least in its older examples, is less read now than when I was young. I do not believe this to be a healthy symptom, for poetry frequents and keeps habitable those upper chambers of the mind that open towards the sun's rising. It has seemed to me that life was running more and more into prose. Even our books for children have been growing more and more practical and realistic. The fairies are no longer permitted to print their rings on the tender sward of the child's fancy, and yet it is the child's fancy that sometimes lives obscurely on to minister unexpected solace to the lonelier and less sociable mind of the man. Our nature resents this, and seeks refuge in the holes and corners where coarser excitements may be had at dearer rates. I sometimes find myself thinking that if this hardening process should go much farther, it is before us, and not behind, that we should look for the Age of Flint.

DECORATION DAY.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

I.

A WEEK before the 30th of May, three friends—John Stover and Henry Merrill and Asa Brown—happened to meet on Saturday evening at Barton's store at the Plains. They were enjoying this idle hour after a busy week. After long easterly rains, the sun had at last come out bright and clear, and all the Barlow farmers had been planting. There was even a good deal of ploughing left to be done, the season was so backward.

The three middle-aged men were old friends. They had been school-fellows, and when they were hardly out of their boyhood the war came on, and they enlisted in the same company, on the same day, and happened to march away elbow to elbow. Then came the great experience of a great war, and the years that followed their return from the South had come to each almost alike. They might have been members of the same rustic household, they knew each other's history so well.

They were sitting on a low wooden bench at the left of the store door as you went in. People were coming and going on their Saturday night errands — the post-office was in Barton's store—but the friends talked on eagerly, without interrupting themselves, except by an occasional nod of recognition. They appeared to take no notice at all of the neighbors whom they saw oftenest. It was a most beautiful evening; the two great elms were almost half in leaf over the blacksmith shop which stood across the wide road. Farther along were two small old-fashioned houses and the old white church, with its pretty belfry of four arched sides and a tiny dome at the top. The large cockerel on the vane was pointing a little south of west, and there was still light enough to make it shine bravely against the deep blue eastern sky. On the western side of the road, near the store, were the parsonage and the storekeeper's modern house, which had a French roof and some attempt at decoration, which the long-established Barlow people called gingerbread-work, and regarded with mingled pride and disdain. These buildings made the tiny village called Barlow Plains. They stood in the middle of a long narrow strip of level ground. They were islanded by green fields and pastures. There were hills beyond; the mountains themselves seemed very near. Scattered about on the hill slopes were farm-houses, which stood so far apart, with their clusters of out-buildings, that each looked lonely, and the pine woods above seemed to besiege them all. It was lighter on the uplands than it was in the valley where the three men sat on their bench, with their backs to the store and the western sky.

"Well, here we be 'most into June, an'

I 'ain't got a bush bean aboveground," lamented Henry Merrill.

"Your land's always late, ain't it? But you always catch up with the rest on us," Asa Brown consoled him. "I've often observed that your land, though early planted, is late to sprout. I view it there's a good week's difference betwixt me an' Stover an' your folks, but come 1st o' July we all even up."

"'Tis just so," said John Stover, taking his pipe out of his mouth, as if he had a good deal more to say, and then replacing it, as if he had changed his mind.

"Made it extry hard having that long wet spell. Can't none on us take no day off this season," said Asa Brown; but nobody thought it worth his while to respond to such evident truth.

"Next Saturday 'll be the 30th o' May—that's Decoration day, ain't it?—come round again. Lord! how the years slip by after you git to be forty-five an' along there!" said Asa again. "I s'pose some o' our folks 'll go over to Alton to see the procession, same's usual. I've got to git one o' them small flags to stick on our Joel's grave, an' Mis' Dexter always counts on havin' some for Harrison's lot. I calculate to get 'em somehow. I must make time to ride over, but I don't know where the time's comin' from out o' next week. I wish the women folks would tend to them things. There's the spot where Eb Munson an' John Tighe lays in the poor-farm lot, an' I did mean certain to buy flags for 'em last year an' year before, but I went an' forgot it. I'd like to have folks that rode by notice 'em for once, if they was town paupers. Eb Munson was as darin' a man as ever stepped out to tuck o' drum."

"So he was," said John Stover, taking out his pipe with decision and knocking out the ashes. "Drink was his ruin; but I wa'n't one that could be harsh with Eb, no matter what he done. He worked hard long's he could, too; but he wa'n't like a sound man, an' I think he took somethin' first not so much 'cause he loved it, but to kind of keep his strength up so's he could work, an' then, all of a sudden, rum clinched with him an' threw him. Eb was talkin' 'long o' me one day when he was about half full, an' says he, right out, 'I wouldn't have fell to this state,' says he, 'if I'd had me a home an' a little fam'ly; but it don't make no difference to nobody, and it's the best comfort I seem to have, an' I ain't goin' to do without it. I'm ailin' all the time,' says he, 'an' if I keep middlin' full, I make out to hold my own an' to keep along o' my work.' I pitied Eb. I says to him, 'You ain't goin' to bring no shame on us old army boys, be you, Eb?' An' he says no, he wa'n't. I think if he'd lived to get one o' them big fat pensions, he'd had it easier. Eight dollars a month paid his board, while he'd pick up what cheap work he could, an' then he got so that decent folks didn't seem to want the bother of him, an' so he come on the town."

"There was somethin' else to it," said Henry Merrill, soberly. "Drink come natural to him, 'twas born in him, I expect, an' there wa'n't nobody that could turn the divil out same's they did in Scriptur'. His father an' his gran'father was drinkin' men; but they was kind-hearted an' good neighbors, an' never set out to wrong nobody. 'Twas the custom to drink in their day; folks was colder an' lived poorer in early times, an' that's how most of 'em kept a-goin'. But what stove Eb all up was his disapp'intment with Marthy Peck—her forsakin' of him an' marryin' old John Down whilst Eb was off to war. I've always laid it up ag'inst her."

"So've I," said Asa Brown. "She didn't use the poor fellow right. I guess she was full as well off, but it's one thing to show judgment, an' another thing to have heart."

There was a long pause; the subject was too familiar to need further comment.

"There ain't no public sperit here in Barlow," announced Asa Brown, with decision. "I don't s'pose we could ever get up anything for Decoration day. I've felt kind of 'shamed, but it always comes in a busy time; 'twa'n't no time to have it, anyway, right in late plantin'."

"'Tain't no use to look for public sperit 'less you've got some yourself," observed John Stover, soberly; but something had pleased him in the discouraged suggestion. "Perhaps we could mark the day this year. It comes on a Saturday; that ain't nigh so bad as bein' in the middle of the week."

Nobody made any answer, and presently he went on:

"There was a time along back when folks was too near the war-time to give much thought to the bigness of it. The

best fellows was them that had staid to home an' worked their trades an' laid up money; but I don't know 's it's so now."

"Yes, the fellows that staid at home got all the fat places, an' when we come back we felt dreadful behind the times," grumbled Asa Brown. "I remember how 'twas."

"They begun to call us hero an' old stick-in-the-mud just about the same time," resumed Stover, with a chuckle. "We wa'n't no hand for strippin' woodland nor tradin' hosses them first few years. I don' know why 'twas we were so beat out. The best most on us could do was to sag right on to the old folks. Father he never wanted me to go to the war—'twas partly his Quaker breed—an' he used to be dreadful mortified with the way I hung round down here to the store an' loafed round a-talkin' about when I was out South, an' arguin' with folks that didn't know nothin' about what the generals done. There! I see me now just as he see me then; but after I had my boy strut out, I took holt o' the old farm 'long o' father, an' I've made it bounce. Look at them old meadows an' see the herds' grass that come off of 'em last year! I ain't ashamed o' my place, if I did go to the war."

"It all looks a sight bigger to me now than it did then," said Henry Merrill. "Our goin' to the war I refer to. We didn't sense it no more than other folks did. I used to be sick o' hearin' their stuff about patriotism an' lovin' your country, an' them pieces o' poetry women-folks wrote for the papers on the old flag, an' our fallen heroes, an' them things; they didn't seem to strike me in the right place; but I tell ye it kind o' starts me now every time I come on the flag sudden—it does so. A spell ago—'long in the fall, I guess it was—I was over to Alton tradin', an' there was a fire company paradin'. They'd got a prize at a fair, an' had just come home on the cars, an' I heard the band; so I stepped to the front o' the store where me an' my woman was, an' the company felt well, an' was comin' along the street 'most as good as troops. I see the old flag a-comin', kind of blowin' back, an' it went all over me. Somethin' worked round in my throat; I vow I come near cryin'. I was glad nobody see me."

"I'd go to war again in a minute," declared Stover, after an expressive pause; "but I expect we should know better what we was about. I don' know but we've got too many rooted opinions now to make us the best o' soldiers."

"Martin Tighe an' John Tighe was considerable older than the rest, and they done well," answered Henry Merrill, quickly. "We three was the youngest of any, but we did think at the time we knew the most."

"Well, whatever you may say, that war give the country a great start," said Asa Brown. "I tell ye we just begin to see the scope on't. There was my cousin, you know, Dan'l Evans, that stopped with us last winter; he was tellin' me that one o' his coastin' trips he was into the port o' Beaufort lo'din' with yaller-pine lumber, an' he was into an old bury-in'-ground there is there, an' he see a stone that had on it some young Southern fellow's name that was killed in the war, an' under it, 'He died for his country.' Dan'l knowed how I used to feel about them South Car'lina goings on, an' I did feel kind o' red an' ugly for a minute, an' then somethin' come over me, an' I says, 'Well, I don' know but what the poor chap did, Dan Evans, when you come to view it all round.'"

The other men made no answer.

"Le's see what we can do this year. I don't care if we be a poor han'ful," urged Henry Merrill. "The young folks ought to have the good of it; I'd like to have my boys see somethin' different. Le's get together what men there is. How many's left, anyhow? I know there was thirty-seven went from old Barlow, three-month men an' all."

"There can't be over eight, countin' out Martin Tighe; he can't march," said Stover. "No, 'tain't worth while." But the others did not notice his disapproval.

"There's nine in all," announced Asa Brown, after pondering and counting two or three times on his fingers. "I can't make us no more. I never could carry figgers in my head."

"I make nine," said Merrill. "We'll have Martin ride, an' Jesse Dean too, if he will. He's awful lively on them canes o' his. An' there's Jo Wade with his crutch; he's amazin' spry for a short distance. But we can't let 'em go afoot; they're decripped men. We'll make 'em all put on what they've got left o' their uniforms, an' we'll scratch round an' have us a fife an' drum, an' make the best show we can."

"Why, Martin Tighe's boy, the next

to the oldest, is an excellent hand to play the fife!" said John Stover, suddenly growing enthusiastic. "If you two are set on it, let's have a word with the minister to-morrow, an' see what he says. Perhaps he'll give out some kind of a notice. You have to have a good many bunches o' flowers. I guess we'd better call a meetin', some few on us, an' talk it over first o' the week. 'Twouldn't be no great of a range for us to take to march from the old buryin'-ground at the meetin'-house here up to the poor-farm an' round by Deacon Elwell's lane, so's to notice them two stones he set up for his boys that was sunk on the man-o'-war. I expect they notice stones same's if the folks laid there, don't they?"

He spoke wistfully. The others knew that Stover was thinking of the stone he had set up to the memory of his only brother, whose nameless grave had been made somewhere in the Wilderness.

"I don't know but what they'll be mad if we don't go by every house in town," he added, anxiously, as they rose to go home. "'Tis a terrible scattered population in Barlow to favor with a procession."

It was a mild starlit night. The three friends took their separate ways presently, leaving the Plains road and crossing the fields by foot-paths toward their farms.

II.

The week went by, and the next Saturday morning brought fair weather. It was a busy morning on the farms—like any other; but long before noon the teams of horses and oxen were seen going home from work in the fields, and everybody got ready in haste for the great event of the afternoon. It was so seldom that any occasion roused public interest in Barlow that there was an unexpected response, and the green before the old white meeting-house was covered with country wagons and groups of people, whole families together, who had come on foot. The old soldiers were to meet in the church; at half past one the procession was to start, and on its return the minister was to make an address in the old burying-ground. John Stover had been a lieutenant in the army, so he was made captain of the day. A man from the next town had offered to drum for them, and Martin Tighe's proud boy was present with his fife. He had a great longing—strange enough in that peaceful sheep-raising neighborhood—to go into the army; but he and his elder brother were the mainstay of their crippled father, and he could not be spared from the large household until a younger brother could take his place; so that all his fire and military zeal went for the present into martial tunes, and the fife was the safety-valve for his enthusiasm.

The army men were used to seeing each other; everybody knew everybody in the little country town of Barlow; but when one comrade after another appeared in what remained of his accoutrements, they felt the day to be greater than they had planned, and the simple ceremony proved more solemn than any one expected. They could make no use of their everyday jokes and friendly greetings. Their old blue coats and tarnished army caps looked faded and antiquated enough. One of the men had nothing left but his rusty canteen and rifle; but these he carried like sacred emblems. He had worn out all his army clothes long ago, because when he was discharged he was too poor to buy any others.

When the door of the church opened, the veterans were not abashed by the size and silence of the crowd. They came walking two by two down the steps, and took their places in line as if there were nobody looking on. Their brief evolutions were like a mystic rite. The two lame men refused to do anything but march, as best they could; but poor Martin Tighe, more disabled than they, was brought out and lifted into Henry Merrill's best wagon, where he sat up, straight and soldierly, with his boy for driver. There was a little flag in the whip socket before him, which flapped gayly in the breeze. It was such a long time since he had been seen out-of-doors that everybody found him a great object of interest, and paid him much attention. Even those who were tired of being asked to contribute to his support, who resented the fact of his having a helpless wife and great family; who always insisted that with his little pension and hopeless lameness, his fingerless left hand and failing sight, he could support himself and his household if he chose—even those persons came forward now to greet him handsomely and with large approval. To be sure, he enjoyed the conversation of idlers, and his wife had a complaining way that was the same as begging, especially since her boys began

to grow up and be of some use; and there were one or two near neighbors who never let them really want; so other people, who had cares enough of their own, could excuse themselves for forgetting him the year round, and even call him shiftless. But there were none to look askance at Martin Tighe on Decoration day, as he sat in the wagon, with his bleached face like a captive's, and his thin, afflicted body. He stretched out his whole hand impartially to those who had remembered him and those who had forgotten both his courage at Fredericksburg and his sorry need in Barlow.

Henry Merrill had secured the engine company's large flag in Alton, and now carried it proudly. There were eight men in line, two by two, and marching a good bit apart, to make their line the longer. The fife and drum struck up gallantly together, and the little procession moved away slowly along the country road. It gave an unwonted touch of color to the landscape—the scarlet, the blue, between the new-ploughed fields and budding road-side thickets, between the wide dim ranges of the mountains, under the great white clouds of the spring sky. Such processions grow more pathetic year by year; it will not be so long now before wondering children will have seen the last. The aging faces of the men, the renewed comradeship, the quick beat of the hearts that remember, the tenderness of those who think upon old sorrows—all these make the day a lovelier and a sadder festival. So men's hearts were stirred, they knew not why, when they heard the shrill fife and the incessant drum along the quiet Barlow road, and saw the handful of old soldiers marching by. Nobody thought of them as familiar men and neighbors alone—they were a part of that army which saved its country. They had taken their lives in their hands and gone out to fight—plain John Stover and Jesse Dean and the rest. No matter if every other day in the year they counted for little or much, whether they were lame-footed and despised, whether their farms were of poor soil or rich.

The little troop went in slender line along the road; the crowded country wagons and all the people who went afoot followed Martin Tighe's wagon as if it were a great gathering at a country funeral. The route was short, and the long straggling line marched slowly; it could go no faster than the lame men could walk.

In one of the houses by the road-side an old woman sat by a window, in an old-fashioned black gown, and clean white cap with a prim border which bound her thin sharp features closely. She had been for a long time looking out eagerly over the snowberry and cinnamon-rose bushes; her face was pressed close to the pane, and presently she caught sight of the great flag.

"Let me see 'em! I've got to see 'em go by!" she pleaded, trying to rise from her chair alone when she heard the fife, and the women helped her to the door, and held her so that she could stand and wait. She had been an old woman when the war began; she had sent two sons and two grandsons to the field; they were all gone now. As the men came by, she straightened her bent figure with all the vigor of youth. The fife and drum stopped suddenly; the colors dipped. She did not heed that, but her old eyes flashed and then filled with tears to see the flag going to salute the soldiers' graves. "Thank ye, boys; thank ye!" she cried, in her quavering voice, and they all cheered her. The cheer went back along the straggling line for old Grandmother Dexter, standing there in her front door between the lilacs. It was one of the great moments of the day.

The few old people at the poorhouse, too, were waiting to see the show. The keeper's young son, knowing that it was a day of festivity, and not understanding exactly why, had put his toy flag out of the gable window, and there it showed against the gray clapboards like a gay flower. It was the only bit of decoration along the veterans' way, and they stopped and saluted it before they broke ranks and went out to the field corner beyond the poor-farm barn to the bit of ground that held the paupers' unmarked graves. There was a solemn silence while Asa Brown went to the back of Tighe's wagon, where such light freight was carried, and brought two flags, and he and John Stover planted them straight in the green sod. They knew well enough where the right graves were, for these had been made in a corner by themselves, with unwonted sentiment. And so Eben Munson and John Tighe were honored like the rest, both by their flags and by great and unexpected

nosegays of spring flowers, daffies and flowering currant and red tulips, which lay on the graves already. John Stover and his comrade glanced at each other curiously while they stood singing, and then laid their own bunches of lilacs down and came away.

Then something happened that almost none of the people in the wagons understood. Martin Tighe's boy, who played the fife, had studied well his part, and on his poor short-winded instrument now sounded taps as well as he could. He had heard it done once in Alton at a soldier's funeral. The plaintive notes called sadly over the fields, and echoed back from the hills. The few veterans could not look at each other; their eyes brimmed up with tears; they could not have spoken. Nothing called back old army days like that. They had a sudden vision of the Virginian camp, the hill-side dotted white with tents, the twinkling lights in other camps, and far away the glow of smouldering fires. They heard the bugle call from post to post; they remembered the chilly winter night, the wind in the pines, the laughter of the men. Lights out! Martin Tighe's boy sounded it again sharply. It seemed as if poor Eb Munson and John Tighe must hear it too in their narrow graves.

The procession went on, and stopped here and there at the little graveyards on the farms, leaving their bright flags to flutter through summer and winter rains and snows, and to bleach in the wind and sunshine. When they returned to the church, the minister made an address about the war, and every one listened with new ears. Most of what he said was familiar enough to his listeners; they were used to reading those phrases about the results of the war, the glorious future of the South, in their weekly newspapers; but there never had been such a spirit of patriotism and loyalty waked in Barlow as was waked that day by the poor parade of the remnant of the Barlow soldiers. They sent flags to all the distant graves, and proud were those households who claimed kinship with valor, and could drive or walk away with their flags held up so that others could see that they, too, were of the elect.

III.

It is well that the days are long in the last of May, but John Stover had to hurry more than usual with his evening work, and then, having the longest distance to walk, he was much the latest comer to the Plains store, where his two triumphant friends were waiting for him impatiently on the bench. They also had made excuse of going to the post-office and doing an unnecessary errand for their wives, and were talking together so busily that they had gathered a group about them before the store. When they saw Stover coming, they rose hastily and crossed the road to meet him, as if they were a committee in special session. They leaned against the post-and-board fence, after they had shaken hands with each other solemnly.

"Well, we've had a great day, 'ain't we, John?" asked Henry Merrill. "You did lead off splendid. We've done a grand thing, now, I tell you. All the folks say we've got to keep it up every year. Everybody had to have a talk about it as I went home. They say they had no idea we should make such a show. Lord! I wish we'd begun while there was more of us!"

"That han'some flag was the great feature," said Asa Brown, generously. "I want to pay my part for hirin' it. An' then folks was glad to see poor old Martin made o' some consequence."

"There was half a dozen said to me that another year they're goin' to have flags out, and trim up their places somehow or 'nother. Folks has feelin' enough, but you've got to rouse it," said Merrill.

"I have thought o' joinin' the Grand Army over to Alton time an' again, but it's a good ways to go, an' then the expense has been o' some consideration," Asa continued. "I don't know but two or three over there. You know, most o' the Alton men nat'rally went out in the rigiments t'other side o' the line, an' they was in other battles, an' never camped nowheres nigh us. Seems to me we ought to have home feelin' enough to do what we can right here."

"The minister says to me this afternoon that he was goin' to arrange an' have some talks in the meetin'-house next winter, an' have some of us tell where we was in the South; an' one night 'twill be about camp life, an' one about the long marches, an' then about the battles—that would take some time—an' tell all we could about the boys that was killed, an' their record, so they wouldn't be forgot. He said some of the

folks must have the letters we wrote home from the front, an' we could make out quite a history of us. I call Elder Dallas a very smart man; he'd planned it all out a'ready, for the benefit o' the young folks, he said," announced Henry Merrill, in a tone of approval.

"I s'pose there ain't none of us but could add a little somethin'," answered John Stover, modestly. "'Twould re'lly learn the young folks a good deal. I should be scared numb to try an' speak from the pulpit. That ain't what the elder means, is it? Now I had a good chance to see somethin' o' Washin'ton. I shook hands with President Lincoln, an' I always think I'm worth lookin' at for that, if I ain't for nothin' else. 'Twas that time I was just out o' hospit'l, an' able to crawl about some. Well, we'll see how 'tis when winter comes. I never thought I had no gift for public speakin', 'less 'twas for drivin' cattle or pollin' the house town-meetin' days. Here! I've got somethin' in mind. You needn't speak about it if I tell it to ye," he added, suddenly. "You know all them han'some flowers that was laid on to Eb Munson's grave an' Tighe's? I mistrusted you thought the same thing I did by the way you looked. They come from Marthy Down's front yard. My woman told me when we got home that she knew 'em in a minute; there wa'n't nobody in town had that kind o' red flowers but her. She must ha' kind o' harked back to the days when she was Marthy Peck. She must have come with 'em after dark, or else dreadful early in the mornin'."

Henry Merrill cleared his throat. "There ain't nothin' half-way 'bout Mis' Down," he said. "I wouldn't ha' spoken 'bout this 'less you had led right on to it; but I overtook her when I was gittin' towards home this afternoon, an' I see by her looks she was worked up a good deal; but we talked about how well things had gone off, an' she wanted to know what expenses we'd been put to, an' I told her; an' she said she'd give five dollars any day I'd stop in for it. An' then she spoke right out. 'I'm alone in the world,' says she, 'and somethin' to do with, an' I'd like to have a plain stone put up to Eb Munson's grave, with the number of his rigiment on it, an' I'll pay the bill. 'Tain't out o' Mr. Down's money,' she says; ''tis mine, an' I want you to see to it.' I said I would, but we'd made a plot to git some o' them soldiers' head-stones that's provided by the government. 'Twas a shame it had been overlooked so long. 'No,' says she; 'I'm goin' to pay for Eb's myself.' An' I told her there wouldn't be no objection. Don't ary one o' you speak about it. 'Twouldn't be fair. She was real well-appearin'. I never felt to respect Marthy so before."

"We was kind o' hard on her sometimes, but folks couldn't help it. I've seen her pass Eb right by in the road an' never look at him when he first come home," said John Stover.

"If she hadn't felt bad, she wouldn't have cared one way or t'other," insisted Henry Merrill. "'Tain't for us to judge. Sometimes folks has to get along in years before they see things fair. Come; I must be goin'. I'm tired as an old dog."

"It seemed kind o' natural to be steppin' out together again. Strange we three got through with so little damage, an' so many dropped round us," said Asa Brown. "I've never been one mite sorry I went out in old A Company. I was thinkin' when I was marchin' to-day, though, that we should all have to take to the wagons before long an' do our marchin' on wheels, so many of us felt kind o' stiff. There's one thing—folks won't never say again that we don't show no public sperit here in old Barlow."

MONTANA: THE TREASURE STATE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

TWO anecdotes told in Montana as characteristic home-made jokes illustrate the spirit of its people. The first one is about ex-Governor Hauser. It is said that, like many another true Montanian, he begins to feel a new and strange regard for small change once he gets east of the Mississippi, a consideration unknown to any man in the Treasure State. It happened, therefore, that when on one occasion he handed two bits—which is to say, a silver quarter—to a Chicago newsboy, and when the boy gave him a newspaper and moved away without making any change, the Montanian called out: "I say, stop! Give me my

change." At that the boy looked wonderingly at him. "Oh no," he replied; "you don't want no change; you're a Montana man." The other story is to the effect that a party of well-known Butte and Helena millionaires were enjoying a quiet and friendly game at poker, when a commercial traveller—a stranger to all in the party—manifested a considerable interest in the game, as an outsider. The gentlemen were "chipping in" white chips to admit them to the betting on each hand of cards, and then they were stacking up red and blue chips in great profusion to attest their faith in what cards they held. The drummer found the game irresistible, and taking out a one-hundred-dollar bill, he flung it on the table and said: "Gentlemen, I would like to join you. There's the money for some chips." At that one of the millionaires looked over at the banker and said, "Sam, take the gentleman's money, and give him a white chip."

These are characteristic Montana stories, and they reflect the spirit of the dominant handful of leaders in the State. If these men are not all too used to the making of big fortunes, they are at least bent upon making them, and very familiar with seeing them made. Years and years ago there was just such a condition of affairs in California; now it is peculiar to Montana.

Think of it! Montana, speaking very roughly, is so large a State and with so small a population that it may be said to contain one inhabitant for each square mile of its surface, and yet it has been the boast of those people that no similar band of human beings in the world has approached them in the amount of wealth *per capita* that they have produced. As long ago as 1889 Montana contained less than 150,000 souls, and produced $60,000,000—that is to say that, exclusive of what was consumed at home, the ore, cattle, horses, and sheep sent out of the State brought a sum of money equal to $400 for every man, woman, and child it supported.

It is mainly a mining and a stock-raising State, and these industries have so amply rewarded those who are engaged in them that agricultural and manufacturing development have been unduly retarded. This cannot long continue. So great a State cannot be long given over to grazing herds of cattle, and dotted here and there with mining camps, and when we come to understand what rich farming lands the State contains, and of what vast extent are these parks and valleys, it takes no uncommonly prophetic eye to see the State in the near future checkered with the green and yellow of well-worked farms to a greater extent than it is now ribbed with mountains. The frequent and often easy making of great fortunes has had its natural consequence in causing the postponement of the cultivation of the soil. It has been left for Chinamen to make the valleys laugh with the bloom and verdure of small fruits and vegetables, and the fact that Chinamen were thus employed has tended to make such labor seem so much the less worthy of the white inhabitant. But now the white man has begun to take note of the wonderful results which have followed even this petty farming, and his eyes have been opened to the wide and varied capabilities of the soil, and to the fortunes that lie in it awaiting the great agriculturists who are to come—who, indeed, are beginning work. They earned a million and a half from wheat last year, and nearly two millions of dollars from oats.

But the conditions that have caused mining and stock-raising to monopolize the energy of the original people there have resulted in making Montana a very forward State, a very progressive and interesting fraction of the nation. It will not do for the reader to jump to the conclusion that because mining camps and cattle ranges have been the chief fields of industry, that the population is one of cowboys and shovel-men. On the contrary, Helena, the capital, is one of the most attractive cities in America, and is perhaps the wealthiest one of its size in the world. And scattered all over the State are other fine towns, in which will be found a very cultivated and cosmopolitan people, fond of and accustomed to travel, holding memberships in the clubs of New York and London, living splendidly at home, well informed, polite, fashionable, and intimately related, socially or in business, with the leading circles in the financial centres of the country. It was not long ago in point of actual time that our children were taught to regard the region of the Missouri as peopled by redskins and enlivened by the presence of the buffalo. But it will seem to the

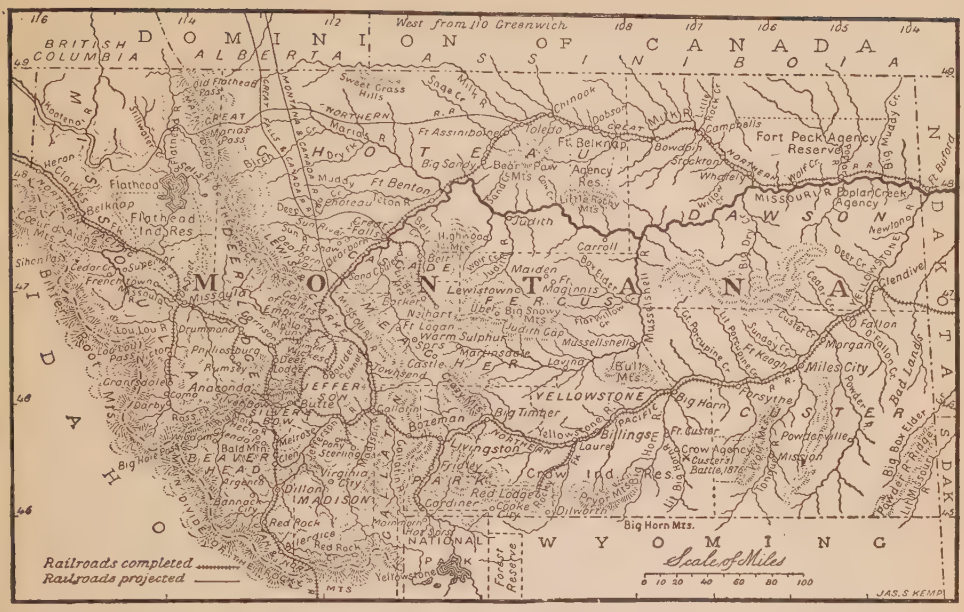
tourist of to-morrow that such a characterization of the country cannot have been true in the time of men now alive, so utterly are all traces of the old condition obliterated. As far as such a traveller will be able to judge by what he sees, the Indian will appear to have gone with the buffalo. As a matter of fact, the savage is there still, but he is corralled on reservations as deer are in our parks.

The tourist in Montana will find along his route a chain of thoroughly modern cities, appointed with fine and showy storehouses, the most modern means of street travel, excellent newspapers, luxuriously appointed clubs, good hotels, and all the conveniences of latter-day life. In Helena he will meet something more nearly approaching a leisure class than I saw anywhere else in the Northwest—a circle made up of men who have retired upon their incomes, or who thrive by the shrewd use of capital obtained from industries that do not monopolize their attention. In this respect little Helena is more forward even than great Chicago.

But over and through all of this progress and accomplishment there shines the mysterious and romantic light of a rude era that was so recent as to have involved even the middle-aged men of today. It was of the type of that of '49 in California. It was an era of new mining camps, of swarming tides of men thirsty for nuggets, of pistol-bristling sheriffs, of vigilantes, road-agents, Indian fights, stage-coaches, and all the motley characters that gave Bret Harte his inspiration. You may meet some of the men who helped to rid the State of outlaws by the holding of what they gayly spoke of as "necktie parties," and the application of hemp. They are apt to lounge into the clubs on any night, and with them you may see the best Indian "sign-talker" who ever lived, or that quick-handed, "scientific" ex-constable who proudly asserts that in the worst days he arrested hundreds of desperadoes bare-handed, without pulling his gun more than once or twice in his whole constabulary career. They represent the days of the founding of Montana. And yet in the same city where I met such men I encountered others from London, New York, Sitka, San Francisco, and many other capitals; for, as I have said, the new Montana is in close contact with all the world.

Montana is the largest of the newly admitted States; in fact, it is as large as Washington and North Dakota combined. It is one-sixth larger than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is the third State in the sisterhood, ranking next after Texas and California. It contains 143,776 square miles, and is therefore the size of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia all rolled together. It is about 540 miles in length, and half as wide. As it is approached from the east, it seems to be a continuation of the bunch-grass plains land which makes up all of North Dakota. But almost all at once upon entering Montana the monotony of the great plateau is relieved by its disturbance into hills, which grow more and more numerous, and take on greater and greater bulk and height, until, when one-third of the State has been passed, the earth is all distorted with mountains and mountain spurs. These are the forerunners of the Rockies, which, speaking roughly, make up the final or western third of this grand and imperial new State. A glance at the map will call to the attention the apparently contradictory fact that the principal seats of population in the State are directly in the Rocky Mountain region. This is difficult for the majority of readers to account for. They think of the Rocky Mountains as great bastions of bare stone—and such, indeed, the main range is; but the spurs and lesser or side ranges are grass-clad or wooded elevations, and even amid the veritable Rockies themselves are innumerable valleys coated with the richest, most nutritious pasturage to be found anywhere in the world. In or beside such valleys are the cities of which I speak, built there to be close to the mines that are being worked in the mountains.

Helena's history shows how such conditions came about. In 1864, after the discovery of placer gold in Alder Gulch had caused a stampede of fortune-seekers to Montana, the second scene of mining activity was Last Chance Gulch. That gulch is now the main street of Helena. The miners began washing the dirt at the foot of the gulch, and the saloon-keepers, gamblers, and traders built their places of business close to where the miners were at work. When the whole surface of the gold-bearing runways had been



MAP OF MONTANA.

passed through the pans, and $25,000,000 had been taken out in nuggets and dust, the mining ceased, but the town remained. It did not shrivel and languish like Virginia City, the town that had grown up in Alder Gulch, but being at the crossing of all the old Indian trails of the Northwest, and a natural centre of the region, it waxed big, and began a new lease of life as a trading, political, and money capital.

Let me begin a detailed description of Montana by saying that its future as an agricultural State will be dependent upon the extent and number of irrigation ditches that shall be cut in it. The average rainfall upon the eastern end of the State is only about nine inches a year; in the central part, still east of the mountains, it is nowhere more than fourteen inches, I believe. West of the mountains there is a very different country, one that is locally described as "green"; that is to say, the verdure has its natural term of life, and the rainfall is greater there. But that is a small part of the State by comparison with the rest. Yet all over the State, on the great eastern plateau as well as in the valleys among the mountains, the soil is of extraordinary fertility, and it is said that at least three-fifths of it can be laid under the ditch. A glance at the map will show the reader the great lines of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, and the fine lines of their branches and feeders, which literally vein the chart. It is, of course, by means of the supply in these waterways that it is hoped the future farms of Montana will be founded and maintained.

Governor Toole, in his last annual message, says that "there was a time when it seemed not improbable that the general government would take hold of this proposition, and under its supervision control and manage the water supply to the advantage of all. It is perfectly apparent, however, at this time (January, 1891) that influences are co-operating which will eventuate in destroying whatever hope we may have had in that direction. Eastern communities, which have set this opposition in motion, appear to be mindful only of local interests, and not of the prosperity of the whole country. Their protest is based upon the claim that the reclamation of these arid lands would subject the settler in the Eastern and Middle States to undue competition, retarding relief from agricultural depression....The homes which we propose to make," he continues, "are not for us alone, but for every citizen of the United States who has the courage to

come and take one. If we are to receive any substantial or speedy benefits from our arid lands, I believe the State must first acquire a title to them, and then undertake by appropriate legislation to reclaim and dispose of them. The government should select, survey, and convey these lands to the State upon such conditions as would secure their occupation and reclamation."

Independent of any such Federal action as is suggested by the Governor, individual enterprise has made itself greatly felt in the provision of irrigation canals, reservoirs, and ditches. If it were not that I fear being credited with a desire to criticise, I would say that the rush and mania for water rights in Montana closely resemble in their impetuosity and greed the scramble for rich lands wherever they are newly opened in the far West, and the not altogether patriotic desire to build new cities in the State of Washington. In Montana irrigation schemes are expected to pay even better than mining; hence the scramble. I ventured to speak of this to a man who was planning to control certain valleys, which he described as being of the size of dukedoms, by "corralling" the waterways in them, by which alone they could be made fit for farming.

"Well," he replied, "we who are on the ground are going to get whatever there is lying round. You don't suppose we are going to let a parcel of strangers preempt the water rights so that we must pay taxes to them? No; we prefer to let them pay the taxes to us."

That was eminently logical, and thoroughly human as well. But it still seems to me that either the State or the general government should own and control the water rather than that a few corporations should seize it, and thereby tax how they please that vast and general industry which will be the chief dependence of and source of wealth to the State. I am old-fashioned in this, since I but borrow the ideas of those central Asian kingdoms whose irrigating systems belonged to the governments, and yet I fancy this repugnance to a monopoly of water will prove a new and controlling fashion when the monopolists begin to fatten on their rents.

As it is, water rights can be taken only by those individuals who mean to and do utilize them for the public. Such a person, or such persons, can file a claim for a water right at the district United States Land-office, but must improve such rights within a reasonable time. These rights are given in perpetuity to the owners, their heirs, assigns, etc., forever. They tap a stream of any part or all of its water if they want to, and run their ditch through what land they please, having the right to go through the land of a non-purchaser to reach that of a purchaser. Then they sell the water at so much per acre per year. The rentals vary between 50 cents and $1 50 an acre. Each farmer taps the ditch with lateral canals, gates being put in to divert the water into the side ditches. A farmer may also lay pipe from the ditch and carry water to his house and farm buildings, arranging an adequate and townlike system of water-works for domestic and stable uses; thus, at what should be a trifling expense, the farmers on irrigated lands may obtain this modern convenience. An important recent decision of the courts is that a man cannot buy water and allow it to run to waste in order to deprive a neighbor of it.

A company preempting a water right takes it on a mountain slope, tapping the stream high above the land to be irrigated. As a rule, the water is not brought to a reservoir. In most instances on the east slope of the Rockies this cannot be done, but the ditches start above the basin land, not only to get a "head" or impetus for the water, but because in Montana the streams are apt to run in the bottoms of deep-water channels. It is a tempting business, because, since the rights are eternal, a company can afford to start even where the first outlay is large; indeed, the more extensive the system and the larger the ditches, the better the profits. The country is certain to grow to meet such improvements, and to pay a handsome revenue as the years go on; and in the mean time the ditches constantly cement themselves and diminish their waste.

The result has been that when a call was issued for data concerning irrigation in Montana, preliminary to a convention for the study of the subject at the opening of this year, it was found that there were already somewhere near 3500 irrigating ditches, the property of 500 owners. Some of these schemes are gigantic. In some instances the project has been to secure not only the water, but the land

it is to irrigate, and the water lords expect to reap fancy prices for the land from settlers, in addition to rents which their great-great-great-grandchildren may fatten upon. In other cases, only the water is got by the men or companies, and they are content to confine themselves to the taxes they will impose on the land as fast as it is taken up. The cattle-men of Montana decry these schemes, and beg the officials and editors of the State not to discuss irrigation and small farming, as, they say, settlers may be induced to come in and spoil the stock or grazing business; yet I am told that one company of cattle-men has secured miles of land and the adjacent water rights along the Missouri against the inevitable day when— But the cattle business shall have another chapter.

The largest irrigation scheme that is reported is that engineered by Zachary Taylor Burton, a notable figure in Montana. It is in Choteau County, and taps the Teton River. The main ditch is forty miles long, fourteen feet wide at the bottom, and eighteen feet at the top. The ditch connects and fills two dead lake basins, which now serve as reservoirs, and are fully restored to their ancient condition, not only beautifying a now blooming country, but having their surfaces blackened with flocks of wild swan, geese, ducks, gulls, and other fowl in the season when those birds reach that country. Drives are to be laid around the lakes, and their neighborhoods are likely either to become pleasure resorts or the seats of well-to-do communities. This scheme looks forward to putting 30,000 acres under the ditch. Thus far the cost of preparing the land for cultivation has been five dollars an acre, and the charge for maintenance of the ditches will be about fifty cents an acre a year.

A very peculiar and interesting scheme is that of the Dearborn Company, in the valley of the same name. Here is a valley containing half a million acres, a sixth part of which may be cultivated. The rest is hilly, and will always be grazing land. The valley is between Great Falls and Helena, alongside the main divide of the Rockies. Here are a number of little watercourses — the Dry, Simms, Auchard, and Flat creeks—in themselves incompetent to water their little valleys. These are all to be utilized as ditches. By tapping the Dearborn River with a six-foot-deep canal, thirty-eight feet wide, and only four and a half miles long, this natural system of watercourses is connected with a supply of water fed by eternal springs and frequent mountain snowfalls. The scheme embraces a hundred miles of main waterways and hundreds of miles of laterals. The greater part of the land benefited is obtainable by homesteaders.

I have spoken of the rush for water and land. Let me explain it with an illustration. One of the most lofty and ambitious grabbers in the State was not long ago observed to be engaging in a most mysterious business. He was taking women out into the wilderness, a stage-load or two at a time. They were very reputable women — school-teachers, type-writers, married women, and their friends. They were taken to a large and pleasantly situated house, upon the pretext that they were to attend a ball and a dinner, and get a hundred dollars as a present. It all proved true. Excursion party after excursion party went out in this way, and when the ladies returned to the town that had thus been pillaged of its beauty, they reported that they had fared upon venison and wild-fowl, with the very best of "fixings," and that at the ball a number of stalwart and dashing cowboys had become their partners, tripping their light fantastic measures with an enthusiasm which made up for any lack of grace that may have been noticed. The reader may fancy what a lark it was to the women, and how very much enjoyment the more mischievous wedded ones among them got by pretending that they were maidens, heart-whole and free of fancy! But while those women were in the thick of this pleasure, they each signed a formal claim to a homesteader's rights in the lands thereabout. And as they "prove up" those claims in the fulness of time, each will get her one hundred dollars. The titles to the land will then be made over to the ingenious inventors and backers of the scheme, and the land will be theirs. "Thus," in the language of a picturesque son of Montana, "a fellow can get a dukedom if he wants it." This is an absolutely true account of the conquest of a valley in Montana, and the future historian of our country will find much else that is akin to it, and that will make an interesting chapter in his records.

Governor Toole, in his message for 1891, abandons all hope of Federal supervision of this potentiality of wealth, and concludes his remarks with the statement that he assumes it to be the province of the Legislature to provide "against excessive and extortionate charges by individuals and companies engaged in the sale, rental, or distribution of water, and to prevent unjust discrimination in the disposal of the same to the public." He thinks the right of the State to regulate this matter should be asserted and maintained. He does not discuss the project of having the State develop and maintain the ditches, nor does he touch upon the next best alternative—of insisting that the farmers who own the land shall inherit the water plants after a fixed term of years.

But in considering Montana as it is, the main point is that there are thousands of ditches laid, and to-day a bird's-eye view of the State reveals valley after valley lying ready for the settler, like so many well-ordered parlors awaiting their guests. These parklike grassy bowls needed only the utilization of the water that is in or close to each one. There they lie, under sunny skies, carpeted with grass, bordered by rounding hills, rid of Indians, and all but empty of dangerous animals, waiting for the hodgepodge of new Americanism, to be made up of Swedes and Hollanders, Germans, Englishmen, and whoever else may happen along. What the State particularly needs is men of the Teutonic races, whose blood will not be stirred by the El Dorado-like traditions of vast and sudden wealth made in mining. It wants communities that will not be swept off the farm lands as by a cyclone at the first news that a new "lead" of gold or a new deposit of sapphires has been found in the mountains. Of such inflammable material, sent there in search of gold, and prone not to surrender the hope of finding more of it, has the State thus far been made up. The change is under way; the new people of a new and greater Pennsylvania are coming in, as we shall see. Five years from this, the politicians of Montana will be kowtowing to the farmer vote.

The northeastern corner of Montana is all Dawson County—a tract as big as Maryland, Vermont, and Connecticut. It is all high rolling plains land, now in use for stock-raising. It is well watered by tributaries of the Missouri, and abounds with little valleys, which will yet be very profitably farmed. Custer County, which takes up the remainder of the eastern end of Montana, is the same sort of land, and is a stock-raising country, but is yielding to the inroads of the farming element. It surprised the people of the State by the exhibit sent from there to the State fair last August. Wheat, oats, tomatoes, cabbages, potatoes, pumpkins, and squashes were in the yield, which was wellnigh complete, and of a high quality and size. All the lands that are watered are taken up, and this is true of the greater part of the State. The bench lands form the bulk of what remains. It has been demonstrated that they are very productive if water can be got to them, and since the streams are tapped on the mountain slopes, it is certain that they will, to a large extent, be irrigated.

Choteau County, in the north, and the next one west of Dawson, is a little empire in itself. It is slightly larger than Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. It is 100 miles wide and 225 miles long, and, to borrow a Western expression, the entire population of the Northwest could be "turned loose in it." It is like Dawson County in character—a high rolling plateau given over to cattle, sheep, and the growing of the hardier grains. Rich "finds" of magnetic and hematite iron are reported from there. Park County is a very mountainous, crumpled-up, and rocky area, and is the northern extension and neighbor of the Yellowstone National Park. Sheep and cattle raising and mining are its principal industries, and, on account of the wonderful mining "finds" that have recently been made there, the little county is knocking at the doors of Congress for a favor. Cook City, down on the southern edge of the county, is the beginning of a wonderful mining camp—that is to say, it is wonderful in the amount of ore there that could be profitably worked if coke and coal and transportation facilities could be had at reasonable cost. But, apparently, the only practicable route to the camp is through a corner of the National Park, and the miners are asking Congress to allow the rails to be laid there. They have had a discouraging experience thus far. The mines are principally in the hands of the discoverers, and since a prospector is usually the

poorest man in the world, they cannot afford to spend much to make their needs known to the public. The prospector, the reader should understand, is the indefatigable Wandering Jew of the mountains, who prowls about amid every sort of danger, hammer in hand, and dining on hope more often than food, and who, after discovering a "lead," gives an interest in it to capital, and then is very fortunate if he is not frozen out. The metals that have been found in Park County are silver and lead. There is very little gold, but coal has long been very profitably mined at several points in the county.

Gallatin County, next to the westward of Park, is a mountainous and mineral region also, but it contains the Gallatin Valley, which, to the agriculturist, is just now one of the most interesting districts in the United States. This great valley has more snowfall than any county in the State—at least the snow lies there longer than anywhere else. The result of the moisture, in conjunction with the character of the soil, is that the valley is one of the richest grain-producing regions in the State. For years barley has been raised there for the use of the brewers of Montana. When some samples of this Gallatin Valley barley reached New York, the brewers there refused to believe that any such barley was or could be grown anywhere in the world. They thought that what was shown to them was a lot of carefully selected samples. They deputized a committee to visit the valley, and found that the barley which had so astonished them was the common barley of the country. The grain is very clear, almost to the point of being translucent, and is in color a golden yellow. The brewers declare that no better grain for their use is grown in the world. They have organized a company, taken the water right, bought various tracts of land, amounting to 10,000 acres, and are going to try to make the valley the great malting centre of the continent, if not of the world. They have put up malting-houses at two points, have established some twenty miles of irrigating ditches already, and by furnishing the seed and buying the yields are encouraging the farmers of the valley to grow barley. They cultivated 2500 bushels in 1890, and raised sixty bushels to the acre. Last year they had 10,000 acres under cultivation. They expect in a few years to be selling barley to all the brewers of the country who value what the New-Yorkers think is the best grain obtainable. This is the nearest approach to what is called bonanza or big-scale farming in the State of Montana.

All that central district of the State, including Meagher and Fergus counties, and more besides, has been slow in the development of its mining resources. Mines have been held for years since they were discovered, because it has been hard to make capitalists and railroad men see what was in the country. It is almost always the case in such a wealthy mining region as Montana that news of rich finds is published every day, and capitalists hear the tales of prospectors with fatigued and half-closed ears. But now two routes have been surveyed into Meagher County by the Northern Pacific Company, and the Great Northern and Burlington and Missouri roads are expected to go in. All will head for Castle, the great mining camp of the country, where two smelteries are already turning out lead and silver, and freighting bullion 150 miles to the nearest railway.

Thus we reach the county of which Great Falls is the seat of government and of many interesting industries and operations. This is Cascade County. It is here that the noted and majestic falls of the Missouri occur in a succession of splendid cascades. Here a company, controlled by wealthy men of New York, Helena, and Great Falls, have taken up something like twelve miles on either side of the river at these falls, and have thus possessed themselves of what is undoubtedly the finest and greatest water-power in the West, comprising in all at least 250,000 horse-power, and more easily handled than that of Niagara. An auxiliary company owns a large town site there, and a very promising and considerable town has already grown up to handle the wheat and wool and beef of the region, and to be already the site of smelting-works, factories, and other establishments which have been attracted by the cheap and abundant water-power. In the shrewdness and reasonableness of the management of Great Falls lie much of the hope for its future. The town has never been "boomed." It is planned with broad avenues and streets, and even now contains several blocks of really notable stone and brick buildings along its main

street. It has a fine opera-house, club, hotel, and strong banks. Its population is above 7000.

This Cascade County is a very new part of Montana. A small proportion of the land is all that is yet taken, but experiments with this have led the people there to believe that there is no richer land in the State. Thus far the settlers are chiefly Americans. It has been and is yet a grazing country, but it is seen that as civilization pushes into it, the cattle business is being hurt. The difficulty in obtaining cowboy assistance is noticeable wherever farms and well-governed towns spring up, and this difficulty is increasing in this region. The cowboy and civilization are neighbors, but not friends. But it is a good grass country, and the grass is vastly better than that in Dakota, which becomes frozen and loses its nutriment. Here the Chinook winds from the Pacific come in at all times in the winter, never failing to blow upon all except twenty or twenty-five days in each winter. They clear off the snow like magic. Twelve thousand cattle were shipped from Great Falls during 1891. But the wool business exceeded that. From the same point last year nearly three millions of pounds of wool — more than were sent from any other point in the United States —were shipped from the backs of the sheep. Because of the rich soil and good grass, very little sand blows about to load down and damage the fibre of the wool. That is the case everywhere within 150 to 200 miles of the east slope of the Rockies. Sheep in this country have none of the destructive diseases which assail them elsewhere. The sheep and wool industries are going to be enormous in Montana on that account, whether the herding be upon the ranges, as at present, or in small herds managed by farmers, and raised upon the benches and side-hills that will not be brought under the ditch.

But in view of the future of the State, the experiments in agriculture are even more interesting than the harnessing of the cascades of the Missouri to the wheels of manufacture. The sugar-beet grows finely, in answer to the generally discussed project in most of these new States to render that form of sugar-making a leading industry when the lands are well settled. Fine, luscious strawberries grow right out on the plains wherever they have been planted, and one man on Belt Creek sold $170 worth of currants, raspberries, and strawberries from one acre of ground last year. Barley thrives in the soil, and has no dews or rains to bleach or "must" it when it is ripening. Wheat that is graded "No. 1 Northern" in Minneapolis grows thirty to fifty bushels to the acre. There is an orchard there already, producing fine apples; and here we get the first news of the astonishing potatoes of Montana — "the terrapin of the State," as they have been wittily called.

There are no such potatoes in the world as are grown in Montana. They attain prodigious size, and often weigh three, four, or five pounds apiece. Eighteen such potatoes make a bushel. To the taste they are like a new vegetable. The larger ones are mealy, but the smaller ones are like sacks of meal; when the skin is broken the meat falls out like flour. It must very soon become the pride of every steward in the first-grade hotels, restaurants, and clubs of the cities here—and even in Europe—to prepare these most delicious vegetables for those who enjoy good living. As these potatoes of the choicest quality can be cultivated in all the valleys east of the Rocky Mountains, there will soon be no lack of them. To-day the only ones that have left the State have been the few bushels sent to gourmets in New York, Washington, and San Francisco.

All this country east of the mountains must be irrigated to insure good crops. An early and general development of the farm lands is relied upon, because the great mining camps of the State will consume nearly all the products of the farms as fast as the farms increase in number. There is no danger that the mining camps will not grow and multiply to keep the demand strong. The miners are the best people in the world to farm for, because they produce money and they pay cash. The southern end of Lewis and Clarke County is a succession of fine valleys. Here is Helena, the capital of the State. Six miles away a cluster of gold mines is being reopened, after having produced millions. In this county the largest mine is the Drum Lummon, an English property that has paid dividends for many years. And here are the famous ruby and sapphire fields, on the bed-rock of former benches or bottoms of the Missouri. Strawberries of a

large and luscious variety will yield 10,000 baskets to the acre, and have sold in the past at a fixed rate of twenty cents a basket for home consumption. Apples, plums, crab-apples, grapes, currants, and all berries grow in wonderful abundance, and find an eager and high-priced market close at hand. Oats weigh forty and fifty pounds a bushel, as against thirty-two pounds in the East, and a yield of sixty bushels to the acre can be obtained. All wheat that is brought out here for seeding produces a soft grain. It has been sent to Minneapolis to be ground into flour for pastry and cracker bakers. The Cracker Trust is building a big bakery in Helena, to be near this product. It is not a bread-making grain. But a new population is needed to reap the wealth that is offered from small fruits. The Chinamen are harvesting this money now, but they do not meet the home demand. It is a rich country, and will some day dry and can large crops of fruits and berries. The side-hills will graze small bands of cattle. If the bunch-grass sod is ploughed up, there follows a growth of blue-joint grass that is like timothy, and that is very high, heavy, and nutritious. The same result follows irrigation wherever it is permitted.

Jefferson, Madison, Silver Bow, Beaver Head, and Deer Lodge counties, in the mountains, are all very nearly like what has just been described. Mining is the principal source of revenue, and wheat, oats, potatoes, and stock are the other products.

West of the Rockies is quite a different country. It is all practically in Missoula County. The mountains are full of minerals; the valleys will produce anything, apparently, that grows in the temperate zone — even corn. Irrigation is not so absolutely necessary, and is not necessary at all in a great part of it. The land is lower; the rains are heavier; the winds from the Japan current blow there with frequency and strength, and are almost uninterrupted. Verdure remains green there all summer, and the abundance of timber, the many streams, and the verdant hills render the scenery more like what the Eastern man is accustomed to than that which he sees east of the Rockies in Montana. The southern part of Missoula County has been settled many years, largely by thrifty French Canadians, and it contains as fine farms as will be seen almost anywhere. Here are orchards, and small fruits grow in abundance for shipment to the Cœur d'Alene mining camps in Idaho. Here is a milling company that produced seventy-five millions of feet of lumber last year. In the north is a new country wrested from the Flathead reservation. The Flathead Valley is forty miles long and one-half as wide, possessing a deep soil and a clay subsoil. It is farmed without irrigation. Several tributary valleys of the same quality open out of the main valley. Large crops of grain, hay, vegetables, and fruit have been harvested there, but the farmers have heretofore been without a market, and have subsisted by raising horses and cattle, and driving them abroad for purchasers. The entrance of the Great Northern Railroad, now accomplished, will open up this rich territory, and will develop the timber resources as well as the deposits of coal, oil, and natural gas, which seem to be very extensive there. The mountains are practically unprospected, and have only just been mapped by Lieutenant Ahern, U.S.A., who has philanthropically devoted his summers to that arduous and dangerous work. Indications of quartz are seen on every hand in the mountains. Taking the county as a whole, two years ago not a mining prospect was continuously worked, while now four mines are shipping and paying profits of $40,000 a month. The "leads" in the county are continuations of those in the Cœur d'Alene country in Idaho. Coal as good as the Lethbridge product of Canada is found there in vast quantities. It is a fine sporting region. The Flathead Lake, which has 318 square miles of surface, is cold and clear, and so deep that it has been sounded to a depth of 1000 feet. It is full of landlocked salmon and big trout, and harbors millions of ducks and geese in their season, while deer and winged game are plenty in the country around it. The Flathead Indians, south of the lake, have nice farms, and raise cattle besides. They are self-sustaining, and at least a dozen can be named who have accumulated between $20,000 and $50,000. They are a fine, stalwart people. They are not in reality Flatheads; they have no knowledge that the tribe ever followed the practice of compressing the heads of the children, as was done by the tribes at the mouth of the Columbia River.

It is in this county that Marcus Daly, the mining millionaire, has invested a million dollars in horses and land, and maintains a horse farm that ranks next to Senator Stanford's Palo Alto farm in California. Here also Daniel E. Bandmann, the actor, has 1000 acres of land, and is raising imported Percheron horses and Holstein cattle. Other farmers are in the same business. It is an enormous county, and is so well populated that its people cast 4000 votes at elections. With its ore, timber, horses, cattle, coal, petroleum, grain, and diversified small crops, it is unquestionably the finest county in the State. It would be the richest were it not for Silver Bow, with its one industry of mining.

There is plenty of coal in Montana. It crops out in all the northern counties and in several of the southern ones. It is most profitably worked when the owner is interested in the railroad which carries it from the mines. In all probability, the best coal is found in the Sand Coulee fields, in Cascade County. The Rocky Fork mines, in Custer County, are part of a vast deposit which has all been secured by Eastern capitalists. One hundred coke ovens near Livingston, in Park County, provide coke for use in the smelteries at Butte. Also in Park County are the Timber Line and Horr mines. The coal of the State is semi-bituminous. Only a mere speck of what the State contains is being mined.

We have seen that cattle-raising is a conspicuous industry—if industry it can be called—and is carried on in, I think, every county of the State. Large cattle herds are already things of the past in the western end of the State, and it is evident that farming and settlement will soon drive them out of Gallatin and Cascade counties. It is cause for jubilation that this is the case. It seems strange that cruelty should distinguish this branch of food-raising wherever it is seen and in whatever branch one studies it. From the bloody fields of Texas, where the ingenious fiends in the cattle business snip off the horns of the animals below the quick, to the stock-yards in Chicago, where men are found who will prod the beeves into pens, there to crush their skulls with hammers, it is everywhere the same—everywhere the cattle business has its concomitants of cruelty and savagery.

The reader would not suppose there was cruelty in the mere feeding of cattle on the plains, but let him go to Montana, and talk with the people there, and he will shudder at what he hears. The cattle-owners, or cow-men, are in Wall Street and the south of France, or in Florida, in the winter, but their cattle are on the wintry fields, where every now and then, say once in four years, half of them, or eighty per cent., or one in three (as it happens) starve to death because of their inability to get at the grass under the snow. A horse or a mule can dig down to the grass. Those animals have a joint in their legs which the horned cattle do not possess, and which enables those animals which possess it to "paw." Sheep are taken to especial winter grounds and watched over. But the cow-men do business on the principle that the gains in good years far more than offset the losses in bad years, and so when the bad years come, the poor beasts die by the thousands—totter along until they fall down, the living always trying to reach the body of a dead one to fall upon, and then they freeze to death, a fate that never befalls a steer or cow when it can get food.

Already, on some of the ranges, the "cow-men" (cattle-owners) are growing tired of relying upon Providence to superintend their business, and they are sending men to look after the herds once a month, and to pick out the calves and weaker cattle and drive them to where hay is stored. By spring-time one in every fifteen or twenty in large herds will have been cared for in this way. In far eastern Montana range-feeding in large herds will long continue, but in at least five-sevenths of the State, irrigation and the cultivation of the soil will soon end it. The hills and upper benches, all covered with self-curing bunch grass, will still remain, and will forever be used for the maintenance of small herds of cows and sheep, properly attended and provided with corrals and hay, against the times when the beasts must be fed. The farmers will undoubtedly go into cattle-raising, and dairy-farming is certain to be a great item in the State's resources, since the hills are beside every future farm, and the most provision that will be needed will be that of a little hay for stocking the winter corrals. Last year the cattle business in Montana was worth ten mill-

ions of dollars to the owners of the herds. "Providence was on deck," as the cowboys would say.

But the sheep there brought twelve millions of pounds of wool on their backs in the same year. They are banded in herds of about 2000 head, and each band is in charge of one solitary, lonely, forsaken herder, who will surprise his employers if he remains a sane man any great length of time. In the summer these herders sleep in tents, and the ranch foremen start out with fresh provisions at infrequent intervals, and hunt up their men as they follow the herds. In the winter the grazing is done in sheltered places especially chosen. On the winter grounds a corral is built, and thirty to forty tons of hay are stored there for emergencies when the snow lies thick on the ground. It is a prime country for sheep. They get heavy coats, and are subject to no epidemic diseases. The grass is rich and plenty, and the warm Pacific winds soon melt what snows occasionally cover the ground. The wool ranks next to that from Australia. The tendency of the sheep-herders to become insane is the most unpleasant accompaniment of the business, except the various forms of mutilation of the sheep for business reasons. The constant bleating of the sheep and the herder's loneliness, spending weeks and months without any companionship except that of a dog and the herd, are the causes that are commonly accepted to account for the fact that so many herders go insane. Since I found insanity terribly common among the pioneers on the plains in Canada, where no sheep were raised, I prefer to leave the incessant bleating of the sheep out of the calculation, and to call it loneliness—and yet, in my opinion, that is not the sole reason.

The horse market has been very poor for some time, and mules are being raised for the market with better results. The substitution of electric for horse power on street railways has lessened the demand for horses, and so has the use of steam farming implements. There has been an over-supply of horses as well. But the Montana men find horses a good investment. It costs nothing to raise them, and all breeds seem to improve there. They get great lung development, and acquire no diseases. When they cannot be sold for from $50 to $100 apiece, the owners keep them until they do fetch those prices.

The great wealth of the State is in its mines. Butte, in Silver Bow County, is the greatest mining centre not only in Montana, but, with the possible and doubtful exception of one town in Australia, in all the world. The Butte output is of lead, silver, and copper. The total dividends paid by all the mines in the United States which make public their affairs was $16,024,842, and of that sum Montana's mines paid one-quarter, or $4,059,700. That amount was paid in 1891, up to the end of November. Yet the richest mines are owned by private corporations which do not make known their profits. The Granite Mountain mine, in Deer Lodge County, yielding silver, lead, and some little gold, paid its owners, who are mainly in St. Louis, $1,300,000 in the same eleven months, and has sent to St. Louis about ten millions in dividends since it began to pay. Eight years ago the stock in that mine was held at 25 cents a share, and men played pool for it in Helena and Butte.

Butte first attracted the miners in 1864. They did nothing except wash dirt for five years, but they washed out eight millions of dollars. Then they found the quartz, and went down on it, only to find a great deal more silver than gold. As they went down further, they came upon the copper, and started a "boom" that shows no sign of diminution at this date. Butte has added to the world's wealth $140,000,000 in gold, silver, copper, and lead. The largest producers are the Anaconda, Boston and Montana, Colorado and Montana, Butte and Boston, Parrott, Lexington, Alice, Butte Reduction Works, Moulton, and Blue Bird. Those companies operate forty mines, and all have their own works for the reduction of ores. They are all high-grade ores, but some are high-grade in copper and some in silver. The Anaconda people, for instance, get enough silver and gold to render their vast output of copper all profit. As their capacity in copper is the greatest in the world, and as it does not cost them a cent a ton, they control the copper market of the earth. The principal owners of this property are the estate of Senator Hearst, J. B. Haggin, and Marcus Daly. Marcus Daly, who is known in the East as the foremost patron of the turf, came to Montana first on his feet, and worked at washing with a pan. That was less than twenty years ago, and now he is called "The White Czar" in

Montana. He is an influential and shrewd politician, the owner of the second largest horse-breeding farm in the world, the greatest employer of labor in Montana, maintains a metropolitan hotel in a little town in the mountains, disregarding the loss it incurs in order that he may have a place in which to entertain his friends, and finally he maintains a first-class newspaper in the same town or village of Anaconda—a newspaper as good as is published in any city of the second class. The town of Anaconda is where the company reduces its ores. The profits of the company are never made public.

The camp next in importance after Butte is Castle, in Meagher County, sixty miles from a railroad. Barker and Neihart are camps in the same county. The mining is for silver and lead. The biggest mine in the Castle district is the Cumberland, which is known to be a heavy shipper of bullion, but is a close corporation. The mines in the district and in the county need railroads to open them up. Jefferson County is next to Silver Bow in richness, but though it has more paying mines than any other county in the State, the mining is all on a small scale. The Holder Mine, owned in England, is in this county. It paid $400,000 in 1891. There are about thirty districts in Lewis and Clarke County, as against seventy in Jefferson. The richest of the thirty is Unionville, five miles from Helena. The ore is free milling gold. The Whitlatch Union Company has produced $20,000,000 there.

As I have said elsewhere, Deer Lodge, Madison, Beaver Head, and Missoula counties are rich in mine "prospects," but the need of railroads in all except Missoula County hinders work there. The future in mining is not yet in sight in Montana. The mineral veins have been but scratched. For every developed mining district in the State there are ten that are not developed, and that promise as well as any that are now being operated. Moreover, vast reaches of the mountain country have not even been explored. Of copper Montana produced 50,000 tons in 1890; of gold, $3,500,000; of silver, $19,350,000.

A few of the many stories that are told of miners' luck will enable the reader to understand how and why the heads of whole communities may be turned in mining regions. Jim Whitlatch, the discoverer of the Whitlatch-Union mine, near Helena, led a typical Western miner's life. The mine in question is now owned in England, and has produced $20,000,000 in gold. After Jim Whitlatch had sold the property for $1,500,000 he went to New York "to make as much money as Vanderbilt." He was a rare treat to Wall Street, which fattened on him, and in one year let him go with only the clothes on his back. He returned to Montana, began "prospecting" again, and discovered a mine for which he got $250,000. He went to Chicago to rival Mr. Potter Palmer in wealth, and returned just as he did from New York—"flat-strapped," as he would have expressed it. He made still another fortune, and went to San Francisco, where he died a poor man. Another Lewis and Clarke County mine—the Drum Lummon—provides another such story. It was discovered by an Irish immigrant named Thomas Cruse. Although he owned it, he could not get a sack of flour on credit. He sold it to an English syndicate for $1,500,000. But he remains one of the wealthy men of Helena.

There is an ex-State Senator in Beaver Head County who owns a very rich mine, the ore yielding $700 to the ton net. He is a California "Forty-niner," who came as a prospector to Montana, and since discovering his mine has lived upon it in a peculiar way. He has no faith in banks. He says his money is safest in the ground. When he has spent what money he has, he takes out a wagon-load of ore, ships it to Omaha, sells it, and lives on the return until he needs another wagon-load.

There is a queer story concerning the Spotted Horse Mine, in Fergus County. It was found by P. A. McAdow, who sold it to Governor Hauser and A. M. Holder for $500,000 three year ago. They paid a large sum down in cash, and the other payments were to come out of the ground. The ore was in pockets, each of which was easily exhausted. Whatever was taken out went to McAdow, who got about $100,000. Then the purchasers abandoned it, on the advice of experts, and Mr. McAdow took hold of it. He found the vein, over which rails had been laid for a mining car. He has taken out $500,000, and it is still a good mine. One of these children of luck came to Helena with money, picked out a wife, who was then a poor seamstress,

hired a hotel, and invited the town to the wedding. The amount of champagne that flowed at that wedding was fabulous, and it is said that the whole town reeled to bed that night.

Butte is the principal seat of the mining work. It is what they call in Montana "a wide-open town," and he who thinks he knows the United States because he can name the buildings which face the City Hall Park in New York would open his eyes and confess his astonishment were he to visit Butte. The old California mining spirit, the savor of the flush times of '49, was transplanted to the Treasure State during the war of the rebellion, and it still leaves strong traces everywhere in Montana. The smallest coin in circulation there is the nickel, or five-cent piece, but the shilling or "bit" is the unit of calculation. Shoeblacks and barbers charge two bits for their work; a drink at a bar costs a bit, and drinks go in pairs at two bits. Whoever wants a postage-stamp will either get no change out of a ten-cent piece, or will have the stamp given to him. Domestic servants are paid no less than $25 a month; waiter-boys in the hotels get $10 a week and their keep; the lowest wages paid to labor are paid to street-sweepers, and they receive $2 50 a day. This is all an inheritance from California and the precedents set in Virginia City, Nevada, long ago. The little one-story and two-story square cottages that dot the suburbs of each city are of a type otherwise peculiar to the Pacific coast—a type that is seen at its best in San Francisco, San José, and Oakland.

The disproportionate size of the vicious quarters in each Montana city, and the fashions in these quarters, are inheritances from the era of the California gold fever. The outcast women, who were originally the only women in each camp, have a ward or district to themselves, and there the variety theatre (which is descended from the original Bella Union) and the "hurdy-gurdy houses," or dance halls, and the gambling hells are all clustered. The women have streets to themselves in Butte, Helena, Great Falls—and, for that matter, in Seattle also—just as they do in San Francisco. And, as is the case in California, each house in such a quarter is a one-room or two-room shanty, harboring one occupant. For the true women and the children of each city that end of town is *taboo*.

Butte has more than 30,000 inhabitants, and 5000 of its men work in the mines to produce a mineral output which is within five millions of dollars of the value of the total yield of Colorado. The laborers who repair the streets get $3 50 a day, and the miners earn from $4 to $7. When the shifts or gangs of men change at night — for the work never ceases — the main street of Butte is as crowded as Broadway at Fulton Street at noon. At two or three o'clock in the morning the city is still lively. There is no pretence about the town. It has few notable or expensive buildings, and it is without a good hotel. Deadwood and Butte are the only considerable towns I saw out West of which that could be said. It gives the reader a hint of the "beginnings" of Butte to be told that the site of the best brick and granite building on the main street was won by a man who happened to hold only two "Jacks" at the time he was "called." There are sixteen licensed gambling hells in Butte, and the largest ones are almost side by side on the principal street. They are as busy as so many exchanges. They are large, bare rooms, with lay-outs for faro, craps, stud poker, and other games on tables at every few feet along the walls, each table faced by a knot of men, and backed by a "dealer" and "watcher." The gambling hells keep open all the time except from Saturday midnight to Sunday midnight. In summer the doors stand open, and the gambling may be seen from the pavement. The liquor stores never close, neither do the barber shops, nor—I fancy—the concert halls.

Montana has a saloon to every eighty inhabitants. It has more saloons than Alabama, Georgia, Kansas, and Indian Territory, Maine, Mississippi, South Carolina, West Virginia, Vermont, or the District of Columbia. "One thing I have noticed," said a liquor-dealer of Butte, "is that if a man quits drinking here, he will be dead in a month." This peculiarly businesslike observation veiled a reference to the sulphur fumes, which are the consequence of the presence of many smelteries. The city is at the bottom of a well, the walls of which are tall mountains. High up above the town, around one side of the well, are these smelteries, whose pipes emit smoke and sulphur. In addition to this, they were "heap-roasting" the ore in the open air when I was

there, and the sulphur weighted and jaundiced the atmosphere. The people rose in anger and stopped the nuisance.

There are fine schools there, attended by 5000 children. The Catholic parish includes 10,000 souls, and is the largest west of the Mississippi. Butte is the only Montana town that maintains a club of university graduates. Its other club, the Silver Bow, is one of whose club-house appointments and membership any city might be proud. The people there maintain such elevating societies and chapters as those of the Epworth League, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the King's Daughters, and the Society of Christian Endeavor. There is a cricket club there, and a rod-and-gun club, and a strong Turnverein, or German athletic society. They have some notable displays in those stores which are the head depots of great trading companies that operate far and wide. Whatever is best in London, Paris, or New York can be duplicated in Butte, and it is said that when strawberries are a dollar a basket in New York, this strange city is one of the purchasers of them. Butte has six banks, with a capital of a million dollars, and a million of dollars are paid out there in wages every month.

It is impossible to make room for that which should be told of the cities of Montana generally. It is my opinion that Butte will grow steadily as long as the present mines pay and new ones continue to be developed. It will be a large city, judging from present appearances. Great Falls should, in the logic of its merits, become an important city. Miles City cannot be threatened by any changes in its vicinage except such as will cause it to grow. Missoula will in all likelihood be the capital of a great and rich farming district, and perhaps of a mining section as well. The Great Northern Railway, now completing its highway through the northern counties, must develop at least one sizable town on either side of the Rockies, but the names of those towns are not in my ken. There are going to be many more inhabitants in the State than there are in Pennsylvania—possibly twice as many—and they will build cities.

Though Helena is the capital, it must still fight to retain that honor, the permanent seat of government not yet having been chosen. But it seems almost a foregone conclusion that Helena will remain as it is, for as Butte is the industrial centre, so Helena is the social and financial headquarters. It has most of the concomitants of a chief city—all, in fact, except a first-class theatre. It is commonly credited with being the wealthiest city of its size in the world, and it does boast more than a dozen citizens each worth more than a million of dollars. But it gains that reputation most creditably as the backer of the principal enterprises in the State. In its best residence quarters are many fine and costly houses, and the people in them know the luxuries and refinements of cultivation and wisely managed wealth. Helena has three daily newspapers, which receive the despatches of the chief news associations of the country. A very commendable spirit in Montana finds expression in a State historical society, whose already imposing collections are housed in one of the public buildings in Helena. President Stuart and Secretary Wheeler, in gathering the early newspapers, diaries, photographs, and biographies of the pioneers, are performing a work which will swell in value faster than compound interest enhances the value of money.

All the principal religious bodies are well represented in Helena in church buildings and membership; the schools and other public buildings are the subjects of popular pride; the stores are fine and well stocked. The Montana Club, now building a palatial stone club-house, is very much more like an Eastern than a Western club in all that makes a club attractive. There are other clubs—Scotch, German, literary, musical, mercantile, and athletic; there are military organizations and the lodges of half a dozen secret fraternities, and there is a State Fair Association which maintains a fine race-track. Helena has many manufactures, and eight banks, with a joint capital of two and one-third millions of dollars. Already three transcontinental railways meet there—the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, and the Great Northern. Among its hotels, the Helena is a most cozy and metropolitan house, and in summer the Hotel Broadwater, in the suburbs, gives to Montana the finest hotel and watering-place in the Northwest. It is the property and venture of Colonel C. A. Broadwater, a pioneer and millionaire, and comprises a park, a hotel of the most modern and

elegant character, and the largest natatorium in the world—a bath 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, of natural hot water, medicated and curative, yet as clear as crystal, and without offence to taste or smell. The beautiful Moorish bath-house, with its daily concourse of health and pleasure seekers, its band of music and atmosphere of indolence, is the pleasantest holiday spot in the new States. But, in my opinion, still stronger attractions to Helena are its surroundings and its climate, its 300 bright, sunny, golden days in every year, its crisp, clear, healthful atmosphere, and its picturesque belt of soft, rolling mountain breasts encircling it.

Speaking from the stand-point of physical human pleasure, none of the new States has a climate to compare with that of Montana. There the air is always tonic, even magnetic. It rains on 65 days in the year, but the sun manages to shine more or less even on those days—which come in April, May, and June. The valleys are 4000 to 6000 feet above sea-level. Upon them the soft warm winds of the Pacific slope blow after they have emptied their moisture upon the mountain ranges of Washington. These winds temper the climate of Montana so that it seems not to belong in the cold belt of our most northerly States. It is nothing like so cold as the Dakotas; indeed, there are only a few cold days at a time, mainly in January, with little skating or sleighing, and an assurance that the Chinook breezes are always close at hand. Montana is a sanitarium. No account can be given of the attractions of the State without putting the climate high in the list. It has a magic power to breed enthusiastic love in the hearts of all who live there, even if their stay is of but a few months' duration. The inhabitants all went there to make money, and now they remain to praise the country. A spell, a mania, seizes all alike, and each vies with the other in overestimating the vast number of ox teams that would be required to pull him back whence he came.

Close to Helena, on ledges which mark two former levels of the Missouri River, are the world-famous sapphire and ruby beds, 8000 acres of which, with 2000 other acres under water, have recently been acquired by an English company of noblemen, bankers, jewellers, and others for $2,000,000, the mere value of the gold which it is thought will be taken from the dirt. That sapphires and rubies were there has been known for twenty years or more, some miners having kept the finer specimens, and others having thrown them out of their pans into the river by the hundredweight as pebbles of no value. The truth, as I get it from experts, is that these stones are true rubies and sapphires, and the only opportunity they afford for criticism lies in the fact that very nearly all of them are much lighter in color than the Asiatic gems of the same sort. In other words, pigeon's-blood rubies and sapphire-blue sapphires are found there, but not often. And yet these stones of the lighter shades are of far greater brilliancy than the Asiatic gems that fashion has approved; indeed, they are often like diamonds, and as their hardness is next to that of the diamond, their lustre must prove enduring. The gems are found on the bed-rock under eight or ten feet of soil, along with crystals, nuggets of gold, gold-dust, garnets, and pebbles. The land was bought by two Michigan lumbermen, brothers, who now treasure a million in cash and a million in shares of the new English company—rewards for their foresight.

One of the English experts who examined the gem fields announced it to be his opinion that the diamond must sooner or later be found in Montana. All the conditions warrant its existence there. What a State Montana is! Gold, silver, copper, lead, asbestos, tin, iron, oil, gas, rubies, sapphires, and a possibility of diamonds—all locked up in her ribs and pockets!

I see a vision of Montana in the future, yet in the lifetime of the young men of to-day. I see half a dozen such mining centres as Butte, and they are all noble cities, set with grand buildings, boulevards, and parks. I see at least two great manufacturing towns besides. I see scores of great valleys, and other scores of little ones, all gay with the blossoms of fruits and grain, supporting a great army of prosperous farmers. I see tens of thousands of rills of water embroidering the green valleys, and I dream that the men who need that water to make the earth give up its other treasures are not obliged to pay more than the conduits cost, merely to enrich a set of water lords who seized the streams when no one was there to protest. I see the brown hills and

mountain-sides of the eastern part of Montana dotted with cattle and sheep in small herds. The woollen industry has become a great source of wealth, and Montana has robbed New England of some of her factories. I see in western Montana great saw-mills and mines that were not dreamt of in 1892. I see car-loads of fruit and vegetables and barley malt rolling into the cities, and out to other States. I see no Indians except those who work or who serve in the army, and where there were reservations I see the soil laughing with verdure or tracked with cattle. I see statisticians calculating the value of the annual product of the State; the figures are too stupendous for repetition here. Montana is fulfilling her destiny. She is one of the most populous and opulent members of our sisterhood of States.

FROM LEOPOLD'S WINDOW.

BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS.

LEOPOLD was not his Christian name. In fact, for all practical purposes except a legal signature, he might just as well have had no Christian name at all, for his letters bore merely his surname, preceded by an initial or so, which might have meant anything, and to his friends he was simply Leopold.

There was in this something not altogether without significance. The disused name of his baptism might be taken perhaps in a spiritual sense, as something which Leopold preferred to ignore and forget if possible; yet of which even the initials or rudimentary traces reminded him of a citizenship higher than that of this troublesome world—a citizenship whereof he had never cared to exercise the franchise.

He did not impress one as particularly happy, although he was of German descent; and for your true German there is seldom any medium between absolute satisfaction and suicide.

His business was multifarious, combining stock-broking with various agencies — real-estate, steamship, and others. There lay upon his office table—a dingy little office on a hill-side street in Smoketon—flaming and flaunting prospectuses of country estates and unbuilt Western towns, marked by a certain want of strict accuracy in point of fact, which in no way troubled the conscience of Leopold. They were not supposed to be as exact as the neat diagrams and elevations in red and black ink which he sometimes prepared, and to every line and figure of which he would have been willing to make oath.

I have said that Leopold was a German. No one would have doubted this who had seen tucked away under a fallacious prospectus a volume of Fouqué or Hoffmann, Heine or Uhland; who had watched him lean back from the concoction of a specially astringent lease, to recover from this severe exertion in the perusal of Epictetus in the original; or who had glanced from the pile of threats of distraint and inducements to immigrants, that lay ready for the postman, to the gems of art upon the grimy walls, the bronzes on the mantel, the carefully tended flowers in the window, and the canary in his cage among them, content to sing his little heart away for the Isles of the Blessed, without hope of ever beholding them.

Was Leopold wiser or more foolish than the bird? There was a softness about his eyes and lips as he listened, with his book closed upon one finger; but one could not transact business in such distraction, so the bird was banished to Leopold's boarding-house, where, either from some accident or from simple loneliness, he soon pined away and died. Leopold never forgot him; he never tried to keep another near him; but his life was the poorer thereafter, though by such a very little thing.

It is unnecessary to say that Leopold was a bachelor, a *Junggesell* of the most hardened type. It was rather the fashion to make fun of him on this account; and in German circles it was said of each new *débutante*, "Perhaps she will make a conquest of Leopold," as in other circles, "She will have the world at her feet." Literally, of course, the world is at the feet of every one; but Leopold remained unconquered. Yet he was by no means insensible to the influence of women; only he divided them into two classes—women from whom one expects

nothing; and women from whom one is tempted to expect everything—and be disappointed.

Now to be disappointed disgusted Leopold; therefore he confined his attention to those who under his system belonged to the first class, and under the social system to no class at all. It was sometimes said of him, incorrectly, that he was afraid of good women; but the truth was far more sad—he did not believe in them.

It was sometimes said of Leopold that there were worse men in Smoketon who had a better reputation. He said of himself that if his code of morals was low, at least he lived up to it; and that, if he had but a poor opinion of women, no individual woman had ever been the worse for knowing him. But the advantage of a code of morals that one can live up to may be seriously questioned, and if no woman were the worse for knowing Leopold (which also may be doubted), it is certain that he was much the worse for knowing himself and them.

It was at this stage of his degeneration —for we cannot say development—that he found his ideal. He was standing idly at his window, behind the blooming plants which screened him completely, when he saw her coming down the hill, a slight girlish figure, with a pale gray gown and a fair sweet happy face. As she passed under his window the breath of the flowers floated down to her; she glanced upward and smiled. That was all; but Leopold went back to his work —the preparation of a particularly delusive German prospectus which was to be sown broadcast in his native land—with renewed vigor. He wondered a little who she could be, but with a calm, pleasant, incurious wonder which rather preferred not to be gratified. The next day he saw her by chance pass at about the same hour; and after that he found a gentle excitement in watching for her, himself unseen behind his flowers.

Leopold was an enthusiastic amateur florist. A new variety of rose or geranium he would have followed up eagerly; he would never have rested until its origin and habits had been thoroughly analyzed and understood; and if he had wished to produce its like himself, he would have considered it perfectly possible to do so, by observing the proper conditions as to soil and temperature. But from this human flower—this new variety of woman—he preferred to keep at a respectful distance. Perhaps, after all, she was *not* his *Gloire de Dijon*, his queen rose, the "perfect woman, nobly planned," of whom he had dreamed all his life without ever feeling impelled to finish the quotation. Or, if she *were* his ideal! Well, even at the heart of a rose a worm may lurk, and his life would then be barren of even a dream.

He made no effort to discover the name of his divinity. It was by pure accident, if there be such a thing, that he one day saw her entering a certain house with the air of a person at home; whereupon her identity flashed upon him, slightly against his will, even though his ideal could not possibly have suffered loss by the knowledge.

Smoketon was a small place, and Dr. Worthington one of its best-known physicians; and Leopold remembered a great deal of chatter—not malicious enough to be called gossip—about the doctor's course in bringing home lately his father, whose health had suddenly failed after a lifetime of work as cashier of a great bank in a distant city, his mother, and young sister. Dr. Worthington had a houseful of small children, and no income beyond that derived from his practice; and Smoketon was decidedly of the opinion that, while his conduct might be strictly justifiable by a reference to Bible precepts, it was, on business principles, indefensible. Smoketon did more than chatter; it interested itself, through its school board, to obtain employment for the sister as a teacher. Leopold had seen her name in the paper when the appointment was made—"Margaret Worthington."

After all, there was no reason why she should not have a name of her own; and Leopold, after his first indistinct sense of annoyance had subsided, repeated it over and over to himself, and felt distinctly pleased.

This was in the early spring, and he awaited with almost absurd dread the closing of the schools for the summer, when her daily path would no longer lie before his window, and, without some trouble on his side, he should be unable to see one who merely as a vision made him, as he expressed it, "a better man."

To shorten the blank and break the change to himself, he timed his usual fortnight's holiday at the beginning of July.

There was an accumulation of letters, advertisements, and other documents awaiting him on the day that he re-entered his office. When he had watered his window plants, which had gone thirsty during his absence, sighed over their drooping looks, and cast a regretful glance in the direction whence no slender girlish form was to be expected that morning, he sat down with manly disregard of dust and untidiness to open his correspondence.

Methodically and with businesslike accuracy he read and sorted rapidly letters to be answered from letters to be ignored, circulars important and unimportant, bills, checks, and all the numerous items which make up a business man's daily mail, coming neither first nor finally, but quite in the midst, between two absolutely commonplace letters, upon the following, which he read through calmly enough until he came to the signature:

"DEAR SIR,—I have called to see you once or twice lately, and finding your office closed each time, take the precaution to send this that I may stand a better chance of finding you in when I call again.

"I am anxious to rent a small house —about three bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen—rent not to exceed—— dollars a month, in this part of the town. I would take such a house at once if satisfactory in other respects, but I *must* be settled by September 1st. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall be at your office again on Thursday, at about 10.30 A.M. Respectfully,

MARGARET WORTHINGTON."

Leopold absolutely sprang out of his chair; then he sat down and re-read the letter. No; it was quite impossible! A letter so brief, businesslike, and to the point, so clear as to the wants and the pocket-book of the writer, could never have been written by any woman under forty; certainly not by his divinity, whose only business in life was to be put upon a pedestal and adored. To be sure, the address given was Dr. Worthington's residence, but then— Why, of course, it must be her mother! He felt unreasonably disgusted with himself for having fancied otherwise for a moment, and was about to toss the letter aside with an utter failure of interest, when it struck him that the hand was not that of an elderly person, and at the same moment he noticed the date.

Thursday!

To-day!

She might appear at any moment.

By a sudden irresistible impulse, Leopold caught up his hat and rushed headlong into the street, scarcely taking time to close the office door behind him. When he recovered himself, it was to determine that he had considered it necessary to go in search of the German *Frau* who did the modicum of cleaning which he and she considered necessary; whom he accordingly fetched and mounted guard over, while she expended herculean efforts in raising such a cloud of dust that both of them were wellnigh strangled, while the general complexion of the office was not materially improved. Leopold was very cross indeed when she was fairly gone, and more averse than ever to the establishment of such human relations with his ideal as involved these strenuous personal exertions.

"And perhaps, after all, it was only her mother," he said to himself. "But if she is angry, and does not return, best so, for there is little commission on a house at that rent."

He was very nervous all the afternoon, and started at every step in the passage; but when the next morning passed without bringing her, he settled in his own mind that she was quite unlikely to come at all. Yet when, in the midst of a deed he was drawing up, a gentle knock sounded upon his door, Leopold knew the knocker before he lifted his eyes.

"Come in," he said, in a very fair imitation of his usual voice. He motioned her to a chair with his left hand. "One moment," he said, continuing his work as though the fate of the nation hung upon that particular document. Nevertheless, the entire work had afterwards to be done over again. There was a thumping in his ears, and his breath came short, as though he had run very fast; but the pleasure of being still able to experience such keen sensations helped him to self-control.

"I am Miss Worthington," said his visitor, when at last he laid aside his pen and leaned back in his chair, with a mute air of being quite at her service. "I sent you a note the other day."

He shuffled among his papers without

finding it, partly, perhaps, because he could feel it in his breast pocket, pulsating with his throbbing heart.

"I think I remember," he said, clearing his throat in order to speak. "You want a small house? I am sorry I have been out of town."

"Oh, that was why your office was closed," she said. "It is so hard to find the sort of house I want. I think I have been to every agent in town."

"Yes," he said; "but one must go home sometimes to see his mother."

And it was true that such had been the object of Leopold's journey; he brought it forward now with pathetic haste. The beautiful eyes before him were very clear and observant, and he wished to stand well before them.

Margaret smiled brightly. "Of course," she said, half amused, yet sympathetically.

He studied her face as she talked, with quick stealthy eyes. She was older than he had thought, and her manner was very calm and businesslike. Her face was not beautiful, and there were lines upon it that told of suffering, either mental or bodily; but Leopold, who had had experience, judged it the purest face he had ever seen.

Margaret, on her side, whose eyes were trained to detect the ringleader in a knot of delinquents, had taken in at a glance the incongruous surroundings which I have described, and felt strangely interested in the man before her. The flowers, the gems of art, the simple childlikeness of his reference to his holiday and its object, appealed to the girl's heart. His face was written over with characters which she could not at all understand; but it was not far from a handsome face, and certainly was not ignoble. And he looked at her so wistfully: the expression of his eyes was certainly fine, and the overfulness of his lips was redeemed by a pathetic droop at the corners. "Poor man!" said Margaret.

She was impressed also by the patient care with which he listened to her requirements in the matter of a house, making minute notes of the same on his tablets.

She did not know that he had in his mind a house which would have suited her exactly, the present occupant of which was very anxious to sublet.

"I will look around," said Leopold, "and drop you a line in a day or two, if I hear of anything." For he could word the note so as to bring her to his office, he thought; and he would rather find her another house if possible, for the one he had in mind was on the wrong side of her school-house: there would be no more passing his window twice a day if she lived there.

"You know the rent would be sure to the day," Margaret told him. "I teach in the public schools."

"In No. 7," he said, smiling—and the best in Leopold came out in his smile—"I have seen it in the paper. Oh yes, there is no fear of the rent, Miss Worthington. Your brother, too, is well known in Smoketon. There are not so many houses to rent, but perhaps we can find what you want."

"You know my brother?" she said; "and you know he has a great many children. My mother and I would never complain of their noise, and indeed they are good little things; but my father is old and very nervous, and sometimes they annoy him. So we think it best to keep up a separate establishment."

Leopold smiled; there was a very pleasant thrill at his heart that she should so confide in him.

Upon various pretexts he managed that Margaret should come rather frequently to his office during the next few weeks. It was, as we have seen, not an unattractive place; and in addition to the transaction of business, offered facilities for artistic and literary discussion, of which Margaret, the most unconventional being who ever avoided eccentricity, was not sorry to avail herself. Leopold lent her books, he was a cultivated, well-read person, and she enjoyed talking to him. But Margaret wondered a little sometimes why he had ever turned his attention to the renting of houses, of which he seemed to know absolutely nothing. He was always on the eve of "looking around," or else had just seen a house that would not suit her at all. The girl, as a practical woman of business, felt annoyed at times; but she was a stranger in Smoketon, and supposed that all Smoketonians did business that way.

Meanwhile the man, with his experience, and his enfeebled yet sure and living instinct, was reading, searching every day more and more the depths of this pure soul. Not that he willed to penetrate her thoughts, for Leopold would

rather have kept to the fair and beautiful surface of things. Their intercourse was to him far from an unmixed pleasure, for he trembled at every meeting lest she should betray some unlovely trait or emotion. But Margaret was utterly transparent and simply true, for which reason she had hitherto found few to understand her. This man, she felt, did. He divined the meaning that lay beneath a look, a gesture, or in the grasp of an incomplete sentence; and though he had not the gift of a fluent tongue, his ready smile and quick glance interpreted her thought to herself and left her satisfied.

By no fixed plan, but because her presence galvanized to a real but transient activity his torpid spirituality, Leopold showed her all the higher possibilities of his nature. He was when with her a pale reflection of the man he was meant to be — God's ideal of him. But the stimulus never outlasted her actual presence. In the interval between her visits, Leopold was his old self, save that the society of any other woman troubled him, and he kept as far from the sex as possible. Yet even this was scarcely a sign of grace, or due to Margaret's influence, since it had been true of him for some months before his first sight of her. Some of his friends accused him jocularly of having sobered down and grown good; but Leopold shook his head.

"A man does not grow good as he grows older," he said. "I think he is a worse man when he has worn out his emotions."

One day he discovered, half accidentally, that Margaret was called by her immediate family, "Pearl."

"It has never gone outside ourselves," she said. "I think a pet name like that loses sacredness when it passes beyond the four walls of home."

Leopold looked at her with a smile of exquisite æsthetic pleasure. The name, the sentiment, touched him more nearly than anything yet had done. When she had gone, he said it over to himself, softly, several times, in English and German. "Pearl; Pearl; *die Perle; mein Perlchen,*" said Leopold, under his breath. It clung about his thoughts as the scent of violets had clung to his fingers when he once had touched her ungloved hand. "To have so beautiful thoughts makes one a better man," he said to himself.

Late in August he found her a house, not so convenient, so comfortable, or in so healthful a location as the first he had thought of, the tenant of which was still trying vainly to sublet, but on the right side of the school-house for Leopold. He should see her pass his office twice a day, and once in every month she would come in to pay the rent. But he was very thoughtful of her in the preparation of this house. It was papered, painted, and generally renovated until it shone again, and the rent was lower than to the last tenant by the exact amount of the agent's commission.

"It is because I am so sure of the money," he said to Pearl in explaining the lease, in which the rent was given at the usual figure. "You will always come in on the day you draw your salary, and I cannot take money for the pleasure of seeing you," he added.

"It is awfully kind of you, Mr. Leopold," said Pearl.

She laughed a little about it to her brother when she went home, but Dr. Worthington took it very philosophically.

"You'll find that Smoketon is very good to self-supporting women," he said. "We may not rise to give them our seats in a street car, but we make it up in other ways. If the lease had been made out in father's name you would not have fared so well. Besides, it's exactly like Leopold. He's a queer genius, but the kindest-hearted fellow going. Only you don't want to fall in love with him, Pearl. He isn't a Sunday-school book sort of fellow, you know."

"I haven't time to fall in love with any one, and certainly not with Mr. Leopold, though I like him very much indeed," said Pearl, quietly.

"He's a first-class friend, but don't let it go any further," said her brother. He was not especially alarmed for his sister, as he did not believe Leopold at all likely to marry, and, besides, had implicit confidence in Pearl's good sense.

Margaret looked just a little wistful when he had left her. "No," she said at last, with a shake of her head, "I haven't time to fall in love, and that is all there is about it."

She was very busy for the next week moving into her new home, in fact, she worked so hard to get settled before school began that she over-fatigued herself, and taking cold upon the top of that from

sleeping in a room which had been replastered and was not thoroughly dry, she was in bed for a few days, which Leopold was sincerely sorry to hear. Yet her failing to pass his window was hardly so serious in itself as losing the first week of school, with the consequent difficulty in catching the year by the right end, which every teacher will easily realize. Margaret said that it made her work harder for the whole ten months. She never felt that she really knew her scholars or had thorough control of them, which was, of course, all the more exhausting to her nervous energy because she had returned to her work before she was physically fit to do so.

"You ought to take care of yourself," Leopold said to her several times. "You are working too hard. Teaching is not fit for you."

"I never felt it as I do this year," Margaret said. "It is a longer walk to school than I ever had before, and the cars are no good to me at all, at least in wet weather. I have so far to walk at each end that I get thoroughly damp, and then I catch cold."

"The school-house is badly situated," said Leopold, gravely. "It is not on any car line, and that is wrong."

The little house which she might have had was within a stone's-throw of the school, but there would then have been no daily passing of Leopold's window, with a glance and smile for him whenever he chose to claim them. And this was not always; for though it was very convenient to be busy about his flowers at the times he expected her, he sometimes preferred to remain concealed, and watch the slight look of disappointment with which the beautiful eyes dropped again.

Leopold was not a coxcomb; he was perfectly conscious that the disappointment was very slight indeed. The slightness of it surprised even Margaret herself.

"It is almost a wonder," she said, "that Mr. Leopold and I do not fall in love with one another."

The year wore around to July again. Margaret's teaching was over, and Leopold's annual holiday had come.

"I must go home to see my parents, you know," he said, half excusingly. "They have no one but me."

"You have no brothers or sisters?" she asked.

"None; and I may say that I have no home; that I have never had," he told her. "I went first to school when I was but seven years old—a great boarding-school, too; for my parents had only me, and they were resolved to give me a good education."

"Well, I'm sure they succeeded," said Margaret.

He shook his head. "I wish they had kept me at home a few years longer," he said. "A man has lost much, Miss Worthington, when he has missed knowing what it is to have a home of his own."

He looked at her very wistfully; his eyes seemed to pray her not to be hard upon him, to make this excuse for him, that he had never had a home. Then he let his glance fall upon the paper where his pencil idly traced strange arabesques. There was a great sadness at his heart, and for once he was not absorbed in epicurean enjoyment of Margaret's character. He had known her for a year, and he was about to leave her, though for such a short while; it seemed to Leopold that he had read the book of her soul to the very end, and found not one line that was not utterly pure and womanly. Yet she had faults, he knew; she was hasty in speech, quick-tempered, proud; but these, in his mind, were but the natural shading which enabled him to believe in the truthfulness of the picture. His ideal had come very close to him; she was all that he had dreamed, and more; but Leopold's chief feeling was one of weary disappointment.

He looked up again, and met her grave, considering eyes fixed upon his face, as though she were weighing, judging, reading his character as he had read hers. The blood rushed to his forehead; for a moment Leopold saw himself, not quite with her eyes—ah no!—but in a measure as she would have seen him had she known his life; and he was vile in his own sight for that one moment.

Margaret rose to go, and held out her hand in good-by. "And thank you," she said, "for all your many kindnesses."

"No, no, Miss Worthington," he answered, holding her hand lightly—he could scarcely bring himself to touch it; "it is you who have been kind to me."

He did not explain his meaning, nor did Margaret ask it; she went away feeling very strangely heavy of heart, while

Leopold accepted his own society with utter self-loathing.

"It is possible, I believe it is perfectly possible, for a woman to be thoroughly pure and good," said Leopold, with a great advance from his sentiments of last year. "It is *not* possible for a man; but if I had known her earlier, I could have been better. Now it is too late."

He was gone his usual fortnight. On his return he awaited, half eagerly, half in dread, some sign or token from her, some glimpse of her upon the street. For Leopold felt dimly that there had come a crisis in their friendship; he had reached a point whence he must go forward or back. The questioning look in Margaret's eyes had told him this. She had begun to judge him. He turned pale at the thought that she could know him as he was; yet so to live as not to dread those eyes was a task beyond his strength —beyond the strength that his life had left him.

But the days passed, and still he saw nothing, heard nothing of her, and he would ask no questions, for save from sheer necessity her name had never passed his lips. One day he saw in a jeweller's window a bracelet of fine golden chain-work, the clasp set with one large pearl; another day an engraving they had discussed, and which Margaret had expressed a desire to own, made its appearance among the stock of a certain picture-dealer.

Leopold bought them both; he could scarcely have told why, except that it would have been his most natural course had he been a better, and therefore a happier man. There was a pathetic side to his extravagance, as there is to the herculean efforts of a hopeless invalid to walk the few steps which a person in normal health accomplishes without a thought.

Then came the 1st of August. "She will come at last," thought Leopold.

His new engraving, framed, hung over his mantel; he had bought a new carpet for his floor, and new pots of blooming plants stood in his window, for it had been a frightfully hot and sickly summer, and the old plants had died during his absence. There was not a speck of dust upon anything in the office, and, in a morocco case in the drawer at his elbow, lay the heavy bracelet with its single pearl. But the day passed, and Margaret did not come.

There was a film of dust over everything the next morning, even upon the flowers which he had not had the heart to water: if they were to live without Margaret's smile, it were better that they should die, said Leopold. His eyes were weary and his face haggard when, late in the afternoon, Dr. Worthington sprang out of a carriage at the door and ran into the office.

"I am instructed to hand you this," he said, as he placed an envelope on the table; "the rent and thirty days' notice, you see. I sha'n't let them stay in that house, Leopold; unhealthy situation, and I always said so. The notice ought to have reached you two days ago, but I've simply not had time to breathe. I shall move them out as soon as my sister is well enough."

Leopold had begun, dully and mechanically, to fill out a receipt. A great blot fell upon the paper with the start he gave, yet he did not speak.

"Never mind another receipt; that one will answer," said the doctor, who had all Pearl's powers of observation joined to his own volubility. "I suppose you had not heard of her illness? Typhoid fever; she's as low as she can be to be alive; but I hope, in God's good mercy, we'll pull her through. That's right. Thank you," as he took the blotted receipt. "Good-by. I'm just rushed to death this summer."

When he was gone, Leopold said over to himself: "'In God's good mercy, we'll pull her through.' In God's good mercy," he repeated. "In God's good mercy."

It was the nearest to a prayer that he had ever come. He sat in his office in the summer darkness silent and motionless for a long, long time; then he went to his lodgings, ate a hearty supper, and slept heavily, rising the next morning to endure the same dull anguish in the same mechanical way. It never occurred to him to send her fruit or flowers, or to offer any of those trifling attentions that have been the stay of many a breaking heart; he never went near the house, but sat in the office which she would never again enter, and waited for the blow to fall. Two days later he saw a notice of her death in the paper.

Early in the following spring, Dr.

Worthington entered a certain jeweller's shop, and laid on the counter a bracelet of golden chain-work, the clasp set with a single large pearl. "I want to trace this," he said. "I found it, and fancy it may have been stolen and secreted; the case was pretty far gone, but I made out your name on it. Can you tell me anything about it?"

"I shouldn't wonder if I could," said the jeweller. "Mr. Leopold bought that bracelet from me last summer some time. I did not ask any questions."

"Thank you," said the doctor; "that's all I want to know."

He stumbled a little in getting into his buggy. "Poor fellow!" he said, brushing the back of his glove across his eyes. The next evening he drove out *alone*—thus proving himself worthy to be Pearl's brother—and replaced deeper beneath the soil of his sister's grave than he had found it, the pearl-set bracelet. The paper in which he had wrapped it was a receipt for house-rent, with one large round blot of ink upon it.

SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF EASTERN PERU.

BY COURTENAY DE KALB.

PERU consists of three regions, distinguished from each other by physical characteristics of the utmost dissimilitude. The almost rainless western coast descends in a series of plateaus and picturesque valleys to the sea. Here are centred that higher culture and progressive activity which give Peru her standing among the nations of the earth. Rimmed about with lofty mountains, extensive interior valleys stretch in a chain from north to south, subduing the asperity of naked rocks and fields of snow with their bloom and verdure. Except in the case of a favored few, those born here are fated to life-long isolation, relieved only at infrequent intervals by scanty news of the larger life of the world, brought in when mule trains toil across that wall of cold blue peaks which limits their vision forever. East of all this occurs an abrupt transition from the mountains to the broad, low-lying forests of the Amazonian basin. The silent solitudes and torpor of the tropical wilderness seem to have placed a spell over life in all its forms, while nature has almost interdicted labor by that lavish abundance which renders the problem of existence so easy of solution. With an imperturbable gravity and serene contentment, the inhabitants of this region glide on the stream of time unembarrassed by need of serious forecast, for the opportunities of all days are to them the same.

Eastern Peru, though changing its political title at various periods, has been called the Montaña, or wooded country, since the first colony was planted there two hundred and fifty-six years ago. The experiences of the early settlers were an endless succession of romantic adventures. Towns were built and destroyed many times, and there is scarcely a single site which has not been bathed with the blood of white and Indian through centuries of conflict. Spanish and Peruvian possession of this territory has consequently been more nominal than real until within the last twenty years, during which time several of the old mission stations have flourished forth into cities of from two thousand to six thousand inhabitants, under the commercial stimulus given by opening the Amazon to the flags of all nations in 1866. Accordingly the majority of the pure whites now living in the Montaña are either Peruvians originally from the west coast, or Germans, French, and English, with two or three Americans, who have been allured into this remote corner of the globe by the prospect of speedily amassing fortunes in the rubber trade. These new-comers are often noble examples of manhood, full of that courage and determination which are needful in establishing government and commercial prosperity in the midst of a somnolent and sometimes treacherous native population. Women of apparently equal rank are, however, conspicuously absent. Almost without exception they belong to the class of *cholos*, or half-breeds. The Indian element is strong in the features of this mixed race, although at times the Caucasian blossoms out in a clear-cut arching mouth, a delicate face and chin, and a thin aquiline nose. The young women possess the feminine instinct of neatness

MAP OF NORTHERN PERU.

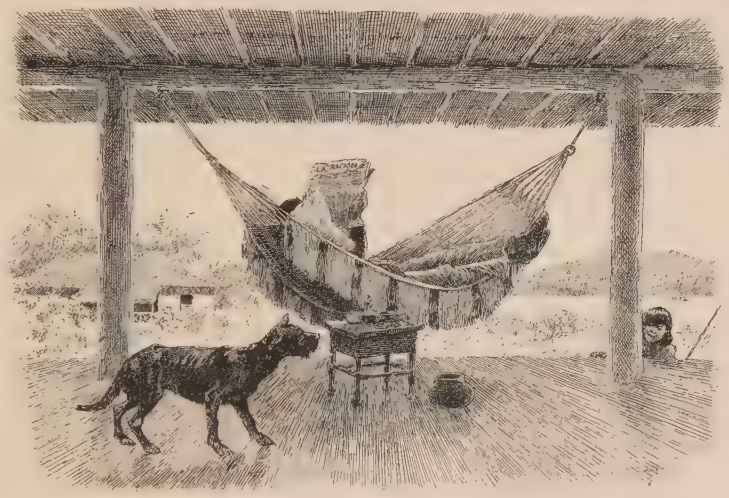
of the long and tedious endeavor of the whites to make this land their own—a struggle in which the adventurer must either become an exile or found here his home. There has not been in the past, nor is there to-day, any reluctance to intermarriage between white and Indian. Indeed a foreigner seldom remains here long without becoming married. The Montaña of Peru is a lonely place. For a man who must live here for years, apart from friends and kindred, it certainly must become fearfully lonely. The outer world almost loses its reality, and ebbs from the memory into the dimness of a dream. He sees perpetually a few faces which represent humanity and all human affections, hopes, aspirations to him, until at last he fancies he can see the promise of an ideal life in those dark lustrous eyes, forgetting the tawny skin, the harsh speech, the want of noble bearing. It is, after all, a human soul, and the human soul flashing through intelligent eyes is always suggestive of infinite possibilities. So he estimates the spirit at the value of its potentiality, being hungry for sympathy, and hence not careful to avoid the enticement of dark eyes flashing on him. Then he becomes tied irrevocably to the soil, and realizes too late that the innate power of youth needs somewhat more than the narrow opportunities of a tropical wilderness for its development. The disappointment, moreover, is not confined to him alone.

in dress and love of personal adornment. Simple pink or light blue frocks trimmed with a bit of lace or ribbons make a cool, becoming costume. The dark hair is secured behind by a ribbon, from which it falls loose down the back. A few pinks and rose-buds half encircle the head like a broken wreath. Out-of-doors a Panamá hat is worn well down over the eyes, and a thin blue and white shawl invariably envelops the shoulders. But the dirt of loosely constructed houses and the dampness and mildew of a tropical climate render it difficult to preserve undiminished the spirit of neatness, and at last with age they lapse into the slovenliness of the typical old women of the country, becoming shrivelled, toothless, hollow-eyed, and innocent of any attention to grace of manner or tidiness of appearance.

The men are more prepossessing. A youthful beauty of physical strength and vigor ripens into a rugged weather-beaten aspect, which masks the lines of age. The *cholos* rival the Indians in number throughout eastern Peru, which fact alone serves as circumstantial evidence

Few inducements to matrimony are so powerful among these women as the hope of its leading ultimately to their permanent removal to Europe, and many a *chola* wife, attractive only in the lonely Montaña, has seen this fond dream fade away with the growing years without suspecting the cause of that hesitancy in her spouse which was dooming her to end her days in the land where she was born.

Despite the privations, sorrows, blasted hopes, of the whites and *cholos*, they form the light relief on the darker background of the cameo of East Peruvian life, for fewer and feebler still are the illuminations of the Indian's existence here. It matters little whether he be an *infiel* (infidel) or a *cristiano*, the limitations to his happiness are nearly the same. The latter has nominally accepted a new faith. He has certainly accepted a "Christian," otherwise a Spanish, name, and he has at the same time passed under the yoke of serfdom. The infidel, on the contrary, retains the privileges of an autonomous being. He is a true child of nature, barefooted, bareheaded, bare to the waist also; wearing only a strip of cloth girded about the loins and hanging down to the knees. He is of inferior stature, but strong and sinewy; his nose is short and broad, rarely arched; his long hair is bound close to his head by a band of some plaited fibre; the whole mould of his features is heavy and fierce, even forbidding at times; but he confesses the superiority of a conquering race in his manner. While in repose he wears the determined, independent air of the savage; address him, and he chuckles, and twists his body nervously, after the fashion of a bashful school-boy. The women are even uglier than the men, and are indistinguishable from them by any difference in dress, the simple wide band of brown or blue cloth, woven by their own hands from the cotton of the country, forming their only garment.



A SIESTA.

Upon arriving at a *chacra*, which ancient name for an Indian hut has come to be applied to all *haciendas* in the Montaña, a grassy flat, or *plano*, is discovered, with a single large house, and a number of little palm-thatched structures strung in a line like a street, around which, and scattered in groups along the river, will be the Indians in their half nudity and dismal filth, chattering like a flock of parrots. At a word from the master, off they go to their work, garrulous and merry as ever. Women come and go, always reserved and stolid, often sullen. Next you may see a file of Indians passing along in front of the line of huts. You speedily become aware that these are intruders, for the women shrink into the houses, closing the doors behind them; children surprised at some distance from their homes are run-

ning like frightened rabbits; while the men near you exclaim, in a stage-whisper, "*Infieles!*" You would never have guessed it yourself, so fine and fictitious often is the line that separates the *cristiano* from his savage brother. When they are safely gone, there is a sigh of relief over this deliverance from the presence of the infidel monster. This horror exists without apparent cause. The savages no longer sweep with fire and carnage the villages of the Christians; but there exists this dread of a being regarded as radically differing from themselves, whose hand or garment even it were a sort of pollution to touch. This is the most notable prejudice against a class or race, as such, anywhere discoverable in the Montaña.

The don, living here in his *casa de hacienda* like a lord in his castle, having a numerous vassalry at his beck—planting, reaping, distilling his *aguardiente*, tending his flocks of cattle—far though he be above them, remote as master must ever be from slave, frequently betrays in his swart skin the same blood as that which flows in the veins of those he rules. Sometimes he may be a white, again a mestizo, or even an Indian, with the Indian's black waveless hair and heavy features. He would have become a chief had he been a savage; he is now a don because of his estate, which lends him dignity. He has had the genius not to continue in poverty and helpless dependence, therefore he becomes the peer of the proudest in his native land. It is one of the anomalies of eastern Peru that a people so long kept in servitude have acquired no taint of social degradation in consequence; that neither aborigine nor *cholo* is anywhere spurned because of his blood; that, in fact, no one thinks of his racial origin, but is content with knowing his claims upon respect as a citizen of the commonwealth. The final distinction between men is founded, then, upon their riches—a not uncommon distinction in other lands; but riches here become too often translatable into the mere ability a man possesses to get himself served by others, to avoid manual labor of every sort. It is a remnant of those landed aristocracies still in operation here, not only in Peru, but in nearly the whole of Spanish America, destined soon to fade into the nebula of the historic past here as elsewhere.

Slavery has no recognition in Peruvian law, but there are ways of maintaining and explaining it not unworthy of some admiration for their cleverness. Take, for example, an established *chacra*, or *hacienda*—any *hacienda*. Here is the large space cleared of forest, the *casa de hacienda*, the row of *quinchas*, or Indian huts, where dwell the *gentes*, *brazos*—plantation hands, as we might call them. It looks like a little town, or *pueblo*, but such in reality it is not. Common parlance, with due discrimination, calls it a *chacra*. In a *pueblo* ownership is divided between two or many parties; a *chacra* acknowledges the ownership of a single individual. The *quinchas* may have been built by the *gentes* who occupy them. No matter! The ground on which they stand belongs to the don, and the time taken in constructing them was graciously given in respite from other duties. The product of this labor, then—the *quincha*, to wit—most undeniably belongs to the owner of the *chacra!* In no wise can it credit the Indian anything in his account with his master. But, according to law, the Indian is a free man. Certainly! Also, according to law, no man—white, mestizo, or Indian—may leave the place where he has contracted a debt until he has paid it, if his creditors choose to enjoin (*embargar*) him. Now it happens that the Indians are all and always heavily in debt to the owner of the *chacra* where they live, and said owners *do* choose to enjoin them, wherefore the Indian remains perpetually embargoed. When the young Indian has grown large enough to do what may be regarded as a man's work, he enters service. He receives the habitual recompense of nine *soles** per month. On this sum he cannot live. The master knows it; the Indian knows it; but what is to be done when such is the established stipend throughout the length and breadth of the valley? The result is, receiving none of the commonest necessaries of life gratuitously, he overdraws from the first. A strict account is kept of all that he obtains from his master of food, clothing, implements, and knickknacks; papers of injunction are duly served, and he is compelled to work on day after day in satisfaction of the debt,

* In the Montaña the silver *sol* is rated at 80 cents, but its purchasing power is equal to no more than 40 cents in the United States.

THE PREFECT'S PALACE AND THE CALLE DEL MALECON, IQUITOS.

which with each setting sun has grown more irredeemably large above him. The Indian thus comes to think of himself as a fixture at the *chacra*. The magnitude of his debt concerns him not. The more he can induce his master to let him owe, so many more of the comforts of this world does he enjoy, and so much the greater is his bliss.

Consider another phase of the matter. If a man desires to establish a new *hacienda*, he can obtain all the land he may need by simply "denouncing" it in due legal form, occupying, and building a house on it; but he cannot secure laborers by spreading the rumor of his wishes and summoning a crowd of applicants from which to choose. For these he must repair to some well-stocked *hacienda* where there are Indians to spare, pay the debts of such as he selects, thereby transferring the Indian, with his obligation and its attendant bond of servitude, from one master to another. Sometimes an Indian's debt will amount to seven hundred *soles*.*

In all this it has not been intended to imply that the dons of eastern Peru are cruel masters, nor that the Indians are unhappy. Perhaps a realization of his condition flashes across the Indian mind at times. In fact now and then he gathers together his few possessions—his hammock, *machete*, blow-gun, and fishing-tackle—and sets out at night in his canoe, only to enter a life of greater misery among the savages, perchance even to be killed and eaten by them. At other times a brutal master gains retributive death at the hands of those he had maltreated, and they announce, "We had to kill our *patron*." "Patron," akin to father, they call him, even when the term has lost its significance, when he has ceased to be a father, and has driven them to such fearful desperation. It is not exactly *padre*, but the name carries with it the patriarchal idea, and has in it the note of kindness. By long servitude the Indians have been reduced to a state of helplessness, such that they look to this man who governs them as children do to a father, and he is in reality their friend, protector, guide, watching over them in health, caring for them tenderly in sickness. The *patron's* children romp and play with those of the *gentes;* and the latter, even when they have become great lubberly boys and full-grown girls, may often be heard addressing the *patron's* wife as "mama."

Every morning the whole troop of men engaged upon the *hacienda* passes the *patron's* porch, each one saluting him with a pleasant *buenos dias*, pausing a moment until the greeting has been returned, and the customary cup of *aguar-*

* This system of "peonage" is much the same in many parts of Spanish America.

diente has been bestowed; at night a similar exchange of salutations takes place upon the close of work. All day long the men are busy in the cane-fields, in the distillery, or in the banana orchard; the women, when not occupied with culinary duties, sit and weave wonderful hammocks, mats, and hats of palm fibre, or pass now and again in a long procession to the river, whence they bring great jars of water poised upon their heads; while the don, having made his tour of inspection, reclines at ease, whiffing the fragrant tobacco of Tarapoto. So they jog on through life together, master and slave, happy, contented, and scarce dreaming how unique is their way of existence in this century of liberty. It is an inheritance from the days of Spanish ascendency not to be extinguished by the mere decree of a republican government; but fortunately the population of eastern Peru is so small that the present system will necessarily give way before that vigorous growth to which this country is destined in the approaching years, when the home-seeking millions of Europe have discovered the opportunities of fortune afforded here in the culture of rubber, rice, and sugar in the low alluvial lands along the rivers, and of coffee, cotton, cereals, and fruits of temperate climes in the valleys among the foot-hills of the mountains.

Signs of progress are not many as yet —not very visible certainly upon first entrance into East Peru. The forces of civilization seem not to have stirred deeply these Amazonian solitudes. But first impressions are often treacherous, and visible signs are sometimes an evidence of spent forces, beyond which there is less to be hoped for. In concrete attainment the field here is still altogether an open one; in intellectual acquisitions, however, the best class of the East Peruvians have emerged from the glimmerings of dawnlight into somewhat of the clearness of day. It is unsafe to presume upon the ignorance of these dons. Many a stranger who has thought to teach them how the outer world thinks and does has ended by receiving additional information upon the same subject in return, coupled with reasons why such principles cannot at present be applied on latitude four degrees south. In Iquitos, a city of six thousand inhabitants, is one private library of over two thousand volumes, and several others numbering their tomes by the hundreds. In Yurimaguas are other goodly collections of books. At every *hacienda* is a treasured shelf full —Cervantes, Quevedo, perhaps a translation of Shakespeare, of Alexandre Dumas, a history of Peru, and works of travel. No mere ornaments are these, but veritable companions of the long lonely spaces of time. They are not only read, but studied, penetrated!

A BANANA PLANTATION.

A CHOLA GIRL, IQUITOS.

The monthly steamboats coming from Pará bring news and the latest periodical literature from Spain, Portugal, England, and France—alas, not from the United States as yet. From hand to hand these monthly accessions pass, until they become disseminated throughout the entire breadth of these five hundred miles of Montaña. The steamboats have done more. Through that extension of trade which they have induced, small though it has been, the people have been brought in touch with the great centres of European civilization, and have been educated to European methods in many matters by the friction of commercial relations, until they realize their own shortcomings, lament them, hope to see them eradicated by-and-by. They have not yet attempted entrance upon the domain of the arts. They are making money now; laying the foundations of estates. They but sparingly introduce the picturesque into their architecture, although the Portuguese type of structure, creeping up the river from Brazil, has feebly asserted itself, as far as the materials at hand will allow. The Spanish idea appears also, especially at Yurimaguas, nearer the mountains. Here are the great porches, the balconies, the open galleries letting a bit of light through the corner of a house, just under the red-tile roof; the pretty inner court, or *patio*, filled with tropical verdure. The pollen of Indian influence has modified the exotic taste at times, where the house resembles the palm-thatched *quincha*, and is decorated on the interior with palm-leaf mats fastened upon the walls, with the horizontally fluted *huicungo*-palm posts at the doorways, and above them gratings of palm slats lashed together by vines, forming combinations of grace well worthy of imitation in other lands. Upon extraordinary occasions, when a dinner is to be

HOUSE IN YURIMAGUAS.

given, they bring from the forests masses of the long green fronds of the palm, vines all aflame with pink and scarlet blossom, and the rich umbrella-shaped pawpaw, and convert the banquet-room into a bower of fairylike beauty. At such times the finer talent of the people discovers itself. You find assembled a company of men who possess the grace and eloquence of oratory, the refinement and subtle penetration of poesy, whose words flow with an ease and finish, and whose illustrations and allusions are drawn from an amplitude of resource, which bespeak a broader culture than you might anticipate. Here will be heard enthusiastic odes singing of the monarch of rivers, "rocked by the Genius of the Andes in a silver cradle," wearing "the volcano's lurid light for a diadem"; next plunging into pessimism, bewailing the hardships of existence, or framing a sarcastic summary of life in such a couplet as this:

"The man first respires, then aspires,
Sighs next, and anon he expires."*

Again a better spirit exalts man to the height of a demigod, or, suffused with a sense of the sweetness of human sympathy, proclaims:

"Charity, it is thy name
Fills the soul with brightest flame!
Thou leadest science to noble endeavor;
On gleaming pinions, forever inquiet,
Thou sweetly bearest to regions celestial,
And thou wreathest with palms
Him who hath rapture of music, the Poet!
Thou too art mother to motherless children,
And to wand'rers who roam.
Thou bindeth concord and love with glad fetters;
Thine is the hand which an evil lot betters;
Thou art the crown on the queen of the home!"†

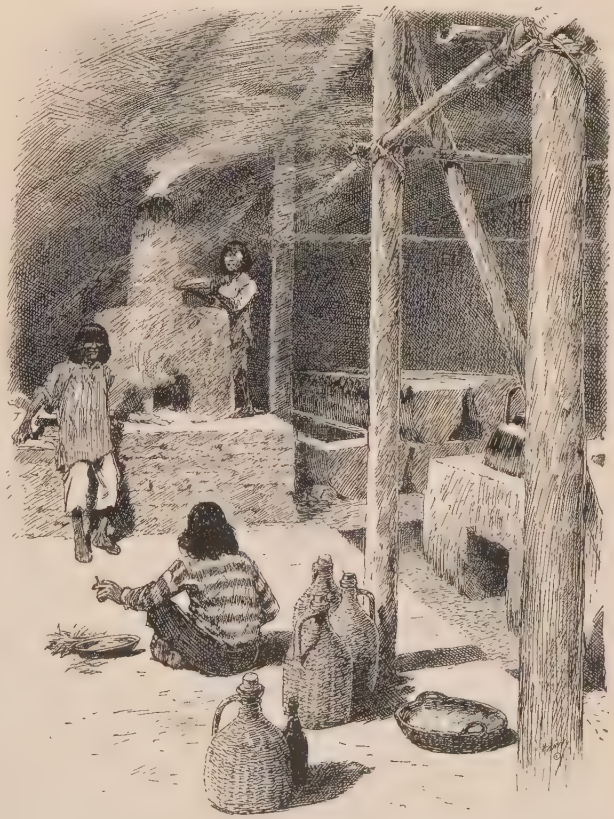
Pedagogy has had its share in educating the inhabitants of the Montaña—working in a languid manner, not going deep into anything. Pedagogy, not supplemented by adequate books here, must content itself, consequently, with merest rudiments, and those stirred up into a weak emulsion with fanciful stories—strange rhapsodical text-books, resulting, as one might presuppose, in filling the young mind with vagaries, in creating a thirst for knowledge without quench-

* Simon Martinez Izquierdo.
† Leopoldo Cortes.

ing it. Ever and again the departing traveller is besought by his host to send him "a *good* history of the world," a "new geography," or some long-wished-for classic volume. In the towns are schools of considerable size, supported by taxation, aided by small fees from the patrons, heralded always by the conspicuous sign, "Escuela de la Municipalidad," a circumstance of some importance in itself, keeping before the eyes of all the fact that education is a matter of public concern, is a thing desirable, and, such as it is, easily obtainable. Further advertisement of a school's existence is afforded when in session by the vociferous babel of a hundred or more brown little youngsters vying with each other in proofs of application, which proofs seem to consist in studying lessons aloud. Each *chacra* also has its school, usually instituted and maintained by the doña, and here again the orthodox scholastic babel breaks the stillness which else reigns like a drowsy Sabbath.

The common Indian is but a savage with some of the tricks of civilization, a house-builder, a planter of maize and yucca, a weaver of cloth and of hammocks, a fashioner of works of the fictile art of surprising beauty. Without turn-table, simply by a feeling for correct form, are these jars, urns, dishes built up by hand with wooden spatulas. The decoration has become thoroughly conventionalized, crystallized, in fact, into a type of æsthetic expression which may truly be designated art. Predominant is the old classic form of fret and chevron, executed in subdued reds and deep browns upon a gray or creamy ground. Sometimes the leading design is in very heavy lines, with the ground filled in with an exquisitely delicate tracery of similar patterns. The plant life of the forests is also reproduced—vines not rudely delineated, but forming definite curves, springing upward at the end of the pattern, and expanding into the calyx which holds the conventionalized type of a corolla, now a yellow five-rayed star, again a pink-flushed lily's cup, or a sky-blue pendent bell. The artistic spirit displayed in these recalls the wonderful works of Inca art exhumed at the noted necropolis of Ancon. The same is true of their textile fabrics. Here are the same complicated designs, the same rich coloring, worked out in cotton, and in the fibre of the *chambira*-palm. Of the latter are made bags, called *jícaras*, and mammoth hammocks, which are, in fact, only great square closely woven lustrous pieces of cloth, with stripes and simple designs in various soft shades of yellow, brown, and red.

The Indian, again, manifests his appreciation of graceful form in the rounded ends of his *quincha*, which give an effective curve to the palm-thatched roof.



A NATIVE DISTILLERY, SAN LORENZO.

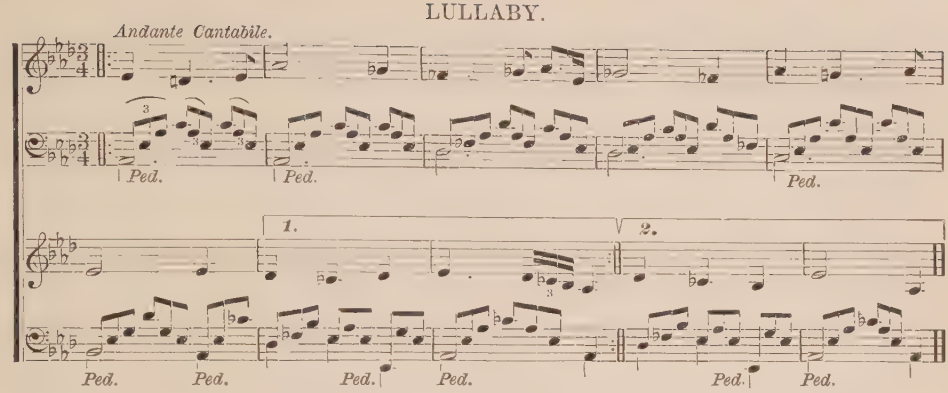
SPECIMEN OF NATIVE POTTERY.

More curious still is the advance which, as a savage, he has made from a love of mere rhythmic sound to the production of true melodies, richly modulated, and often bearing in their strain a wail of melancholy so pathetically suggestive that, as you hear an Indian mother crooning them to her babe in these mighty wastes, where Nature, with all her bounty, has yet left man so poor, they seem to be telling the coming generations the mournful history of the struggles and emptiness of the past. Others have the rollicking spirit of revelry, and are indeed used in festal dances. The Indians employ the plaintive songs also in the more solemn ceremonies of the Church, and the tunes of the ancient war-dance are incongruously added as a *finale* to the celebration of religious feasts. On these occasions the Indian population arrays itself in the splendor of gay feathers and painted faces; pandean pipes and snare-drums (indigenous here as in other parts of the world) furnish the music, while all dance in circles and bawl songs in the intervals between draughts of maddening rum. The hideous countenances, in which the fire of liquor is heightened by the flush of scarlet paint, the brilliant head-dresses of macaws' wings, and these antique musical instruments, make one almost instinctively look for the satyr's cloven hoof, and the mind is driven to marvel what could have been the labors of the early missionaries; whether these, and such as these, are types of the *cristianos* they produced! It is much to be feared that these are indeed the very sort. But, however paltry the effects of the early missions may appear, it is interesting to note that at the present day far more than half of the native population of eastern Peru, having nominally become Christian, has entirely and forever ceased its ancient cannibalistic habits—a moral gain of considerable magnitude; that it has also come to look upon the Church as its guide, which means that, with the helpful influence of an increasing white population, it will be found amenable to higher principles when these shall be strongly preached to it. That these people did not long ago become better men may appear not justly chargeable to the old padres, upon reviewing the history of these "Missions of Mainas," as they were formerly called. It may appear that these old padres, whatever faults they may have to answer for, had at least a rational theory of converting the race, which their successors did not carry out.

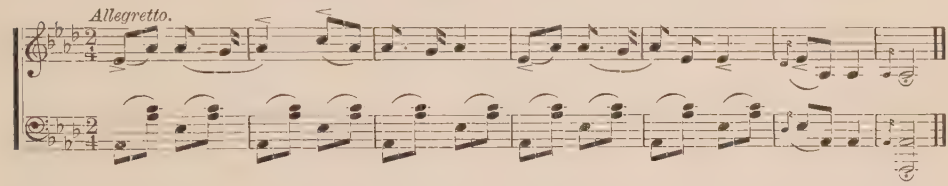
The first entrance into Mainas was made by Gonzalo Pizarro and Francisco Orellana in 1540. The latter, with his company, two friars among them feebly protesting, deserted Pizarro, and passed down the Rio Napo, and thence to the sea by way of the Amazon; fighting, "conquering," leaving a very bad impression of

A JÍCARA.

LULLABY.



FESTAL SONG.



white men behind them. Pizarro and his followers retreated to Quito, amid starvation, fevers, running ulcers, mishaps, and miseries so dire that for sixty-two years the memory of it discouraged further effort to explore to the eastward of mighty Cotopaxi. Meantime fable filled this unknown land with the romance of warrior women and the gilded cities of El Dorado. Then Padre Rafael Ferrer, of the company of Jesuits, "being curious to explore," went alone over the mountains, down the Napo to the Amazon, and back again to Quito, "with news of what he had seen." The kindling imaginations of civilian and ecclesiastic were further fanned by a company of soldiers who, in 1616, becoming embroiled with the Indians at Santiago de las Montañas, fled down the Rio Marañon, or Amazon, shot the rapids of the Pongo de Manseriche, and presently got back to the coast, where they told of wonderful riches in Mainas, and of Indians who "desired to be Christians." Accordingly in 1631 the Franciscans sent Friar Felipe Luyendo to the upper waters of the Rio Huallaga, where he made a faint impression. Padre Domingo de Brieda and Padre Andres de Toledo, of the same order, with Captain Juan de Palacios and a few soldiers, set forth into this wilderness in 1635, wandered awhile in uninhabited regions, suffered "unspeakable horrors," were abandoned by a large part of their company, and at length made good their escape to Pará. The previous year, however, Mainas was first fairly laid hold of by the Spaniards, when the town of Borja was founded by Don Diego Baca de Vega, under a charter from Don Francisco de Borja, then Viceroy of Peru, and two years later Padre Gaspar de Cuxia and Padre Lucas de Cueva, Jesuits, began their labors here. The site was one unsurpassed for beauty in the entire length of the basin of the Amazon. The blue Andes rose from the very edge of the village, the river swept past in front, while the roar of the floods rushing through the narrow gorge of Manseriche mingled with the chanting of psalms by the fathers.

About this time, 1637, the Portuguese, whose hostility to the Spanish yoke was growing more intense, cast a jealous eye towards Mainas, and he despatched the fearless Captain Pedro Texeira up the Amazon, up the Napo, over the snowy Andes to Quito, and back once more over the same route to Pará—a daring enterprise, but less remarkable, considering his excellent equipment of forty-seven large canoes. Padre Andre de Artieda and Padre Cristoval de Acuña went with him on the return voyage, studied the country and people, passed on to

Spain, and tried, with the help of a written narrative of the journey, to enlist government aid for the missions begun at Borja. Government, however, was very busy just then with the Portuguese war, and paid no heed to the poor Jesuits, granted them not so much as an audience even. Artieda, bent on doing something, it seems, hastened back to South America, listed himself with the Quito "Audiencia," re-entered Mainas by way of Borja, and founded the mission of Omaguas in 1643. Acuña tarried at the court until, seeing no prospect of peace, he followed Artieda, but died on the road at Lima. The missions prospered "amazingly," and the Colegio de Quito was induced to send two more workers in 1648, Padre Bartolome Peres and Padre Francisco Figueroa. Not enough! Padre Cuxia "runs to Quito" in person, awakens the colegio from its lethargy, returns with three recruits and the promise of others.

Within the next fifteen years the missions increased to thirteen in all, many of them in charge of new men, who had arrived with protests from Spain because the fathers "accommodated the religion to the customs of the natives." The old veterans argued "poco á poco"—be not too fast; in time wheat will occupy the place of the tares; remember these are savages! But the effort at reconstruction proceeded until one fatal day in 1666, when the Cocamas revolted, painted their faces, and set out on a tour of destruction. Old Padre Figueroa hastened to check them, trusting in the mere force of courage; met them on the big sand bar at the mouth of the Rio Huallaga; was received with kisses on the hand, while one fierce fellow slipped behind, and almost severed Figueroa's head from his body by a blow with a sharp-edged paddle. Thus eighteen years of heroic work were ended, and with the fall of Figueroa, and the subsequent slaughter of priests and faithful converts in other parts, the missions were almost demoralized. The Governor of Borja, however, wisely refrained from sending soldiers to punish the Cocamas, but in 1667 Padre Pedro Suarez came across the mountains, and was sent to relieve Padre Guells, who had been working among the Abigiras along the Napo. "The great wilderness, with all its hardships, seems like a lovely garden of delight," he wrote, soon after his arrival. He sought to instil civilization into the Indians, brought them various tools to work with, taught old and young, was very zealous in divesting them of barbarism, and was killed and feasted on within a year. It became a remarkable case, being the first reversion to cannibalism among the missions. The Governor sent soldiers, hung the "chief men," and things began to go badly, with much blood-letting everywhere. Padre Lucas was made Superior at Archidona, on the Napo, to try and straighten out affairs there, but with small success. Padre Geronimo Alvarez, who had renounced estate and title in Valladolid to become a missionary, entered in 1670 by the Rio Pastassa, a hard route. After two years of wretched wandering, threading trackless forests, wading perilous streams, sleeping on the bare cold ground, his clothing ever wet from constant showers, suffering the horrors of starvation, devoured by ulcers, he reached Borja at last, only to die of fever. Padre Raimundo de Santa Cruz, following the same route, through distresses grievous to contemplate, undertook, by cutting a path from the Pastassa to the Napo, for the sake of bringing the growing centres of the work, Borja and Archidona, into closer communication, to give greater security to the missions—a creditable performance—having finished which, he was drowned by the capsizing of his canoe.

Disasters succeeded each other rapidly, and, amid other discouragements, the small-pox ravaged all the tribes of Mainas, the deaths within nine years being stated at sixty-four thousand. Up to 1681 twenty priests had lost their lives in the Montaña, and only four remained. No more workers would be sent. Spain regarded nearly all the South American missions with disfavor, and money was hard to get. Shipmasters also objected to carry priests; would lie in port for months rather than accept such passengers; and would finally set sail with them only under compulsion of the King's soldiery. At length came a remarkable man, Padre Samuel Fritz, by birth a Bohemian, who was a physician, mathematician, painter, carpenter, and joiner, as well as a devout and earnest priest. Profiting by the words of the veterans, he sought only to gain the sympathy and affection of the Indians, hoping for better fruits in the generations to come.

He visited every hut of the Omaguas tribe; knew every man, woman, and child of them by name; went to the outlying tribes, and did the same there; enlarged his work so that finally he had time to visit each settlement only once a year. His health failing, he went to Pará to recruit; was sent by the Paraenses against his will to Portugal; was received there with distinction, and returned with a "royal escort" of soldiers, which accompanied him all the way to Mainas. Arrived at Omaguas, his escort suddenly disclosed its true object by claiming the land in the name of the King of Portugal. Upon the unfurling of the Portuguese flag, Padre Fritz fled down the bank and pushed off in a canoe, taking refuge in the forests, until the usurpers, unable to obtain food from the Indians after such an episode, were forced to retreat. Fritz at once started to appeal for aid from the Viceroy of Peru, crossed the Andes by way of Moyobamba, Chachapoyas, and Cajamarca, and "surprised" the people of Lima with his account of the thriving missions. The Viceroy, Conde de la Monclova, entertained him with courtesy, but after some days announced, "as the Montaña prospers the King nothing, it is not meet to waste his resources in protecting it." Poor Fritz, disheartened, but devoted to his chosen work, determined to make this neglected region better known, to which end he crossed the Andes to Jaen, and made a map of the Amazon from that point, and of such other parts of South America as he knew from experience and from accounts which he deemed trustworthy, which map was published in Quito in 1707, and long remained the standard. Finally he returned to Mainas, where he lived and labored until 1730, when, at the good old age of eighty, he died at Jeberos, honored as the faithful apostle to the Omaguas. After his death the spirit of the old padres seems to have disappeared, and a new era began. The Franciscans had entered from the south in 1657, under Padre Manuel Biedma, but their missions were destroyed by an uprising of the Conibos in 1686.

In 1745 the King of Spain ordered an investigation of the condition of the missions of Mainas, and sent out a company of Jesuits to revive them. The new arrivals either returned disheartened by a condition of things which they considered hopeless, or, by reason of their ignorance of the ways of dealing with the Indians, got speedily killed. Thus ended what is known as the third missionary epoch of the Montaña. The Portuguese invaded the country from time to time, when there was nothing more heroic to be thought of, and many sanguinary conflicts followed. Communication became less and less across the mountains, and more frequent with Pará. The priests lost enthusiasm for a work which the world cared nothing about. They went their rounds mechanically from village to village performing the sacramental offices, and receiving fees in salt fish, sarsaparilla, copal, and other products of the country. There was beginning to be a market for these things in Pará. When the canoe was full, they had only to float down the river to convert this raw material into cash. Priestcraft degenerated into a sordid business, bartering the administration of sacraments for salt fish. In earlier days Padre Acuña refused to give a crucifix to a chieftain, fearing lest supernatural powers should be attributed to it; the later priests used the superstition of the natives for their own worldly profit. The Indian always took a vigorous hold upon what was tangible in religion—the symbol stripped of its significance. When the Franciscan friars Salcedo and San José tried in 1760 to re-establish the missions founded by Biedma, which had been destroyed in 1686, they found the savages still imitating baptism by sprinkling the heads of new-born babes with lime juice!

Peruvian law and the influence of steamboats have co-operated to abolish the merchant priests of former years, and a reaction is taking place. The young Peruvian, learning somewhat of philosophy and moral systems, laughs at a religion of the heart. An Omar's song to "wine, wine, wine," with a golden thread of wisdom, a coruscation of a gay conceit, and a lurking shadow of the occult, too nearly fills the sum of his soul's needs. After a deeper experience of life he becomes conscious of the spirituality which lies at the centre of being, but feels that it has lost vitality through the kind of formal interpretation which he habitually sees. He has not, however, arrived at that plane where he has courage to cast off allegiance to the Church. Accordingly he supplements the old creed with a new mystery of spiritualism. This strange belief is gaining ground each

day, and its advocates point with pride to the United States as the source whence proceeded this new light for needy souls —alas! point to Boston as one of its glorious centres of propagation!

The Indian remains stationary, ignorant of the spirituality of religion, failing to appreciate the principle of sacrifice of self-will which it involves. Material sacrifice can scarcely enter into his experience, for he possesses practically nothing, and continual fasting is one of the conditions of his existence; consequently it is the feast which appeals most to him, and this he converts into an orgy. The merchant priests were too engrossed in making a fair profit out of baptisms to attend to spiritual culture, and the dream of the Cuxias, Figueroas, Fritzes—to work a reformation through the children—was never realized. The people, Indians and *cholos*, reasoned in some measure also, and began to take their chances of death and hell, postponing baptisms and marriages as long as they chose. If it was all right to take a wife and wait a year until a padre should happen to come along to marry them, why not wait two years, ten years? The opportunity for separations by delaying the irrevocable seal of the Church is thus left open, and family relations, as a natural outgrowth of this license, are often very unstable in the Montaña.

Efforts at reform are now making among certain Peruvian and English Catholics resident there, and the old ascetic spirit has been reinstated among the fathers of the Ucayali. It remains to be seen what good they may accomplish. These Indians with whom they must deal are a peculiar people. In the most degraded there is still a gleam of some intelligence, of a power which is to him a beacon-light. The eye has depth; the mouth seems set to preserve an inner secret of the Indian life, and of the way the universe reveals itself to his consciousness. The Inca conquering him could make an Inca of him; the Spaniard has never turned him into a Spaniard. Although he has abandoned the more atrocious practices of his former barbarism, in all else he continues to follow the prehistoric groove. He bears a Christian name, he bows before the cross, but nature is God to him, as to the pre-Columbian savage, and he remains an Indian still.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY F. D. MILLET.

V.

FROM the heights of Belgrade we had seen the blue summits of mountains far away to the south, the outlying spurs of the great Carpathian range, and having threaded a tortuous way through the great Hungarian plain, we now looked forward with exhilaration to the rugged scenery we were soon to enjoy, and were eager to welcome a change in the horizon. We saw on the map no town of importance between the Servian frontier and Orsova, at the Iron Gates, and since we were not unwilling to have a little quiet after so many days of excitement among novelties of type and costume, we noticed with satisfaction as we went along that the flat shore on the Hungarian side and the low hills opposite offered us no temptation to land. To be sure, we were still in some doubt as to our probable reception in a Servian village, for Belgrade was the only Servian place we had visited, and we could not judge from our experience at the capital what might happen if we went ashore in a remote town. We had heard many tales of the difficulties of travelling in the remote districts of Servia, and had provided ourselves with passports properly viséed in many languages. As we had no occasion to show them in Belgrade, we now began to have some curiosity about their usefulness, and we contemplated going ashore at a Servian village for no better reason than to test this question. But before we found an attractive landing-place, we saw, far below us in the distance, about noon on the day after leaving the frontier, what appeared to be a curious row of buildings on the low Servian shore, stretching out into the river like piers of a great railway bridge, or a line of grain-elevators. At first we thought it was mirage, which so frequent-

SEMENDRIA.

ly deceived us by its distortion of forms and exaggeration of heights, but as we paddled on against the wind we soon saw it was a collection of solid architectural forms. It was, however, only when we were within a mile or so of the town that we recognized in what we had taken to be a modern landmark the huge towers and walls of the great mediæval citadel of Semendria, rising in all their ancient dignity from the very waters of the Danube, and overtopping with their masses of solid masonry the little town modestly nestling in the shadow of the great fortress. Of recent years Semendria has become of commercial importance as a shipping-port for grain, and when we entered the town its narrow streets were blocked by hundreds of laden ox-carts, all patiently waiting their turn at the public scales, where the weight of the grain is guaranteed by the town officers before it is delivered to the lighters. Through a motley crowd of Servians in barbaric fur caps, red sashes, rawhide sandals, and the coarsest of homespun garments, we made our way to the fortress. The great walls enclose a triangular space of ten or twelve acres, occupying the whole of a low point between the river Jessava and the Danube. The apex of the triangle at the junction of the rivers is a citadel of great strength, and still in wonderful preservation. Indeed, the walls of the whole enclosure and the twenty-three great square towers show remarkably few signs of decay, and, with the exception of the destruction of the wooden platforms, are almost as sound as the day they were built. Here and there an inscription, or a fragment of a statue built into the walls, proves that the importance of the town dates as far back as the Roman occupation, when this was undoubtedly one of a series of strongholds along the river. The barracks of the Servian garrison which stand in the great enclosure appear like huts in comparison with the immense towers and high walls of the mediæval structure, and a regiment of infantry may be quite lost sight of among the tangled bushes and the thick foliage of the trees which cover a large part of the ground. From the top of one of the great towers we saw below and before us a panorama of varied beauty, extending from the heights of Belgrade to the Carpathian range, faintly shadowed in the distance beyond the glittering expanse of the Danube, which spreads out into great broad reaches, with numerous islands, and, like its smaller self among the mountains of Baden, pauses and gathers volume and strength for the dash into the great gorge that cleaves the jagged mass of mountains for fifty miles or more before again resuming its quiet flow. As we went away from Semendria the chief of police was among

the party assembled to see us off, and here, we thought, was the opportunity to see whether our passports would be honored. We offered them to the official, modestly at first, but he would not even look at the envelopes.

"But they are our passports," we urged. "They cost us a lot of money and trouble, and if no official looks at them they will be wasted, for they are only good for one year!"

But he resolutely declined to have anything to do with them, although we increased the urgency of our request almost to the strength of a demand, and we left quite ready to believe the statement of a scoffing friend in Buda-Pesth, who declared that any one could travel the whole length of the Danube with no more of a passport than a restaurant bill of fare, which would satisfy the officials as well as the best parchment with signatures and seals.

At Bazias, on the Hungarian side of the river, the terminus of the railway from Temesvár, and the point where the tourist usually takes a steamer for the trip through the Kasan Defile and the Iron Gates, there is nothing on shore more interesting than a railway restaurant, but the landscape is very grand and beautiful. The hills completely mask the course of the river as the traveller approaches them from up stream, and the fine ruin of the castle Rama, on the Servian side, seems to stand on the shore of a large lake with a southern boundary of great mountains. From Rama the river sweeps majestically around to the south past Bazias, and narrows somewhat as it winds among the first great foot-hills of the mountain range, spreading out after a few miles into another lakelike reach, which in turn has on its southern horizon an apparently impassable chain of mountains—this time the real Carpathians.

As we crossed the river from Rama toward the cluster of houses on the water's edge at Bazias, we observed that the little village, dwarfed to insignificance by the towering hills above it, was all gay with flags. On closer approach we distinguished near the landing the form of a low gray vessel quite unlike any craft we had hitherto seen. This proved to be an Austrian gunboat, and the occasion of the display of bunting was the birthday of the Emperor Francis Joseph. As we drifted down toward the man-of-war we hoisted all the flags we had, and as we were passing in review with all the dignity we could command, we were startled by the loud report of a champagne cork pointed in our direction, and fired, as it were, across our bows. We surrendered at once and unconditionally, and exchanged cards with a group of officers celebrating the Emperor's birthday on the quarter-deck. We found our captivity so little irksome that we willingly prolonged it until we were admonished by the position of the sun in the heavens that we must be off if we would reach the entrance to the Carpathian gorge before dark. Our haste was due to no more cogent reason than ambition to begin the fight with the river at the so-called cataracts. These obstructions had been described to us by friends who had made the journey in a steamer as extremely dangerous, and, as we neared the mountains, all the rivermen we talked with warned us of the perils of the stream below, and advised us on no account to attempt the passage of the cataracts without a pilot. But we could not forget the collapse of the Strudel and Wirbel bugbear in the upper river, and could not bring ourselves to apprehend any great danger in rapids where steamers are constantly passing up and down with loaded lighters in tow. Even our new-found friends on the gun-boat, who had just made the trip, caution-

RAMA.

ed us not to attempt the passage in our frail canoes, and took great pains to show us the dangerous points on their charts. Of course the more we heard of these terrors to navigation the more eager we became to look upon them ourselves, The last words our naval advisers said to us, as we regretfully left them, was to be sure to take a pilot at Drenkova, the last steamboat landing above the rapids.

From the broad reach just below Bazias the whole horizon to the south and east appears to be a solid wall of rocky heights, and is without a break visible to the eye. For about twenty miles the river winds gently across a pleasant valley, divides around a large island, and then sweeps straight down toward the huge barrier, which extends to the right and left as far as the eye can see. As we paddled along in the quiet current past the Servian town of Gradiste, and came nearer and nearer to the mass of rugged peaks which cut sharply against the sky, we grew more and more impatient to discover the course of the river through the chain, and unconsciously increased the rapidity and the force of our stroke until we sped along as if paddling a race. Suddenly, as we were passing the end of the large island, the landscape opened to the eastward like the shifting scenes on a stage, and the river, sweeping past a high isolated rock in mid-stream, was seen to plunge with accelerated speed directly into a narrow cleft between immense limestone cliffs, and to disappear in the depths of the gorge. Guarding the entrance to this defile, the ruin of the castle of Golubáç, on the Servian shore, piles its towers high on a spur which juts out boldly over the river, and shades a pleasant little green meadow by the water-side. Along the Hungarian bank the famous highway of Count Széchenyi, leading from the town of Moldova just above to Orsova, at the Roumanian frontier, shows the straight line of its cuttings and embankments but a few feet above the water. The smooth perpendicular cliffs are perforated by numerous caverns, one of which tradition has marked as the place whence issue the swarms of vicious flies which persecute the cattle in the summer-time.

The green meadow under Golubáç invited us to a pleasant camp, for night was fast coming on as we finished our sketching, and we were loath to leave

GOLUBÁÇ.

the charming, romantic spot. But one of our party, unable to resist the impulse to penetrate the gathering gloom of the defile, had drifted on and was lost to sight. The whole sky was tinged with the coppery red of sunset when we set out to overtake him. The river whirled and rushed and wrestled with our paddles as we floated on into the deepening twilight. Now and then a great boiling under our very keels would throw us out of our course, and make the light canoes bound along with an unfamiliar and disturbing motion. On and on we went, unable longer to see a map, and with no means of determining where and when we should come upon the dangerous rapids and whirlpools that lay somewhere in our path. Frequent camp fires sparkled at the water's edge, and from one to another we paddled, waking the echoes with the shrill notes of our whistles, until at last, just as we had concluded to give up the search, certain that we had passed our companion in the darkness, we heard his welcome hail, and were soon in camp.

The plaintive song of a peasant girl, spinning from a distaff as she walked through the rustling maize-field behind our camp, brought us to our feet long before we had slept off the effects of our sixty miles' paddle of the day before; and, eager to be at the rapids, we ate a hasty breakfast and were off down the

reach, very like the Hudson in scenery, to the little coaling-station of Drenkova. We trimmed our canoes with unusual care, tested our paddles, stowed away all loose articles, and put everything in fighting trim. Although we did not propose to undergo the humiliation of following a pilot through the rapids, we thought it best to take all reasonable means to find the best channel, and we therefore landed at Drenkova and consulted the agent of the steamship company there. He could give us but very few directions which were of any use, but offered us a pilot, and advised us strongly not to attempt the passage alone. But the sight of puffing steamers slowly dragging loaded barges up the stream was to our minds satisfactory proof of the nature of the obstructions, and, a little impatient at the delay, we pushed off, followed by repeated cautions and confused directions.

Just below Drenkova the Danube bends to the south, and makes its first angry dash over the ledges of rock that stretch between the sheer cliffs on the Servian side and the rocky, wooded heights opposite. The river was about the average height on the day we went down, and no rocks showed above the surface. A strong head-wind so disturbed the water that we were unable to judge of the run of the currents, nor exactly tell where the rapids really were until we were in the midst of them. To add to our difficulties, several steamers were towing up stream, and the wash from their paddles, necessary to be avoided at all times, increased the turmoil of the rushing waters. There was nothing to do, then, but to take our own course far enough away to avoid the steamer wash, if possible, and still near enough the main channel to escape the whirlpools, which we had been told were the greatest dangers of the passage. Between this Scylla and Charybdis the way was not easy, but we paddled steadily forward, breasting the waves, throwing spray mast-high, and plunging along with great speed. Suddenly between two of the canoes a great vortex appeared, and with giddy revolving motion seemed to rush on viciously in chase of the foremost boat. Never were paddles used with greater vigor or better skill, and the dainty crafts swept gracefully around on the outer ring of the whirlpool, just out of reach of the resistless clutch of the swirl, until the yawning vortex gradually closed up again and its force was idly spent. The Danube had given us a notion of what it might do if trifled with.

A second rapid followed the first, not far below it, at the end of a broad reach surrounded by high mountains, and although we were not conscious of any great increase in the speed of the current, we heard in a few moments the roar of the Greben rapids, the longest and most difficult of navigation above those at the Iron Gates. As we came near we saw a line of white water reaching across from shore to shore, apparently without a break. We were speedily approaching this rank of tossing waves, where jets of glittering spray flew high in the air, when we fortunately saw a steamer passing up near the Servian shore, and paddled rapidly across to find the channel, where we would be less likely to meet the only enemy we feared—the whirlpools. Before we had time to deliberate on the best passage among the rocks we were in the midst of the tumbling, dashing waters, and almost before we caught our breath again we were in a comparatively still pool under the immense crag of Greben, which, pushing far out into the stream and narrowing the channel, causes the current to flow with great swiftness over the jagged ledges of rock that dam the river at this point. In our exhilarating dashes through the waves we had not shipped a spoonful of water, although our decks had been constantly awash, even to the very top of the coamings. As we neared the last pitch of the river at this point we had acquired such confidence in our canoes that we dashed boldly into the roughest of the leaping waves, fired with enthusiasm for the unaccustomed sport, and filled with the excitement of our adventure. The canoes fairly leaped from crest to crest of the billows, and we could not see each other for the screen of dashing spray. A moment or two of active dodging and very hard paddling and we came out breathless at the landing of a temporary station where the international corps of engineers are quartered while the great work of improving the navigation is in progress.

The rocky shoulder of Greben is all scarred and torn by the cuttings which are gradually eating off its rugged and dangerous spur. Further down stream a

breakwater is in course of construction, intended to divert the current from a shallow; and at some distance below, the great black masses of drilling-machines, all chains and iron posts and funnels, are seen anchored in mid-stream, where they are constantly at work blasting out a great ledge of rock which causes the rapids of the Jur.

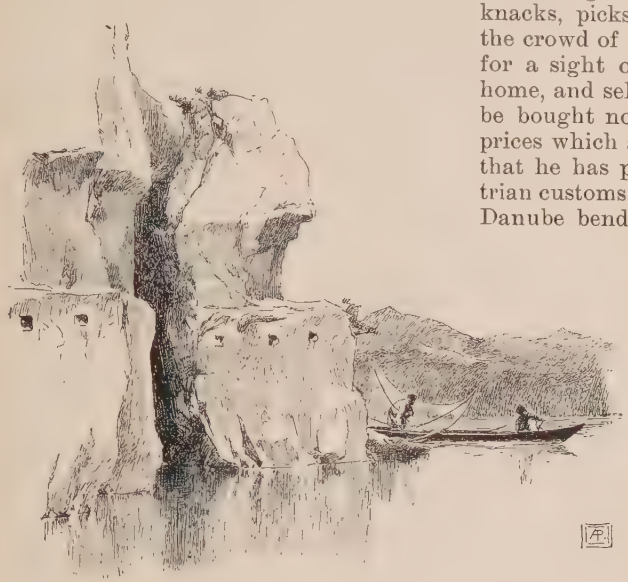
The cheery engineers, who had watched our descent of the rapids with great interest, welcomed us when we landed with offers of substantial hospitality, and over a good dinner we discussed the one topic which had for us a common interest—the moods and caprices of the great river. When we left them, at two o'clock, we had still a paddle of some twenty-five

THE KASAN DEFILE.

miles before we should reach Orsova, where we proposed to pass the night, not thinking it would be possible to camp in the gorge. There would be no shelter from the violent up-stream wind until we reached the entrance of the defile, so there was need of haste. Below Greben the river sweeps around in a great curve from the south to the northeast, a mile or more in width, then suddenly narrows, and takes a remarkably straight course through a deep cleft in the mountains, until it bends sharply towards the south again at the Iron Gates. The gorge through which it passes is called the Kasan Defile, and is far and away the most impressive and wonderful feature of the scenery along the whole river. Sheer limestone precipices many hundred feet in height rise up in grand simple masses on either side, and as we approached the gorge it looked as if some great convulsion of nature had wrenched the solid rocks asunder, leaving the deep and narrow chasm for the passage of the river. Before Count Széchenyi built his road along the Hungarian bank, in 1840, there had been no practicable pathway through the defile since the great road built by Trajan for his soldiers and his army trains during his Dacian campaign. At the entrance, where the river is constricted to a width of only 180 yards, the straight cutting of the modern highway and the great score in the cliffs left by Trajan's road are both prominent features in the landscape. Here the river rushes violently past a high rock in mid-stream, which causes a dangerous whirlpool just below, then plunges into the narrow cleft with a volume of water 200 feet or more in depth, and swirls and boils and throbs with great pulsations all along its swelling flood. Narrower and narrower becomes the gorge, higher and higher the cliffs, and strange currents and ominous whirls break the surface of the dark torrent. In the depths of the chasm there is almost twilight gloom, and in the impressive quiet the murmur of the impatient river sounds dull and low, like the breakers on a far-off sea-shore. Still closer and closer crowd the giant cliffs, until they almost touch. At last they force the mighty river into the narrow compass of 120 yards; and then, as if fatigued with the effort of strangling the resistless flood, withdraw again, and little by little the current gains its familiar breadth, and spreads out into a pleasant reach, with high wooded hills enclosing on the north a fertile valley with ripening corn-fields, and piling high on the south their rugged summits almost perpendicularly over the water's edge. Here the Roman road is almost practicable in parts, and under a great towering precipice, where a projecting rock pushes out boldly into the deep channel, the great general caused, in the year 103, a tablet to be carved in the solid rock, on which may still be read the words, IMP. CAESAR DIVI NERVAE F. NERVA TRAIANVS AVG. GERM. PONT. MAXIMUS * * * *, commemorating his victory over Nature as well as over man. Nature has not forgiven Trajan the desecration of this, one of her sublimest works, and in the lapse of centuries she has gradually eaten away the hard rock tablet, threatening it with utter destruction, in spite of the projecting stone above it, until solid masonry supports have been erected to hold the shattered inscription in its place. As we were sketching the spot, with its interesting traces of the Roman road, showing where the posts were fastened to the rock to support the platforms necessary to widen the path, two natives came paddling up under the edge of the cliff in a dugout canoe, and moored their boat at the corner, where, on the old Roman road-bed, they had a little fishing-camp. Canoe, implements, dress, were the same as in the days when their remote ancestors piloted Trajan's galleys through the dangerous eddies of the defile. Dacia Felix is now only a name, and a shattered tablet and crumbling traces of the first great highway along the Danube alone remain to remind us of the great general's conquests of this remote region, and to suggest something of the civilization he founded there. But the peasant is still unchanged in type and costume, speaks a language closely allied to the old Roman dialect, tills the ground and catches fish with the same rude implements that Trajan found in the hands of the happy barbarians of Dacia Felix.

It was long after dark before we steered our canoes by the twinkling lights of Orsova to the steamboat landing there. The tinkle of gypsy music in the garden restaurant by the river-bank echoed across the silently flowing stream, now silvered by the moon, which tardily rose above the great mountains. We heard again the soft accents of the Magyar tongue

and the intoxicating strains of the csárdás. The wild gypsy leader poured his music into our eager ears, drawing his nervous bow under our very hat brims, lest we should lose some quaver of the stirring chords. Long into the night we sat there, captive to the music and the beauty of the moonlit landscape, loath to lose one moment of the few precious hours that remained to us in bewitching, beloved Hungary.



REMAINS OF TRAJAN'S ROAD NEAR ORSOVA.

Like all frontier towns, Orsova has a heterogeneous population, which gives interest to an otherwise dull and unattractive place. Besides its commercial importance on the river, and also on the through railway line from Buda-Pesth to Bucharest, it is, in summer-time at least, the halting-place for the great multitudes of Roumanians and Hungarians who resort to the baths of Mehadia, or the Herkulesbad, as it is usually called, a most picturesque and luxurious establishment of sulphur baths a few miles inland, in a wonderful gorge of the Carpathians.

Among the motley collection of peasants seen in the streets, the Turk in all his squalor is met here for the first time on the Danube. By the treaty of Berlin, the small fortified island of Ada Kaleh, three miles below Orsova, was ceded to Austria, and the citadel was ordered to be razed. But as the whole population consisted of Turks, and there seemed to be no humane method of getting rid of them, they were allowed to linger on, not acquiring rights of citizenship in Austria, nor yet responsible to the Sultan in any way, paying no taxes to either Austro-Hungary or Turkey. The wily Turk makes the most of his position, and drives a thriving trade in all sorts of knick-knacks, picks up a good income out of the crowd of tourists who visit the island for a sight of a real Turk in his own home, and sells the best tobacco that can be bought north of the Balkans, and at prices which argue against his assurance that he has paid duty on it at the Austrian customs. Just beyond this island the Danube bends sharply to the southeast, and three or four miles below the Roumanian frontier tumbles its full, broad current over a great ledge of rocks, which for a mile and a half in width extends across the river, leaving only a narrow and intricate channel for steamers near the Roumanian shore, always dangerous to navigation, and at low water impassable except by boats of shallow draught. In this mile and a half of rapids the river falls sixteen feet, and the broad defile at this point is known as the Iron Gates.

The international corps of engineers, who are carrying out the improvements of navigation on all the rapids of the Carpathian gorge, have begun to cut a canal through the rocks at the Iron Gates along the Servian bank. The work has been in progress since the autumn of 1890, and will be completed in 1893. Trajan's engineers actually completed part of a similar canal a few rods further inland, and the material of the ancient embankments is now employed in the construction of the modern dikes. Like the conscientious travellers we were, we inspected the works, and, at the invitation of the engineers, spent a pleasant half-day there. In common with so many other undertakings the world over, the labor is mostly in the hands of the Italians, who look exactly like so many workmen on the Croton Aqueduct. At noon they gathered at the doorway of

ROUMANIAN PICKET GUARD.

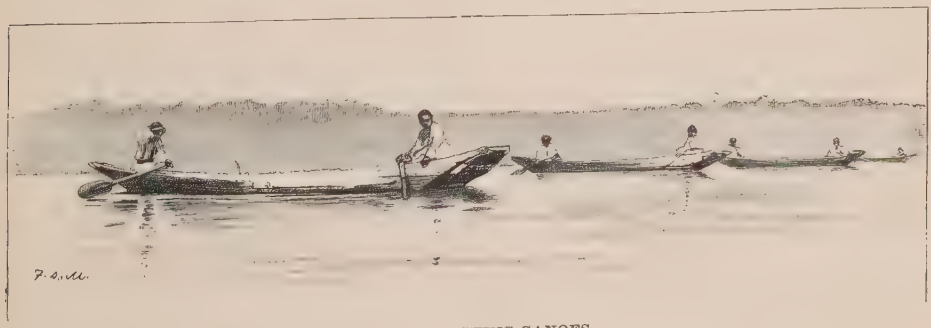
the ГОСТНОННЦА НЕВ JOPK—GASTHAUS NEWY JORK—quite the same as at the corner groceries of the One-hundred-and-something Street above the Harlem River, and only left the spot during the hour of rest to watch the futile rage of a flock of Servian and Roumanian geese at a sleepy Hungarian eagle chained to a perch—an active symbol of a possible political situation which appealed strongly to the ready Italian wit.

We had our usual enemy, a violent head-wind, on the day we trusted our fleet to the mercies of the Pregrada rapids at the Iron Gates, and we had a busy quarter of an hour escaping the whirlpools and avoiding the cross-seas. Unable from our low position to judge of the best channel in the surging waves, we kept as straight a course as the angry and baffling currents would permit, and came out safely into the comparatively smooth waters below, where we had a moment to look at the landscape from mid-stream, and to vote it tame and uninteresting after the grand scenery of the Kasan Defile. For a mile or two further on we found we must steer with care, for vicious swirls would suddenly appear and almost snatch the paddles from our hands. Great sturgeon weirs near the Servian shore marked the end of the violent currents, and after passing these we floated tranquilly away down a reach dotted all over with gourds, marking the nets and sturgeon lines, which here are set on every side. A pleasant open country was now before us, with hot yellow hills and a town on either hand — Kladovo, with brick fortress and modern earthworks, on the Servian shore, and Turn Severin, high up on a bluff across the river just below. As we had not yet landed in Roumania we decided to coast along the left bank and see if the landing-place was more interesting than the long straggling modern town, which looked so commonplace and unattractive. As we drifted down close to the groups of quaint craft, studying these novel vessels, the first we had seen with masts and sails, we noticed, on the river-bank below, the ruined pier of Trajan's bridge, and thought we would land there and make a sketch of it. As we passed the town we saw a soldier in a white linen uniform trying his best to keep pace with us; but as he made no sign, we did not dream he had any other motives than those of curiosity.

REMAINS OF TRAJAN'S BRIDGE, TURN SEVERIN.

Just above the ruins a party of soldiers was bathing, a sentinel stood guard in front of a sentry-box, and a few rods further down men were washing horses, and women were beating clothes on the rocks. We turned our bow toward the bank at the ruined pier, when a sharp hail from the sentinel caused us to look up. "Keep off!" he commanded, in vigorous Roumanian. But we, seeing no fortifications anywhere, and having no more sinister intentions than the mild pursuit of art, knew no reason why we should not go ashore where the natives were at work, and continued to paddle slowly toward the mud bank. "Keep off! keep out in the stream!" he yelled again. "Is there a war here?" we asked, with an attempt at humor. "No; but you sha'n't land! Keep off, or I'll shoot!" "Shoot away; you can't hit!" we retorted, believing it to be the idle threat of a soldier only half in earnest. But he grew more and more excited as we approached, and drawing a cartridge from his pouch, showed it to us, and pushed it into his rifle. Just at this moment the soldier whom we had seen running along the shore came up breathless, and took command of the military force, promptly ordering the sentry to cover us with his rifle, while the bathing soldiers might seize our canoes. We held off for a few moments, just out of reach, and then, thinking the farce had gone far enough, went ashore and surrendered ourselves to the corporal, the sentry, and the dozen half-naked soldiers. Armed with two expensive and hitherto useless passports, we followed the corporal a long distance into the town to the headquarters, showed our papers to the officer of the day, who immediately gave us our liberty, with polite apologies for the annoyance his men had caused us. When we reached the canoes again we distributed cigarettes to the bathing party who had guarded our fleet, and sent a few up the bank to the belligerent sentinel, who did not scorn the gift from his recent enemy. A little Jew boy standing near, not having received his share of the cigarettes, remarked, with some feeling and unconscious humor, "If the sentinel had fired at you, I suppose you'd have given him cigars!"

Floating down a great loop of the river in a dry and yellow landscape, we recovered from the excitement of our first adventure with the military, and, as we went along, watched the chattering Servians harvesting on one shore, and the Roumanian women, in the simple costume of



SERVIAN FISHING-CANOES.

DRAWING WATER FOR THE CAMP, BRZA PALANKA.

white linen chemise, and long woollen fringe hanging behind from the girdle, which binds a brilliantly colored apron to the waist, drawing water in classic-shaped jars, or spinning from the distaff as they walked. Now and then groups of men so resembling the old Dacians, with loose tunic and trousers, sandals, broad belt, and sheepskin cap, that they almost looked like masqueraders, wandered over the arid slopes, spots of brilliant white on a background of sunny yellow. Even the soldiers we saw at the little huts which now stood on the bank at frequent intervals were as barbaric in appearance as the peasant, and could only be recognized as military by the accoutrements they carried. Along one placid reach we came upon a great fleet of dugout canoes, each with two Servians, floating down with the current, dragging clumsy nets as they went. Landing below the little village, whose red-tiled roofs peeped out from among thick foliage, they drew in their

nets, towed their boats up against the stream, and, chattering all the while with incessant vigor, drifted down again as before. Almost the only houses to be seen on the Roumanian shore were the huts of the pickets, which occupied every point, and guarded every possible landing-place. We realized the fact but slowly, and only after some experience, that we were now under the eye of military supervision, from which we were not to escape until we should paddle out into the Black Sea.

At noon of the day following our introduction to the system of keeping the frontier in Roumania, we heard the sound of rifle-firing and the beating of drums in the Servian village of Brza Palanka, and on landing there found the place in the liveliest commotion. Scores of men and women were filling gourds at the wells, and hurrying away up the hill-side back of the town. Besides the burden of water, most of the women and a great crowd of children were carrying baskets of bread and cooked food, and kerchiefs full of grapes. The hot and dusty streets were alive with peasants, mostly in white linen garments, with brilliant red sashes on the men and richly colored aprons on the women. Both sexes wore very clumsy sandals and heavy woollen socks, or leg-wrappings, bound to the ankle by thongs. While we were wondering at the extraordinary activity of the village, we heard the beat of a drum coming nearer and nearer, and soon a militia company of the wildest-looking men that ever carried a rifle came marching up at quick pace, and wheeling into a narrow lane, tramped along in a cloud of dust, and disappeared over the brow of the hill. Another and then another company, each more savage-looking than the last, went through the same manœuvres, and the whole population followed them, we among the rest. When we came out on the hill-top we saw before us the strangest and most barbaric encampment imaginable. The broad arid plateau was covered with shelters or great huts made of oak boughs, ranged around in a sort of quadrangle, enclosing a level space of

CARRYING WATER FOR THE CAMP, BRZA PALANKA.

SERVIAN MILITIA—BRZA PALANKA.

twenty-five or thirty acres. In the shadows of these rude shelters were seated hundreds of men eating their mid-day meal, which was brought to them by the women and children, who, after the men were served, squatted on the dry turf a little distance away and ate their own frugal dinner. Across the great parade-ground were two long heaps of straw in parallel lines, which were evidently the beds of the men at night. We understood, of course, that we were in the annual camp of the Servian militia, and were not surprised that our appearance caused some little interest and curiosity, as we were the only ones in European dress anywhere in sight. Besides, our costume would doubtless have excited comment anywhere, for Danube mud had so changed its tone and hard usage had so distorted its shape that it was now decidedly unique in general appearance. The camp guard halted us and inquired our business, which we, for want of a better answer, stated to be a visit to the captain, trusting to the probability of there being a number of officers of that rank. The guard seemed perfectly satisfied with our reply, and did not even ask which captain we wanted to see, but let us pass at once. We made the same explanation to various inquisitive militia-men, who seemed to resent our sketching, and we slowly made our way into the enclosure. We had eaten nothing since sunrise, and had paddled twenty miles or more, therefore, after our first curiosity was satisfied, we thought we would better return to the village for luncheon, and come back to see the afternoon drill. But the moment we began to move away, the suspicions of the whole camp were aroused, and from all sides came a chorus of shouts and cries in what seemed to us very violent and angry tones. In another instant we were the centre of an excited throng of fierce-looking rascals, all armed with knives, and several of them with rifles and bayonets. Explanations were now futile, and, indeed, quite impossible, for our small stock of Servian words was soon exhausted, and after making several attempts to push past the men who blocked our path, we finally yielded, and were marched off to the hut which was apparently the headquarters. Here we found two officers of the regular army, a captain and a lieutenant, who had charge of the encampment, the former being, as we now understood, the only captain in the camp, and therefore the one whom we had declared we were about to visit.

The officers were naturally astonished at seeing two men in boating dress appear at the door of their hut, for the militia-men stood off at a respectful distance and sent us ahead to announce ourselves; however, they received us with great

courtesy, gave us the only two chairs they had, and tried to conceal their bewilderment by urgent offers of hospitality. We produced our passports, displayed the great water-mark of the eagle and shield and the arms of the British Empire, and made ourselves as agreeable as possible, all the while wondering what was going to be the result of the interview. They seemed to be in no great hurry to get rid of us, and were evidently puzzled what to do with us anyhow; for there could be no question of the validity of our credentials, and they undoubtedly had received no orders to cover this unexpected episode. The difficulty lay in our inability to explain our business; for although we could understand the greater part of what they said, from the resemblance of the language to Russian, we had a very limited stock of Servian words to use in this emergency. Even if we had successfully managed the philological feat of explaining the object of our trip in comprehensible Servian, we should have found the same difficulty here as at every other place since the beginning of our voyage in convincing them that we were engaged in no commercial enterprise, but were simply on a pleasure excursion. The captain sent men in various directions to find some one who spoke German or Hungarian, and at last a gypsy was brought who was supposed to be a linguist. His German was limited to one phrase, "Was wollen Sie?" and not a word of Hungarian did he know, so he was promptly kicked out again. While they were scouring the camp for another interpreter, it suddenly occurred to us to say we were engineers, believing that this must be a recognized profession along the Danube. The word "Ingenieur" acted like a charm. The captain immediately apologized for his stupidity in not understanding our position sooner, and called a guard to conduct us safely to the lines, saying that he could not let us remain in the camp, for the orders were against it; besides, there would be nothing to see, for the soldiers were going to have their after-dinner nap, and the parade would not take place until evening. We shook hands cordially with both officers, and followed the brawny-chested peasant toward the road to the village. As we marched across the parade-ground we could not resist the temptation to make a little note of the encampment in our sketch-books, but before we could draw a line an excited party of soldiers rushed toward us, the leader brandishing a long knife. It was evident they had all the Oriental fear and aversion to being sketched, and we saw they were disposed to

"OUR GUARD"—SERVIAN MILITIA CAMP.

make it unpleasant for us. We promptly put away our books, and one of us, drawing a penknife from his pocket, deliberately opened the smallest blade and flourished it in the air as if in a mocking challenge to the giant with the long dagger. The ridiculous situation was appreciated in an instant; the whole crowd stopped shouting to laugh; the weapons were put up, and peace was declared on the basis of mutual mirth. Once beyond the camp lines we did not attempt to enter again, but waved our adieux from the canoes as we floated off.

Our adventure had been a most interesting one, and the result had not been

MASSING OF SERVIAN TROOPS ON THE BULGARIAN FRONTIER.

disagreeable. We could not help thinking that these people were very little understood by those correspondents who are continually fermenting the Eastern question and making it a nauseous topic of ignorant discussion in the press of the civilized world. Such an encampment, we thought, would be sure to be described as a massing of Servian troops near the Bulgarian frontier, and a similar experience to ours would furnish text for interminable letters on the belligerent character of the people of the Balkan provinces. For our part we could readily picture the excitement in an encampment of militia in the United States or of volunteers in England if two Servians, in native costume and carrying sketch-books, should succeed in penetrating the lines, unable to excuse or explain their presence. It is curious to note that a few days after our visit to the camp we saw an English newspaper, and almost the first paragraph we observed in the column of telegraphic news was headed, "Massing of Servian Troops on the Bulgarian Frontier."

We did not care to come in contact with the military any more, for the reason that, now the novelty was worn off, we should scarcely find future experiences interesting enough to compensate us for the great loss of time which they were sure to involve. But we were not far beyond the sound of drums at Brza Palanka before we unwittingly fell into a Roumanian trap by drifting, as we sketched, too near that shore. A hail

from the water's edge caused us to look up, and we saw three men, dressed like ordinary peasants, as well as we could judge, beckoning us to come ashore. Thinking they had fish or some other desirable commodity to sell, we paddled nearer, intending to land just below. As we came up to them we saw they wore military belts, and at the same time we noticed a hut like those at other picket posts under a tree on the bluff above. Our first impulse was to turn our bows down stream and paddle away, but, on the first move we made to escape, one of the men ran up to the hut, appeared instantly again with rifle and cartridge-boxes, and proceeded to go through significant exercises in the Roumanian manual of arms. We were rather tired of this game, and surrendered with bad enough grace. The soldiers, however, were ready enough to discontinue hostilities the moment they met us on the shore; the corporal examined our passports, declared them all right, and, with the silver effigy of King Charles of Roumania, we stifled effectively what little enmity still lurked under their coarse linen tunics and paddled away, friends all round. Notwithstanding our efforts, we had not by any means finished with the military yet, for, as darkness came on, and we tried to find a camp-ground, we could discover no practicable place on the Servian side, nor escape the pickets on the opposite bank. At last we decided to make a counter-move against the enemy, and boldly landed and stalked up to a picket before they had time to run for their one rifle, and asked for guidance to a good camping-ground. They advised us to stay where we were, and avoid difficulties with the posts below in the darkness, so we hauled up the canoes close by their shallow well, where the Danube water filtered in through the sand, and soon forgot soldiers and passports and the Eastern question.

BUILDING A HOUSE IN SERVIA.

On this part of the river villages are infrequent, uninteresting, and almost all on the Servian side. The native architecture is neither imposing nor tasteful, but the houses are comfortable, and often very neat inside and out. The frame is made of roughly hewn poles nailed or pegged together, and skilfully wattled all over with sticks about an inch in diameter, which serve to hold the mud with which all the walls and the ceilings are thickly plastered. An open porch or veranda, often occupying nearly the whole front of the house, serves as a nursery, work-room, and general sitting-room for the women in summer, and there is often a raised platform at one side, where the men sit in Turkish fashion and smoke and drink coffee. This latter feature of native architecture is found at all country inns, and becomes an indispensable adjunct to most houses a little further down, within the limits of former European Turkey. The Servian houses, as well as the Roumanian structures, which are built on much the same plan, are generally whitewashed, and either roofed with red tiles or thatched with reeds or straw. Tiles are more commonly used in most parts. The Roumanian bank had now become flat, monotonous, and apparently deserted by everybody except the pickets. For many miles we saw not even a fishing-hamlet on either shore, and when, after rather a dull forenoon, we came to the great, white, straggling village of Radujeváç, on the right bank, we found it to be the last Servian river town above the Bulgarian frontier, and, fortunately for us, the most picturesque and characteristic place we had seen for days. Few shops, and those of the most primitive order, disturb the rustic simplicity of the streets. Farm-houses with great court-yards enclosed by high wattled fences are half hidden among the trees on either side the broad dusty highways, and the part of the village near the river is still surrounded by an oaken stockade eight or ten feet high, a relic of the days when such a defence was necessary.

HOUSE AT RADUJEVÁÇ.

On every veranda and in every farmyard the women sat in the shadow spinning and weaving wool, and their lively gossiping voices mingled cheerily with the clatter of the looms and the whir of the reel. Large-eyed, gray-coated oxen lay and peacefully chewed the cud at the very elbows of the women as they worked. Bright scarlet peppers and great piles of husked Indian corn made rich splashes of color against the cool shadows of the whitewashed walls, and everywhere brilliant touches of red in the peasant costume flashed among the foliage or gleamed in the sunshine. A few idlers assembled under the rude awning in front of the wine shop, and drank the rank plum brandy or thin acid wine; but, with the exception of these drones of the busy hive, everybody was actively engaged in harvest-work or in some domestic manufacture. The biweekly Danube steamer touches at the landing at every trip up and down; freight is delivered, produce shipped and sent to some convenient market; but the little community is as far away from civilization as if steamers did not exist, and life there is still quite as primitive as in the days before the enterprising scouts of modern commerce began to corrupt the native taste of the peasantry with the crudities of modern productions.

In the long reaches below Radujeváç a wider landscape meets the eye. Far to the north the high Carpathians raise their noble heads in grand array, and stretch away to the eastward until their forms are lost in the shimmering distance across the Roumanian plain, while to the south the bold outlines of the Balkans may be faintly distinguished, half hidden by sum-

mer clouds. The river takes longer and more stately curves, and flows with somewhat sleepy current. No obstacles now impede its course, no cliffs or crags narrow its channel, and it winds peacefully along without a check until it pours its great flood through a dozen outlets into the Black Sea. Nor is this peaceful stream without its own peculiar charm and beauty. The sunny smiling landscapes never tire the eye or fatigue the mind, for the majestic stream opens new vistas at every bend, and discloses ever-varied combinations of shore and stream and distance.

On one of the pleasantest reaches, a short way below the mouth of the magnificent stream which marks the Bulgarian frontier, the Roumanian town of Kalafat, with its great church and public edifices, shows an imposing mass on a high bluff, and looks down with the conscious pride of newness on the old town and fortress of Widdin, among the green meadows on the opposite shore. From the earthworks of Kalafat, Prince Charles fired his first shot against the Turks in 1877, which found an answering echo until Bulgaria was free and Roumania became a nation. The grim old stronghold of Widdin still shelters a large Turkish population, and above the rigid lines of its half-ruined parapets the slender points of numerous minarets still rise, mute symbols of a faith that lingers even now on the banks of the Danube. It was a pleasant, quiet afternoon when we slowly paddled down the beautiful reach, enchanted by the peaceful landscape and the pastoral beauty of the river-banks. Kalafat, dominating the great bluff, was accurately reflected in the mirror of the stream; and below, the slender minarets of Widdin and a cluster of masts, showing high above a wooded island, carried the eye away in agreeable perspective. A storm of wind and rain which swept over the country an hour or two before had cleared away, leaving the sky blue and cloudless. Dreaming of the time when the smoke of hostile cannon drifted across the meadows and veiled the face of the high bluff, we floated down toward the distant fortress, scarcely moving a paddle, lest we should all too soon sweep past the charming spot. The sound of dashing water like some near rapid suddenly startled us, and we saw just below us, only a short distance away, the whole surface of the river violently agitated, as if a line of rocks or a rough shallow stretched across from bank to bank. Hastily consulting the map, we found there was no such obstruction marked at this point, and we were puzzled to know what was in our path. Our ignorance was of brief duration, for even before we had taken up our paddles again a sudden gust of wind struck the canoes, and we were in the midst of tossing, angry surges. The willows on the bank bent down like corn in a summer gale, and showed their leaves all white in the sunlight. The pure dome of the sky was unbroken by a single cloud, but the wind came tearing up the stream like a cyclone. From the bluffs of Kalafat to the meadows of Widdin the great sleepy river had suddenly become a seething, foaming waste. Our only shelter was under the low mud banks on the Bulgarian side, whither we slowly fought our way, obliged to keep our bows

ROUMANIAN PEASANT GIRL.

CAMP OPPOSITE KALAFAT.

to the wind, and at the same time to draw shorewards with all possible speed. For some moments we were buffeted by the waves and beaten about by the vicious blast, but at last we managed to gain the shelter of some large willows, and landed in the mud opposite Kalafat. We got ashore not a moment too soon, for the river, threshed by the flail of continuous gusts, grew rougher and rougher, and the waves broke with crests like ocean billows. At the spot where we landed was moored a rude fishing-boat, and two young Bulgarian fishermen sat under the trees on the bank above busily weaving rough baskets out of unpeeled willow twigs. Their camp was a bed of boughs under the gnarled, crooked trunk of a tree; their outfit consisted of a small kettle, a dish, and two wooden spoons, and, stowed away in the shade of a convenient stump, a small stock of green corn, a few watermelons.

and a fish or two wrapped up in leaves, comprised their whole stock of provisions. In this simple bivouac they cooked and ate and slept all summer long, fishing by day and by night, and selling their catch at Kalafat or Widdin. A cloak of thick rough woollen cloth, like the mantle of the ancient Dacian, was their covering by night, and their chief protection against the weather. As simple in their tastes as the Indians of the plains, and with no better appliances for use and comfort than may be found in the wigwam of the savage, they live a happy and contented life, their only enemy the mosquito, their only society the solemn herons that wade along the shore in the very smoke of the camp fire.

They had watched our struggle with the storm, and welcomed us ashore with hearty good-will. Out of their rustic larder they chose the best melons, and insisted on our eating them, and for our supper they selected the freshest and best fish. They firmly refused the money we hesitatingly tendered them as we launched the canoes after the violence of the gale had abated; and when we left them at twilight they shook hands and wished us "God-speed" as heartily as if we had camped with them for a season. Some distance below their bivouac, and in full sight of the glimmering lights of both Kalafat and Widdin, we passed the night among the wild flowers and tangled grasses of a dry bank in a sheltered spot quite enclosed by a dense growth of trees and underbrush, with no more unpleasant intruders than startled water-fowl and drowsy, unambitious mosquitoes.

BULGARIAN FISHERMAN—BASKET-MAKING.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

MY kingdom is my sweetheart's face,
And these the boundaries I trace:
Northward her forehead fair;
Beyond, a wilderness of auburn hair;
A rosy cheek to east and west;
Her little mouth
The sunny south.
It is the south that I love best.

Her eyes, two crystal lakes,
Rippling with light,
Caught from the sun by day,
The stars by night.
The dimples in
Her cheeks and chin
Are snares which Love hath set,
And I have fallen in!

JOHN ALLAN WYETH.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE fabled stream that sank from sight, and emerged far away, still flowing, is an image of the course of all progress. The argument which establishes the reason and the benefit of reform does not therefore at once establish it, still less complete it. There are obstructions, delays, disappearances; but still the stream flows, seen or unseen, still it swells, and reappearing far beyond where it vanished, moves brimming to the sea.

The Lady Mavourneen, who, coming to us straight from Paris, found here a courteous regard for women, which she said that after a life's residence she had not found in France, was only just to Americans. Nowhere is there such instinctive and universal consideration for the gentler sex, notwithstanding the occasional spectacle of the woman standing in the elevated railroad car, and the necessity under which the elderly wit found himself in the omnibus, when, seeing a comely young woman standing, he said to his son sitting in his lap, "My son, why don't you get up and give the lady your seat?"

Despite such gayety in the omnibus, and such devout reading of the newspapers in the elevated cars that the devotees cannot see women standing, even those women, if they are travelled, would agree that, upon the whole, in no civilized country have they encountered more deference to the sex as such than in America. Yet the courtesy is that of a clever as well as polite people. If the comely maid in the omnibus had suddenly and sweetly asked the elderly wit whether he was a true American, and believed that taxation and representation should go together, he would have promptly replied, "Yes, ma'am." But if she had then whipped out her logical rapier and thrust at him the question, "Are you, then, in favor of giving me a vote?" his cleverness and his courtesy would have blended in his reply, "Madam, when women demand it, they will have it." It is the universal reply of the ingenious patriot who is aware that the argument is against him, but who is still unconvinced. The stream of logic sinks in the sands of his scepticism, but it will reappear still further on, flowing with a fuller current toward its goal.

If the omnibus were a convenient ground for such bouts of argument, the maid has plenty of other keen rapiers in reserve with which she would pierce his courteous incredulity. One of the sharpest would be the rejoinder of inquiry whether it was the general custom of Legislatures to wait until everybody interested in a reform asked for it before granting it. Having inserted the point of the weapon, she would turn it around, to the great inconvenience of the elderly wit, by further asking specifically whether imprisonment for debt was abolished because poor debtors as a body requested it or because it was deemed best in the general interest that it should be abolished, or whether hanging for stealing a leg of mutton was renounced because the hapless thieves demanded it, or because Romilly showed that humanity and the welfare of society and of respect for law required it.

The comely maid, once aroused, would not spare him, and while declining to occupy his son's seat, she would challenge him to say whether the slave trade was stopped and the West Indian slaves emancipated by England because the slaves petitioned, or because Parliament thought such reforms desirable for the interests of England. That inquiry, doubtless, she would have pushed more closely home, and there would have been no escape for the nimble wit except in some happy and elusive epigram. Nothing would have followed. He would have lifted his hat courteously as the lady smiled and left the omnibus. The stream of logic would have disappeared. But its volume would have been stronger, and when it reappeared, it would have been flowing nearer its goal.

The comely maid recently smiled, probably as if she saw the reappearance, when she learned that venerable Yale, even before venerable Harvard, had opened her post-graduate courses upon absolutely the same conditions to women as to men. This is not coeducation; far from it; it is as far as eleven o'clock from twelve. Still less is it co-suffrage. No, indeed; it is as different as the blossom of May from the fruit of September. It means no more than that the good sense of Yale, perceiving that there is a goodly company of women actually devoted to

higher studies, and not perceiving anything unwomanly or undesirable in larger knowledge and stricter intellectual training, invites Hypatia and Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell to avail themselves of her opportunities and resources to prosecute their studies, and recognizes that in a modern world of larger and juster views, which permits women to use every industrial faculty to the utmost, and to own property and dispose of it, it is useless longer to insist with chivalry that woman is a goddess "too bright and good," or with the Orient that she is a slave in this world and a houri in the next.

As for the logic of such an invitation, Yale is doubtless indifferent. She invites women to study not with her undergraduates, but with her post-graduates. Probably she recoils with instinctive conservatism from the vision of a possible Hypatia seated among her faculty in a professorial chair. That might do in Alexandria in the fifth century. But in New Haven in the nineteenth, or even the twentieth—? She recoils still further from the prospect of co-voting. Elizabeth Tudor was a creditable head of a kingdom and a fellow-counsellor of state with Burleigh and Walsingham. But does it follow that a Connecticut woman possessed of great estates should have a voice in the disposition of her property? Probably Yale would agree that when all such amply endowed women unite in asking for such a voice, it might be worth while to consider. Meanwhile she opens the hospitable doors of her post-graduate intellectual treasury, and every woman who will may enter and share the riches.

Oliver asked for more, but not until he had consumed his portion. The comely maid of the omnibus smiles as she sees those treasury doors hospitably opening. She seems perhaps to see the stream of logic at once vanishing and reappearing. If a woman may mingle wisely with post graduates, why not with under—but no. Something, she would say with womanly good sense, may be left to time and the inevitable sequence of events. Shall all be done at once, and the sound seed be spurned because it must be planted and grów and ripen before there is a harvest? In this Columbian year shall we think that nothing was gained when Columbus reached San Salvador, as we used to be taught, or Watling Island, or Grand Turk, or Samana, among which bewildered knowledge now doubtfully gropes —because he had not reached the continent, and because he believed it to be the old and not a new India?

That comely damsel, with her face toward the morning, says, quietly, with Durandarte, "patience, and shuffle the cards." One glance at the woman in the Athens of Pericles and at woman in the New Haven of President Dwight answers the question which the nimble elderly wit eluded.

A LATE little incident discloses the defect of a favorite American theory. The theory—and it is one in which this year we are all peculiarly interested—is this, that a popular election expresses the popular view upon great public questions. The orators about to sally forth to take the stump are already whetting their best phrases, and none has a finer edge than that which is attributed to Talleyrand, at whose door all such orphaned and abandoned phrases are left, so that his name is a vast foundling hospital for stray remarks of political cleverness that nobody claims. This one is the familiar saying that everybody knows more than anybody.

But it is rather perilous to assume that ten millions of votes represent what may be truthfully described as the political views of ten millions of voters. Such a vote is undoubtedly the best practicable system yet devised for ascertaining the personal preferences of ten millions of people, but not their views or opinions. Undoubtedly there is a due proportion of views or convictions among that great number of votes. But a very large part is composed of whims, prejudices, personal interests, bargains, bribes, and ignorance. A dull Sclavonian fraudulently naturalized yesterday, a Hungarian iron-worker guiltless of knowledge of the English tongue, and hosts and hordes of such extempore citizens, have no views in American politics, and their opinions represent nothing of what a vote stands for in our theory of popular elections.

The illustration that the Easy Chair had in mind, however, was the result instinctively attributed to a reputed remark of the American Secretary of the Treasury when recently in England. He had crossed the ocean after a long illness, to complete his recovery, and the alert inter-

viewer ran him down in London, and in a conversation reported him to have made use of a descriptive phrase in regard to a class of American voters which it is wholly improbable that he did use. The Secretary was reported to have alluded to "clam-mouthed Irishmen," and it was at once felt by his amazed countrymen, from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, that he had ruined his political career. A British radical member of Parliament once said to the Easy Chair that Mr. Chamberlain could never be Prime Minister, because in a public speech, replying to a charge of "ratting," he had said "the Tories at least are gentlemen," implying that his late Liberal associates were not.

The Secretary of the Treasury is a public man of great experience as a politician, and there is no class of our fellow-citizens which the practical politician is less likely to offend than those of Irish birth or descent. Nothing was more improbable than that he had described them by an offensive epithet. But the peril was perceived instantly, and a message was promptly cabled from the other side to the effect that the Secretary had not said clam-mouthed, but flannel-mouthed. This was much as if a school-boy, having made a blot of ink upon his writing-book, should try to rub it out with his finger. The incident became more ludicrous, but the certain result no better. The public man who could speak of an Irishman in a contemptuous phrase, or even a phrase susceptible of a suspicion of derision, might prepare with Wolsey to bid farewell to all his greatness.

It seems to be pure comedy, but it is not. It is such considerations that determine what is called the availability of candidates. They may be men of the loftiest character and the greatest ability, with knowledge and experience of public affairs, and of a distinct political genius, but if they have said upon a subject wholly unconnected with public affairs something offensive to a large body of voters who agree with their public views, they are nevertheless unavailable. The vote of those voters does not represent convictions or views of public questions, but simply personal dislike. The Secretary of the Treasury is identified with certain views and policies in public affairs. But were he nominated for office as their representative, thousands of those who agree with him would vote against him if he had described their ancestors, even with sincere scientific conviction, as ring-tailed baboons.

The moral of these observations is that a popular election does not by any means represent popular opinion upon a great question, unless the preponderance of the majority is so overwhelming as to be inferred fairly to have swallowed up the feelings wholly unrelated to the real issues of the election. It is but one of many and various illustrations of the same fact. Few important elections are now decided without the open charge by the defeated party that the result was determined by "boodle." That is to say, that the result is not an indication of public opinion, but of private swindling. It is possible to sympathize with the Irishman who avenges what he feels to be an insult to his race and kindred by voting against a candidate whom he believes to be their traducer. But when elections are decided by boodle, they have become games of the same moral dignity with those that are played at Homburg and Monaco.

So long as it may be truly said that a Senatorship or a Governorship is sold for money, the theory that elections represent the will of the people is an amusing fancy of the Reverend John Jasper.

THE other day a row of trees planted by Alexander Hamilton were offered for sale, and were bought by Mr. O. B. Potter, a man of public spirit, who, although he hardly sympathizes with the political views of the Federalist leader, cherishes a patriotic respect for the memory of a great American statesman. It was a touching bit of sentiment, and of a kind that is not common among us. Mr. Potter will perhaps reserve a little ground about the trees for a seat or two, and may even contemplate ultimately a bust or statue of Hamilton in a grove of meditation within sight of Weehawken, across the Hudson River. Trees, associated with famous men, are beautiful memorials. The winds sigh in their foliage, birds sing in their boughs, their shade solicits the traveller, and nature renews their charm with every year.

Wordsworth had a sensitive feeling for this sylvan association, and often celebrates it. In the grounds of his friend Sir George Beaumont he placed the inscription beginning:

"The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine
Will not unwillingly their place resign,
If but the cedar thrive that near them stands,
Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands."

And for a stone on his own grounds of Rydal Mount the poet wrote—and the strain was like a rippling brook—

"In these fair vales hath many a tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the bard.
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him
As one of the departed."

So under Hamilton's trees the musing citizen may pace, and like the village maiden at her wheel, revolve the sad vicissitude of things.

But, as Sir Boyle Roche might have said, if the Hamilton trees had been houses overtaken by the city, their fate would be different. One historic building, indeed, remains, and thus far defies the encroaching town. This is Fraunce's tavern, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in which Washington took leave of his officers. It has the further interest that from its windows the guests gazed upon the procession that escorted Washington from Franklin Square through Pearl Street to Broad, and up Broad to Wall, to be inaugurated President. The old building is called Washington's headquarters, and externally is little changed from the time when, "with a heart full of love and gratitude," the commander-in-chief lifted his glass and drank to his comrades.

Such buildings, however, are few in the city, and the city consequently loses the charm which is so constant in the great cities of Europe. One reason for the paucity, however, does not accuse our sentiment. The noted buildings were frequently of wood, and in themselves more perishable. The historic sense, too, was wanting in the people. Hereafter buildings of a real interest are more likely to be retained, both because of their more permanent material and of a finer national consciousness. In Washington, for instance, whatever provision may be made for the residence of the President, the White House would hardly be removed to make room for another official mansion upon its site. The loss of such buildings is, indeed, a sentimental loss, but despite the disrepute of the word, it is the name of the deepest human emotions. It is a sentiment only which would be gratified by seeing the house in which John Jay was born, or Washington Irving. But what takes us to Rome? What is the spell of Venice, where

"Silent rows the songless gondolier"?

of Salamis? of Marathon? Long ago, in the golden days of the lecture lyceum, Ik Marvel read a delightful essay on the uses of beauty. Even Jeremy Bentham would agree that real estate does not depreciate in a region hallowed by sentiment, and that life is richer where, while the sense of comfort is placated, the imagination is pleased. Emerson says that nobody owns the landscape. But every land-owner knows that a beautiful and noble prospect enhances the value of an estate. The whole city has an interest in the removal of Columbia College to its new home, because its settlement there will be its permanent foundation on a fitting and beautiful site, securing to the city always a delightful and studious resort, and an endless source of the purest intellectual association.

The whole power of association is a sentiment, and, meditating under the trees of Hamilton which the thoughtful care of Mr. Potter has preserved for us, we are now ready for the remark of Dr. Johnson which the patient reader has been awaiting, perhaps the most familiar of all his remarks—"That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." The doctor differed from General Hamilton; he thought taxation without representation to be no tyranny, and it is doubtful whether Hamilton could have converted him. But if they could stroll together under Hamilton's trees to-day, contemplating the scene and considering the work of a century, perhaps the tough old Tory might concede that Hamilton was not altogether wrong.

THE attitude of an Easy Chair is one of observation. It was the instinct of the ancestors of the modern colloquial essay that one called his lucubrations the *Tatler*, and the other the *Spectator*. As the Yankee rustic is said to have entered the

shop of Messrs. Call and Tuttle, and to have remarked to the urbane clerk who awaited his commands, "Well, sir, I have called, and now I should like to tuttle," those fathers of the gossiping essay observed and tattled. But there is no fresher or more vital strain in literature, because it is the talk of literary artists of what they saw. The essays are fine examples of what has been called in the adjacent Study literary realism.

If the *Freeholder*, the close kinsman of the *Spectator*, were observing our political life to-day as he observed that of England, and more especially of London, nearly two centuries ago, he would certainly have remarked a recent illustration of the power of public opinion in this neighborhood. The *Freeholder* made the best of the situation for the first George, and may have been suspected of some personal interest in the prosperity of the Whigs. But it is pleasant to see how the times with which he dealt live upon his page. Turning his glass upon this later day and its events, his conclusion would be that the great conservative force in a modern community, public opinion, was never more healthful and active than in ours.

The sudden passage of a law devoting part of Central Park to a speedway—a phrase which describes a race-course as gently as sample-room describes what our plainer parents knew as a grog-shop—its prompt Executive approval, and the immediate action by the municipal park authorities, startled and aroused the city very much as the arrival of the tea-ships in Boston aroused that sensitive and patriotic town more than a hundred years ago. New York is a good-natured community, and generally tolerant of public official excesses, because of its conscious helplessness, and of a public indolence which recoils from the labor and cost of perpetual conflict. Reversing the usual course of war, the city is beleaguered from within rather than from without, and now and then, pushed a little beyond the point of endurance, it tries a turn with the enemy, and is generally worsted and dispersed.

But the city is fond of its Park, and prefers to retain it for the enjoyment of all the people; and the law, which proposed to sacrifice much of its beauty and convenience to the pleasure of a few, with consequences that promised to baffle and annul its original and essential purpose, produced a general and active protest, and for a few days the scene recalled the excitement of Boston hurrying to the town meeting, and finally to the tea-ships to throw the tea overboard.

A law passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor is presumably the act of the people by their freely chosen representatives. But this was a law which affected chiefly the people not of the State, but of the city, and the protest was so strong and so universal that it was plain the representatives misrepresented the people. The press thundered against the project; committees were organized; subscriptions poured in; a great public meeting was electrified by eloquent appeals; a committee of eminent citizens was appointed to proceed to Albany and ask the repeal of the law. Simultaneously the Mayor, admonished by the impressive demonstration, called a halt; the park authorities reversed their action, and revoked the order to proceed with the work. The tea should not be landed. But whether it shall be thrown overboard, whether the law shall be repealed, is still unsettled as the Easy Chair is compelled to take down its glass.

But it is a pleasant illustration of public opinion correcting the action of its own agents, even when that action has become invested with the dignity and force of law, but correcting it by entirely lawful methods. It is a demonstration of the spirit of prompt, intelligent, resolute action under law, which is the spirit of the history of liberty—the spirit which will not suffer institutions designed to promote the general welfare to obstruct and injure it. The *Freeholder* would see in this little incident the later action of the spirit which bowed the Stuarts out of England, and seated William, and at last the Hanoverians, upon the throne. Sam Adams would see in it the spirit which maintained English rights against English encroachment. Indeed, there is a cloud of witnesses who would testify to the good work done in preventing the depredation upon the Park not only in the rescue of a popular pleasure-ground from harm, but in proving the readiness of intelligent public opinion to assert itself.

This little incident, and the similar protest of the same opinion two years ago

against the diversion of the Park to the purposes of the World's Fair, are the conclusive proclamation by the intelligent public opinion of New York that it means to reserve its great pleasure-ground for the pleasure of all the people, and not to permit it to be misappropriated for a hundred projects, which may be perfectly proper and desirable in themselves, but which do not belong to a park. Uncle Toby thought that there was room enough in the world for the fly and himself. There is plenty of room in the city of New York for race-tracks, or speedways, or fairs without encroaching upon Central Park. This truth has now been stated so emphatically that every good cause is strengthened.

Editor's Study.

I.

WE have been accustomed to find in the English shepherds, rustics, and clowns drawn by Mr. Thomas Hardy counterparts of the simple folk depicted by Shakespeare. The artist who has made the illustrations of the rural scenes in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* has in one picture put the milkmaid on the wrong side of the cow. We are sure that this could not have been done with the approval of Mr. Hardy, and equally sure that it was not done with the approval of the cow, who in this situation would have kicked over the milk-pail; but unfortunately the illustration imparts an air of cockneyism to the surrounding pages of text, and a slight shade of suspicion arises that we have here a literary milkmaid, or at least one created for a literary or a moral purpose. This impression is not lessened by a certain quaint and almost archaic tone which was so delightful in the author's *Group of Noble Dames*. Are Tess and Izz and Marion and old Durbeyfield really of this century? Mr. Hardy should know best.

We are compelled by the author's previous performances to hold him to the highest standard as a literary artist. In none of his former novels has he given such exquisite landscapes—they are drawn or painted rather than written—such scenes of dawn, of night, of lush summer, and of the barren time of frost, such absolutely vivid pictures of farm life. (There is, it may be said in passing, a striking coincidence between the threshing-machine incident and that described in Garland's *Main Travelled Roads*, with the balance of fidelity to nature in Mr. Garland's favor.) But there has crept into his language a certain scientific jargon, which effectively meets the requirements of a scientific age, no doubt, but has an odd effect—a slight effect of strain, if not of artificiality. The story is palpitating with life—physical life, warm, insistent, the original force and impulse of nature itself. So obvious is this that the reader can fancy the novelist has said to himself, "We English are accused of cowardice in dealing with the relations of the sexes, with passion and the primary forces of nature; I will show that we understand life on this side of the Channel as well as they do on the other." The effort, which is entirely successful, has a little the air of a *tour de force*. A powerful novel, everybody says that, and unutterably tragic and painful. That were enough to say did not the author challenge a moral estimate by his sub-title—"A Pure Woman, Faithfully Presented." We are little inclined to take it up, for Mr. Hardy's thesis is that we must be judged by the will, not by the deed. This standard is difficult to apply in human affairs, and discussion of it cannot be undertaken in a paragraph. The career of Tess involves us in an inextricable confusion of right and wrong. We assume that the reader knows her story. We accept Mr. Hardy's representation of her; we even understand what he means by a purity preserved in what he may call conventional sins. Granting all this, we must hold Mr. Hardy, and not Tess, to blame for her conduct. A character in fiction, as soon as it is conceived and accurately limned for the reader, has rights. Whatever we think of the first misstep of Tess in the immaturity of her girlhood, her character was afterwards so formed by experience and suffering, so enlightened was she by intelligence and by the pure love for her husband, that the acts she committed seem impossible. Certainly her return to the betrayer she loathed was not her act, but the wilful compulsion of her creator. And in the last moral insensibility to crime, which her

husband shares with her, the happy pair seem walking in a dream, surely not in the reality of any sane world we recognize.

II.

Are there any old-fashioned readers left aboveground to enjoy a historical romance? Or are they all resting in the cemetery in which criticism has erected head-stones with the names of Walter Scott and Dumas and Hugo and Thackeray? Must one seek the protection of such a city of the dead in order to read, without consciousness of committing a literary impropriety, *The Deluge*, written as a sequel to *Fire and Sword*, by the Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz? The story moves in the lurid atmosphere of war and slaughter in the years 1654–8, when the commonwealth of Poland was in death-throes, and the reader must be prepared for an amount of vigor and action which sweep away the analytic fancies of the period. Time he will also need, for the romance runs through two thick, compactly printed volumes, and he must live day after day and night after night with the stirring personages in these pages, until they will become realities of a period, recounted by the Polish wizard with marvellous art. So skilful is Sienkiewicz that the reader will never doubt that these characters once lived, and that these incidents, given in such detail, are historic verities. The Study can recall no other historical romance that carries with it more perfectly the air of verity. This is owing to the care with which all the scenes are painted and the individuality of the figures. We meet again here our inimitable knight of the *Fire and Sword*, Zagloba, and his comrades in prowess; and the old and lovely sinner has not lost his love of adventure or of bragging. We have had much less enjoyment in life in company of a better man. The novel gives us a picture of a land on fire with war, or, to change the figure, deluged with enemies, traitors having removed the barriers of invasion. It is a story of marchings and sieges, of burning cities, of battles and annihilating partisan encounters, of personal adventure, which the reader follows with the breathless interest of a spectator. And through it all runs a golden thread of love, pure and sweet, involving the development of character in the fire of experience that was an element wanting in the author's former story. When a critic wishes to commend a stirring romance without incurring personal responsibility, he says that it will please boys. The great sweep of this romance in its historic perspective cannot be measured by a boy's comprehension, but there are many who carry into manhood the boy's love of action, of vital force, of adventure, of deeds done splendidly, of lives offered to a cause in a grand manner and without self-consciousness, who will be obliged to Sienkiewicz for quickening their pulses, and giving them once more the thrill of primal heroism. They will believe, while they are with Sienkiewicz, that there is such a thing.

III.

Of course, in a way, romance has gone out of the West. The poor Ute Indian, whose name is Co-na-pi-ett, appears on the English rolls as Hannibal Hamlin, and the wily Too-car can scarcely recognize himself as Cyrus Crow. There is no longer much illusion in the Southwest border stories of William Gillmore Simms, whose life has just been written (in the "American Men of Letters Series") by William P. Trent, Professor of History in the University of the South. The Revolutionary romances of the Carolinas, of Marion and his men, have still a certain vitality which is not inherent in the poetry of the author, but the name of Simms is now chiefly useful as an illustration of a literary and social period gone by, and in a larger sense of the effect of isolation, want of discipline, and social surroundings upon a talent that might have been a very important one in the world. Simms was greater than his works. He had force, ambition, courage, manliness, immense industry, fecundity, and a born capacity for story-telling. His efforts were largely frustrated by want of training, and by an environment unfriendly to his art. Had Simms been born now, in an impulsive, generous society, which has dropped feudalism and slavery, and which sees as an inspiration of progress what John Van Buren used to call the "Northern Lights," there is every reason to believe that he would hold a front rank among American novelists. There never was such another demonstration in history of the effect of social emancipation upon literature as has been furnished by the band of brilliant Southern writers since the war of

secession. Professor Trent illustrates this in his method of modern research and scholarship. His study of Simms is both critical and sympathetic, and he makes us see the man by pouring upon the institutions that both made and marred him the illumination of the modern day. Indeed, it may be doubted if the value of the volume as biography is not overshadowed by its value as a study of the limitations that slavery put upon literary performance, and by its service as a record of life and manners now become historic. There was ambition enough to produce a Southern literature, but a withering blight fell upon effort, and even those who made it said that Charleston, with all its culture, was a graveyard of periodicals. Simms lived to see his idols shattered, the social fabric around him in ruins, stricken by bereavement, beggared by war and conflagration, and by the non-marketable quality of his old-fashioned wares; but he was never more heroic or more worthy of love and respect than in his brave struggles to assist others in the days of his extreme calamity. The story has personal as well as general interest, and will be read with pleasure, because Professor Trent has set it forth with vivacity, in a narrative the entertainment of which does not flag, and with a lucid and scholarly pen. We account it, indeed, considering all its relations, and the wholly admirable manner of its execution, one of the most important biographies of late years, and of great historic value.

IV.

The first impression made upon the reader by Mrs. Humphry Ward's *History of David Grieve* is that of abundant leisure at the command of the author. She has not been in haste. She has waited, after drawing off her first romance, until her reservoir filled again. She has written with unwearying patience and tireless elaboration. As a result of this care and leisure of mind, her work is of firmly knit fibre, woven in a style of singular compactness and brilliant lustre. This is a commendable example to other story-writers, and the result would need only praise if the author had not assumed that the reading public has as much leisure as she has, and can afford, for example, to read half a dozen pages in order to get a silhouette of a single figure in a winter landscape. If the author hoped to give us the impression of a lifetime in her story, she has succeeded, for we can readily believe that we have been with David Grieve a hundred years. The theme is the evolution of a human soul into peace through suffering, and the unrelenting creator of David spares him no calamity. From childhood to the end he is ground in every sort of adversity, and his companions in it are selected for their unpleasantness, for the most part. The reader will not, however, object to this company, sordid or disreputable as most of it is, for he is always conscious of being in good society, having the refined society of the author and of excellent literature, and the beauty of nature as a perpetual chorus and interpreter of the story. This power of the author to idealize her material gives her high rank as a writer. But she has made one hazardous experiment, and that is in trying to paint a character consistently bad—as difficult a feat as to make one perfectly good in human life. David's sister Louie is perhaps the most unremitting, unrelieved female devil ever created, an imp of selfishness and heartlessness from her childhood to her tragic death—so bad, indeed, that the Paris episode of un-Puritanic sin rather leaves a white mark on her. It is a sort of relief to the reader to have her go to the devil literally. She can only be accounted for on the supposition that she was "possessed." Her millinery interest in the Roman Catholic Church is a bold imagination of the author, and is perilously near a humorous conception. The Paris episode of David, at the same time, is generally regarded as the most readable portion of the book, and is, we hear, liked by readers who would not tolerate such an adventure if described by an American novelist. Nor would the English public be likely to relish it as much if the scene were London. But the writer has never done anything with a lighter hand or more artistic touch than the character of Elise Delaunay. It is not so new in fiction as Louie, but it is much truer. *David Grieve* is intelligently named a history—the rambling history of a life produced, so far as we can judge, in order to carry the author's ethical and religious speculations. It has not the unity of a novel. That is not saying that it has not distinctly drawn characters. One of them is Lucy, the

shallow little fool whom the author compels David to marry in order to punish him and discipline him into acceptance of the vague religion of Amiel's Diary. The basis of the book, in fact, as it was of *Robert Elsmere*, seems to be Amiel. A religion is sought, a lasting conception of Christianity. This search is represented as being "like the unravelling of fine and ancient needle-work." It is a toil, and one is obliged to go round by Voltaire, and wade through all the scepticism of the eighteenth century and the agnosticism of the nineteenth, to get at the "eternal meaning of Jesus." And yet Dora—the simple-minded Dora of this history—had this conception without the least difficulty, and showed the best fruits of it in an unselfish life. She does not need to read *David Grieve*.

V.

The old and well-worn adage that "truth is stranger than fiction" receives a severe blow in Mr. George Meredith's *The Tragic Comedians*. The romance of Helene von Dönniges and Ferdinand Lasalle has often been told in the newspapers, and the heroine has herself set it forth. Indeed, the introduction to this volume, by Mr. Clement Shorter, gives the story in clear outline, accompanied by the portraits of the leading lady and gentleman. We are thus seated in front of the curtain, fully possessed of the reality of the persons who are to perform. But when the curtain rises, we straightway lose all sense of reality, and are in the presence of a palpable world of fiction, an artificial creation of the stage. By constantly turning back to the "argument," we are enabled to follow the story, but the illusion of reality is gone. This is a very considerable achievement, and lends a new interest to the somewhat wearisome discussion of realism. It has been supposed on all sides that the novelist who could set forth invented characters and situations with such literary verity as to make them seem actual happenings and human beings had touched the height of art. But here comes a master of his craft, and introduces confusion into the discussion by transforming real persons and admitted adventures into fantastic images and stage spectacles, so that we are thrown back into the unwelcome notion that fiction is stranger than truth. The necromancer who accomplishes this, one of the subtlest living students of the human heart, effects it by a method purely his own. By a certain artful collocation of words, he creates an atmosphere by which nature is made to seem as fantastical as he likes to conceive her, and in this strange world his personages, now become phantoms of his pen, taking their cue from the author in the prompter's box, hurl epigrams at each other, interspersed with dots and dashes which represent emotions beyond the reach of even epigrams to express. It is not necessary to inquire whether real people in a drawing-room or under the lindens ever talk in this way. The author has produced his effect, and no other sort of conversation would be accepted by the reader as sufficiently unreal for the world into which he is introduced. But having accepted this situation, in which reality becomes fiction, the reader has not at all finished with the author. Mr. Meredith is profoundly versed in the subtle workings and contradictions of the human heart, and his description of the mental processes of Alvan (Lasalle) and Clotilde (Helene) when they are separated, simply as an abstract study, is one of the subtlest, and, on the whole, truest, things in modern fiction. The elusive coquetry of Clotilde and the masterful egoism of Alvan are studied by a masterhand, done with a delicate firmness that commands the reader's admiration even when he is struggling in the meshes of the author's wilful diction.

So impressive are Mr. Meredith's great qualities, even in this minor work, that it is natural to regret that he does not reach a wider audience. The English introduction is of great assistance to the reader, but we believe it would pay an enterprising publisher to have *The Tragic Comedians* translated.

VI.

Among the most pleasing occupations of our literary times has been the hunt for "local color." It has been a matter of faith. Everybody has believed in it as something you could buy, like paint, in quantities needed for your palette. It has been frankly admitted that local color is a thing indispensable, especially in a novel, and to some extent in an essay in biography. Indeed, there is scarcely any mixture that is not improved by it. This is so well understood that when a

writer is about to put his fiction into limits of time and space, he finds it to his advantage to get, either by letter or personal visit and inspection, some local color to make vivid, if not real, the scenery and personages of his representation. Very often all he needs is certain words or phrases, or at most a dialect. There is probably more marketable local color in a dialect than in any other thing that can be acquired. Given a knowledge of the prevailing wind, the shape of the hills, the attitude of nature in that locality towards the residents, and the dialect, a story can be made so saturated with local color that it would deceive almost anybody—except, perhaps, such a person as Hawthorne was. We never think, by-the-way, of local color in connection with Hawthorne. Apparently he didn't need to put it on. Perhaps he would not have understood about it. He might have thought that the counterpart of the literary term (local color) applied socially would refer to the women who paint; the term has such an artificial sound. One has an idea of a colored photograph; the local color is not a part of the substance, but is imposed. Now, the Study has a notion that Hawthorne was not conscious of any necessity of giving local color to his creations. He wrote of that into which he was born, and his creations, even when they were in foreign settings, glowed with that internal personality which is never counterfeited by veneering.

When Grace King published, some years ago, *Monsieur Motte*, a story of creole New Orleans, we had a striking example of the unconscious expression of the life of a community, without the slightest effort on the part of the writer to make that life visible by exaggeration of peculiarities. There was no question here of the truth of dialect or the external characterizations of race; the author wrote out of her experience; this was a life she knew so thoroughly that she was not trying to exploit it in telling her story. The result, as we know, was as perfect a representation of creole conditions and social life as Hawthorne ever made of New England. And the two results were produced exactly in the same way. Neither author used "local color" as a varnish. A collection of Miss King's more recent stories, entitled *Tales of a Time and Place*, increases this writer's reputation as an original force in American literature. The five stories here—"Bayou L'Ombre," "Bonne Maman," "Madrilène, or the Festival of the Dead," "The Christmas Story of a Little Church," and "In the French Quarter, 1870"—have already attracted attention, and this volume will emphasize the fact that the South here has a born interpreter. "Bayou L'Ombre" is a picture of the reflex action of the late war that can scarcely be matched. And for the episode of the rising and bacchantic march of the negresses when first the idea of "freedom" came to them, that has a dramatic quality and a raciness of humanity that our critics have been accustomed to find only in the French masters of fiction.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of April.—In Congress the following bills were passed: By the House—the Pension Appropriation Bill; the Urgent Deficiency Bill, March 11th; the Army Appropriation Bill, March 21st; a bill to prohibit absolutely the admission of Chinese into the United States, April 4th; a bill removing the duties on wool, April 7th. By the Senate—the Pure Food Bill, March 9th; the Urgent Deficiency and Military Academy Appropriation bills, March 17th; the Indian Appropriation Bill, April 6th.

The Legislature of Texas, on the 22d of March, elected Roger Q. Mills to represent that State in the United States Senate.

The State election in Rhode Island, on the 6th of April, resulted in favor of the Republicans. D. Russell Brown was elected Governor.

Commercial treaties between the United States and France and Spain were completed, March 10th, by approval of the governments of the two latter countries. The completion of a reciprocity treaty with Nicaragua was made public, March 13th, by proclamation of the President. A new extradition treaty between France and the United States was signed at Paris March 25th. The treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the arbitration of the questions involved in the Bering Sea dispute was ratified by the United States Senate March 30th.

On the 12th of March 350,000 coal-miners in Great Britain stopped work and went on strike, which lasted ten days.

An agreement was completed between Great Britain and France, on the 6th of April, prolonging the *modus vivendi* of the Newfoundland fisheries for another season.

Anarchist plots were discovered in Paris and Madrid, and in the latter city an attempt was made on the 4th of April to blow up the Spanish Cortes with dynamite. Several arrests were made in both places.

In Venezuela a revolutionary movement was inaugurated March 15th, with ex-President Joaquin Crespo at its head.

Despatches from Brazil announced that a revolution was in progress in the state of Matto-Grosso, having for its object the overthrow of the present Governor. The dissatisfaction in Rio Grande do Sul had partially subsided with the accession of a new Governor, but a movement for the formation of an independent republic was reported as imminent. On the 2d of April the government of the Argentine Republic, apprehending a revolt, proclaimed the entire country in a state of siege.

DISASTERS.

March 11*th*.—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in a colliery near Charleroi, Belgium, killing nearly two hundred miners.

April 1*st*.—The southern and eastern portions of Kansas were swept by destructive storms. Immense damage was done to property, and more than fifty lives were lost. There were also severe storms in Nebraska, Texas, and Illinois, destroying both property and lives.

April 11*th*.—Destructive floods in Mississippi caused much injury, especially in the valley of the Tombigbee River. More than seventy-five persons were drowned.

OBITUARY.

March 16*th*.—At Alicante, Spain, Edward A. Freeman, of England, historian, aged sixty-nine years.

March 19*th*.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Daniel Lothrop, publisher, aged sixty-two years.

March 22*d*.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, David Hayes Agnew, physician, aged seventy-four years.

March 26*th*.—In Camden, New Jersey, Walt Whitman, poet, aged seventy-three years.

April 2*d*.—In London, England, John Murray, publisher, aged eighty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

JUST on the other side of Ninth Street, outside of my office window, is the stand of Old Sue, the "tug-mule" that pulls the green car around the curve from Main Street to Ninth and up the hill to Broad.

Between her and the young bow-legged negro that hitches her on, drives her up, and fetches her back down the hill for the next car there has always existed a peculiar friendship. He used to hold long conversations with her, generally upbraiding her in that complaining tone with opprobrious terms the negroes employ, which she used to take meekly. At times he petted her with his arm around her neck, or teased her, punching her in her ribs, and walking about around her quarters, ostentatiously disregardful of her switching stump of a tail and uplifted foot, and threatening her with all sorts of direful punishment if she "jis darred to tetch" him. "Kick me—heah, kick me; I jis dyah you to lay you' foot 'g'inst me," he would say, standing defiantly against her as she appeared about to let fly at him. Then he would seize her with a guffaw. Or at times, coming down the hill, he would haul off and hit her, and "take out" with her at his heels, her long furry ears backed, and her mouth wide open as if she would tear him to pieces; and just as she nearly caught him he would come to a stand and wheel around, and she would stop dead, and then walk on by him as sedately as if she were in a harrow. In all the years of their association she never failed him; and she never failed to fling herself on the collar rounding the sharp curve at Ninth, and to get the car up the difficult turn.

Last fall, however, the road passed into new hands, and the management changed the old mules on the line, and put on a lot of new and green horses. It happened to be a dreary rainy day in November when the first new team was put in. They came along about three o'clock. Old Sue had been standing out in the pouring rain all day with her head bowed, and her stubby tail tucked in, and her black back dripping. She had never failed nor faltered. The tug-boy, in an old rubber suit and battered tarpauling hat, had been out also, his coat shining with the wet. He and Old Sue appeared to mind it astonishingly little. The gutters were running brimming full, and the cobble-stones were wet and slippery. The street cars were crowded inside and out, the wretched people on the platforms vainly trying to shield themselves with um-

brellas held sideways. It was late in the afternoon when I first observed that there was trouble at the corner. I thought at first that there was an accident, but soon found that it was due to a pair of new balking horses in a car. Old Sue was hitched to the tug, and was doing her part faithfully; finally she threw her weight on the collar, and by sheer strength bodily dragged the car, horses and all, around the curve and on up the straight track, until the horses, finding themselves moving, went off with a rush. I saw the tug-boy shake his head with pride, and heard him give a whoop of triumph. The next car went up all right; but the next had a new team, and the same thing occurred. The streets were like glass; the new horses got to slipping and balking, and Old Sue had to drag them up as she did before. From this time it went from bad to worse; the rain changed to sleet, and the curve at Ninth became a stalling-place for every car. Finally, just at dark, there was a block there, and the cars piled up. I intended to have taken a car on my way home, but finding it stalled, I stepped into Polk Miller's drug store, just on the corner, to get a cigar and to keep warm. I could see through the blurred glass of the door the commotion going on just outside, and could hear the shouts of the driver and of the tug-boy mingled with the clatter of horses' feet as they reared and jumped, and the cracks of the tug-boy's whip as he called to Sue, "Git up, Sue; git up, Sue." Presently I heard a sort of shout, and then the tones changed, and things got quieter.

A few minutes afterwards the door slowly opened, and the tug-boy came in limping, his old hat pushed back on his head, and one leg of his wet trousers rolled up to his knee, showing about four inches of black ashy skin, which he leant over and rubbed as he walked. His wet face wore a scowl, half pain, half anger. "Mist' Miller, kin I use yo' 'phone?" he asked, surlily.

"Yes; there 'tis."

The company had the privilege of using it by courtesy. He limped up, and still rubbing his leg with one hand, took the 'phone off the hook with the other and put it to his ear.

"Hello, central—hello! Please gimme fo' hund' an' sebenty-three on three sixt'-fo'—fo' hund' an' seben'-three on three sixt'-fo'. Hello! Suh? Yes, suh; fo' hund' an' sebent'-three on three sixt'-fo'. *Street-car stables* on three sixt'-fo'. Hello! hello! Hello! Dat you, street-car stables? Hello! Yes. Who dat? Oh! Dat you, Mis' Mellerdin? Yes, suh; yes, suh; Jim; *Jim;* dis *Jim;* JIM. G-i-m, Jim. Yes, suh; Jim, whar drive Ole Sue, at Mis' Polk Miller's—Mis' Polk Miller' drug sto'. Yas, suh; yas, suh. Suh? Yas, suh. Oh! Mis' Mellerdin, kin I get off to-night? Suh? Yes, suh. 'Matter'? Dat ole mule—Ole Sue—she done tu'n fool; gone to balkin'. I can't do nuttin 'tall wid her. She ain' got no sense. She oon pull a poun'. Suh? Yas, suh. Nor, suh. Yas, suh. Nor, suh; I done try ev'ything. I done whup her mos' to death. She ain' got no reason. She oon do nuttin. She done haul off, an' leetle mo' knock my brains out; she done kick me right 'pon meh laig—'pon my right laig." (He stooped over and rubbed it again at the reflection.) "Done bark it all up. Suh? Yas, suh. Tell nine o'clock; yas, suh; reckon so; 'll try it leetle longer. Yas, suh; yas, suh. Good night—good by!"

He hung the 'phone back on the hook, stooped and rubbed his leg. "Thankee, Mist' Miller! Good-night."

He limped to the door, and still stooping over and rubbing his leg, opened it. As he passed out, without turning his head, he said, as if to himself, but to be heard by us, "I wish I had a hundred an' twenty-five dollars. I boun' I'd buy dat durned ole mule, an' cut her doggoned th'oat." THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

FARMER TOMPKINS AND THE CYCLOPÆDIA.

A FELLER came out here to-day 'n' showed a book to me;
One 'at I'd surely oughter have—twelve parts, 'nd one was free.
He said ez how 'twas sure to tell me all I'd wanter know,
'N' called the thing a Cyclopee—or suthin' kinder so.
It seemed a purty fine old book—a reg'lar sort o' prize—
Ontil I ast him questions, when I seen he'd told me lies.

"Tells ev'ything!" says I. "That's good—in fac', sir, that's the best
Kind of a book I ever seed, but think I'd like a test
Before I buy her. Lemme see! What does the volume say
About the prospects of the comin' year for oats 'n' hay?"
I thought he'd flop for laughin' when I ast the feller that.
'N' when I ast him "What's the joke?" he looked almighty flat.

"It don't prognosticate," says he. "That ain't the p'int!" says I.
"What I'm a-astin' you is will the blame thing prophesy?"
'N' then he turned the pages quick, 'n' showed me lots o' stuff
About Egyptians, and a squib about an Earl named Duff.
But when I ast him if it told a cure for tater bugs,
He said it didn't, but it had a history of rugs!

'Nd I'll be derned if that there book he said would tell so much
Had anything on any page I'd ever care to touch;
'N' then—haw! haw!—I chucked that pert young swindler from the place
So quick he hadn't time to take his smile down off his face;
'Nd after him I threw his bag 'n' twelve-part Cyclopee—
My great-grandfather's almanac's still good enough for me!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

UNPLEASANTLY LIKE.

MIRIAM: "I can't bear to look at dudes. They are so like human beings."

TERRY AND HIS REVERENCE.

A CERTAIN Irish village character, noted alike for his habitual indolence, immoderate indulgence, and ready wit, was once approached by the parish priest, who desired a day's work done in his garden.

"Terry," said he, "if you work steady for me all day and drink nothing, I'll give you a glass at six o'clock as well as the pay."

"Done, yer riverence," returned the other. "I know ye're a man of yer worrud, an', plase the pigs, I'll be wan too!"

He performed the day's work accordingly, and when he went to the kitchen door at sundown, received his pay and a small wine glass, which his reverend employer handed him already filled with whiskey.

After tossing off the thimbleful, he held the tiny vessel up quizzically and remarked, "An' how do they make them, yer riverence?"

"Why, they blow them, Terry," answered the unsuspecting cleric.

"Faix, thin, yer riverence," replied Terry, with a twinkle, "I'm thinkin' the man that blew that was short o' breath!"

Aware that he had had the worst of the encounter, the worthy priest bargained with his ne'er-do-weel parishioner for a second day's work, with the stipulation that on this occasion he should hold an empty tumbler and "say when" himself at the pouring out of the beverage.

Gradually the decanter grew depleted and the goblet full, but no word escaped Terry. His reverence paused of his own accord, and severely regarding his laborer, remarked,

"Don't you know, Terry, that every drop of this is a nail in your coffin?"

"Troth, thin, yer riverence," responded the unabashed one, "while ye have the hammer in yer han' ye may as well put in wan or two more!"

A CLEVER MOTTO.

IT is not common to find keen and brilliant scholarship in men devoted to business pursuits. The occasional examples of this, especially when that scholarship flowers into wit, are worth noting. A New York gentleman, who had retained and cultivated his devotion to classical studies, had an intimate friend, who was, and maybe is to-day, a rector in New Jersey. The clergyman was a great smoker, and his friend a few years ago sent him a Christmas remembrance of choice tobacco and cigars. Accompanying the box was this motto:

Λαβὲ δώρημα τὸ βακχικόν· σὲ γὰρ φιλέω,

or, as it might be rapidly read, "Labe dorema tobaccicon, segar phileo." Englished this becomes the affectionate greeting, "Accept this Bacchic gift, for I love you." Porson was famous for his Græco-English epigrams and jokes, but he never made a more delightful pun of its class than the one we have cited.

THE HABIT OF THE HUMORIST.

My friend Smithers is a humorist by profession—that is to say, he makes a good living out of professed humor. He is a solemn sort of person in his general demeanor. It has been said of him, by those who know him only by sight, that he has a secret sorrow concealed somewhere about his person; that the canker of care is apparently at work gnawing away at his vitals—which accounts, they say, for the air of depression he carries about with him when he goes before the public. I, who know him well, have noticed that this depressed atmospheric quality is not affected. It is habitual with him, but it must not be attributed to any canker, cark, or care. He is not depressed. He has no canker. Cark he knows not, and care is a word utterly unknown to the bright lexicon of his youth. His is a case of sunshine confined. His life is a bit of melody printed in the guise of a funeral march. He perpetually reminds me of a babbling brook running through a dark untraversable forest. His melancholic is not an internal disorder—it is simply an external evidence of something which does not exist. To use his own expression, "He is built that way."

"Why don't you brace up," I said to him a few days ago, "and assume an external gayety if you have it not?"

"Why should I?" he replied. "Do you want me to ruin my prospects in life, to pass over entirely the question of preserving my individuality?"

"But your appearance is a bit of deceit. You are not an undertaker, but you look like one. You look like a funeral director whose last friend has died, and given the contract for burying him to a rival."

"What would you have me look like—a ballet dancer, an acrobat, or a snow-shoveller?"

"No, I wouldn't at all. Make yourself look like a humorist."

"How?" he asked. "In what respect can I change my appearance so as to let the world know that I live by jokes alone? Shall I write jests on my shirt bosoms, and wear them as an accessory to a dress suit? Shall I wear trousers that excite the derision of the public? Shall I wear an absurd hat, ridiculous shoes, laughable waistcoats, and gauzy, comical conceits in the way of neck-gear? How should a humorist appear on the outside, I would like to know?"

"You are talking foolishly. Of course I would not have you appear undignified, but you should cultivate an air of gayety, you should give the impression that your life is a laugh—you needn't make an epitaph of yourself six days of the week, and come out as an obituary on the seventh."

"Hold on a minute," he observed. "I'll take that down. It's good enough to print." Then he noted my remark in the little blank book which is his inseparable companion.

"As I understand you," he continued, closing the book languidly, and putting it back in his pocket, "you want me to go before the public disguised as a grin. Shall I show my teeth? Is it necessary for me to be a broad grin or just an ordinary smile, or is it as a convulsion of mirth you think I should show myself to *οἱ πολλοί*?"

"You wilfully misunderstand me," I said. "In the first place your countenance is the picture of asperity. Your eye is cold, and when it fastens upon a proper subject it glitters. You dress usually in black; your clothes are sombre, and I never saw you smile in public but once in my life, and that was when somebody threatened to shoot you for using his name in a comic poem. You do not do yourself justice, my dear fellow."

"Ah! I begin to comprehend you. You want me to warm my eye over, and envelop it with a film when I fasten it upon a fellow-occupant of a horse-car, for instance. Then you wish me to wear that mild, conciliating expression that is so characteristic of the satirist, and to do myself absolute justice you would have me overcome with terror when I am threatened by a weak-minded maniac who carries a Colt's revolver charged with lead, and in addition to all this I must dress like a rainbow. Well, I refuse. I shall under no circumstances wear the sign of my profession on my sleeve. If I appeared as you wish me to, my jests would seem mournful by contrast, and for this very reason I intend to maintain that air of melancholy reserve that you claim is characteristic of me. As I now stand, people say, 'How strange it is that one so solemn and sad as he can be so exquisitely humorous!' It will be an unhappy day for my larder, my family, and my inner man when people observe, 'How singular that the jokes of a living laugh, of a walking jest, of a palpitant *bon-mot*, are so abominably melancholy!' That is my platform, and now that you have it, don't talk to me again about making a sandwich man of myself to advertise my business. So say no more. It is my treat. What will you have—a hair-cut or a quinine pill?"

And under the genial influence of the latter, I came to see that, after all, my witty though funereal-appearing friend might perhaps be in the right.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

It was a dainty fair-haired maid of Milwaukee, of some five or six summers, who sat beside a little friend relating the advent of a new baby in the family.

"She was borned while your mamma was 'way down South, wasn't she?" asked the friend.

"Yes," replied the proud older sister.

"Well, I tell you, you were very fortunate to have her born *white* down there, because most of the little babies that are born in the South are born *black*," was the congratulatory response of the wide-eyed friend.

THE ELECTRIC WAY.

We are quite in the electric way. We boast that we have made electricity our slave, but the slave whom we do not understand is our master. And before we know him we shall be transformed. Mr. Edison proposes to send us over the country at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. This pleases us, because we fancy we shall save time, and because we are taught that the chief object in life is to "get there" quickly. We really have an idea that it is a gain to annihilate distance, forgetting that as a matter of personal experience we are already too near most people. But this speed by rail will enable us to live in Philadelphia and do business in New York. It will make the city of Chicago two hundred miles square. And the bigger Chicago is, the more important this world becomes. This pleasing anticipation—that of travelling by lightning, and all being huddled together—is nothing to the promised universal illumination by a diffused light that shall make midnight as bright as noonday. We shall then save all the time there is, and at the age of thirty-five have lived the allotted seventy years, and long, if not for *Götterdämmerung*, at least for some world where, by touching a button, we can discharge our limbs of electricity and take a little repose. The most restless and ambitious of us can hardly conceive of Chicago as a desirable future state of existence.

This, however, is only the external or superficial view of the subject; at the best it is only symbolical. Mr. Edison is wasting his time in objective experiments, while we are in the deepest ignorance as to our electric personality or our personal electricity. We begin to apprehend that we are electric beings, that these outward manifestations of a subtle form

are only hints of our internal state. Mr. Edison should turn his attention from physics to humanity electrically considered in its social condition. We have heard a great deal about affinities. We are told that one person is positive and another negative, and that representing socially opposite poles they should come together and make an electric harmony, that two positives or two negatives repel each other, and if conventionally united end in divorce, and so on. We read that such a man is magnetic, meaning that he can poll a great many votes; or that such a woman thrilled her audience, meaning probably that they were in an electric condition to be shocked by her. Now this is what we want to find out—to know if persons are really magnetic or sympathetic, and how to tell whether a person is positive or negative. In politics we are quite at sea. What is the good of sending a man to Washington at the rate of a hundred miles an hour if we are uncertain of his electric state? The ideal House of Representatives ought to be pretty nearly balanced—half positive, half negative. Some Congresses seem to be made up pretty much of negatives. The time for the electrician to test the candidate is before he is put in nomination, not dump him into Congress as we do now, utterly ignorant of whether his currents run from his heels to his head or from his head to his heels, uncertain, indeed, as to whether he has magnetism to run in at all. Nothing could be more unscientific than the process and the result.

In social life it is infinitely worse. You, an electric unmarried man, enter a room full of attractive women. How are you to know who is positive and who is negative, or who is a maiden lady in equilibrium, if it be true, as scientists affirm, that the genus old maid is one in whom the positive currents neutralize the negative currents? Your affinity is perhaps the plainest woman in the room. But beauty is a juggling sprite, entirely uncontrolled by electricity, and you are quite likely to make a mistake. It is absurd the way we blunder on in a scientific age. We touch a button, and are married. The judge touches another button, and we are divorced. If when we touched the first button it revealed us both negatives, we should start back in horror, for it is only before engagement that two negatives make an affirmative. That is the reason that some clergymen refuse to marry a divorced woman; they see that she has made one electric mistake, and fear she will make another. It is all very well for the officiating clergyman to ask the two intending to commit matrimony if they have a license from the town clerk, if they are of age or have the consent of parents, and have a million; but the vital point is omitted. Are they electric affinities? It should be the duty of the town clerk, by a battery, or by some means to be discovered by electricians, to find out the galvanic habit of the parties, their prevailing electric condition. Temporarily they may seem to be in harmony, and may deceive themselves into the belief that they are at opposite poles equidistant from the equator, and certain to meet on that imaginary line in matrimonial bliss. Dreadful will be the awakening to an insipid life, if they find they both have the same sort of currents. It is said that women change their minds and their dispositions, that men are fickle, and that both give way after marriage to natural inclinations that were suppressed while they were on the good behavior that the supposed necessity of getting married imposes. This is so notoriously true that it ought to create a public panic. But there is hope in the new light. If we understand it, persons are born in a certain electrical condition, and substantially continue in it, however much they may apparently wobble about under the influence of infirm minds and acquired wickedness. There are, of course, variations of the compass to be reckoned with, and the magnet may occasionally be bewitched by near and powerful attracting objects. But, on the whole, the magnet remains the same, and it is probable that a person's normal electric condition is the thing in him least liable to dangerous variation. If this be true, the best basis for matrimony is the electric, and our social life would have fewer disappointments if men and women went about labelled with their scientifically ascertained electric qualities.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

ON AN ORATOR.

NAMELESS YET FAMOUS.

He has no ideas—but success
  Is his extraordinary.
I think he owes it, more or less,
  To his vocabulary,
    Which knows no *mot*
    That does not go
  Through fourteen syllables or so;
And people think if *he* knows his intent,
A genius he must be from heaven sent.

LOOKED SAFER.

The following incident occurred some years ago, when stage-travelling in the White Mountain region was more common than now.

One very dark and cloudy night, one of the well-known Jehus was driving his stage, both lamps brilliantly lighted, and hearing the galloping of an approaching horseman he pulled up his team to let him pass. In another minute there was a tremendous collision with his leaders, and quickly getting down from his box, he found the rider, an Irishman, had ridden squarely in between the leaders, and all three horses were floundering in the mud. After a good deal of work the animals were at last disentangled, and then the following dialogue took place:

Driver. "How in thunder came you in there? Didn't you see my lights?"

Pat. "Faith I did; an' I thought I'd go atween 'em."

READING THE DECLARATION BEFORE WASHINGTON'S ARMY, NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1776.

HARPER'S
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IT is not an idle curiosity merely that moves us to hold aside the veil which time has interposed between the past and the present, so that we may more closely scan the conduct and demeanor of our Revolutionary ancestors at critical or exciting junctures. Rather is it a natural feeling of filial pride and affection, coupled with the confident conviction that although they were men of the same clay as ourselves, and subject to the foibles and infirmities which have been the heritage of men in all ages and lands, they were yet unsoiled by the meaner frailties and vices which have so often degraded peoples and nations, were endowed with manlier, more robust, and more sturdy virtues than the generality of men, and could safely stand the test of the most trying scrutiny to which their acts and motives might be subjected.

It is in this loving and reverent spirit, and in the conviction that their virtues vastly preponderated over their foibles and failings, that the writer of this memoir has sought to discover the emotions and bearing of the men of "Seventy-six" when the tidings first reached them of the Declaration of Independence, and to collect in one group such accounts as are extant of the proceedings which attended its reception and proclamation, and of the ceremonies and solemnities with which its reading and promulgation were celebrated by the people of the "Old Thirteen." And if I dwell occasionally on some particulars which naturally impress us of this later and more fastidious day with a sense of the ludicrous, I trust that my pleasantries may not be set down to any spirit of irreverence, the more especially as due prominence will be given and due significance will be awarded to other particulars which are impressive alike by their gravity, their sobriety, their dignity, and their display of the most disinterested and most courageous patriotism.

As we all know, the draft of that memorable instrument which declared us an

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independent nation was formally adopted by the Continental Congress on July 4, 1776. The next day, July 5th, the following resolution was adopted by the Congress then in session in Philadelphia:

"*Resolved*, That copies of the Declaration be sent to the several Assemblies, Conventions, and Councils of Safety, and to the several Commanding Officers of the Continental Troops, that it be proclaimed in each of the United States, and at the head of the Army."

It will be noted that in this resolution the Continental Congress observed the most punctilious deference to the recognized authorities of the several States. No copies of the Declaration were ordered to be sent to individuals in either of them. They were to be sent to officials or to representative bodies only.

On the same day, or within a day or two thereafter, the President of Congress, John Hancock, enclosed a copy of the Declaration to each of the States which had adopted a permanent government, and to the conventions (or provincial congresses) or to the councils or committees of safety of those States which had not yet formed regular governments, and in each case the document was accompanied by a letter in the terms following:

"I do myself the honour to enclose, in obedience to the commands of Congress, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which you will please to have proclaimed in your Colony, in such way and manner as you shall judge best. The important consequences resulting to the American States from this Declaration of Independence, considered as the ground and foundation of a future government, will naturally suggest the propriety of proclaiming it in such a mode that the people may be universally informed of it."

On the 6th of July a copy of the Declaration was sent by President Hancock to General Washington, accompanied by a letter, in which he said:

"The Congress have judged it necessary to dissolve the connexion between Great Britain and the American Colonies, and to declare them free and independent States, as you will perceive by the enclosed Declaration, which I am directed to transmit to you, and to request you will have it proclaimed at the head of the army, in the way you shall think most proper."

Similar letters were sent to the other generals commanding in the Northern and Southern departments.

AT PHILADELPHIA.

The first State to respond by its representative body was Pennsylvania. In the minutes of the Committee of Safety of that State, then in session at Philadelphia, under date of July 6, 1776, is the following entry:

"The President of the Congress this day sent the following Resolve of Congress, which is directed to be entered on the Minutes, to this Board:"

Here follows the resolution of the Continental Congress quoted above.

"In consequence of the above Resolve, Letters were wrote to the Counties of Bucks, Chester, Northumberland, Lancaster, and Berks, enclosing a copy of said Declaration, requesting the same to be published on Monday next [July 8th], at the places where the election of Delegates are to be held.

"*Ordered*, That the Sheriff of Philadelphia read or cause to be read and proclaimed at the State House in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 8th day of July instant, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, the Declaration of the Representatives of the United Colonies of America, and that he cause all his Officers and the Constables of the said city to attend the reading thereof.

"*Resolved*, That every member of this Committee in or near the city be ordered to meet at the Committee Chamber before twelve o'clock on Monday, to proceed to the State House, where the Declaration of Independence is to be proclaimed.

"The Committee of Inspection of this City and Liberties were requested to attend the proclamation at the State House, on Monday next, at twelve o'clock."

In conformity with this action of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, the Declaration was proclaimed in Philadelphia at the time appointed, and the proceedings are described in the following brief report which appeared in the Philadelphia and New York *Gazettes* of the ensuing day:

"Philadelphia, July 8, 1776.—This day the Committee of Safety and the Committee of Inspection went in procession to the State House, where the Declaration of Independency of the United States of America was read to a very large number of the inhabitants of this City and County, which was received with general applause and heart-felt satisfaction; and in the evening our late King's Coat of Arms was brought from the Hall in the State House, where the said King's Courts were

AT PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

formerly held,* and burnt, amidst the acclamations of a crowd of spectators."

On the above occasion the Declaration was read by John Nixon from the platform of an observatory which had been erected many years before by the celebrated Dr. Rittenhouse, near the Walnut Street front of the State-house, for the purpose of observing a transit of Venus. At evening bonfires were lighted, the houses were illuminated, and it was not until a thunder-shower at midnight compelled the people to retire that the sounds of rejoicing were hushed.†

In a copy of *The Scots Magazine* for 1776, published at Edinburgh, Scotland, which is in the writer's possession, in the number for August, occurs the following curious item, descriptive of some ceremonies alleged to have been observed by the Continental Congress on the day of its adoption of the Declaration:

"A letter from Philadelphia says: The 4th of July, 1776, the Americans appointed as a day of fasting and prayer, preparatory to their dedicating their country to God, which was done in the following manner: The Congress being assembled, after having declared America independent, they had a Crown placed on a Bible, which by prayer and solemn devotion they offered to God. This religious ceremony being ended, they divided the Crown into thirteen parts, each of the United Provinces taking a part."

* The "hall" in which the King's Courts had hitherto been held was in the second story of the State-house. During the period of preparation for the Revolution the Provincial Congress of Pennsylvania held its sessions in this room.

† Lossing's *Field-book of the Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 287.

I have been unable to discover any confirmatory evidence of this dramatic, and, I suspect, entirely fabulous, performance. I have no doubt, however, that it was published in *The Scots Magazine* in entire good faith, and that it was derived from a source on which its conductors placed full reliance, as that magazine was a constant friend of this country; its pages were largely devoted to American news, its information relative to our affairs was full and generally accurate, and its sympathies for the American people in their controversy with Great Britain were generously and frankly avowed.

AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

Although nothing is recorded on the subject in the minutes of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey at this time, the formal ratification by that body having been deferred to a later period, probably from prudential or politic reasons, yet certain of its more active members caused the Declaration to be proclaimed in Trenton, where the Provincial Congress was then in session, on the same day when it was promulgated in Philadelphia, namely, July 8th. The following description of the observances appeared in the New York and Philadelphia *Gazettes* of July 9th, and also in *The Scots Magazine* for August, 1776, from which last it is here given *verbatim:*

"Trenton, July 8, 1776.—The Declaration of Independence was this day proclaimed here, together with the new Constitution of the Colony of late established,* and the resolve

* The Constitution of New Jersey had been adopted on July 2, 1776.

of the Provincial Congress for continuing the administration of justice during the interim. The members of the Provincial Congress, the gentlemen of the Committee, the officers and privates of the Militia, under arms, and a large concourse of the inhabitants attended on this great and solemn occasion. The Declaration and other proceedings were received with loud acclamations. The people are now convinced, of what we ought long since to have known, that our enemies have left us no middle way between perfect freedom and abject slavery. In the field, we trust, as well as in council, the inhabitants of New Jersey will be found ever ready to support the freedom and independence of America."

AT EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

On the same day that the Declaration was receiving the approval of the people of Philadelphia and Trenton, it was proclaimed in Easton, Pennsylvania, with the like satisfactory result, as appears from the following contemporaneous account:

"Easton, Northampton County, July 8, 1776. —This day the Declaration of Independency was received here, and proclaimed in the following order: The Colonel, and all other Field Officers of the first Battalion, repaired to the Court House, the Light Infantry Company marching there with drums beating, fifes playing, and the Standard (the device of which is the Thirteen United Colonies) which was ordered to be displayed; and after that the Declaration was read aloud to a great number of spectators, who gave their hearty assent with three loud huzzas, and cried out, 'May God long preserve the Free and Independent States of America.'"

Another account of the occurrence is given in a newspaper published in German at Easton, by Henry Miller, in its issue of July 10, 1776, which is thus translated:

"Immediately on the news of this event—the Declaration—becoming known at Easton, it was hailed by the citizens of the town and surrounding country by a public demonstration. Captain Abraham Labar, with his company, paraded through the streets with drums beating and colors flying, and was followed and joined by the citizens *en masse*. They met in the Court-house, where the Declaration of Independence was read by Robert Levers."

AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

On the evening of July 9th the Declaration was proclaimed in Princeton, New Jersey. The following account of its reception there is extracted from *The Scots Magazine* for August, 1776:

"Princetown, New Jersey, July 10.—Last night Nassau Hall was grandly illuminated, and independency proclaimed under a triple volley of musketry, and universal acclamations for the prosperity of the United Colonies. The ceremony was conducted with the greatest decorum."

AT NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

The compiler of this memorial has not been able to find any contemporaneous account of the reception and promulgation of the Declaration in New Brunswick; nor is it probable that such an account ever existed, except in private letters. There is, however, satisfactory grounds for the belief that a copy of it was received on July 9th by the resident members of the Committee of Safety (Colonel Azariah Dunham and Hendrick Fisher), or by the County Committee of Correspondence, and that it was read at a public meeting held either on that or on the following day. There are several traditional accounts of its proclamation at this place, which, if collated, would doubtless give fuller and more accurate information as to the incident than may be derived from any of them singly. The version of it which the writer hereof had from his grandfather, Jacob Dunham, M.D., in 1830 or 1831, was substantially as follows:

"When the Declaration of Independence was brought to New Brunswick, I was a boy about nine years old. There was great excitement in the town over the news, most of the people rejoicing that we were free and independent, but a few looking very sour over it. My father [Colonel Azariah Dunham] was one of the Committee of Safety of the province, and also one of the County Committee of Correspondence, and one of the Town Committee of Inspection and Observation. The Declaration was brought by an express rider, who was at once furnished with a fresh horse, and despatched on his way to New York. The County Committee and the Town Committee were immediately convened, and it was decided that the Declaration should be read in the public street [Albany Street], in front of the White Hall tavern, that the reader should be Colonel John Neilson, and that the members of the two committees should exert themselves to secure the attendance of as many as possible of the stanch friends of independence, so as to overawe any disaffected Tories, and resent any interruption of the meeting that they might attempt. Although these Tories were not numerous, they were, most of them, men of wealth and influence, and were very active. Accordingly, at the time appointed [I cannot now recall the hour, if, indeed, my grandfather

stated it], the Whigs assembled in full force, wearing an air of great determination. A stage was improvised in front of the White Hall tavern, and from it Colonel Neilson, surrounded by the other members of the committee, read the Declaration with grave deliberation and emphasis. At the close of the reading there was prolonged cheering. A few Tories were present; but although they sneered, and looked their dissatisfaction in other ways, they were prudent enough not to make any demonstration."

Whatever else my grandfather told me of the incident, which made such an impression on my youthful mind, has faded from my memory in the sixty years which have since elapsed.

IN SUSSEX COUNTY, NEW JERSEY.

The tidings of the Declaration were carried post-haste to the remotest parts of New Jersey, and were handed on from one town or county committee to another, so that no out-of-the-way corner even was left in ignorance of the soul-stirring instrument. A letter from Joseph Barton, in remote Sussex County, to his cousin Henry Wisner, without doubt reflects the feelings of many in those days of suspense. Writing from Newton as early as July 9, 1776, he says:

"SIR,—It gives a great turn to the minds of our people, declaring our independence. Now we know what to depend on. For my part, I have been at a great stand: I could hardly own the King and fight against him at the same time; but now these matters are cleared up. Heart and hand shall move together. I don't think there will be five Tories in our part of the country in ten days after matters are well known. We have had great numbers who could do nothing until we were declared a free State, who are now ready to spend their lives and fortunes in defence of our country. I expect a great turn one way or the other before I see you again."

AT DOVER, DELAWARE.

On the 4th of July, 1776, Cæsar Rodney,* then a delegate to the Continental Congress from Delaware, while yet fresh from signing the Declaration, despatched Ensign Wilson with an account of the proceedings attending its adoption to his friend Colonel John Haslet, at Dover, Delaware. On July 6th, Colonel Haslet wrote to Mr. Rodney, in response, as follows:

"I congratulate you, sir, on the important day which restores to every American his birthright; a day which every freeman will record with gratitude, and the millions of posterity read with rapture. Ensign Wilson arrived here last night; a fine turtle feast at Dover anticipated and announced the Declaration of Congress; even the barrister himself [alluding to a mutual friend] laid aside his airs of reserve, mighty happy."

AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

It is probable that accompanying Mr. Rodney's letter was one from President Hancock to the Committee of Safety of Delaware, enclosing a copy of the Declaration. It is certain that a copy of it was received at Dover simultaneously with Rodney's letter, as we learn from the following interesting account, which is transcribed from Saunderson's *Biography of the Signers:*

"At the time Mr. Rodney's letter reached Dover, the election of officers of a new battalion was going on. The Committee of Safety, however, immediately met, and after receiving the intelligence, proceeded to the Court House,

* John Adams, in his diary, thus describes this gentleman: "Cæsar Rodney is the oddest-looking man in the world; he is tall, thin, and slender as a reed, pale, his face not bigger than a large apple, yet there is sense and fire, spirit, wit, and humor in his countenance. He made himself very merry with Ruggles and his pretended scruples and timidities at the last Congress."—*Life and Works of John Adams*, vol. ii., p. 364.

AT DOVER, DELAWARE.

where (the election being stopped) the President read the Declaration of Congress, and the resolution of the House of Assembly for the appointment of a Convention [Provincial Congress]; each of which received the highest approbation of the people, in three huzzas. The Committee then went in a body back to their room, where they sent for a picture of the King of Great Britain, and made the drummer of the infantry bear it before the President. They then marched two and two, followed by the light infantry in slow time, with music, round the Square; then forming a circle about a fire prepared in the middle of the Square for that purpose, the President, pronouncing the following words, committed it to the flames: 'Compelled by strong necessity, thus we destroy even the shadow of that King who refused to reign over a free people.' Three loud huzzas were given by the surrounding crowd; and the friends of liberty gained new courage to support the cause in which they had embarked."

IN NEW YORK CITY.

As has already been said, on July 6th the President of the Continental Congress wrote to Washington, enclosing a copy of the Declaration, and requesting him to have it proclaimed at the head of the army. It was received by Washington at his headquarters in New York on the 9th, and immediately the following order (transcribed from his orderly book) was issued:

"The Continental Congress, impelled by the dictates of duty, policy, and necessity, have been pleased to dissolve the connexion which subsisted between this country and Great Britain, and to declare the United Colonies of America *Free and Independent States*. The several brigades are to be drawn up this evening on their respective parades at six o'clock, when the Declaration of Congress, showing the grounds and reasons of this measure, is to be read with an audible voice. The General hopes that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a State possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honours of a free country."

Observe how clearly Washington comprehended and foreshadowed the operation of the new order of things initiated by the Declaration to place "the highest honors of a free country" within the reach of every citizen.

At the time appointed by Washington, as is described by an eye-witness, the following proceedings took place:

"The brigades were formed in hollow square on their respective parades. One of these brigades was encamped on the 'Commons,' where the New York City Hall now stands. The hollow square was formed about the spot where the Park Fountain stands. Washington was within the square, on horseback, and the Declaration was read in a clear voice by one of his aids. When it was concluded, three hearty cheers were given."—*Lossing's Field-book of the Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 801, note.

AT WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.

On or before the 9th of July the letter of President Hancock to the Provincial Congress of New York, enclosing a copy of the Declaration, was received by that body, for in the minutes of its proceedings for Tuesday, July 9th, the following entry appears:

"In Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York, White Plains, July 9, 1776.

"*Resolved unanimously*, That the reasons assigned by the Continental Congress for declaring the United Colonies free and independent States are cogent and conclusive; and that while we lament the cruel necessity which has rendered this measure unavoidable, we approve the same, and will, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other Colonies in supporting it.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of the said Declaration and the aforegoing resolution be sent to the Chairman of the Committee of the County of Westchester, with orders to publish the same with beat of drums at this place on Tuesday next, and to give directions that it be published with all convenient speed in the several Districts within the said County; and that five hundred copies thereof be forthwith transmitted to the other County Committees within the State of New York, with orders to cause the same to be published in the several Districts of their respective Counties.

"*Resolved unanimously*, That the Delegates of this State in the Continental Congress be, and they hereby are, authorized to concert and adopt all such measures as they may deem conducive to the happiness and welfare of the United States of America."

The above minute was signed, "John Jay, Abraham Yates, John Sloss Hobart, Abraham Brasher, William Smith, Committee on draft of Resolutions."

IN NEW YORK CITY.

Before the receipt of these resolutions from their County Committee, the more patriotic or the more effervescent of the citizens of the city of New York celebrated the event in a spontaneous and spirited way quite in keeping with the character they have always exhibited in moments of excitement. The following graphic account of their doings is reproduced from *The Scots Magazine* for August, 1776:

"New York, July 11, 1776.—The fourth instant was rendered remarkable by the most important event that has ever happened in the American Colonies, an event which doubtless will be celebrated through a long succession of future ages by anniversary commemorations, and be considered as a grand era in the history of the American States. On this auspicious day the representatives of the Thirteen United Colonies, by the providence of God, unanimously agreed to and voted a Proclamation declaring the said Colonies free and independent States, which was proclaimed at the State House in Philadelphia on Monday last, and received with joyful acclamations. Copies were also distributed to all the Colo-

IN NEW YORK (AT HEADQUARTERS).

nies. On Tuesday last [July 9th] it was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental Army posted at and near New York, and everywhere received with loud huzzas and the utmost demonstrations of joy. The same evening the equestrian statue of George Third*, which Tory pride and folly reared in the year 1770, was by the sons of freedom laid prostrate in the dirt, the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant. The lead wherewith this monument was made is to be run into bullets, to assimilate with the brain of our infatuated enemies, who, to gain a pepper-corn, have lost an empire.[1] *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

[1] "Lord Clare, in the House of Commons, had declared that a pepper-corn in acknowledgment of Britain's right to tax America was of more importance than millions without it."

* In his diary for August 20, 1774, John Adams gives the following description of this statue on the Bowling Green: "Between the fort [on the Battery] and the city is a beautiful ellipse of land, railed in with solid iron, in the centre of which is a statue of his Majesty on horseback, very large, of solid lead gilded with gold, standing on a pedestal of marble, very high" (*Life and Works of John Adams*, vol. ii., p. 346). In his *Field-book of the Revolution* (vol. ii., p. 801, notes), Mr. Lossing describes this statue in greater detail. "This statue of George the Third," he says, "was equestrian, made of lead, and gilded. It was the workmanship of Wilton, then a celebrated statuary of London, and was the first equestrian effigy of his Majesty yet erected. It was placed on its pedestal, in the centre of the Bowling Green, August 21, 1770. The greater portion of the statue was sent to Litchfield, Connecticut, and there converted into bullets by two daughters and a son of Governor Wolcott, a Miss Marvin, and a Mrs. Beach. According to an account current of the cartridges made from this statue, found among the papers of Governor Wolcott, it appears that it furnished materials for 42,000 bullets. The statue was of natural size, both horse and man. The horse was poised upon his hinder legs. The King had a crown upon his head; his right hand held the bridle-reins, the left rested upon the handle of a sword. There were no stirrups."

The following is the memorandum, or "account current," spoken of by Mr. Lossing as preserved in the papers of Governor Wolcott: "An Equestrian Statue of George the Third of Great Britain was erected in the city of New York, on the Bowling Green, at the lower end of Broadway. Most of the materials were *lead*, but richly *gilded* to resemble gold. At the beginning of the Revolution this statue was overthrown. Lead then being scarce and dear, the statue was broken in pieces and the metal transported to Litchfield, a place of safety. The ladies of this village converted the Lead into Cartridges for the Army, of which the following is an account. O. W.

"Mrs. Marvin	Cartridges.	6,058
Ruth Marvin	"	11,592
Laura Wolcott	"	8,378
Mary Ann Wolcott	"	10,790
Frederick "	"	936
Mrs. Beach	"	1,802
Made by Sundry persons	"	2,182
Gave Litchfield Militia on alarm.	"	50
Let the Regiment of Col. Wigglesworth have	"	300
Cartridges		42,088."

On the day after this amiable little ebullition of the people of New York, there was rejoicing in the Debtors' Prison in New York city. This prison was in an upper floor of the City Hall, then standing on what is now the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, or the site of the present Treasury building. The rejoicing was due to the fact that on that day, "in pursuance of the Declaration of Independency, a general jail delivery, with respect to Debtors, took place here" (*Holt's Journal* for July 11, 1776).

On Thursday, July 18th, a more formal celebration took place in the city of New York, which is described as follows in a contemporaneous report of it:

"New York, Thursday, July 25, 1776.—On Thursday last [July 18th], pursuant to a resolve of the Representatives of the Colony of New York, sitting in Congress, the Proclamation issued at Philadelphia the 4th inst., by the Continental Congress, declaring the Thirteen United Colonies to be free and independent States, was read and published at the City Hall, when a number of the true friends of the rights and liberties of America attended and signified their approbation by loud acclamations. After which, the British arms, from over the seat of justice in the Court House, was taken down, exposed, torn to pieces, and burnt. Another British arms, wrought in stone, in the front of the pediment without, was thrown to the ground and broken to pieces, and the picture of King George III., which had been placed in the Council Chamber, was thrown out, broken, torn to pieces, and burnt, of all which the people testified their approbation by repeated huzzas. The same day, we hear, the British arms from all the Churches in the city were ordered to be removed and destroyed."

It is doubtful if this is an exact statement of the facts, so far, at least, as relates to the King's arms in Trinity Church. A more correct statement, probably, is the one which was made by the Rev. Dr. Inglis, the rector of Trinity Church, in a letter written by him to the Rev. Dr. Hind, dated October 31, 1776, on the "State of the Anglo-American Church." Says Dr. Inglis:

"A fine equestrian statue of the King was pulled down and totally demolished after independency was declared. All the King's arms, even those on the signs of taverns, were destroyed. The Committee sent me a message, which I esteemed a favor and indulgence, to have the King's arms taken down in the Church, or else the mob would do it, and

AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

might deface and injure the Church. I immediately complied" (O'Callaghan's *Doc. Hist. N. Y.*, vol. iii., p. 1058).

Mr. Lossing remarks on the alleged order for the King's arms in the churches "to be removed and destroyed," that "those in Trinity Church were taken down and carried to New Brunswick [British America] by Rev. Charles Inglis, D.D., at the close of the war, and now hang on the walls of a Protestant Episcopal Church in St. John."

AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Three days earlier than the occurrences last described the Declaration was ratified with great ardor by the people of Worcester, Massachusetts, and the event which it announced to the world was celebrated with spirit and dignity. The following is a contemporaneous account of the proceedings, from which it would seem that there were some wags among the excellent patriots of Worcester:

"Worcester, Massachusetts, July 22, 1776.—On Monday last [July 15th] a number of patriotick gentlemen of this town, animated with a love of their country, and to show their approbation of the measures lately taken by the Grand Council of America, assembled on the Green near the Liberty Pole, where, after having displayed the colours of the Thirteen Confederate Colonies of America, the bells were set a ringing and the drums a beating; after which the Declaration of Independency of the United States was read to a large and respectable body (among whom were the Selectmen and Committee of Correspondence) assembled on the occasion, who testified their approbation by repeated huzzas, firing of musketry and cannon, bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy; when the arms of that tyrant in Great Britain, George III., of execrable memory, which in former days decorated, but of late disgraced the Court House in this town, were committed to the flames and consumed to ashes; after which a select company of the sons of freedom repaired to the Tavern lately known by the sign of the King's Arms, which odious signature of despotism was taken down by order of the people, which was cheerfully complied with by the Innkeeper, where the following toasts were drunk, and the evening spent with joy, on the commencement of the happy era:

"1. Prosperity and Perpetuity to the United States of America.

"2. The President of the Grand Council of America.

"3. The Grand Council of America.

"4. His Excellency General Washington.

"5. All the Generals in the American Army.

"6. Commodore Hopkins.

"7. The Officers and Soldiers in the American Army.

"8. The Officers and Seamen in the American Navy.

"9. The Patriots of America.

"10. Every Friend of America.

"11. George rejected, and Liberty protected.

"12. Success to the American Arms.

AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"13. Sore eyes to all Tories, and a chestnut burr for an eyestone.

"14. Perpetual itching without the benefit of scratching to the enemies of America.

"15. The Council and Representatives of the State of Massachusetts Bay.

"16. The Officers and Soldiers in the Massachusetts service.

"17. The Memory of the brave General Warren.

"18. The Memory of the magnanimous General Montgomery.

"19. Speedy redemption to all the Officers and Soldiers who are now prisoners of war among our enemies.

"20. The State of Massachusetts Bay.

"21. The Town of Boston.

"22. The Selectmen and Committee of Correspondence for the town of Worcester.

"23. May the enemies of America be laid at her feet.

"24. May the Freedom and Independence of America endure till the Sun grows dim with age, and this Earth returns to Chaos.

"The greatest decency and good order was observed, and at a suitable time each man returned to his respective home."

IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

While the people of the city of New York were welcoming the Declaration at the old City Hall, the people of the "Town of Boston" were giving no uncertain utterance to their feelings at the State-house and elsewhere. The following is the account of their proceedings as published in the Boston papers of the time:

"Boston, Thursday, July 18, 1776.—This day, pursuant to the order of the honourable Council, was proclaimed from the balcony of the State House in this town the Declaration of the American Congress, absolving the American Colonies from their allegiance to the British Crown, and declaring them free and independent.

"There were present on the occasion, in the Council Chamber, a number of the Honourable House of Representatives, the Magistrates, Ministers, Selectmen, and other gentlemen of Boston and the neighbouring towns; also the Commission Officers of the Continental Regiments stationed here, and other officers. Two of these regiments were under arms in King Street, formed into three lines, on the north side of the street, and into thirteen divisions; and a detachment from the Massachusetts regiment of artillery, with two pieces of cannon, was on their right wing. At one o'clock the Declaration was proclaimed by Colonel Crofts, the Sheriff of the County of Suffolk, which was received with great joy, expressed by three huzzas from a great concourse of people assembled on the occasion; after which, on a signal given, thirteen pieces of cannon were fired from the fort on Fort Hill; the Forts at Dorchester Neck, the Castle, Nantasket, and Point Alderton likewise discharged their cannon; then the detachment of Artillery fired their cannon thirteen times,* which was followed by the two regiments giving their fire from the thirteen divisions in succession. These firings corresponded to the number of the American States united. The ceremony closed with a proper collation to the gentlemen in the Council Chamber; during which the following Toasts were given by the President of the Council, and heartily pledged by the company, viz.:

"1. Prosperity and perpetuity to the United States of America.

"2. The American Congress.

"3. The General Court of the State of Massachusetts Bay.

"4. General Washington, and success to the arms of the United States.

"5. The downfall of tyrants and tyranny.

"6. The universal prevalence of civil and religious liberty.

* It will be observed by the reader of these contemporaneous accounts of the reception of the Declaration that our Revolutionary ancestors had several pet phrases and formalities. Almost invariably they expressed their joy or approbation by "three huzzas," sometimes by "three loud huzzas." They also manifested their approval by "loud acclamations," or by "general applause," or "with the utmost demonstrations of joy." The Declaration was almost always listened to by "a great concourse of people," and the proceedings attending its promulgation were quite invariably "conducted with the greatest decorum," or were characterized by "the greatest decency and good order." Great attention was paid to the number *thirteen*, as symbolical of the thirteen united States.

"7. The friends of the United States in all quarters of the globe.

"The bells of the town were rung on the occasion, and undissembled festivity cheered and brightened every face.

"On the same evening the King's Arms, and every sign with any resemblance of it, whether Lion or Crown, Pestle and Mortar and Crown, Heart and Crown, etc., together with every sign that belonged to a Tory, was taken down and made a general conflagration of in King Street."

Although the old-time reporter is discreetly silent on the subject, let us hope that this raid by the patriotic people of the town of Boston upon Tory and other signs was "conducted with the greatest decorum," and was marked by "the utmost decency and good order."

There was another purely formal religio-political proclamation of the Declaration in Boston several weeks later, which was briefly announced in one of the gazettes of the day, thus:

"Boston, August 15, 1776.—Last Lord's Day [August 11th] the Declaration of Independence was published in the several Churches in this town, agreeable to an order of the honourable Council of this State."

AT WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.

A "little unpleasantness" at Boston, in the form of an epidemic of small-pox, prevented the people of Watertown from participating with their neighbors, the people of Boston, in their celebration and its concluding amenities on the 18th of July. They therefore had a celebration of their own, the proceedings at which are described in an account of it that was published a few days later, as follows:

"Watertown, Monday, July 22, 1776.—Last Thursday a number of the members of Council (who were prevented attending the ceremony of proclaiming the Declaration of Independence at Boston on account of the small-pox there), together with those of the honourable House of Representatives who were in town, and a number of other gentlemen, assembled at the Council Chamber in this town, where the said Declaration was also proclaimed by the Secretary from one of the windows; after which the gentlemen partook of a decent collation, prepared on the occasion, and drank a number of constitutional toasts, and then retired. . . .The King's Arms in this town were on Saturday last defaced."

AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Declaration reached Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in time for the General Court of the State, then in session there, to issue an order that it be read with suitable ceremonies, as it happened, on the same day when it was proclaimed in Boston and Watertown. The following is a description of the proceedings:

"Portsmouth, New Hampshire, July 20, 1776.

—The day before yesterday, pursuant to an order from the Great and General Court of this State, the Independent Company under Colonel Sherburne, and the Light Infantry Company under Colonel Langdon, were drawn up on the parade, in their uniforms, when the Declaration of Independence from the Grand Continental Congress was read in the presence of a numerous and respectable audience. The pleasing countenances of the many patriots present spoke a hearty concurrence in the interesting measure, which was confirmed with three huzzas, and all was conducted in peace and good order."

AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Little Rhode Island uttered no uncertain sound when the Declaration found its way thither. The General Assembly of the colony was in session at the time, and on Saturday, July 20th, the following resounding preamble and resolution were adopted by it:

"State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,
In General Assembly, July Session, 1776.

"*Whereas*, the General Congress of the United States of America, by their Resolution of the 4th instant, after enumerating many of the various acts by which George the third, King of Great Britain, hath demonstrated his intention to establish an absolute tyranny over the said States, have declared that 'a Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people'; and have further declared that the said States 'are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved'; which said Resolution hath been approved and solemnly published by order, and in presence of this General Assembly:

"*It is therefore Voted and Resolved*, That if any person within this State shall, under pretence of preaching and praying, or in any other way and manner, acknowledge and declare the said King to be our rightful Lord and Sovereign, or shall pray for the success of his arms, or that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies, he shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanour, and shall therefor be presented by the Grand Jury of the County where the offence shall be committed, to the Superior Court of the same County; and upon conviction thereof shall forfeit and pay, as a fine, to and for the use of this State, the sum of £100 lawful money, and pay all costs of prosecution, and shall stand committed to Jail until the same be satisfied. And that a copy of this Act be inserted in the Newport and Providence newspapers.

"A true Copy, Witness,

"HENRY WARD, Secretary."

There is extant a further contemporaneous report of the proceedings at Newport on the receipt of the Declaration, which is more full of popular and dramatic incident than the one just cited, and of which the following is a transcript:

"Newport, July 22, 1776.—Last Saturday [July 20th], the honourable the General Assembly of this State being then sitting at the State House in this Town, at twelve o'clock, the Brigade stationed here under the command of the Colonels William Richmond and Christopher Lippett, Esquires, marched from Head Quarters, and drew up in two columns on each side of the parade, before the State House door; his Honour the Governour and Members of Assembly then marched through and received the compliments of the Brigade; after which the Secretary read, at the head of the Brigade, a Resolve of the Assembly concurring with the Congress in the Declaration of Independence; the Declaration itself was then read; next thirteen cannon were discharged at Fort Liberty; the Brigade then drew up and fired in thirteen divisions from east to west, agreeable to the number and situation of the United States. The Declaration was received with joy and applause by all ranks. The whole was conducted with great solemnity and decorum."

IN CONNECTICUT.

In view of the earnestness and enthusiasm which marked the reception and promulgation of the Declaration in the other New England States, and in view also of the early, active, and advanced patriotism of the people of Connecticut, it is not a little remarkable that that colony is the only one of the "Old Thirteen" in which the publication of the immortal document to the people was not made general, as it was elsewhere, and in which its reception was unattended by any public celebrations and rejoicings. Although numerous inquiries have been made of the most diligent and accomplished local historians in that State, and though special investigations have been made in Hartford, New Haven, New London, and other towns in Connecticut, and in the antiquarian and historical collections of Massachusetts and New York, the writer has been unable thus far to discover any contemporaneous account, either manuscript or printed, of any formal publication of the Declaration to the people or the towns by the provisional or constituted authorities of the colony, or of any single instance of the celebration of its reception there by spontaneous solemnities and ceremonies

such as attended its reception and publication in all the other colonies. The sum of all that he has been able to find, bearing on the subject, is as follows:

In the proceedings of the session of the "Governour and Council of Safety" of Connecticut for July 11, 1776, is the following minute:

"The Declaration of Independence by Congress was received in a letter to Governour Trumbull from Col. Trumbull."

In the proceedings of the same provisional body, at the session of July 12, 1776, is the following further minute:

"Letters were received by Express, from Congress, dated July 6, 1776, containing information of the passing of the Declaration of Independence, and a copy of it, and required the same to be duly published."

In the *Connecticut Gazette*, of July 12, 1776, published at New London, the Declaration is printed in full, but without a word of reference or comment.

In the proceedings of the "Governour and Council of Safety" for the session of July 18, 1776, is the following minute:

"The subject of publishing the Declaration of Independence was again taken up by the Governour and Council, and referred to the General Assembly, at their next session."

At the session of the General Assembly of Connecticut, held in October, 1776, the Assembly passed "the following Bill declaring this Colony an Independent State, etc., to wit:

"*Whereas*, George the Third, King of Great Britain, hath unjustly levied war against this and the other United States of America, declared them out of his protection, and abdicated the government of this State—whereby the good people of this State are absolved from their allegiance and subjection to the Crown of Great Britain; *And Whereas* the representatives of said United States, in General Congress assembled, have published and declared that these Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States, and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown;

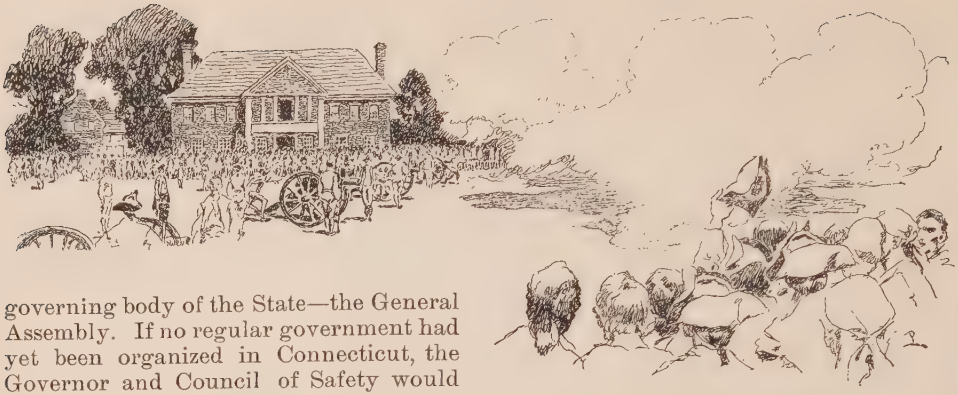
"*Resolved by this Assembly*, That they approve of the Declaration of Independence, published by said Congress, and that this colony is and of right ought to be a free and independent State, and the inhabitants thereof are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and all political connection between them and the King of Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved."

From all this it clearly appears that the Declaration was received by the Governor of Connecticut on July 11, 1776, and by the Council of Safety on the day following; that it was informally published in the *Connecticut Gazette* on July 12th; that the subject of its general and official publication was considered by the Governor and Council and perhaps debated on July 12th, and again on July 18th; that on this last date it was referred to the next session of the General Assembly; and that the General Assembly at its next

IN CONNECTICUT.

session, held in October, 1776, declared the colony an independent State, and approved the Declaration of Independence.

The delay in officially publishing and proclaiming the Declaration in Connecticut, and the consequent lack of any contemporaneous evidences of its receiving a spontaneous and joyous popular welcome, seem to be susceptible of the following explanation: On the 6th of July, 1776, copies of the instrument were forwarded by the President of the Continental Congress to each of the States which had adopted a *permanent* government, and to the "conventions" or "provincial congresses," or to the "councils" or "committees of safety," of those States which had not yet formed regular governments, with the request to have the document proclaimed "in such way and manner" as they thought best, so that "the people may be universally informed of it." When the copy for Connecticut reached that State, it was received by the "Governor and Council of Safety," which was a purely *provisional* body acting during the recess of the regular and permanent



AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

governing body of the State—the General Assembly. If no regular government had yet been organized in Connecticut, the Governor and Council of Safety would doubtless have approved and published the Declaration, as was done by similar provisional bodies in the other colonies where regular governments had not yet been formed. They probably felt, however, that they were precluded from so doing, both by the limitations of the instructions contained in President Hancock's circular letter, and by their own delicate sense of official propriety, and of the deference due by them to the General Assembly in so grave a matter. Therefore the Governor and Council were content to furnish a copy informally to the *Connecticut Gazette* for instant publication. This having been done, and having debated the matter on July 12th and 18th, they concluded to refer the Declaration to the General Assembly, to be held three months later, for its more formal and authoritative action.

AT WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

In Virginia the Council of the colony was in session when the letter of President Hancock was received announcing and enclosing a copy of the Declaration; and John Page, the President of the Council, officially replied to it as follows:

"In Council, Williamsburgh, July 20, 1776. —Sir: We had the honour to receive your letter of the 8th instant, enclosing the Declaration of Independence. We shall take care to have the Declaration immediately published, so that the people may be universally informed of it, who, we have the pleasure to inform you, have been impatiently expecting it, and will receive it with joy.

"It is with pleasure, Sir, we observe that you say, in consequence of the Declaration, you are fully convinced that our affairs may take a more favourable turn; and we firmly rely on the protection and continuance of the powerful interposition of that Being whose power no creature is able to resist."

On the same day, while the above admirable letter was yet freshly written, the Council met and took action as follows:

"*Ordered*, That the Printers publish in their respective Gazettes the Declaration of Independence made by the honourable Continental Congress, and that the Sheriff of each County in this Commonwealth proclaim the same at the door of his Court House, the first Court day after he shall have received the same."

On the 25th of July this order was carried into effect at Williamsburg, as appears by the following item in the gazettes of July the 26th:

"Williamsburgh, July 26, 1776.—Yesterday afternoon, agreeable to an order of the honourable Privy Council, the Declaration of Independence was solemnly proclaimed at the Capitol, the Court House, and the Palace, amidst the acclamations of the people, accompanied by firing of cannon and musketry, the several regiments of Continental troops having been paraded on that solemnity."

AT HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND.

The feelings of the patriotic portion of the people of Long Island had just been excited to a high pitch by the approach of the formidable British fleet toward New York, the occupation of a part of Long Island by the British troops, and the transfer of the seat of active hostilities in the Northern States to Long Island and other parts adjacent to the city and harbor of New York. There were many loyalists or refugees on Long Island, especially in the counties near New York city, but their adherence to the British served only to intensify the ardor of the Whigs. An extract from a letter, dated

Huntington, Long Island, July 23, 1776, gives a lively picture of this ardor, and of the manner in which the reception of the Declaration was celebrated by the patriots of that place. Says the writer:

"Yesterday the freedom and independency of the Thirteen United Colonies was, with beat of drums, proclaimed at the several places of parade by reading the Declaration of the General Congress, together with the Resolutions of our Provincial Convention thereupon; which were approved and applauded by the animated shouts of the people, who were present from the distant quarters of the district. After which, the Flag which used to wave on the Liberty Pole, having 'Liberty' on one side and 'George III.' on the other, underwent a reform—*i. e.*, the Union was cut off and the letters 'George III.' were discarded, being publickly ripped off; and then an effigy of the person represented by those letters, being hastily fabricated out of base materials, with its face black like Dunmore's Virginia regiment, its head adorned with a wooden crown stuck full of feathers like Carleton's and Johnson's savages, and its body wrapped in the Union, instead of a blanket or robe of state, and lined with gunpowder, which the original seems to be fond of—the whole, together with the letters above mentioned, were hung on a gallows, exploded, and burnt to ashes. In the evening the Committee of this town, with a large number of the principal inhabitants, sat down around the genial board and drank thirteen patriotick toasts, among which were, 'The Free and Independent States of America'; 'The General Congress;' 'The Conventions of the Thirteen States;' 'Our principal Military Commanders;' and 'Success and Enlargement to the American Navy.' Nor was the memory of our late brave heroes, who have gloriously lost their lives in the cause of liberty and their country, forgotten."

AT SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

But nowhere was a more impressive reception given to the Declaration than at Southampton, Long Island, where, on the day when the demonstration above described was made in their sister town of Huntington, its old men of threescore and ten were moved by the noble ardor of liberty to volunteer for the common defence. This interesting incident is thus preserved in an account written by a contemporaneous chronicler:

"Southampton, Suffolk County, New York, July 23, 1776.—Last Monday afternoon [July 22d] was exhibited to view in this town a very agreeable prospect. The old gentlemen, grandfathers, to the age of seventy years and upwards, met, agreeably to appointment, and formed themselves into an Independent Company. Each man was well equipped with a good musket, powder, ball, cartridges, etc., and unanimously made choice of Elias Pelletrau, Esq., for their leader (with other suitable officers), who made a very animating speech to them on the necessity of holding themselves in readiness to go into the field in time of invasion. They cheerfully agreed to it, and determined at the risk of their lives to defend the Free and Independent States of America. May such a shining example stimulate every father on Long Island in particular, and America in general, to follow their aged brethren here!"

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Declaration was received at Halifax, North Carolina, on July 22d, by the Provincial Council of Safety, then in session at that place. On the same day it was read by Cornelius Harnett, an Englishman by birth, but an early and uncompromising patriot, who was a member of the Provincial Congress from Wilmington, North Carolina, and the President of the Provincial Council of Safety, to a great concourse of citizens and soldiers. When he had concluded the reading of the soul-stirring document the soldiers crowded around him, took him upon their shoulders, and bore him in triumph through the town.

Although comprehensive and energetic measures were promptly taken by the Provincial Council for proclaiming the Declaration throughout the province, and although it undoubtedly was so proclaimed very generally, the writer of this memoir has not been able to find any extant detailed report of the proceedings that took place thereupon in any of the towns or counties of North Carolina. This is largely due to the fact that there were few or no newspapers in North Carolina to publish contemporaneous reports of the action of the people of the colony. The minutes of the Council of Safety, however, are very full of interest, and clearly evince the cordial and emphatic welcome which the Declaration met with from the representatives of the people. They are also of special interest as evincing the grave and elevated sentiments which the Declaration inspired, and the wise and decisive action which it prompted. The following extracts from these minutes are highly suggestive:

"Halifax, July 22, 1776. — The Continental Congress having, on the 4th day of July last, declared the Thirteen United Colonies free

and independent States: *Resolved*, That the Committees of the respective Towns and Counties in this Colony, on receiving the said Declaration, do cause the same to be proclaimed in the most publick manner, in order that the good people of this Colony may be fully informed thereof."

"Halifax, Thursday, July 25, 1776.—*Whereas*, the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, at Philadelphia, on the 4th day of July last, declared the Thirteen United Colonies free and independent States, and that the good people thereof were absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that the said Declaration renders the Test as directed to be subscribed by the late [Provincial] Congress at Halifax improper and nugatory: *Resolved*, That a Test as follows be substituted in lieu thereof, and subscribed by the Members of this Board:

"We, the subscribers, do solemnly profess, testify, and declare that we do absolutely believe that neither the Parliament of Great Britain, nor any member or constituent branch thereof, hath a right to impose taxes upon these Colonies, to regulate the internal police thereof; and that all attempts, by fraud or force, to establish and exercise such claims and powers are violators of the peace and security of the people, and ought to be resisted to the utmost; and that the people of this Province, singly and collectively, are bound by the Acts and Resolutions of the Continental and Provincial Congresses, because in both they are freely represented by persons chosen by themselves; and we do solemnly and sincerely promise and engage, under the sanction of virtue, honour, and the sacred love of liberty and our country, to maintain and support all and every the Acts, Resolutions, and Regulations of the said Continental and Provincial Congresses, to the utmost of our powers and abilities. In testimony whereof we have set our hands, at Halifax, this 24th day of July, 1776."

"Halifax, July 27, 1776.—The Continental Congress having on the fourth of this instant, July, declared the Thirteen United Colonies of America free and independent States: *Resolved*, That Thursday, the first day of August next, be set apart for proclaiming the said Declaration, at the Court House in the Town of Halifax. The Freeholders and Inhabitants of the County of Halifax are requested to give their attendance at the time and place aforesaid."

One of the counties of North Carolina having no "Committee," and consequently no proclamation of the Declaration having been made in it, as ordered by the Council of Safety July 22d, at the session of the Council held on the 6th of August, 1776, the following remedial action was taken by the Council:

AT HALIFAX, NORTH CAROLINA.

"Tuesday, August 6th, 1776.—The Continental Congress, on the 4th day of July last, declared the Thirteen United Colonies of America free and independent States; and as it appears there is no Committee in the County of Cumberland: *Resolved*, That Colonel Ebenezer Folesome and Colonel David Smith, or either of them, on receiving the said Declaration, call a general meeting of the inhabitants of the said County, and that they, or either of them, cause the same to be read and proclaimed in the most publick manner, in order that the good people of this State may be fully informed thereof."

Finally, on the 9th of August, the North Carolina Council of Safety made a practical application of the principles of the Declaration and of the fitness of the people for self-government in the following thoughtful and sterling appeal to the inhabitants of the colony, having reference to the exercise of one of their most important duties as citizens of a republic:

"Friday, August 9, 1776.—The Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, at Philadelphia, the 4th day of July, 1776, having determined that

the Thirteen United Colonies are free and independent States, and in consequence thereof having published a Declaration of Independence: *Resolved*, That it be recommended to the good people of this now independent State of North Carolina to pay the greatest attention to the Election, to be held on the 15th day of October next, of Delegates to represent them in the [Provincial] Congress, and to have particularly in view this important consideration: that it will be the business of the Delegates then chosen not only to make laws for the good government of, but also to form a Constitution for, this State; that this last, as it is the corner-stone of all law, so it ought to be fixed and permanent; and that according as it is well or ill ordered, it must tend in the first degree to promote the happiness or misery of the State."

AT EAST GREENWICH AND PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

In none of the "Old Thirteen" was the proclamation of the Declaration celebrated with greater effusiveness than in Rhode Island. It has been already seen with what spirit it was celebrated at Newport, on July the 20th. Although the towns of East Greenwich and Providence moved less promptly than Newport—the first-named not till the 23d and the other on the 25th of July—they yet exhibited an accumulated vivacity to compensate for the delay. The following transcripts of their proceedings as published at the time will be read with interest as specimens of our original Fourth of July literature:

"East Greenwich, Rhode Island, July 26, 1776.—On Tuesday last [July 23d] the Kentish Guards, commanded by Colonel Richard Fry, appeared in their uniforms. About twelve o'clock they drew up on the Parade before the State House, where the Declaration of the General Congress declaring these Colonies Free and Independent States was read; likewise a Resolve of the General Assembly concurring with the same, which was announced by the discharge of thirteen cannon at Fort Daniel. Next, the Guards fired thirteen volleys. This was followed by three huzzas from a numerous body of inhabitants. They then repaired to Arnold's Hall, where, after partaking of a very decent collation, the following patriotick toasts were drunk:

"1. The Thirteen United States of America.

"2. The General Congress of the American States.

"3. General Washington.

"4. The American Army.

"5. Augmentation of the American Navy.

"6. In memory of those immortal heroes who have fallen in the American Cause.

"7. May a happy rule of government be established in the State of Rhode Island.

"8. American Manufactures.

"9. Free trade with all the world.

"10. May true patriotism warm the breast of every American.

"11. May the Independency of the American States be firmly established, and a speedy peace take place.

"12. May Liberty expand her sacred wings, and in glorious effort diffuse her influence o'er and o'er the globe."

AT PROVIDENCE.

"Providence, Saturday, July 27, 1776.—Thursday last, 25th July, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, his Honour the Governour, attended by such Members of the Upper and Lower Houses of Assembly as were in town, and a number of the inhabitants, went in procession to the State House, escorted by the Cadet and Light Infantry Companies, where, at twelve o'clock, was read the Act of Assembly concurring with the most honourable General Congress in their Declaration of Independence. The Declaration was also read; at the conclusion of which, thirteen volleys were fired by the Cadets and Light Infantry; the Artillery Company next fired thirteen cannon, and a like number of new cannon (cast at the Hope Furnace) were discharged at the Great Bridge; the ships *Alfred* and *Columbus* likewise fired thirteen guns each in honour of the day. At two o'clock his Honour the Governour, attended and escorted as above, proceeded to Hacker's Hall, where an elegant entertainment was provided for the occasion. After dinner the following toasts were drunk, viz.:

"1. The Thirteen Free and Independent States of America.

"2. The Most Honourable the General Congress.

"3. The Army and Navy of the United States.

"4. The State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

"5. The Commerce of the United States.

"6. Liberty to those who have the Spirit to assert it.

"7. The friends of the United States in every part of the Earth.

"8. General Washington.

"9. The Officers of the American Army and Navy.

"10. May the Crowns of Tyrants be Crowns of Thorns.

"11. The memory of the brave Officers and Men who have fallen in defence of American Liberty.

"12. May the Constitution of each separate State have for its object the preservation of the civil and religious rights of Mankind.

"13. May the Union of the States be established in justice and mutual confidence, and be as permanent as the pillars of Nature.

"The Artillery Company and a number of

other gentlemen dined the same day at Lindsey's Tavern, where the following toasts were drunk:

"1. The Free and Independent States of America.

"2. The General Congress of the American States.

"3. The Honourable John Hancock, Esq.

"4. His Excellency General Washington.

"5. His Excellency General Lee.

"6. The brave Carolineans.

"7. Success to General Gates and the Northern Army.

"8. May the subtilty of the American Standard destroy the ferocity of the British Lion.

"9. The State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

"10. The Honourable Governour Cooke.

"11. May the Independent States of America forever be an Asylum for Liberty.

"12. The American Army and Navy.

"13. The Providence Independent Companies.

"The whole was conducted with great order and decency, and the Declaration was received with every mark of applause. Towards evening the King of Great Britain's Coat of Arms was taken from a late publick Office, as was also the sign from the Crown Coffee House, and burnt."

The significance of the allusion, in the eighth toast of the Artillery Company, to the "subtilty of the American Standard," will be made more clear by the following curious description of the American Standard of 1776, which is transcribed from *The Scots Magazine* for July, 1776:

"The American Standard is thus described: The colours of the American fleet have a snake with thirteen rattles, the fourteenth budding, depicted in the attitude of going to strike, with this motto, DON'T TREAD ON ME. It is a rule in heraldry that the worthy properties of the animal in the crest borne shall be considered, and the base ones cannot be intended. The ancients accounted a snake the emblem of wisdom, and, in certain attitudes, of endless duration. The rattle-snake is properly a representative of America, as this animal is found in no other part of the world. The eye of this creature excels in brightness most of any other animals. She has no eye-lids, and is therefore an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, nor ever surrenders; she is therefore an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. When injured, or in danger of being injured, she never wounds till she has given notice to her enemies of their danger. No other of her kind shows such generosity. When undisturbed, and in peace, she does not appear to be furnished with weapons of any kind. They are latent in the roof of her mouth; and even when extended for her defence, appear to those who are not acquainted with her to be weak and contemptible; yet her wounds, however small, are decisive and fatal. She is solitary, and associates with her kind only when it is necessary for their preservation. Her poison is at once the necessary means of digesting her food, and certain destruction to her enemies. The power of fascination attributed to her, by a generous construction resembles America. Those who look steadily at her are delighted, and involuntarily advance towards her, and having once approached, never leave her. She is frequently found with thirteen rattles, and they increase yearly. She is beautiful in youth, and her beauty increases with her age. Her tongue is blue, and forked as the lightning."

The device of a rattlesnake was wrought upon many of the army and navy flags in the Revolution. In his *Field-book of the Revolution* (vol. ii., p. 505, note), Mr. Lossing describes the flag of the Culpeper (Virginia) Minute-men, in the regiment of which Patrick Henry was colonel. It bore the significant device of a coiled rattlesnake; and on it were also inscribed, on the upper half, the great orator's memorable words, "Liberty or Death," and at the bottom the legend, "Don't Tread on Me!" Mr. Lossing also states (*Field-book of the Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 844, note) that "the Union Flag, adopted by the army on January 1, 1776, had a representation of a rattlesnake, with the words, '*Don't Tread on Me!*'" (Illustration in Lossing, vol. ii., p. 844).

AT TICONDEROGA, NEW YORK.

At Ticonderoga, New York, the Declaration was proclaimed to the portion of the army stationed there. Says a contemporaneous writer:

"On Sunday, July 28, 1776, immediately after divine worship, the Declaration of Independence was read by Colonel St. Clair; and having said, 'God save the free and independent States of America,' the Army manifested their joy with three cheers. 'It was remarkably pleasant,' adds the narrator, 'to see the spirits of the soldiers so raised after all their calamities; the language of every man's countenance was, "Now we are *a people;* we have a name among the States of this world."'"

AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

The Declaration was proclaimed at Baltimore, Maryland, on Monday, July 29th, and on the following day the proceedings were published in the gazettes of the period, as follows:

"Baltimore, July 30, 1776.—Yesterday, by order of the Committee of this Town, the Declaration of Independency of the United States

of America was read at the Court House to a numerous and respectable body of Militia, and the Company of Artillery, and other principal inhabitants of this Town and County, which was received with general applause and heartfelt satisfaction. At night the Town was illuminated, and at the same time the effigy of our late King was carted through the Town and committed to the flames, amidst the acclamations of many hundreds—the just reward of a tyrant."

AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

AT AMHERST, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

At Amherst, New Hampshire, the ceremonies attending the reading of the Declaration were very grave and impressive, as will appear from the following brief report of them as published in the Boston gazettes:

"State of New Hampshire, County of Hillsborough: Amherst, August 1, 1776.—Pursuant to orders from the Committee of Safety for said State to the Sheriff of said County, requiring him to proclaim Independency in Amherst, the shire-town of said County, the Sheriff, attended by the Militia, a great part of the Magistrates of the County, and several hundreds of other spectators, met at the Meeting-House in said Town, and, after attending prayers, were formed into a circle on the Parade, the Sheriff in the centre, on horseback, with a drawn sword in his hand. The Declaration was read from an eminence on the Parade; after that was done three cheers were given, colours flying and drums beating. The Militia fired in thirteen divisions, attended with universal acclamations. The whole was performed with the greatest decorum."

AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

The observances on reading the Declaration at Richmond, Virginia, were spirited and enthusiastic, and are tersely described in the following report published in the Williamsburg *Gazette* of August 10, 1776:

"On Monday last, the 5th instant, being Court-day, the Declaration of Independence was publickly proclaimed in the town of Richmond, before a large concourse of respectable freeholders of Henrico County, and upwards of two hundred of the Militia, who assembled on that grand occasion. It was received with universal shouts of joy, and re-echoed by three volleys of small-arms. The same evening the town was illuminated, and the members of the Committee held a Club, when many patriotick toasts were drunk. Although there were near one thousand people present, the whole was conducted with the utmost decorum; and the satisfaction visible in every countenance sufficiently evinced their determination to support it with their lives and fortunes."

AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Legislature of South Carolina were in session when the Declaration reached there; and on its official transmission by President John Rutledge, severally, to the Legislative Council and the General Assembly, it was received by each with "transports of joy." The Council gave voice to their feelings as follows:

"The Declaration of the Continental Congress that the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved; calls forth all our attention. It is an event which necessity had rendered not only justifiable but absolutely unavoidable. It is a decree now worthy of America. We thankfully receive the notification of and rejoice at it; and we are determined at every hazard to endeavour to maintain it, that so, after we have departed, our children and their latest posterity may have cause to bless our memory."

The General Assembly responded in

the following less exalted but still very emphatic terms:

"It is with the most unspeakable pleasure we embrace this opportunity of expressing our joy and satisfaction in the Declaration of the Continental Congress, declaring the United Colonies free and independent States, absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and totally dissolving all political union between them and Great Britain—an event unsought for, and now produced by unavoidable necessity, and which every friend to justice and humanity must not only hold justifiable as the natural effect of unmerited persecution, but equally rejoice in as the only effectual security against injuries and oppressions, and the most promising source of future liberty and safety."

Governor Moultrie says, in his *Memoirs*, that "the Declaration of Independence arrived in Charleston the latter end of July." He also states, without designating the time, that it was "read at the head of the troops in the field by Major Bernard Elliott; after which an oration was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Pearcy." Dr. Lossing has been able to gather a more particular account of the incident. In his *Field-book of the Revolution* (vol. ii., p. 758) he describes the ceremonies as follows:

"At Charleston, South Carolina, on Monday, August 5, 1776, the Declaration was proclaimed in the presence of the people of the town, young and old, of both sexes, who assembled round Liberty Tree* (which stood within the Square now bounded by Charlotte, Washington, Boundary and Alexander streets, afterwards cut down in 1780 by order of Sir Henry Clinton and a fire lighted over the stump by piling its branches around it), with all the military of the city and vicinity, drums beating and flags flying. The ceremonies were opened with prayer. The Declaration was then read by Major Bernard Elliott, and the services closed with an eloquent address by the Rev. William Percy, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is related that as it was a hot day, Mr. Percy's black servant held an umbrella over his head, and fanned him during the delivery of the address. Alluding to this, a British wag perpetrated the following couplet:

"'Good Mr. Parson, it is not quite civil
To be preaching rebellion, thus fanned by the devil.'"

* The Charleston Liberty Tree was a wide-spreading live-oak, under which the patriots used to assemble to discuss the political questions of the day from as early a period as 1765. After its destruction by order of Sir Henry Clinton, many cane heads were made from its stump, and later a part of it was sawed into thin boards and made into a ballot-box.

AT BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY.

The celebration of the proclamation of the Declaration at Bridgeton, New Jersey, besides having been a spirited one, was specially interesting as furnishing one of the earliest examples of the Fourth of July oratory which periodically, for many years thereafter, warmed the hearts of our fellow-countrymen. The following is a copy of the quasi-official contemporaneous report of the proceedings there:

"Cumberland County (N. J.) Committee.—On Wednesday, the 7th instant [August 7, 1776], the Committee of Inspection for the County of Cumberland, in the State of New Jersey, the officers of the Militia, and a great number of other inhabitants having met at Bridgetown, went in procession to the Court House, where the Declaration of Independency, the Constitution of New Jersey, and the Treason Ordinance were publickly read and unanimously approved of. They were followed with a spirited address by Dr. Elmer,* Chairman of the Committee, after which the Peace Officers' staves, on which were depicted the King's Coat of Arms, with other ensigns of royalty, were burnt in the street. The whole was conducted with the greatest decency and regularity.

"The following, being the substance of the before-mentioned Address, is published at the particular request of the Committee and all who were present:—

"*Gentlemen of the Committee, Officers of the Militia, and Gentlemen spectators:*

"From what has now been read, you see the long-wished-for but much dreaded period has arrived, in which the connexion between Great Britain and America is totally dissolved, and these Colonies declared Free and Independent States.

"As this is an event of the greatest importance, it must afford satisfaction to every intelligent person to reflect, that it was brought about by unavoidable necessity on our part, and has been conducted with a prudence and moderation becoming the wisest and best of men.

"With the Independence of the American States a new era in politicks has commenced. Every consideration respecting the propriety or impropriety of a separation from Britain is now entirely out of the question, and we have no more to do with the King and people of England than we have with the King and people of France or Spain. No people under

* Dr. Theophilus Elmer was a practising physician, and one of the most active and influential patriots in West Jersey. He was also one of the most useful and advanced members of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, in which he was one of the Committee that prepared the draft of the State Constitution adopted July 2, 1776.

Heaven were ever favoured with a fairer opportunity of laying a sure foundation for future grandeur and happiness than we. The plan of Government established in most States and Kingdoms of the world has been the effect of chance or necessity; ours, of sober reason and cool deliberation. Our future happiness or misery, therefore, as a people, will depend entirely upon ourselves. If, actuated by principles of virtue and genuine patriotism, we make the welfare of our country the sole aim of all our action; if we intrust none but persons of abilities and integrity with the management of our publick affairs; if we carefully guard against corruption and undue influence in the several departments of Government; if we are steady and zealous in putting the laws in strict execution—the spirit and principles of our new Constitution, which we have just now heard read, may be preserved for a long time. But, if faction and party spirit, the destruction of popular governments, take place, anarchy and confusion will soon ensue, and we shall either fall an easy prey to a foreign enemy, or some factious and aspiring demagogue, possessed of popular talents and shining qualities—a Julius Cæsar or an Oliver Cromwell—will spring up among ourselves, who, taking advantage of our political animosities, will lay violent hands on the Government, and sacrifice the liberties of his Country to his ambitious and domineering humour. God grant that neither of these may ever be the fate of this or any of the United States. To prevent which, while we are striving to defend ourselves against the unjust encroachments of a foreign and unnatural enemy, let us not neglect to keep a strict and jealous eye on our own internal police and Constitution. Let the fate of Greece, Rome, Carthage, and Great Britain warn us of our danger; and the loss of liberty in all those States, for want of timely guarding against the introduction of tyranny and usurpation, be a standing admonition to us to avoid the rock on which they have all been shipwrecked.

"Let us as honest citizens and sincere lovers of our country exert ourselves in the defence of our State, and in support of our new Constitution; but while we strive to vindicate the glorious cause of Liberty on the one hand, let us, on the other hand, carefully guard against running into the contrary extreme of disorder and licentiousness.

"In our present situation, engaged in a bloody and dangerous war with the power of Great Britain for the defence of our lives, our liberties, our property, and everything that is dear and valuable, every member of this State who enjoys the benefits of its civil Government is absolutely bound, by the immutable law of self-preservation, the laws of God and of society, to assist in protecting and defending* it. This is so plain and self-evident a proposition that I am persuaded every person here present makes it the rule of his conduct on all occasions; and consequently, in a time of such imminent danger, will be extremely careful, at our ensuing election, not to intrust any one with the management of our publick affairs who has not, by his vigilance and activity in the cause of liberty, proved himself to be a true friend to his country. The success, gentlemen, of our present glorious struggle wholly depends upon this single circumstance. For though the situation and extent of the United States of America, and our numberless internal resources, are sufficient to enable us to bid defiance to all Europe, yet should we be so careless about our own safety as to intrust the affairs of our State, while the bayonet is pointed at our throats, to persons whose conduct discovers them to be enemies to their country, or whose religious principles will not suffer them to lift a hand for our defence, our ruin will inevitably follow.

AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

* This and the succeeding paragraph are directed against the Quakers and others of West Jersey, who refused, from conscientious scruples, to bear arms for the common defence and to serve in the militia and otherwise.

AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

"As it is impossible for any one possessed of the spirit of a man, who is a friend to the United States, and whose conscience does not furnish him with an excuse, to stand by an idle spectator while his country is struggling and bleeding in her own necessary defence, all such inactive persons ought therefore to be shunned as enemies or despised as cowards. And as I have reason to believe that many who plead conscience as an excuse are sincere in their pretensions, and as every man ought to be free from compulsion, this single consideration should restrain us from forcing such into any of the departments of Government. For to put such persons, at this time, in places of publick trust, is actually to deprive them of liberty of conscience; for we thereby compel them either to betray the trust reposed in them, or to act contrary to the dictates of their own consciences; a dilemma in which, act as they will, their conduct must be criminal. Besides, if we consulted only our own safety, it is plain that to intrust the affairs of our Government, at this juncture, to such people, is as dangerous as to intrust the management of a ship in a violent storm to an infant or an idiot. As a friend to my country and a lover of liberty, I thought it my duty to address you on this occasion; and having now as a faithful member of society discharged my duty, I shall leave you to the exercise of your own judgement, and conclude with a request that you would conduct yourselves this day in such a manner as to convince the publick that your abhorrence of the cruel and bloody Nero of Great Britain, and his despicable minions of tyranny and oppression, arises, not from the mere impulse of blind passion and prejudice, but from sober reason and reflection; and while we rejoice in being formally emancipated from our haughty and imperious task-masters, let us remember that the final termination of this grand event is not likely to be brought about without shedding the blood of many of our dear friends and countrymen."

AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

This monograph, in which I have attempted to shadow forth in outline the manner and spirit in which the tidings of the Declaration of our National Independence were received by the "Old Thirteen," and of the mode of its proclamation to and celebration by the people therein, is brought to a fitting conclusion by the reproduction of the proceedings at Savannah, Georgia, that city and State having been the latest of any in chronological sequence to receive and proclaim it. It will be noticed that the concluding paragraph of this contemporaneous report is a parody of the "committal service" in the Church of England's "Service for the Burial of the Dead."

"Savannah (in Georgia), August 10, 1776.—A Declaration being received from the Honourable John Hancock, Esq., by which it appeared that the Continental Congress, in the name and by the authority of their constituents, had declared that the United Colonies of North America are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, his Excellency the President and the honourable the Council met in the Council Chamber and read the Declaration. They then proceeded to the Square before the Assembly House, and read it likewise before a great concourse of people, when the Grenadier and Light Infantry Companies fired a general volley. After this, they proceeded in the following procession to the Liberty Pole: The Grenadiers in front; the Provost Marshall on horseback with his sword drawn; the Secretary with the Declaration; his Excellency the President; the honourable the Council and gentlemen attending; then the Light Infantry and the rest of the Militia of the town and district of Savannah. At the Liberty Pole they were met by the Georgia Battalion, who, after reading of the Declaration, discharged their field pieces, and fired in platoons. Upon this they proceeded to the Battery, at the Trustees Gardens, where the Declaration was read for the last time, and the cannon of the Battery discharged. His Excellency and Council, Colonel Lachlan McIntosh, and other gentlemen, with the Militia, dined under the Cedar Trees, and cheerfully drank to the United, Free, and Independent States of America. In the evening the town was illumi-

nated, and there was exhibited a very solemn funeral procession, attended by the Grenadiers and Light Infantry Companies, and other Militia, with their drums muffled, and fifes, and a greater number of people than ever appeared on any occasion before in this Province, when George the Third was interred before the Court House in the following manner:

"Forasmuch as George the Third, of Great Britain, hath most flagrantly violated his coronation oath, and trampled upon the Constitution of our country and the sacred rights of mankind, We therefore commit his political existence to the ground, corruption to corruption, tyranny to the grave, and oppression to eternal infamy, in sure and certain hope that he will never obtain a resurrection to rule again over these United States of America. . . . But, my friends and fellow-citizens, let us not be sorry as men without hope for tyrants that depart; rather, let us remember, America is free and independent! That she is and will be, with the blessing of the Almighty, great among the nations of the earth! Let this encourage us in well-doing, to fight for our rights and privileges, for our wives and children, for all that is near and dear to us. May God give us his blessing, and let all the people say, Amen!"

JANE FIELD.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE Lois stood. Her small worn shoes hesitated on the threshold. She was gotten up in her poor little best —her dress of cheap brown wool stuff, with its skimpy velvet panel, her hat trimmed with a fold of silk and a little feather. She had curled her hair over her forehead, and tied on a bit of a lace veil. Distinct among all this forlorn and innocent furbishing was her face, with its pitiful youthful prettiness, turned toward her mother and the lawyer with a very clutch of vision.

Mrs. Field got up. "Oh, it's you, Lois," she said, calmly. "You thought you'd come too, didn't you?"

Lois gasped out something.

Her mother turned to the lawyer. "I'll make you acquainted with Miss Lois Field," said she. "Lois, I'll make you acquainted with Mr. Tuxbury."

The lawyer was looking surprised, but he rose briskly to the level of the situation, and greeted the young girl with ready grace. "Your sister's daughter, I conclude," he said, smilingly, to Mrs. Field.

Mrs. Field set her mouth hard. She looked defiantly at him and said not one word. There was a fierce resolve in her heart that, come what would, she would not tell this last lie, and deny her daughter before her very face.

But the lawyer did not know she was silent. Not having heard any response, with the vanity of a deaf man, he assumed that she had given one, and so concealed his uncertainty.

"Yes, so I thought," said he, and went on flourishingly in his track of gracious reception.

Lois kept her eyes fixed on his like some little timid animal which suspects an enemy, and watches his eyes for the first impetus of a spring. Once or twice she said, "Yes, sir," faintly.

"Your niece does not look very strong," Mr. Tuxbury said to Mrs. Field.

"She 'ain't been feelin' very well this spring. I've been considerable worried about her," she answered, with harsh decision.

"Ah, I am very sorry to hear that. Well, she will soon recuperate if she stays here. Elliot is considered a very healthy place. We shall soon have her so hearty and rosy that her old friends won't be able to recognize her." He bowed with a smiling flourish to Lois.

Her lips trembled with a half-smile in response, but she looked more frightened than ever.

"Now, Mrs. Maxwell," said the lawyer, "you and your niece must positively remain and dine with us to-day, can't you?"

"I'm afraid it will put your sister out."

"Oh no, indeed." The lawyer, however, had a slightly nonplussed expression. "She will be delighted. I will run over to the house, then, and tell her that you will stay, shall I not?"

"I hate to make her extra work," said Mrs. Field. That was her rural form of acceptance.

"You will not, I assure you. Don't distress yourself about that, Mrs. Maxwell."

* Begun in May number, 1892.

"FLORA AND THE CHILDREN RECEIVED THEM BEAMINGLY."—[See page 191.]

Nevertheless, he was quite ill at ease as he traversed the yard. In his life with his sister there were exigencies during which he was obliged to descend from his platform of superiority. He foresaw the approach of one now. Dinner was already served when he entered the dining-room, and his sister was setting the chairs around the table. They kept no servant.

"They are going to stay to dinner, I expect," he remarked, in an appealingly confidential tone.

His sister faced him with a jerk. She was very red from bending over the kitchen fire. "Who's goin' to stay? What do you mean, Daniel?"

"Why, Mrs. Maxwell and her niece."

"Her niece? I didn't know she had any niece. How did she get here?"

"She came this noon; followed along after her aunt, I suppose. I don't think she knew she was coming. She acted kind of surprised, I thought."

"You don't mean they're comin' in here to dinner?"

"I couldn't very well help asking them, you know." His tone was soft and conciliatory, and he kept a nervous eye upon his sister's face.

"Couldn't help askin' 'em! I ruther guess I could 'a' helped askin' 'em!"

"Jane, I hadn't any idea they'd stay."

"Well, you've gone an' done it, that's all I've got to say. Here they didn't come last night, when I got all ready for 'em, an' now they're comin,' an' everything we've got is a picked-up dinner; there ain't enough of anything to go round. Flora!"

Her daughter Flora came in from the kitchen, with the children, in blue gingham aprons, at her heels.

"What is it, mother?" said she.

"Nothin', only your uncle Daniel has asked that Maxwell woman an' her niece to dinner, an' they're goin' to stay."

"My goodness, there isn't a thing for dinner!" said Flora, with a half-giggle. She was so young and healthy and happy that she could still see the joke in an annoyance.

Her uncle looked at her beseechingly. "Can't you manage somehow?" said he. "I'll go down to the store and buy something."

"Down to the store!" repeated his sister, contemptuously. "It's one o'clock now."

He looked at the kitchen clock, visible through the open door, and saw that it indicated half past twelve, but he said nothing.

Flora was frowning reflectively, while her cheeks dimpled. "I tell you what I'll do, mother," said she. "I'll go over to Mrs. Bennett's and borrow a pie. I think we can get along if we have a pie."

"I ain't goin' round the neighborhood borrowin'; that ain't the way I'm accustomed to doin'."

"Land, mother! I'd just as soon ask Mrs. Bennett as not. She borrowed that bread in here the other night."

"There ain't enough steak to go round; there's jest that little piece we had left from yesterday, an' there ain't enough stew," said her mother, with persistent wrath.

"Well, if folks come in unexpectedly, they'll have to take what we've got and make the best of it." Flora tied a hat on over her light hair as she spoke. "I don't see any other way for them," she added, laughingly, going out of the door.

"It's all very well for folks to be easy," said her mother, with a sniff, "but when she's had as much as I've had, I guess she won't take it any easier than I do. I s'pose now I've got to take all these things off, an' put on a clean table-cloth."

"That one doesn't look very bad," ventured her brother, timidly.

"No, I shouldn't think it did! Look at that great coffee stain you got on it this mornin'! Havin' a couple of perfect strangers come in to dinner makes more work than a man knows anything about. Children, you take off the knives, an' pile 'em up on the other table. Be real careful."

"I wonder if the parlor's so I can ask them in there?" Mr. Tuxbury remarked, edging toward the door.

"I s'pose so. I 'ain't been in there this mornin'; I s'pose it's all right unless the children have been in an' cluttered it up."

"No, we 'ain't, gramma, we 'ain't," proclaimed the children in a shrill shout. They danced around the table, removing the knives and forks; their innocent, pinky faces were full of cherubic glee. This occasion was, metaphorically speaking, a whole flock of jubilant infantile larks for them. They loved company with all their souls, and they also felt always a pleasant titillation of their youthful spirits when they saw their grandmother

in perturbation. Unless, indeed, they themselves were the cause of it, when it acquired a personal force which rendered it not so entertaining.

Soon, however, a remark of their grandmother's caused their buoyant spirits to realize that there was a force of gravitation for all here below.

"I don't know but you children will have to wait," said she.

There was an instantaneous wail of dismay, the pinky faces elongated, the blue eyes scowled sulkily. "Oh, gramma, we don't want to wait! Can't we sit down with the others? Say, gramma, can't we? Can't we sit down with the others?"

"Of course you can sit down with the others. Don't make such a racket, children." That was their mother coming in, good-natured and triumphant, with the pie.

"I don't know whether they can or not," said their grandmother. "I 'ain't put in an extra leaf; this table-cloth wa'n't long enough, an' I wa'n't goin' to have the big table-cloth to do up for all the Maxwells in creation."

"Oh, there's room enough," Flora said, easily. "I can squeeze them in beside me. Put the napkins round, children, and stop teasing. Didn't I get a beautiful pie?"

"What kind is it?"

"Squash."

"An' our squashes are all gone, an' I've got to buy one to pay her back. I should have thought you'd known better, Flora."

"It was all the kind she had. I couldn't help it. Squashes don't cost much, mother."

"They cost something, an' I've got all them dried apples to use up for pies."

"Have they come in?" asked Flora, with happy unconcern about the cost of squashes and the utilization of dried apples.

"Yes, I s'pose so. I thought I heard Daniel takin' 'em in the front door. I s'pose they're in the parlor."

"You ought to go in a minute, hadn't you?"

"I s'pose so," replied Mrs. Lowe, with a sigh of fierce resignation.

"I'll finish setting the things on the table, and you go in. Take off your apron."

"This dress don't look fit."

"Yes, it does, too; it's clean. Run along."

Mrs. Lowe smoothed her sparse hair severely at the kitchen looking-glass; then she advanced upon the parlor with the air of a pacific grenadier. The children were following slyly in her wake, but their mother caught sight of them and pulled them back.

Mr. Tuxbury had been sitting in the parlor with his guests, trying his best to entertain them. He had gotten out the photograph album for Lois, and a book of views in the Holy Land for her mother. If he had felt in considerable haste to escape from his sister's indignation and return to his visitors, they had been equally anxious for him to come.

When Mrs. Field and her daughter were left alone in the office, their first sensation was that of actual terror of each other.

Mrs. Field concealed hers well enough. She sat up without a tremor in her unbending back, and looked out of the office door, which the lawyer had left open. Just opposite the door, out on the sidewalk, two men stood talking. She kept her eyes fastened upon them.

"What time did you start?" said she presently, in a harsh voice, which seemed to rudely shock the stillness. She did not turn her eyes.

"I — came — on the first — train," answered Lois, pantingly. Once in a while she stole furtive, wildly questioning glances at her mother, but her mother never met them. She continued to look at the talking men on the sidewalk.

"Mother," began Lois, finally, in a desperate voice. But just then Mr. Tuxbury had reappeared, and conducted them to his parlor.

The parlor had lace curtains and a Brussels carpet, and looked ornate to Mrs. Field and Lois. The chairs were covered with green plush. The two women sat timidly on the yielding cushions, and gazed during the pauses at the large flower pattern on the carpet. All this fine furniture was, in fact, Mrs. Lowe's: when she had given up her own home, and come to live with her brother, she had brought it with her.

Both of the guests arose awkwardly, Mrs. Field first and Lois after her, when Mrs. Lowe entered, and the lawyer introduced them.

"I'm happy to make your acquaintance," said Mrs. Field.

"I believe I've seen you two or three

times, when you was here years ago," said Mrs. Lowe, standing before her straight and tall in her faded calico gown, which fitted her uncompromisingly like a cuirass. Mrs. Lowe's gowns, no matter how thin and faded, always fitted her in that way. Stretched over her long flat-chested figure, they seemed to acquire the consistency of armor. "You 'ain't changed any as I can see," she went on, as she got scarcely any response to her first remark. "I should have known you anywhere. It's a pleasant day, ain't it?"

"Real pleasant," replied Mrs. Field.

Mrs. Lowe sat down in one of the plush chairs. To seat herself for a few minutes before announcing dinner was, she supposed, a matter of etiquette. She held up her long rasped chin with a curt air, and, in spite of herself, her voice also was curt. She was too thorough a New England woman to play with any success softening lights over the steel of her character. She disdained to, and she was also unable to. She was not pleased to receive these unexpected guests, and she showed it.

As soon as she thought it decently practicable, she gave a significant look at her brother and arose. "I guess we'll walk out to dinner now," said she, with solemn embarrassment. Mrs. Lowe had nothing of her brother's ease of manner; indeed, she entertained a covert scorn for it. "Daniel *can* be dreadful smooth an' fine when he sets out," she sometimes remarked to her daughter. The lawyer's suave manner seemed to her downrightness to border upon affectation. She, however, had a certain respect for it as the probable outcome of his superior education.

She marched ahead stiffly now, and left her brother to his flourishing seconding of her announcement. Flora and the children received them beamingly when they entered the dining-room. Flora was quite sure that she remembered Mrs. Maxwell, she was glad to see her, and she was glad to see Lois, and they would please sit right "here," and "here." She had taken off the children's pinafores and washed their faces, and they stood aloof in little starched and embroidered frocks, with their cheeks pinker than ever.

Flora seated one on each side of her, as she had said. "Now, you must be good and not tease," she whispered, admonishingly, and their blue eyes stared back at her with innocent gravity, and they folded their small hands demurely.

Nevertheless, it was through them that the whole dignity of the meal was lost. If they had not been present, it would have passed off with a strong undercurrent of uneasiness and discomfort, yet with composure. Mr. Tuxbury would have helped the guests to beefsteak, and the rest of the family would have preferred the warmed-up veal stew. Or had the guests looked approvingly at the stew, the scanty portion of beefsteak would have satisfied the furthest desires of the family. But the perfect understanding among the adults did not extend to the two little girls. They leaned forward, with their red lips parted, and watched their uncle anxiously as he carved the beefsteak. There was evidently not much of it, and their anxiety grew. When it was separated into three portions, two of which were dispensed to the guests, and the other, having been declined by their grandmother and mother, was appropriated by their uncle, anxiety lapsed into certainty.

"I want some beefsteak!" wailed each, in wofully injured tones.

Mr. Tuxbury set his mouth hard, and pushed his plate with a jerk toward his niece. Her face was very red, but she took it—she was aware there was no other course open—divided the meat impartially, and gave each child a piece with a surreptitious thump.

Mr. Tuxbury, with a moodily knitted forehead and a smiling mouth, asked the guests miserably if they would have some veal stew. It was perfectly evident that if they accepted, there would be nothing whatever left for the family to eat. They declined in terrified haste; indeed, both Lois and her mother had been impelled to pass their portions of beefsteak over to the children, but they had not dared.

The children wished for veal stew also, and when they had eaten their meagre spoonfuls, clamored persistently for more.

"There isn't any more," whispered their mother, with two little vigorous side-shakes. "If you don't keep still, I shall take you away from the table. Ain't you ashamed?"

Then the little girls pouted and sniffed, but warily, lest the threat be carried into effect.

The rest of the family tried to ignore

the embarrassing situation and converse easily with the guests, but it was a difficult undertaking.

Lois bent miserably over her plate, and every question appeared to shock her painfully. She seemed an obstinately bashful young girl, to whom it was useless to talk. Mrs. Field replied at length to all interrogations with a certain quiet hardness, which had come into her manner since her daughter's arrival, but she never started upon a subject of her own accord.

It was a relief to every one when the meagre dinner lapsed into the borrowed pie. Mrs. Lowe cut it carefully into the regulation six pieces, while the children as carefully counted the people and watched the distribution. The result was not satisfactory. The older little girl, whose sense of injury was well developed, set up a shrill demand.

"I want a piece of Mis' Bennett's pie," said she. "Mother, I want a piece of Mis' Bennett's pie!"

The younger, viewing the one piece of pie remaining in the plate and her clamorous sister, raised her own jealous little pipe. "I want a piece of Mis' Bennett's pie," she proclaimed, pulling her mother's sleeve. 'Mother, can't I have a piece of Mis' Bennett's pie?"

Flora's face was very red, and her mouth was twitching. She hastily pushed her own pie to the elder child, and gave the last piece on the plate to the younger. Their grandmother frowned on them like a rock, but they ate their pie unconcernedly.

"I think Mis' Bennett's pie is a good deal better than grandma's," said the younger little girl, smacking her lips contemplatively; and Flora gave a half-chuckle, while her mother's severity of mien so deepened that she seemed to cast an actual shadow.

"Now, Flora, I tell you what 'tis," said she, when the meal was at last over and the guests were gone—they took their leave very soon afterward—"if you don't punish them children, I shall."

There was a wail of terror from the little girls. "Oh, mother, you do it, you do it!" cried they.

Flora giggled audibly.

"You'll just spoil them children," said her mother, severely; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Flora."

Flora tried to draw her face into gravity. "Go right up stairs, children," said she. "It's so funny, I can't help it," she whispered, with another furtive giggle.

"I don't see anything very funny in children's actin' the way they have all dinner-time."

The children thumped merrily over the stairs. It was clear that they stood in no great fear of their mother's chastisement. They knew by experience that her hand was very soft, and the force of its fall tempered by mirth and tender considerateness; their grandmother's fleshless and muscular old palm was another matter.

Soon after Flora followed them there was a series of arduous cries, apparently maintained more from a childish sense of the fitness of things than from any actual stress of pain. They soon ceased.

"She 'ain't half whipped 'em," Mrs. Lowe, who was listening down-stairs, said to herself.

The lawyer was in his office; he had intrenched himself there as soon as possible, covering his retreat with the departure of his guests.

Mrs. Field and Lois, removed from it all the distance of tragedy from comedy, were walking up the street to the Maxwell house. Mrs. Field stalked ahead with her resolute stiffness; Lois followed after her, keeping always several paces behind. No matter how often Mrs. Field, sternly conscious of it, slackened her own pace, Lois never gained upon her.

When they reached the gate at the entrance of the Maxwell grounds, and Mrs. Field stopped, Lois spoke up.

"What place is this?" said she, in a defiantly timorous voice.

"The Maxwell house," replied her mother, shortly, turning up the walk.

"Are you going in here?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, I ain't going in one step."

Mrs. Field turned and faced her. "Lois," said she, "if you want to go away an' desert the mother that's showin' herself willin' to die for you, you can."

Lois said not another word. She turned in at the gate, with her eyes fixed upon her mother's face.

"I'll tell you about it when we get up to the house," said her mother, with appealing conciliation.

Lois slunk mutely behind her again. Her eyes were full of the impulse of flight when she watched her mother un-

lock the house door, but she followed her in.

Her mother led the way into the sitting-room. "Sit down," said she.

And Lois sat down in the nearest chair. She never took her eyes off her mother.

Mrs. Field took off her bonnet and shawl. She folded the shawl carefully in the creases, and laid it on the table. She pulled up a curtain. Then she turned, and confronted steadily her daughter's eyes. The whole house to her was full of the clamor of their questioning. "Now, Lois," said Mrs. Field, "I'm goin' to tell you about this. I s'pose you think it's funny."

"I don't know what to think of it," said Lois, in a dry voice.

"I don't s'pose you do. Well, I'm goin' to tell you. You know, I s'pose, that Mr. Tuxbury took me for your aunt Esther. You heard him call me Mis' Maxwell?"

Lois nodded, her dilated eyes never wavered from her mother's face.

"I s'pose you heard what he was sayin' to me when you come in. Lois, I didn't tell him I was your aunt Esther. The minute I come in, he took me for her, an' Mis' Henry Maxwell come into his office, an' she did, and so did Mr. Tuxbury's sister. I wa'n't goin' to tell them I wa'n't her."

The impulse of flight in Lois's watchful eyes became so strong that it seemed almost to communicate to her muscles. With her face still turned toward her mother, she appeared to be fleeing from her.

Mrs. Field stood her ground stanchly. "No, I wa'n't," she went on. "An' I'll tell you why. I'm goin' to have that fifteen hundred dollars of your poor father's earnin's that I lent your uncle out of this property, an' this is all the way to do it, an' I'm goin' to do it."

"I thought," gasped Lois—"I thought maybe it belonged to us anyway if Aunt Esther was dead."

"It didn't. The money was all left to old Mr. Maxwell's niece in case Esther died first."

"Couldn't you have asked the lawyer about the fifteen hundred dollars? Wouldn't he have given you some? Oh, mother!"

"I was goin' to if he hadn't took me for her, but it wouldn't have done any good. They wouldn't have been obliged to pay it, an' folks ain't fond of payin' over money when they ain't obliged to. I'd been a fool to have asked him after he took me for her."

"Then—you'd got this—all planned?"

Her mother took her up sharply.

"No, I hadn't got it all planned," said she. "I don't deny it come into my head. I knew how much folks said I looked like Esther, but I didn't go so far as to plan it; there needn't anybody say I did."

"You ain't going to take the money?"

"I'm goin' to take that fifteen hundred dollars out of it."

"Mother, you ain't going to stay here, and make folks think you're Aunt Esther?"

"Yes, I am."

Then all Lois's horror and terror manifested themselves in one cry—"Oh, mother!"

Mrs. Field never flinched. "If you want to act so an' feel so about it, you can," said she. "Your mother is some older than you, an' she knows what is right jest about as well as you can tell her. I've thought it all over. That fifteen hundred dollars was money your poor father worked hard to earn. I lent it to your uncle Edward, an' he lost it. I never see a dollar of it afterward. He never paid me a cent of interest money. It ain't anything more'n fair that I should be paid for it out of his father's property. If poor Esther had lived, the money'd gone to her, an' she'd paid me fast enough. Now the way's opened for me to get it, I ain't goin' to let it go. Talk about it's bein' right, if it ain't right to stoop down an' pick up anybody's just dues, I don't know what right is, for my part."

"Mother!"

"What say?"

"You ain't going to live here in this house, and not go back to Green River?"

"I don't see any need of going back to Green River. This is a 'nough sight prettier place than Green River. Now you're down here, I don't see any sense in layin' out money to go back at all. Mandy 'll send our things down."

"You don't mean to stay right along here in this house, and not go back to Green River at all?"

"I don't see why it ain't jest as well. You'd better take off your things an' lay down a little while on that sofa there, an' get rested."

Lois seldom cried, but she burst out now in a piteous wail. "Oh, mother," sobbed she, "what does it mean? I can't—What does it mean? Oh, I'm so frightened! Mother, you frighten me so! What does it mean?"

Her mother went up to her, and stood close at her side. "Lois," said she, with trembling solemnity, "can't you trust mother?"

"Oh, mother, I don't know! I don't know! You frighten me dreadfully." Lois shrank away from her mother as she wept.

Mrs. Field stood over her, but she did not offer to touch her. Indeed, this New England mother and daughter rarely or never caressed each other. "Lois, dear child, mother don't want you to feel so. Oh, you dear child, you dear child, you don't know what mother's goin' through! But it ain't anything to you. Lois, you remember that; it ain't anything you've done. It's all my doin's. I'm jest goin' to get that money back. An' it's right I should. Don't you worry nothin' about it. Now take your hat off, an' let mother tuck you up on the sofa."

Lois, sobbing still, began pulling off her hat mechanically. Her mother got a pillow, and she lay down on the sofa, turning her face to the wall with another outburst of tears. Her mother spread her black shawl carefully over her.

"Now you lay here still, an' get rested," said she. "I'm goin' out in the kitchen, an' see if I can't start up a fire an' get something for supper."

Mrs. Field went out of the room. Soon her tall black figure sped stealthily past the windows out of the yard. She found a grocery store, and purchased some small necessaries. There were groceries already in the pantry at the Maxwell house. She had spied them, but would not touch a single article. She bought some tea, and when she returned, replaced the drawing she had taken that morning from the Maxwell caddy.

The old woman's will, always vigorous, never giving place to another except through its own choice, now whipped by this great stress into a fierce impetus, carried her daughter's, strong as it was for a young girl, before it. Lois lay quietly on the sofa.

When her mother called her, she went out in the kitchen and ate her supper.

They retired early. Lois lay on the sofa until her mother came in and stood over her with a lighted lamp.

"I guess you'd better get up and go to bed now, Lois," said she. "I'm goin' myself if it is early. I'm pretty tired."

And Lois stirred herself wearily and got up.

There were two adjoining bedrooms opening out of the sitting-room. Mrs. Field had prepared the beds that afternoon. "I thought we'd better sleep in here," said she, leading the way to them.

Lois had the inner room. After the lamp was blown out and everything was dark, her mother heard a soft stir and the pat of a naked foot in there; then she heard the door swing to with a cautious creak and the bolt slide. She knew, with a great pang, that Lois had locked her door against her mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARLOWE.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I SHALL preface what I have to say of Marlowe with a few words as to the refinement which had been going on in the language, and the greater ductility which it had been rapidly gaining, and which fitted it for the use of the remarkable group of men who made an epoch of the reign of Elizabeth. Spenser was undoubtedly the poet to whom we owe most in this respect, and the very great contrast between his "Shepheardes Calendar," published in 1579, and his later poems awakens curiosity. In his earliest work there are glimpses, indeed, of those special qualities which have won for him the name of the poet's poet, but they are rare and fugitive, and certainly never would have warranted the prediction of such poetry as was to follow. There is nothing here to indicate that a great artist in language had been born. Two causes, I suspect, were mainly effective in this transformation, I am almost tempted to say transubstantiation, of the man. The first was his practice in translation (true also of Marlowe), than which no-

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thing gives a greater choice and mastery of one's mother-tongue, for one must pause and weigh and judge every word with the greatest nicety, and cunningly transfuse idiom into idiom. The other, and by far the more important, was his study of the Italian poets. The "Faerie Queene" is full of loving reminiscence of them, but their happiest influence is felt in his lyrical poems. For these, I think, make it plain that Italy first taught him how much of the meaning of verse is in its music, and trained his ear to a sense of the harmony as well as the melody of which English verse was capable or might be made capable. Compare the sweetest passage in any lyric of the "Shepheardes Calendar" with the eloquent ardor of the poorest, if any be poor, in the "Epithalamion," and we find ourselves in a new world where music had just been invented. This we owe, beyond any doubt, to Spenser's study of the Italian canzone. Nay, the whole metrical movement of the "Epithalamion" recalls that of Petrarca's noble "Spirto gentil." I repeat that melody and harmony were first naturalized in our language by Spenser. I love to recall these debts, for it is pleasant to be grateful even to the dead.

Other men had done their share towards what may be called the modernization of our English, and among these Sir Philip Sidney was conspicuous. He probably gave it greater ease of movement, and seems to have done for it very much what Dryden did a century later in establishing terms of easier intercourse between the language of literature and the language of cultivated society.

There had been good versifiers long before. Chaucer, for example, and even Gower, wearisome as he mainly is, made verses sometimes not only easy in movement, but in which the language seems strangely modern. That most dolefully dreary of books, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, and Sackville, more than any of its authors, did something towards restoring the dignity of verse, and helping it to recover its self-respect, while Spenser was still a youth. Tame as it is, the sunshine of that age here and there touches some verse that ripples in the sluggish current with a flicker of momentary illumination. But before Spenser, no English verse had ever soared and sung, or been filled with what Sidney calls "divine delightfulness." Sidney, it may be conjectured, did more by private criticism and argument than by example. Drayton says of him:

"The noble Sidney with this last arose,
That heroë for numbers and for prose,
That throughly paced our language as to show
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use."

But even the affectations of Lilly were not without their use as helps to refinement. If, like Chaucer's priest,

"Somewhat he lisped, for wantonness,"

it was through the desire

"To make his English sweet upon his tongue."

It was the general clownishness against which he revolted, and we owe him our thanks for it. To show of what brutalities even recent writers could be capable, it will suffice to mention that Golding, in his translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, makes a witch mutter the devil's pater-noster, and Ulysses express his fears of going "to pot." I should like to read you a familiar sonnet of Sidney's for its sweetness:

"Come, Sleep: O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine of right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see."

There is ease in this, and simplicity; but in such a phrase as "baiting-place of wit" there is also a want of that perfect discretion which should be a characteristic of the language of poetry, and especially in the sonnet. Perhaps the language owes more to Sidney for ease than for anything else, but its elevation was mainly the achievement of Spenser.

Do not consider such discussions as these otiose or nugatory. The language we are fortunate enough to share, and which, I think, Jacob Grimm was right in pronouncing, in its admirable mixture of Saxon and Latin, its strength and sonorousness, a better literary medium than any other modern tongue—this language

has not been fashioned to what it is without much experiment, much failure, and infinite expenditure of pains and thought. Genius and pedantry have each done its part towards the result which seems so easy to us, and yet was so hard to win—the one by way of example, the other by way of warning. The purity, the elegance, the decorum, the chastity of our mother-tongue are a sacred trust in our hands. I am tired of hearing the foolish talk of an American variety of it, about our privilege to make it what we will because we are in a majority. A language belongs to those who know best how to use it, how to bring out all its resources, how to make it search its coffers round for the pithy or canorous phrase that suits the need, and they who can do this have been always in a pitiful minority. Let us be thankful that we too have a right to it, and have proved our right, but let us set up no claim to vulgarize it. The English of Abraham Lincoln was so good not because he learned it in Illinois, but because he learned it of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible, the constant companions of his leisure. And how perfect it was in its homely dignity, its quiet strength, the unerring aim with which it struck once nor needed to strike more! The language is alive here, and will grow. Let us do all we can with it but debase it. Good taste may not be necessary to salvation or to success in life, but it is one of the most powerful factors of civilization. As a people we have a larger share of it and more widely distributed than I, at least, have found elsewhere, but as a nation we seem to lack it altogether. Our coinage is ruder than that of any country of equal pretensions, our paper money is filthily infectious, and the engraving on it, mechanically perfect as it is, makes of every bank-note a missionary of barbarism. This should make us cautious of trying our hand in the same fashion on the circulating medium of thought. But it is high time that I should remember Maître Guillaume of Pathelin, and come back to my sheep.

In coming back to speak of Marlowe, I cannot help fearing that I may fail a little in that equanimity which is the first condition of all helpful criticism. Generosity there should be, and enthusiasm there should be, but they should stop short of extravagance. Praise should not weaken into eulogy, nor blame fritter itself away into fault-finding. Goethe tells us that the first thing needful to the critic, as indeed it is to the wise man generally, is to see the thing as it really is; this is the most precious result of all culture, the surest warrant of happiness, or at least of composure. But he also bids us, in judging any work, seek first to discover its beauties, and then its blemishes or defects. Now there are two poets whom I feel that I can never judge without a favorable bias. One is Spenser, who was the first poet I ever read as a boy, not drawn to him by any enchantment of his matter or style, but simply because the first verse of his great poem was,

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,"

and I followed gladly, wishful of adventure. Of course I understood nothing of the allegory, never suspected it, fortunately for me, and am surprised to think how much of the language I understood. At any rate, I grew fond of him, and whenever I see the little brown folio in which I read, my heart warms to it as to a friend of my childhood. With Marlowe it was otherwise. With him I grew acquainted during the most impressible and receptive period of my youth. He was the first man of genius I had ever really known, and he naturally bewitched me. What cared I that they said he was a deboshed fellow? nay, an atheist? To me he was the voice of one singing in the desert, of one who had found the water of life for which I was panting, and was at rest under the palms. How can he ever become to me as other poets are? But I shall try to be lenient in my admiration.

Christopher Marlowe, the son of a shoemaker, was born at Canterbury, in February, 1563, was matriculated at Benet College, Cambridge, in 1580, received his degree of bachelor there in 1583 and of master in 1587. He came early to London, and was already known as a dramatist before the end of his twenty-fourth year. There is some reason for thinking that he was at one time an actor. He was killed in a tavern brawl by a man named Archer, in 1593, at the age of thirty. He was taxed with atheism, but on inadequate grounds, as it appears to me. That he was said to have written a tract against the Trinity, for which a license to print was refused on the ground of blasphemy, might easily have led to the greater charge. That he had some opin-

ions of a kind unusual then, may be inferred, perhaps, from a passage in his *Faust*. Faust asks Mephistopheles how, being damned, he is out of hell. And Mephistopheles answers, "Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it." And a little farther on he explains himself thus:

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be;
And, to conclude, when all the earth dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven."

Milton remembered the first passage I have quoted, and puts nearly the same words into the mouth of his Lucifer. If Marlowe was a liberal thinker, it is not strange that in that intolerant age he should have incurred the stigma of general unbelief. Men are apt to blacken opinions which are distasteful to them, and along with them the character of him who holds them.

This at least may be said of him without risk of violating the rule of *ne quid nimis*, that he is one of the most masculine and fecundating natures in the long line of British poets. Perhaps his energy was even in excess. There is in him an Oriental lavishness. He will impoverish a province for a simile, and pour the revenues of a kingdom into the lap of a description. In that delightful story in the book of Esdras, King Darius, who has just dismissed all his captains and governors of cities and satraps, after a royal feast, sends couriers galloping after them to order them all back again because he has found a riddle under his pillow, and wishes their aid in solving it. Marlowe in like manner calls in help from every the remotest corner of earth and heaven for what seems to us as trivial an occasion. I will not say that he is bombastic, but he constantly pushes grandiosity to the verge of bombast. His contemporaries thought he passed it in his *Tamburlaine*. His imagination flames and flares, consuming what it should caress, as Jupiter did Semele. That exquisite phrase of Hamlet, "the modesty of nature," would never have occurred to him. Yet in the midst of the hurly-burly there will fall a sudden hush, and we come upon passages calm and pellucid as mountain tarns filled to the brim with the purest distillations of heaven. And, again, there are single verses that open silently as roses, and surprise us with that seemingly accidental perfection, which there is no use in talking about because itself says all that is to be said and more.

There is a passage in *Tamburlaine* which I remember reading in the first course of lectures I ever delivered, thirty-four years ago, as a poet's feeling of the inadequacy of the word to the idea:

"If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;—
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

Marlowe made snatches at this forbidden fruit with vigorous leaps, and not without bringing away a prize now and then such as only the fewest have been able to reach. Of fine single verses I give a few as instances of this:

"Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Shall bathe him in a spring."

Here is a couplet notable for dignity of poise describing Tamburlaine:

"Of stature tall and straightly fashionèd,
Like his desire, lift upward and divine."

"For every street like to a firmament
Glistered with breathing stars."

"Unwedded maids
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of Love."

This, from *Tamburlaine*, is particularly characteristic:

"Nature
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all."

One of these verses reminds us of that exquisite one of Shakespeare where he says that Love is

"Still climbing trees in the Hesperides."

But Shakespeare puts a complexity of meaning into his chance sayings, and lures the fancy to excursions of which Marlowe never dreamt.

But, alas, a voice will not illustrate like a stereopticon, and this tearing away of

fragments that seem to bleed with the avulsion is like breaking off a finger from a statue as a specimen.

The impression he made upon the men of his time was uniform; it was that of something new and strange; it was that of genius, in short. Drayton says of him, kindling to an unwonted warmth, as if he loosened himself for a moment from the choking coils of his Polyolbion for a larger breath:

"Next Marlowe bathèd in the Thespian springs
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

And Chapman, taking up and continuing Marlowe's half-told story of Hero and Leander, breaks forth suddenly into this enthusiasm of invocation:

"Then, ho! most strangely intellectual fire
That, proper to my soul, hast power to inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal, now (as swift as Time
Doth follow motion) find the eternal clime
Of his free soul whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

Surely Chapman would have sent his soul on no such errand had he believed that the soul of Marlowe was in torment, as his accusers did not scruple to say that it was, sent thither by the manifestly Divine judgment of his violent death.

Yes, Drayton was right in classing him with "the first poets," for he was indeed such, and so continues — that is, he was that most indefinable thing, an original man, and therefore as fresh and contemporaneous to-day as he was three hundred years ago. Most of us are more or less hampered by our own individuality, nor can shake ourselves free of that chrysalis of consciousness and give our "souls a loose," as Dryden calls it in his vigorous way. And yet it seems to me that there is something even finer than that fine madness, and I think I see it in the imperturbable sanity of Shakespeare, which made him so much an artist that his new work still bettered his old. I think I see it even in the almost irritating calm of Goethe, which, if it did not quite make him an artist, enabled him to see what an artist should be, and to come as near to being one as his nature allowed. Marlowe was certainly not an artist in the larger sense, but he was cunning in words and periods and the musical modulation of them. And even this is a very rare gift. But his mind could never submit itself to a controlling purpose, and renounce all other things for the sake of that. His plays, with the single exception of *Edward II.*, have no organic unity, and such unity as is here is more apparent than real. Passages in them stir us deeply and thrill us to the marrow, but each play as a whole is ineffectual. Even his *Edward II.* is regular only to the eye by a more orderly arrangement of scenes and acts, and Marlowe evidently felt the drag of this restraint, for we miss the uncontrollable energy, the eruptive fire, and the feeling that he was happy in his work. Yet Lamb was hardly extravagant in saying that "the death scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted." His tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, is also regularly plotted out, and is also somewhat tedious. Yet there are many touches that betray his burning hand. There is one passage illustrating that luxury of description into which Marlowe is always glad to escape from the business in hand. Dido tells Æneas:

"Æneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let Achates sail to Italy;
I'll give thee tackling made of rivelled gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees;
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes
Through which the water shall delight to play;
Thy anchors shall be hewed from crystal rocks
Which, if thou lose, shall shine above the waves;
The masts whereon thy swelling sails shall hang
Hollow pyramides of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overthrow;
For ballast, empty Dido's treasury;
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas here.
Achates, thou shalt be so seemly clad
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
Flinging in favors of more sovereign worth
Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck,
So that Æneas may but stay with me."

But far finer than this, in the same costly way, is the speech of Barabas in *The Jew of Malta*, ending with a line that has incorporated itself in the language with the familiarity of a proverb:

"Give me the merchants of the Indian mines
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor that in the Eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,

Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacynths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price
As one of them, indifferently rated,

. . . . . .

May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth:

. . . . . .

Infinite riches in a little room."

This is the very poetry of avarice.

Let us now look a little more closely at Marlowe as a dramatist. Here also he has an importance less for what he accomplished than for what he suggested to others. Not only do I think that Shakespeare's verse caught some hints from his, but there are certain descriptive passages and similes of the greater poet which, whenever I read them, instantly bring Marlowe to my mind. This is an impression I might find it hard to convey to another, or even to make definite to myself; but it is an old one, and constantly repeats itself, so that I put some confidence in it. Marlowe's *Edward II.* certainly served Shakespeare as a model for his earlier historical plays. Of course he surpassed his model, but Marlowe might have said of him as Oderisi, with pathetic modesty, said to Dante of his rival and surpasser, Franco of Bologna, "The praise is now all his, yet mine in part." But it is always thus. The path-finder is forgotten when the track is once blazed out. It was in Shakespeare's *Richard II.* that Lamb detected the influence of Marlowe, saying that "the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare has scarce improved upon in Richard." In the parallel scenes of both plays the sentiment is rather elegiac than dramatic, but there is a deeper pathos, I think, in Richard, and his grief rises at times to a passion which is wholly wanting in Edward. Let me read Marlowe's abdication scene. The irresolute nature of the king is finely indicated. The Bishop of Winchester has come to demand the crown; Edward takes it off, and says:

"Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too:
Two kings of England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile: let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head the latest honor due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay—
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures, nursed with tiger's milk,
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?—
My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again.
What, fear you not the fury of your king?

. . . . . .

I'll not resign, but whilst I live be king!"

Then, after a short further parley:

"Here, receive my crown.
Receive it? No; these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime:
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you moved? Pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,
Here, here!—Now, sweet God of Heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronizèd in Heaven!
Come, Death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself."

Surely one might fancy that to be from the prentice hand of Shakespeare. It is no small distinction that this can be said of Marlowe, for it can be said of no other. What follows is still finer. The ruffian who is to murder Edward, in order to evade his distrust, pretends to weep. The king exclaims:

"Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls,
And there in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered and my body numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropt out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel the queen I looked not thus,
When, for her sake, I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Clerëmont."

This is even more in Shakespeare's early manner than the other, and it is not ungrateful to our feeling of his immeasurable supremacy to think that even he had been helped in his schooling. There is a truly royal pathos in "They give me bread and water"; and "Tell Isabel the queen," instead of "Isabel my queen," is the most vividly dramatic touch that I

remember anywhere in Marlowe. And that vision of the brilliant tournament, not more natural than it is artistic, how does it not deepen by contrast the gloom of all that went before! But you will observe that the verse is rather epic than dramatic. I mean by this that its every pause and every movement are regularly cadenced. There is a kingly composure in it, perhaps, but were the passage not so finely pathetic as it is, or the diction less naturally simple, it would seem stiff. Nothing is more peculiarly characteristic of the mature Shakespeare than the way in which his verses curve and wind themselves with the fluctuating emotion or passion of the speaker and echo his mood. Let me illustrate this by a speech of Imogen when Pisanio gives her a letter from her husband bidding her meet him at Milford-Haven. The words seem to waver to and fro, or huddle together before the hurrying thought, like sheep when the collie chases them.

"O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio
(Who long'st like me to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate—but not like me—yet long'st—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond)—say, and speak thick
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense), how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence."

The whole speech is breathless with haste, and is in keeping not only with the feeling of the moment, but with what we already know of the impulsive character of Imogen. Marlowe did not, for he could not, teach Shakespeare this secret, nor has anybody else ever learned it.

There are, properly speaking, no characters in the plays of Marlowe—but personages and interlocutors. We do not get to know them, but only to know what they do and say. The nearest approach to a character is Barabas, in *The Jew of Malta*, and he is but the incarnation of the popular hatred of the Jew. There is really nothing human in him. He seems a bugaboo rather than a man. Here is his own account of himself:

"As for myself, I walk abroad o' nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls;
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinioned by my door along;
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enriched the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells;
And, after that, was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then, after that, was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I filled the jails with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them—
I have as much coin as will buy the town."

Here is nothing left for sympathy. This is the mere lunacy of distempered imagination. It is shocking, and not terrible. Shakespeare makes no such mistake with Shylock. His passions are those of a man, though of a man depraved by oppression and contumely; and he shows sentiment, as when he says of the ring that Jessica had given for a monkey: "It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor." And yet, observe the profound humor with which Shakespeare makes him think first of its dearness as a precious stone and then as a keepsake. In letting him exact his pound of flesh, he but follows the story as he found it in Giraldi Cinthio, and is careful to let us know that this Jew had good reason, or thought he had, to hate Christians. At the end, I think he meant us to pity Shylock, and we do pity him. And with what a smiling background of love and poetry does he give relief to the sombre figure of the Jew! In Marlowe's play there is no respite. And yet it comes nearer to having a connected plot, in which one event draws on another, than any other of his plays. I do not think Milman right in saying that the interest falls off after the first two acts. I find enough to carry me on to the end, where the defiant death of Barabas in a caldron of boiling oil he had arranged for another victim does something to make a man of him. But there is no controlling reason in the piece. Nothing happens because it must, but because the author wills it so. The conception of

life is purely arbitrary, and as far from nature as that of an imaginative child. It is curious, however, that here, too, Marlowe should have pointed the way to Shakespeare. There is no resemblance, however, between the Jew of Malta and the Jew of Venice, except that both have daughters whom they love. Nor is the analogy close even here. The love which Barabas professes for his child fails to humanize him to us, because it does not prevent him from making her the abhorrent instrument of his wanton malice in the death of her lover, and because we cannot believe him capable of loving anything but gold and vengeance. There is always something extravagant in the imagination of Marlowe, but here it is the extravagance of absurdity. Generally he gives us an impression of power, of vastness, though it be the vastness of chaos, where elemental forces hurtle blindly one against the other. But they are elemental forces, and not mere stage properties. Even in Tamburlaine, if we see in him—as Marlowe, I think, meant that we should see—the embodiment of brute force, without reason and without conscience, he ceases to be a blusterer, and becomes, indeed, as he asserts himself, the scourge of God. There is an exultation of strength in this play that seems to add a cubit to our stature. Marlowe had found the way that leads to style, and helped others to find it, but he never arrived there. He had not self-denial enough. He can refuse nothing to his fancy. He fails of his effect by over-emphasis, heaping upon a slender thought a burthen of expression too heavy for it to carry. But it is not with fagots, but with priceless Oriental stuffs, that he breaks their backs.

Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* interests us in another way. Here he again shows himself as a precursor. There is no attempt at profound philosophy in this play, and in the conduct of it Marlowe has followed the prose history of Dr. Faustus closely, even in its scenes of mere buffoonery. Disengaged from these, the figure of the protagonist is not without grandeur. It is not avarice or lust that tempts him at first, but power. Weary of his studies in law, medicine, and divinity, which have failed to bring him what he seeks, he turns to necromancy.

"These metaphysics of magicians (he says)
And necromantic books are heavenly.
. . . . .
Oh, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces;
Nor can they raise the winds or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound magician is a mighty god.
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity."

His good angel intervenes, but the evil spirit at the other ear tempts him with power again:

"Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements."

Erelong Faustus begins to think of power for baser uses:

"How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for Orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings."

And yet it is always to the pleasures of the intellect that he returns. It is when the good and evil spirits come to him for the second time that wealth is offered as a bait, and after Faustus has signed away his soul to Lucifer, he is tempted even by more sensual baits. I may be reading into the book what is not there, but I cannot help thinking that Marlowe intended in this to typify the inevitably continuous degradation of a soul that has renounced its ideal, and the drawing on of one vice by another, for they go hand in hand like the Hours. But even in his degradation the pleasures of Faustus are mainly of the mind, or at worst of a sensuous and not sensual kind. No doubt in this Marlowe is unwittingly betraying his own tastes. Faustus is made to say:

"And long ere this I should have slain myself
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then? basely why despair?"

This employment of the devil in a duet seems odd. I remember no other instance of his appearing as a musician except in Burns's "Tam o' Shanter." The last wish of Faustus was Helen of Troy.

Mephistophilis fetches her, and Faustus exclaims:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!

. . . . . .

Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena:

. . . . .

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

No such verses had ever been heard on the English stage before, and this was one of the great debts our language owes to Marlowe. He first taught it what passion and fire were in its veins. The last scene of the play, in which the bond with Lucifer becomes payable, is nobly conceived. Here the verse rises to the true dramatic sympathy of which I spoke. It is swept into the vortex of Faust's eddying thought, and seems to writhe and gasp in that agony of hopeless despair.

"Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, ye ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul—half a drop; ah, my Christ!
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on Him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God
Stretcheth out His arm and bends His ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No? No?
Then will I headlong run into the earth.
Earth, gape! Oh no, it will not harbour me!

. . . . . .

Ah! half the hour is past; 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If Thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet, for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—
A hundred thousand—and at last be saved!
Oh, no end's limited to damnèd souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why was this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in Hell!
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of Heaven.
Oh, it strikes! it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to Hell.
O soul, be changed to little waterdrops
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found!
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile.
Ugly Hell, gape not. Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books. Ah, Mephistophilis!"

It remains to say a few words of Marlowe's poem of "Hero and Leander," for in translating it from Musæus he made it his own. It has great ease and fluency of versification, and many lines as perfect in their concinnity as those of Pope, but infused with a warmer coloring and a more poetic fancy. Here is found the verse that Shakespeare quotes somewhere. The second verse of the following couplet has precisely Pope's cadence:

"Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs that sparkled through the lawn."

It was from this poem that Keats caught the inspiration for his "Endymion." A single passage will serve to prove this:

"So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolored jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved, and overhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung."

Milton, too, learned from Marlowe the charm of those long sequences of musical proper names of which he made such effective use. Here are two passages which Milton surely had read and pondered:

"So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm;
The galleys and those pilling brigantines
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the straits for Christians' wreck,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men of war
Sailing along the Oriental sea
Have fetched about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the straits of Jubaltar."

This is still more Miltonic:

"As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds,

. . . . . .

All fearful folds his sails and sounds the main."

Spenser, too, loved this luxury of sound, as he shows in such passages as this:

"Now was Aldebaran uplifted high
Above the starry Cassiopeia's chair."

And I fancy he would have put him there to make music, even had it been astronomically impossible, but he never strung such names in long necklaces as Marlowe and Milton were fond of doing.

Was Marlowe, then, a great poet? For such a title he had hardly range enough of power, hardly reach enough of thought. But surely he had some of the finest qualities that go to the making of a great poet; and his poetic instinct, when he had time to give himself wholly over to its guidance, was unerring. I say when he had time enough, for he, too, like his fellows, was forced to make the daily task bring in the daily bread. We have seen how fruitful his influence has been, and perhaps his genius could have no surer warrant than that the charm of it lingered in the memory of poets, for theirs is the memory of mankind. If we allow him genius, what need to ask for more? And perhaps it would be only to him among the group of dramatists who surrounded Shakespeare that we should allow it. He was the herald that dropped dead in announcing the victory in whose fruits he was not to share.

CAPTAIN JOHN.

(1814.)

BY JOHN HEARD, JUN.

I.

NEAR the top of the ridge that runs more or less parallel to the main street of Horta, the principal town of Fayal, stands a small, double-storied house of a bright poppy-red color, that contrasts not unpleasingly with the green vines by which it is partially covered. A little below, in the garden, surrounded *more Fayalense* by high lava walls lined with a hedge of camellias, are the pineapple houses, the orange grove, the dovecot, and the wine *estufa*. Behind, in the compound, and a little higher upon the terraced swell of the hill, stands the old office, washed white with lime, and also buried in verdure; the windmill for grinding the household wheat; and the monumental cistern, with its complex net of conduits and multiple little water-wheels, set one below the other along the main trough that runs through the gardens.

It was to this pretty home that Captain John Tottencourt retired after his last whaling voyage—a most unlucky one; for early in the second year of his cruise he had lost his right foot, caught in the bight of a line that was whistling over the thwarts in the wake of a right-whale he had just harpooned; and a couple of months later, on his return from the Cape Verdes, his ship was picked up by a northeaster in Horta Bay, dashed against the sea-wall, and ground to pulp on the rocks that surround this so-called harbor with a row of teeth as sharp and hungry as those of a shark.

Here, on the summit of the hill, whence he could sweep both entrances of the channel with his glass, the old sailor lived alone with his comely daughter, Orient, who was the only one to coax him into good humor when the gout pinched the toes that he still owned, or racked the foot that was somewhere off the coast of Africa, and yet hurt him as though it were within reach of his hand. With plenty of Trinidad tobacco, "a butt of sherry to keep him merry," and "enough gin to warm his grin," honest old John thought himself pretty well "fixed" and happy.

On stormy nights, when the wind whistled through the halyards of his flag-staff, he loved to pull on his sou'wester and well-greased left boot, and stump up and down the little quarter-deck he had built over the roof, calling to imaginary mates through his trumpet, and trying to fancy that he was once more handling his lost ship over the familiar whaling-grounds. On such occasions, always provided his arch-enemy, the gout, would allow it, he became as nimble on his jury-leg as had that been a part of his original rigging. After standing his watch, and thus "having his little pleasure," as Orient would say in her uncertain Portuguese English, he would come down to his cabin, brew a glass of stiff grog, and turn in, all standing, on an old hair-cloth sofa, leaving distinct orders to be called at eight bells, or any time before that if the weather shifted. The time in his house was always

ship's time, and of late years nothing had delighted the old whaler more than a clock that struck and pointed "bells" instead of hours, and which a friend had had built expressly for him.

It was nearly the middle of July, 1812, before this old Provincetown whaler learned that war had been declared between the United States and England. For several days vague rumors, brought at second hand by native fishing-smacks, had fired his imagination, and caused his missing foot to kick "nettles," as he expressed it; but the weather was not sufficiently boisterous to warrant any shouting on the quarter-deck, and he was sadly at a loss for some means of exhausting his impatient worrying. He rose early habitually, but now he was dressed and down-stairs before it was fairly light; his morning nip no longer soothed him, and while waiting for the cup of black coffee sweetened with molasses and saucerful of lobscouse which he called breakfast, he pretended to care for his plants and bushes, and did a little desultory weeding here and there. Whatever he said in soliloquy during these early morning hours, however picturesque, will not bear quoting; indeed, it would be quite unintelligible to any one not acquainted with the dock-yard vocabulary of many languages, pronounced according to the Cape Cod theory of phonetics.

When breakfast was over, always before six bells, the Captain called his man João and stumped off by a roundabout route—the direct one being too steep for his yawl rig, as he called his one leg and crutch—towards the consulate, which was closed, of course, and there he was left to exercise his ingenuity in whiling away the time until the dark red gates of the court-yard were swung open. He was invariably the first in the Captains' Room, where he at once took possession of the chair by the window, and of the telescope that hung in the leather sheath behind it. Here he spent the greater part of the day, blustering in the morning, reasonable about noon, apologetic as the day wore on, and finally suppliant towards evening. He assumed once and for all that some definite news had been received, but that for some far-fetched reason it was being withheld from him. On one occasion he even forgot himself so far as to offer a sum of money for "jest one look at them last despatches." Under one pretext or another he loitered about the consulate compound until sunset, dining on provisions bought at the nearest grocery, or perhaps on some little delicacy which his daughter Orient began regularly to bring from home as soon as she understood his new mode of life.

At dusk, when the gates were closed, he apologized for his intrusion, and stumped off in silence as far as the next corner, feeling both humiliated and sore. But here the pent-up indignation that had been gathering virulence all through the day invariably caused a wrathful explosion. Every day the good-natured João had to listen to a volley of imprecations that startled his ignorance, and to a chapter of threats so evidently extravagant that they failed to frighten even him; and every day he learned afresh what an extraordinary man his old master would be if he only had two serviceable legs, and a ship's deck whereon to stem them.

When the rumors of war were finally confirmed, and Captain John was allowed to read *the* despatch, as he ever after called this document, he mopped his forehead thoughtfully, and said, more to himself than to the other men in the room: "Gosh! Ef thet ain't *com*plete! They got 'bouten eight hundred ship o' war, an' we got 'bouten twenty, I reckon. But I'm glad ov it, an' 'twas a right smart thing to do. I wish—George!—I wish I hed two legs, or thet there one was some more handy. I sort o' feel a hankerin' to sail in. Gosh! I do—sure!"

For the first time in many days he went home in silence, and sat brooding until late into the night. His uselessness had come home to him, and the bruise of the blow hurt; for though he was close upon sixty, his sturdy heart still beat with the pulse of twenty-five; and it was pathetic to watch the old sea-dog sitting in his arm-chair, gazing silently, even reproachfully, at his wooden leg.

When the news came of the action between the *Guerrière* and the *Constitution*, Captain John, dressed in his blue broadcloth coat studded with buttons as large as brass saucers, sallied forth in quest of additional details; but the only papers received at the consulate were English, and the accounts of the fight were written in disparagement of American sailors.

What the Captain said, after spelling

through the various accounts, was certainly very picturesque, yet it must be acknowledged, as a matter of fact, that such words as are not usually represented in print by a dash were few and far between in this speech. But, to be sure, he had never pretended to be a kid-glove officer, and he loved the "pop" of a word as dearly as that of a cork. On his return home he ordered Orient to clear the deck for action and invite all the Americans in the town to join in the celebration—which was noisy and quite in accord with the ideas of conviviality entertained by our great-grandfathers. Before evening Captain John felt so much like his old self that he proposed buying and fitting out a trig little craft to do a little fighting on his personal account—wooden leg or no. By morning, however, he had changed his mind. That redoubtable privateer the gout had hove in sight, and attacked him with such energy that the old fire-eater was crippled in a very short engagement, and obliged to strike his colors. "I couldn't hev done it," he said to himself, in consolatory extenuation—"I couldn't hev done it nohow, 's fur 's I ken see, 'count ov Orient. She ain't married, the girl ain't, an' I got to look out for her, I hev, bein' a daughter. I got to leave her 'nough to live on, same's she allus hez. Now 'f I come to die, 'f I come to lose everything, I reckon she'd hev to go into a convent, an' *con*vents, I hear tell, *air* mean places. Gosh! I wish she'd ben a boy!"

Before the next despatches reached Fayal he had worried through his gout and got himself ship-shape again. The *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, the *United States*, all afforded him praiseworthy opportunities for repeating the pleasant little entertainments inaugurated by the victory of the *Constitution*. When the disaster of the *Chesapeake* became known to him he hesitated somewhat as to what course he should pursue, and returned to his house in a meditative mood.

"Well, father," asked Orient, as the old man sat silently puffing at his pipe before the office window, "shall I tell João to present your compliments to the gentlemen, as usual?"

"Compliments, eh?" he broke out irascibly. "Compliments be blowed! Ef it wer'n't for them ringin' their Tower bells in London over this victory, derned ef I'd believe 'twas true; not one word of it, Orient! I want to know what for they hed any call for to ship a lot of Portugee sailors on 'n American ship—eh? Gosh-dol-blame me 'f *I* know! Waal, guess 't oughter teach 'em. Ef 't hedn't ben for thet— Waal, now, they ain't no use talkin'. But say, Orient," he continued, with a sly twinkle in his left eye, "come to reckon, s'pose we look at it this way? S'pose we take it 'tmight 'a' ben a lickin' the Britishers gev them blanked Portugees? Eh? Waal, now. I want to know. Thet's an' idee. 'Tain't much to crow 'bout, but you ken say what you're mind to, blood's thicker'n water, an' I'm gled ov it. 'Tmakes me feel right smart. I guess you mighten call the boys round same's usual. It's dead low tide and we're here, sure; but we ken talk 'v somethin' else."

II.

In those days war seemed to be the natural pursuit of mankind. The allies of yesterday were the adversaries of today, and the map of Europe was a hopelessly changing kaleidoscope. In remote places like the Western Islands, where news was old long before the correct details were received, the most insignificant local events seemed of far greater importance than the fall of a kingdom or the destruction of an army. In Fayal the great sensation of the spring of 1814 was the wrecking of the whaling brig *Martha S.*, a New Bedford ship, homeward bound after a long and successful voyage. Of the three boats that put out when it became evident that nothing could save her from the clutch of the breakers on her lee, only the mate's reached the little patch of sand by the North Fort, where she was flung up high and dry.

This mate, the one officer saved, was Increase Tawresey, the son of Captain John's only sister, and it is needless to say that the warm-hearted, hot-headed old sailor at once took him into his home and confidence. Increase had left the United States before the beginning of the war, but in the various ports at which the *Martha S.* had touched he had learned much that was new to Captain John. For a few days they were busy comparing accounts, discussing results, and borrowing victories from the future; but at the end of that time Increase began to think the old man somewhat of a bore, and to look upon Orient, whom bashful-

ness and foreign training kept much in the background, as a rather pretty but silly little creature. For a diversion he tried the town; but even in its palmy days Fayal had little to offer to one who had travelled and seen as much as Tawresey, so that it was not long before he returned to the house on the hill, determined to be pleased and happy with its inmates; and as "where there's a will there's a way," he soon discovered much to like and to admire in Captain John. By degrees he broke through the barrier of reserve, more apparent than real, that surrounded Orient, and the better he knew her the more he liked and appreciated his half-foreign cousin. On the other hand, he was a fair-looking, well-set-up young fellow, with an open, rather dashing, manner, and it was but natural that the girl should be pleased and unconsciously flattered by his attentions. They were perforce thrown much together, and their kinship was no barrier to intimacy.

Captain John watched them with successive feelings of amusement, interest, amazement, and anger. In the bottom of his heart he would have been delighted to have married these children, if the match had been entirely of his own making; but it nettled him to realize that while he was still dreaming of a possible future, they had, without consulting him, taken the matter into their own hands and transformed that future into a present. They had defrauded him of a prerogative which he considered exclusively his own, and his indignation was aroused. They had ignored him, and his pride was hurt. They were about to beard him, and his blood boiled at the thought. But as he was a man of experience, he concealed these sentiments under an irregular but generally gruff behavior that suited him and his gout, and awaited his opportunity. The young people felt this change of temper instinctively with the acuteness of perception due to an uneasy conscience, and became, if possible, more fond of one another.

Thus, disguised under a perhaps excessive assumption of good feeling, an armed neutrality really existed between the two camps. Neither had anything to gain by breaking the peace, and both waited with equal impatience for something decisive to happen.

The storm broke one morning late in September, a season during which the anger of the elements exercises an uncomfortable influence on the temper. It was raining briskly, and Captain John, Orient, and Increase were seated together in the office, the old man in his pull-out chair by the window, smoking; the young people over what might seem to be a game of checkers. The incessant hushed muttering of their voices and the intermittent clack-clacking of the counters apparently irritated the Captain, whose temper was already sorely tried by the pulsations of the bundle of bandages that represented his foot, for he suddenly plucked his pipe from his mouth, spat at the square sand-box beside him, and called out:

"What the mischief *air* you two a-papaguying about, anyway? Sence you gotten together they ain't no peace or quiet in this house. I declar' for't it's worser'n a hen-coop full o' perroqueets. Gosh! it's my house, ain't it? 'N' jest you mind, you got to obey orders, gol-dosh it! Orient, you go 'n' see—you run 'n' find my—Here, you jest get outen here! I want to speak to Inky, special. Now, young feller," he continued, as the girl left the room, "you set right there where I ken see you, an' jest let me ask you a question. What—now s'pose some one sort o' wanted to know what you're a-doin' 'round here, what d'you reckon you'd hev to say to him?"

"Well, Uncle John—"

"Don't you find no call to 'nt'rupt me tell I'm done, young feller. Why ain't you a-fightin' for your country? No ships goin' home, eh? Waal, ef I was young 's you air, *I'd* find a way to get home, ships or no ships." Then suddenly wheeling in his seat, he burst out irrelevantly with the question that was gnawing at his heart.

"What air you figgerin' on doin' 'bout that girl, eh? Blank you! speak up, square 'n' straight. You can't gallivant round the garden an' rose-bushes an' cut posies with me, an' talk 'bout nightingales an' dicky-birds an' the Lord himself couldn't tell what not, an' hold my hand. I seen you. Come, spet it out. George! why don't you say somethin', 'stead of messin' round in your breeches pocket es though you'd lost the last dollar I lent you? Waal, no! I didn't mean that, Inky. Gosh! man, set down. I didn't mean that. I take it all back; I do,

hawnest. 'T kind o' slipped out, unbeknownst. I declar' for't sometimes I do talk like some them old women down t' home, weth narthin' t' say an' all day t' say it. You know I'd give you ev'ry shillin' as Orient wouldn't want an' you might. There, that's right; I 'llow I oughtn't t' huv said it. But, rippety-rappety blank! man, what do you mean to do by thet girl? She's the on'y one I hev, and, gosh! she's a beauty! She's a beauty like— What is it 'bout a pearl an' a pig? Waal, let it go. I never *was* handy with thet kind o' slush. But you 'ain't got no right to— Speak out, Inky—"

"Yes, uncle, as soon as you will let me," the young man answered, growing cooler as the Captain became more involved and confused. "I should like to marry Orient, and she's willing. Perhaps I ought to have spoken about it before, but it wer'n't until yesterday I got a job, and I waited for that before letting on about it. They want me to take the *Corvo*, and have offered a good lay. Then there's the house down t' York, in Maine, and nigh on to two thousand coming to me from the *Martha*—"

Captain John was silent, or, rather, he was silenced, for a few minutes; then he doubled again. "Sail under thet tiddledywinks of a rap of a Portugee flag? Did you mean it hawnest? Ain't your own flag good enough? What 're you doin' it for? Runnin' away because we've got war with them [dear! dear! what a blank!] Britishers? Runnin' away, air you? Well, I'd ruther lose thet condemned leg, an' this arm, an' thet arm, and her. God strike me dead on my own deck before I'd say yes to thet! Here, call the girl. Orient! Orient! Come here you— Hello! what's that? Hand me thet glass, Inky. She's a —no—yes, she is; she's a brig comin' in at the northeast channel; and there goes her flag—by ——! *our* flag! Run, Inky; run, man. Get down there and find out all you can about her."

When he dropped the glass and looked around, he was alone; for Increase, delighted with the diversion, and confident that time would make everything right, had rushed away at the first suggestion. For a moment he looked down despondently, and cried out: "Oh, bless this gout! bless this blessed old leg! Orient! Ah, here you are! I must get down to the Castle. See ef you can't move that foot o' mine. Gently—*gently*—GENTLY! Whow! Gosh! girl, that hurt."

He gasped, and lay back a little while, with his eyes half closed; then braced himself and asked for a glass of grog. "It won't do thet bundle much sight o' good, but it 'll help me powerful," he said, by way of apology. "There, thet's *com*plete. I feel better already. Fill up my pipe, will you? and tell João to get some sort o' litter, an' four men to handle it. I can't help it, Orient. I've got to go, an' the Lord ain't a-goin' to hail me yet awhile. An' ef He is," he continued, after thinking over the possibility of the proposition, and shutting his long thin lips together—"an' ef He is, I'm goin' all the same."

When his pipe was half smoked he looked up again, and bade her sit down on a low stool beside him. "An' so she wants to leave the old man, does she, my little Orient?" he asked. "Tell me the truth, now. Does she want to go off with that young— Does she love him?"

Very softly, "Yes, father!" and a cushion of golden yellow silk suddenly nestled against his waistcoat.

"So she 'ud leave the old man alone?"

"Father—please; oh, father!" and a sob.

He laid his scaly, knotted hand upon the golden cushion and stroked it, while a thinner, harder hand clutched at his heart-strings so viciously that the tears came into his eyes.

"An' so she loves him, does she?" he said again, hoping to be contradicted, and yet—such is the inconsistency of paternal hearts—glad to hear the answer:

"Oh yes, father, I—I do love him. Please don't be angry with us. Can't we always live together just as we do now?"

"With her arms around my neck?" he answered suddenly, softened, and for a long time after neither spoke. His pipe had gone out, but the rugged fingers still moved slowly with a rough, caressing gesture over her gold-enhaloed head. Both were dreaming—the old man of the happy past, the girl of the happy future —and their dreams were alike; for there is but one spring in the life of man, and love is as the sea, that changeth ever, yet is always the same.

While they were sitting thus, the door suddenly burst open, and Increase rushed in, breathless and panting.

"It's Captain Sam Reid, in the *General Armstrong*," he cried, as soon as he could speak. "She's put in for water, and the Governor has given them the freedom of the port for twenty-four hours. He says he won't have time to come all the way up here, but he wants to see you bad. Couldn't you manage to get down there someway, Uncle John?"

"Sam Reid? in the *Armstrong*? Get there, eh? B'gosh! I'll get there or bust. Where's thet chair they was goin' to get me? Run, Inky; run, boy! See what's become of thet rascal João. Get there, eh? I'll— Damme ef thet chair don't come 'long purty soon I'll bust right here. Is she straight from home? . . . . Now where's thet boy gone to? You go an' see, Orient, an' tell 'em to hurry."

III.

About five o'clock of the same afternoon there was a commotion in the Captains' Room at the consulate. Three sail had been sighted from the northeast point, and immediately afterward the word "British" flashed down from the semaphore. Reid lost no time, but collected his crew and at once put off for his brig. He well knew that English commanders could not be trusted to respect the rights of neutral ports that were not sufficiently fortified to enforce them, and he expected to be attacked. There was, of course, no hope of escape, and but little hope of effective resistance, but he determined to make a gallant defence, or, as he put it to Captain John, "If I'm a-goin' to die, John," he said, "I'm a-goin' to die hard."

His ship measured 246 tons, was manned by ninety men, including officers, and carried seven guns, only one of which, her Long Tom, was a forty-two pounder.* The British squadron consisted of the ship of the line *Plantagenet*, 74 guns, the frigate *Rota*, 44, and the brig *Carnation*, 18; in all 136 guns, manned by two thousand picked men on their way to New Orleans. The defences of the port consisted of the "Castle," a crumbling little pentagon of lava blocks armed with some fifteen guns, and of a smaller fort to the northeast, in still worse condition. The garrison did not muster 150 sorry substitutes for soldiers. Under these conditions it was reasonable, but commonplace, to surrender on summons; absolutely insane, but sublime, to fight. Reid fought.

The moment he set foot on deck he gave the order to pipe all hands, and in a few vigorous words he explained the situation. "As soon as they find out who we are, boys," he concluded, "they are sure to attack us. *I* am going to stay and see the fun. How do you feel about it?"

The men gave him three cheers for an answer, and a minute later the stars and stripes were floating over the gallant little brig. One half the crew cleared her for action, the other began to warp her inshore under the guns of the fort, while a launch from the *Carnation* approached near enough to make out her name through the glass, and immediately rowed back to her ship.

From the consulate window Captain John watched the suspicious movements of the British boats, and closed his telescope with a snap. "She'll never get outen here," he said, pointing down to the *Armstrong*. "They're goin' to attack her, neutrality or no neutrality, and Sam Reid's goin' to fight. I told you so! Did you hear thet?" he cried, as the cheer of his countrymen rang across the water. "B'gosh! I wish *I* could fight too, 'stead o' lyin' here like a bale o' rags afire an' smokin' at the top end. Hello! look 't thet! Here they come — four launches, an' 'bout fotty men to each. Fower tems fotty—how many d's thet make, Orient? There's Peter Tyson drawin' a bead on 'em with his Long Tom. Thar'll be daylight somewhere when he barks. Thet's right, Peter; you stick to your gun. I never took much 'ccount o' carronades myself, though they might come handy 'gainst boats. Look out now . . . . Thar's Reid hollarin' to 'em to keep off. Keep off be blowed! thet ain't what they come for. Hi! hi! I told you so. Did you see her flesh? I wish thet durned smoke 'ud clear or blow t'other way. Smoke hez

* This gun is now in the Santa Cruz Fort at Fayal. It originally belonged to the French line-of-battle ship *Hoche* (84 guns) captured by Sir John B. Warren, and was bought in England with the rest of her main battery of forty-two pounders, sold to the United States government, and rejected on account of an indentation in the muzzle by which it can be recognized to-day. After serving on an American privateer chartered by Haiti during that republic's war with France, it lay for several years in South Street, New York city, and was finally mounted on a pivot of the *General Armstrong*, private armed brig.

got a way o' comin' to leeward same ez water will run down . . . . Thar you air again —thar you air. Bang! whizz! bang! —hear the splash? Gosh! ain't they 'n a hurry to get away? Look at 'em run—jest look at 'em run, will you, 's 'f they got fast to a fin-back. The boys are cheerin' too. Cheer away, you lubbers! 'Tain't all ov you'll hev 'nother show in the mornin'. Oh—this leg! Get me a glass ov *agurdente*, Inky, I— Whewch! ef thet foot ain't hot! Thankee, Inky; thet allus goes to the right place."

In the consulate all was bustle and confusion. The American sailors in port, some thirty-five or so, came rushing in from all quarters of the town, and stood in the archway, talking excitedly. In the street the green-coated, yellow-strapped soldiers were marching past towards the landing, whence they directed all small boats to be pulled inshore and stripped of their oars and sails. Messengers, all-important and excited, were running to and fro between the executive mansion and the different consular offices, and from the row of houses opposite the sea-wall came the wails of frightened women and children and the hoarse cries of wrangling men. Darkness had come on, and only increased the confusion. In the semi-twilight the little American brig could be clearly seen on the bright surface of the bay like a black spot on a Claude Lorraine glass, the lanterns glimmering now here, now there, across her decks and in her rigging. Then for a while all became quiet, so quiet that most people imagined the fighting over for the night. The soldiers were withdrawn, and such as were not on duty loitered about the ramparts of the old fort in expectant curiosity, while the most adventurous of the youths and boys crouched behind the parapet along the street and watched the ships through the crevices between the blocks of lava.

Captain John, however, knew that this first attack was merely a prelude, and explained his reasons therefor to the group of American sailors, every one of whom looked up to him with admiration, and listened with envy to his oath-enamelled language. Little by little, with consummate but unconscious skill, he worked them up into a state of patriotic enthusiasm, and when at last he asked them to carry his chair down to the landing, so that he might be nearer to the scene of action, they drew aside and whispered together in the shadow of the Castle wall.

In his little office on the first floor, the consul, John Dabney, was busy writing messages to the Governor and receiving his answers, when an old boatswain's mate stepped into the lighted circle of the lamp, with a couple of nautical-looking shadows for a background.

"Well?" the consul said, as he looked up from his paper. "Oh, it is you, Eliphalet. What can I do for you?"

"Please, sir," the old fellow answered, scratching the floor—"it's this way, sir: I—we—you—oh, the devil! Can we go aboard the *Armstrong*, sir?"

"The Governor has just sent me a message to say that you could not."

After a pause: "An' what's your way of thinkin', sir?"

"The Governor says you cannot go."

Eliphalet pulled at his cap for a moment, and looked back at his companions. "Thankee, sir," he said, finally, edging towards the door. "An' savin' your pardon, sir, —— —— the Governor!"

Mr. Dabney laughed, and bent over his desk again. "Well," he said to himself, "I've delivered the message. If they want to go, I suppose they'll go. I can't stop them." And went on with his writing.

Down at the landing, Captain John, with Orient and Increase beside him, the group of sailors surrounding them, was watching the ships through his night-glass. Eliphalet had repeated his interview, and the men were cursing. "What's the matter now?" asked the Captain. "Is thet all? Gosh! ef I only hed a leg or two 'twouldn't bother me to get out there. She's not fifty fathom out!"

"There's only five in the lot can swim, uncle; we'd thought of that too. Hello! What does that mean? Have they given her up?"

A boat had put out from the privateer, and was rowing ashore, the oars creaking hard, as though she were heavily laden, and the men crowded forward with eager curiosity. About thirty landed, and the last pushed the launch out again with his foot.

"What does this mean, boys?" Increase asked, elbowing his way through the line. "Who is in command here? Have you left the ship?"

"You bet we have," one of the foremost answered, speaking with a foreign

accent. "They're gettin' ready to attack us with a whole fleet of boats, and we wer'n't a-goin' to stay and be shot to pieces."

"Shame! you curs!" Increase had sprung forward; his right fist suddenly shot out from his shoulder, and the coward reeled backward, while a volley of commendatory exclamations broke on the volley of oaths that preceded it. "Now, boys!" cried the young man, stripping off his jacket. "There's our boat. I'll have it back here in half a minute. Here goes!" and turning quickly he dived off the landing-steps; two others followed; a few strong strokes brought her alongside, and the men tumbled in and sprang to the oars. "Now!" and before the astonished renegades had realized what had happened, their volunteer substitutes were swarming up the side of the brig.

For once in his life the smoke of his pipe choked Captain John. "God bless the son of a gun!" he said, hoarsely and triumphantly, shaking his fist. "Orient girl, ef he gits back, you ken hev him. By ——, you shell hev him, right off tomorrow mornin'. Don't say no—'tain't a bit ov use. I say you shell!"

"Oh, father, please."

"Hush! Look 't thet; they're a-comin', ten, twelve—ay, fourteen ov 'em. Thet officer of theirs must be a dandy; they're a-comin' on like sheep to the slaughter-house. I want to know—now I want to know. Did you ever see anything to beat thet? Gosh! this ain't a clam-bake! Jest you watch for Peter Tyson's first shot, and ef he don't knock e-tarnal salvation into some 'v 'em so's skunk grease won't do them not a mite o' good— Hi! there she blo-o-ows! Rattle away tell you can't hear yourselves think. Must be three hunderd them fellows in the boats. Three hunderd! Gosh! yes, 'n' more too. Whoopsy glory! there she goes agin! They won't be no three hunderd to look for their ships when this fog ov smoke lifts. I wonder what Inky's doin'? Don't take on, Orient. I reckon he's doin' well—fust rate. It's an opportunity for a young man. Oh! drat this leg! I wish *I* was there, 'stead o' here, doin' narthin' but use up cuss words. Oh, good! Did you see that one go through 'em? Hoorah, boys! Gosh! they're haulin' off. No! there they come agin, all hunched like a school of herrin'. Now look out for Peter. There! thet's him. Whizz-bang! See them scatter—jest watch 'em scatter. It's a good show, Orient. Them fellers 'n thet boat purty nigh got aboard. Quick, there, some o' you. Ah, that's right, they've got 'em. Busted 'em off like flies. Splash 'em in, splash 'em in, the —— —— ——! Et's hot in there jest 'bout now, I reckon. Now there's that cussed smoke blowin' this way agin."

The wind had shifted suddenly, and for the next few minutes they could distinguish nothing but the flashes of flame from the guns. Then a pause; another flash or two; a minute of quiet; then a cheer from the brig, another, and yet another, rang through the cloud that was floating upwards and towards them. From the dark stillness that lay like oil upon the waters came the irregular splashing of oars and a confused noise of men's voices crying to one another, a subdued sound, yet varied and multiplied, like all voices of the night. Then the smoke cleared; for a brief moment the moon broke through the clouds, and they could see the things that were done, and the horrible things that were left undone.

In spite of his enthusiasm, Captain John shuddered. The execution had been appalling. Three launches had completely disappeared; three more were drifting helplessly towards the rocks, their cargo of dead and wounded inextricably entangled. In another boat two sailors were vainly struggling with the sweeps and calling for help; the rest were rowing away slowly, yet as fast as they could, out of reach of the murderous fire from the brig.

Captain John looked at his watch, and said, "Twenty-eight minutes"; then, after a pause, he added, meditatively, "Thet were 'bout 's good fightin' 's ever I see." Orient had buried her head in his lap, and was sobbing in a half-frightened, half-hysterical way. "Don't do thet, Orient," he said, patting her gently. "It hurts, an' it don't do 'ny good to no one. War is war, my girl, an' thet means fighten; et's allus ben so, 'n' I kind o' reckon et allus will be; 'n' you 'n' I can't change it. Inky 'll be all right....I declar' thet girl's tryin' her best to borrow trouble, same's mother used to, an' I'm jest sot dead agin it."

The moon had disappeared again, and all became quiet and dark around them.

Across the bay the ships' lanterns flitted about like fire-flies, with the same apparent lack of purpose. At the end of the street the lights of the consulate shone dimly through the dust-covered windows, and from the town beyond came a confused murmur, like the buzzing of many insects on a summer night. After the angry, bellowing noise of the fight, the present stillness was so profound as to seem audible, and it was not like the stillness of rest, but like the ominous stillness of suspense, pregnant with impending storm. While they were waiting, the town clock struck one, and a little later the consul came down towards them.

"Ho! Captain John! Captain John!" he called out. "Is that you?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Port your helm and come alongside. Thet's the pigeon, as they say in Chiny. Shake hands, sir, on thet fight. Guess you're mighty glad you was born down on the Cape. *I* am."

"H'm! Well, now that it is all over, come and take a shake-down with me. It is rather late for you and Orient to go all the way home."

"Well, now, Mr. Dabney, thet's real kind o' you," the Captain broke in; "but it *ain't* all over, 'ccordin' to my reckonin', an' I guess I'll jest hover round an' see it out. Thankee all the same, sir; an' ef you'll send my boy João down here, an' take Orient along—"

"Oh, father, let me stay, please—"

"Ho-ho! She's a chip ov the old block, you see," the old fellow cried out, delighted.

"'An' ef it's a girl, she shell wear a weddin'-ring,
An' ef it's a boy, he shell fight agin the king!'

An' thet's about the size of it, Mr. Dabney. My boy Inky's doin' the fightin', an' this girl's a-goin' to wear a weddin'-ring soon's ever he comes ashore. Ha! ha! It ud be real kind o' you, sir, ter fix it all ship-shape for me some time tomorrer. Will you, now? Well, I declar'! Thankee, sir, thankee, an' good-night to you."

While the Governor and the various consuls talked and argued and scribbled and copied their scribblings, Captain John sat in his arm-chair and swore; for after the excitement of the evening the pain in his stump and toe burned merrily through the night. But a little after daybreak he once more forgot his legs, for the British brig *Carnation* was drawing inshore, with the evident intention of making short work of the privateer.

"Oh ho!" said the old Captain, as a broadside whistled across the water and shattered against the rocks; "this looks's though 't might be the end. Now, Peter, old man, let's see ef you're loaded for—Thet's a good shot; clean through her topmast! Look out, there—pshaw! them fellers can't shoot wuth shucks. It's 'bout as much they ken do to hit the island. Sam Reid's goin' to try a shot himself now. Good shot, Sam! Thet one took 'em square in the belly—I see the splinters fly from here. An', o' course, there's thet smoke agin, so I can't see narthin'. Well, fire away, you lubbers! Shoo! I'm a skunk ef she ain't haulin' off. She ain't, now? Yes, by the Lord God A'mighty, she is runnin' away, runnin' plumb away! Look out there, Orient; run, girl! Oh, these legs—it's comin' dead atop o' me—a-ah!"

As he spoke, a last shot from the retiring brig struck the stone coping of the landing-wharf, and a large fragment spun into the air above the little group. The Captain saw it and attempted to rise, but his legs were useless, and the falling iron mass struck him squarely across the chest. At the same moment a dull report rang out from the privateer; her boats were lowered and manned, and as the brave crew reached the shore, the little vessel settled in the shallow water. The pivot of her Long Tom had become disabled, and Captain Reid, seeing that further resistance was impossible, had scuttled his ship. The fight was over, and, though none knew it at the time, New Orleans was saved.*

After the landing, all was confusion. The Governor protested against the retention of their arms by the American sailors, and Captain Reid wisely agreed with him in order to forestall the possibility of a renewal of hostilities on land. For further protection, Reid determined to quarter his men in the San Francisco

* Lloyd (*mad* Lloyd, as he was called) was on his way to Jamaica, where he was to join Admiral Cochrane and take part in the expedition against New Orleans. The fight in Fayal detained him several days, so that the armament arrived before New Orleans four days after General Jackson had arrived there himself. But for this delay the expedition would have found the town unprotected, and its capture might have materially altered the conditions of the treaty of peace with England

Church, and marched them off at once. During his three actions with the enemy he had lost one officer and one seaman only, and their dead bodies were laid out reverently before the altar. The wounded, seven in number, were made as comfortable as possible in a side chapel, and the rest of the men were told off in watches, the starboard watch doing sentinel duty at the doors. These arrangements completed, he started off at once with a few men to seek for Captain John, of whose wounding he had only just been apprised. They found him, still unconscious, on the spot where he had been struck, with Orient, Increase, and the consul bending over him.

Reid took the heavy, passive hand in his and called to his old comrade: "John, John, old man! It's me—Sam. Can't you hear me, old fellow? Poor old John, I'm afraid— Come, boys, take him up gently. My! but it's a pity! I'd rather have lost—"

The boom of a gun drowned his last words, and he started as he felt Captain John close his hand over his own and draw himself up to a sitting posture. The wounded man looked around him for a moment with a puzzled expression and laughed, a little foolishly, as the second broadside sounded over the water.

"Well, I declar'," he said, feebly, "ef they ain't still a-shellin' Sam's ship, an' she sunk, an' not a man aboard ov her! Thet's pure unadult'rated cussedness; pure cussedness, I call it, though it's a deal handier for 'em 'n when *he* was on deck. Hee! hee! B'golly, Sam, 's that you? You done well, Sam; you done well. I reckon you must hev— George! ain't my head queer! Inky boy, are you there? Get me a glass of so'thin' to stiffen up on. Ef it hadn't ben for them legs, Sam, them dratted old legs— What was I sayin'? Oh yes; them legs is covered plumb up to the top with barnacles. Gosh! what's ailin' me?" he cried, falling back.

Reid called to his men. "Come, boys, quick! Take him up to the church. I'll be right along. Tell Mr. Brosonham to do what he can, and more too!"

But in spite of the surgeon's efforts Captain John remained unconscious until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when he opened his eyes and sat up.

"Guess I must hev 'nother ov them blamed bilious attacks—everything looks kind o' blue. Eh! what's this? Looks's though 't might be a church." He paused for a moment and smiled childishly. "Must be Inky's weddin';" and with uncertain fingers he pulled off his large Guinea coast zodiac ring and held it up. "I'm glad ov it, now it's come. Who giveth this woman away? Who what? Oh yes. I forgot. *I* give her away. 'Ain't I got a right to? She's my daughter. Now, what's that —— noise?" he went on, pettishly, as a roll of muffled drums sounded at the lower end of the street.

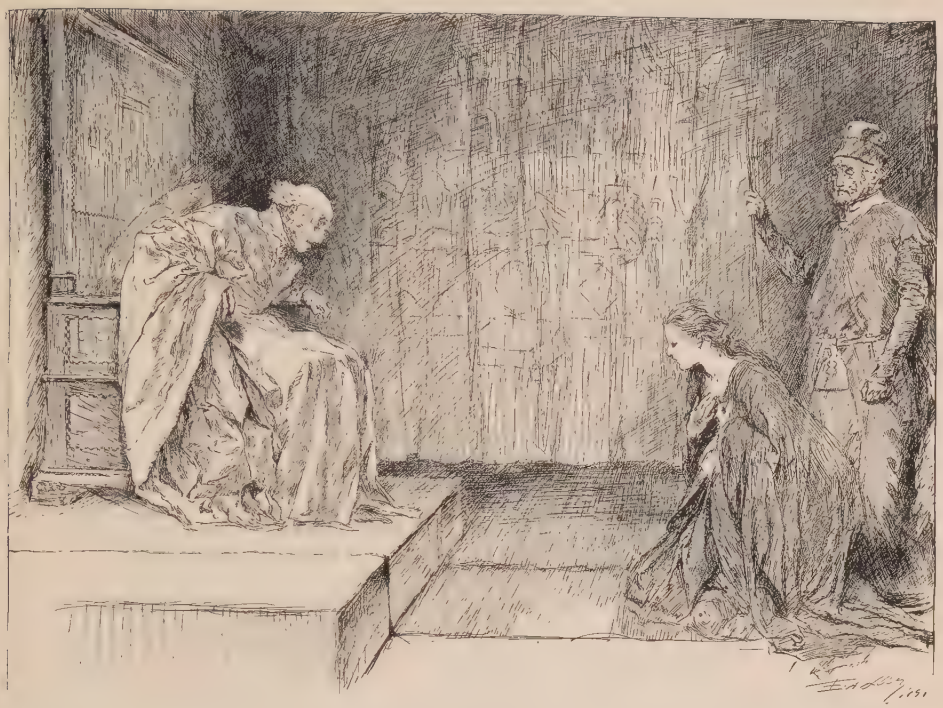
The surgeon explained to him that the British had obtained permission to bury their dead, and that the *cortége* was forming below, and suddenly the old man rallied.

"Sam!" he called out, in his usual high-keyed voice. "Sam! turn the boys out to salute the dead. There ain't no feelin' agin dead men but good feelin's. They're all friends, Sam. You, 'n' I, 'n' all ov us got to die some day. Listen! the drum says, '*Come; come; come, come, come!*' I'll hev to set through it all 'cause o' them legs; but you can 'pologize 'bout it to 'em afterwards. Boys, by boats' crews, form! Hats off, an' no cheerin', now. They've gone afore the Chief Admiral, Him as commands all good sailors."

A murmur of approbation rippled through the crowd; the large doors swung open; the men fell in; and before they had realized what they were doing, they had formed before the church, two deep, their officers in a central group, on the little three-cornered plaza that overlooks the street.

Reid stood, bareheaded, beside Captain John's chair, and as the solemn procession passed slowly below them he heard him repeating, "*Come; come; come, come, come!*" moving his fingers gently to the slow rhythm of the drum-beat. Instinctively officers and men saluted as their late foes passed by on their last march, to heaven; for Jack is a poet, and the sea has taught him the reverence of death.

When the last file had passed, Reid bent over to speak to Captain John, then held up his hand in token of silence. Out of the distance down the street they still heard the drum calling, "*Come; come; come, come, come!*" and they understood; old John Tottencourt had gone.



PRESENTATION OF HELENA TO THE KING.

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

VIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE Scotch, with unconscious absurdity, sometimes talk of "tempting Providence." In writing *All's Well that Ends Well*, Shakespeare was "tempting" the Higher Criticism. Ever since the days of Zenodotus in Alexandria the Higher Criticism has revelled in "athetising," or marking as spurious, this part of an author's work because it is "unworthy of him," that part because it is "not in his style," a third portion because it is a repetition of something he has said elsewhere, and so on, till in Homer there are few lines to which some German or some Alexandrian Greek has not urged objections. To similar exercises of idle ingenuity has *All's Well that Ends Well* been exposed. When Lucian met Homer in the Fortunate Islands, he asked the poet which of the rejected passages were really his own. "All and every one of them," answered the shade; and Shakespeare's ghost might have made as inclusive a response to critical inquiries. Yet *All's Well* is certainly a play full of difficulties and enigmas. It was first printed in the folio of 1623, and very badly printed it was. None of the dramas contains so many passages that appear to be corrupt; none is so rich in the unintelligible; none so open to conjectural emendation. Dr. Hudson, in his *Shakespeare*,* guesses, but he only offers his opinion as a guess, that the piece is a very early one amended by the author at a later period. If this be

* Boston, 1882.

so, Shakespeare may have worked over his manuscript, making additions and alterations not very legible, which puzzled the printers. In that case, Shakespeare will for once have "blotted a line." The conjecture is to some extent justified, as Dr. Hudson points out, by the extraordinary variations in the style. These might lead the Higher Criticism to believe either that the play is the work of very different ages in the development of Shakespeare's genius, or that various hands have collaborated in the comedy. There are long tirades of rhymed couplets, full of euphuistic antitheses and conceits. There are other speeches in blank verse of Shakespeare's usual felicity. These contradictions may be explained as the work of different periods, or we may, perhaps, more plausibly imagine that Shakespeare was only beginning to shake off his early bad manner, his rhymes and conceits, and emerging into the purer and more natural air of his genius. It would be pleasant to believe, if we could, that the speeches of the Clown were interpolations, mere "gag," as players say. The Clown is quite the worst of all Shakespearian clowns. The late Count of Rousillon, Bertram's father, is said to have enjoyed his frivolities, and for old acquaintance' sake the Count's widow endures them. They are coarse and stupid, even beyond the ordinary stupidity of Elizabethan horse-play. We read them with fatigue and surprise, as we occasionally read the foolings of the comic press. The Clown, like the Scotch editor, "jocks wi' deeficulty." He has his stereotyped buffooneries about horns and the like, and, on the whole, is a preposterously tedious jester. His wit is very like that of the New Humor, and mainly consists of gabble. To be sure, we may urge that clowns were probably quite as dull in general as this lover of Isbel. His is a "naturalistic" portrait; the portrait of Audrey's lover is "romantic," untrue to nature, and therefore a joy forever. As to the suggestion that the Clown's gabble is "gag" foisted in by

KING. "Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?"—*Act II., Scene III.*

HELENA. "Pardon, madam; the Count Rousillon cannot be my brother."—*Act I., Scene III.*

actors, we know that in the opinion of the ancient critics the plays of Aristophanes suffered from similar interpolations. But in the case of Shakespeare we have, at least in this instance, no historical information. If this Clown diverted an Elizabethan audience, we can only, like Mr. Pickwick in the matter of Mr. Peter Magnus's friends, envy their readiness to be amused.

Another feature in the play which tempts the Higher Criticism is the recurrence of incidents and situations which Shakespeare uses elsewhere. The very distasteful artifice by which Helena finally wins Bertram is the stratagem by which Mariana secures Angelo. Used once, by an incidental character, it is used once too often. Employed by a heroine with whom we are to sympathize, the plan is repulsive. But Shakespeare has a habit of repeating himself. Sydney Smith complained to Constable that in every novel of Scott's, from *Guy Mannering* to *The Fortunes of Nigel*, there occurred a Meg Merrilies. "She is good," he said, "but good too often." In a similar way Shakespeare constantly introduces his heroine disguised as a man, and his utterly selfish and heartless *jeune premier*. There is Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing;* there is the "flower-like young man" of *Measure for Measure;* there is Bertram here, in *All's Well that Ends Well.* It is possible that Shakespeare was much impressed by the stupid pride, levity, and heartlessness of the young *noblesse;* he was obliged to make heroes of them, but he shows them for heroes very unheroic. They are almost always unworthy of the love with which women persecute them. From "Venus and Adonis" onward, Shakespeare treats, and not without liking, the pursuit by the woman of the man. The circumstance occurs frequently enough in life, but it is never agreeable to watch. Every one would prefer the worm in the bud to feed on the damask cheek rather than to see

"*Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée,*"

as Helena attaches herself to Bertram. A character in many ways so admirable is debased when Helena becomes a *crampon.* English has no word so ungallant, but the French supply a phrase. In brief, as Dr. Hudson remarks, *All's Well that Ends Well* "is more apt to inspire an apologetic than an enthusiastic tone of mind." "One does not take to it heartily, and can hardly admire it without something of an effort." It is difficult to believe in admiration which is not spontaneous. As we must keep repeating, Shakespeare was human, after all. He wrote nothing in which there were not admirable passages worthy of himself. But we, like Ben Jonson, should love him "on this side idolatry." Criticism is absolutely worthless if it is not sincere. We are not to read Shakespeare as if he were infallible, nor to accept all he did in a spirit of blind and unquestioning faith. At the same time we must remember, in speaking of so divine a genius, what Pope says of others that blamed as great a mind,

"It is not Homer nods, but we who dream."

There have been found critics who believed to the utmost in *All's Well that Ends Well.* Hazlitt says: "It is one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies. . . . The character of Helena is one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and as a wife; yet the most scrupulous delicacy of female modesty is not once violated." Why, female modesty is violated constantly by Helena. Her banter with Parolles appears quite out of keeping with delicacy as estimated by the taste of any age. It is impossible to think of Antigone or Isabella or Imogen laughing over Helena's chosen topic with Parolles. She possesses the "union of tenderness and strength" which Mrs. Jamieson admires in her. She deliberately places herself in the "lowest and ugliest situation." She thrusts herself on a man who, being, it appears, the King's ward, cannot refuse any match which the King imposes on him. She is the thief, not of love, but of lust. She treats Bertram as Gunnar treats Brynhild in the saga. The situation is none of Shakespeare's making; he borrowed it from Boccaccio. But, to be frank, the situation is at once hideous and wholly out of keeping with Helena's character as it appears in her conversation with the Countess of Rousillon, Bertram's mother, or in her own matchless soliloquy.

Bertram is leaving Rousillon for the court at Paris. Helena, the daughter of Gerard de Narbon, the physician, has been brought up by the Countess. She

KING. "Farewell, young lords; these war-like principles do not throw from you."—*Act II., Scene I.*

PAROLLES. "France is a dog-hole."—*Act II., Scene III.*

weeps as Bertram takes farewell, weeps like the captive girls in the Iliad,

"Πάτροκλον πρόφᾶσιν, σφῷν δ'αὑτῶν κήδε ἑκάστη."*

She is supposed to lament her father, but it is for Bertram's love that she is lamenting.

* In semblance for Patroclus, but each for her own woe.

Then, when she is left alone, comes her beautiful soliloquy:

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favor in it but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one

That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

The person who "comes here" is Parolles.

"I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind."

So Helena begins to banter with Parolles: "Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?"

We might explain Helena's mirth as a hysterical kind of reaction from her melancholy. But her judgment on Parolles shows that she has all her wits about her, including her sense of honor. She pronounces the world's judgment on the diverting, the delightful Parolles—made "that men might breathe themselves upon him," the world's floutingstock. Yet Helena is again herself, in the truth and tenderness and devoted humility of her love, when she confesses her heart to the Countess.

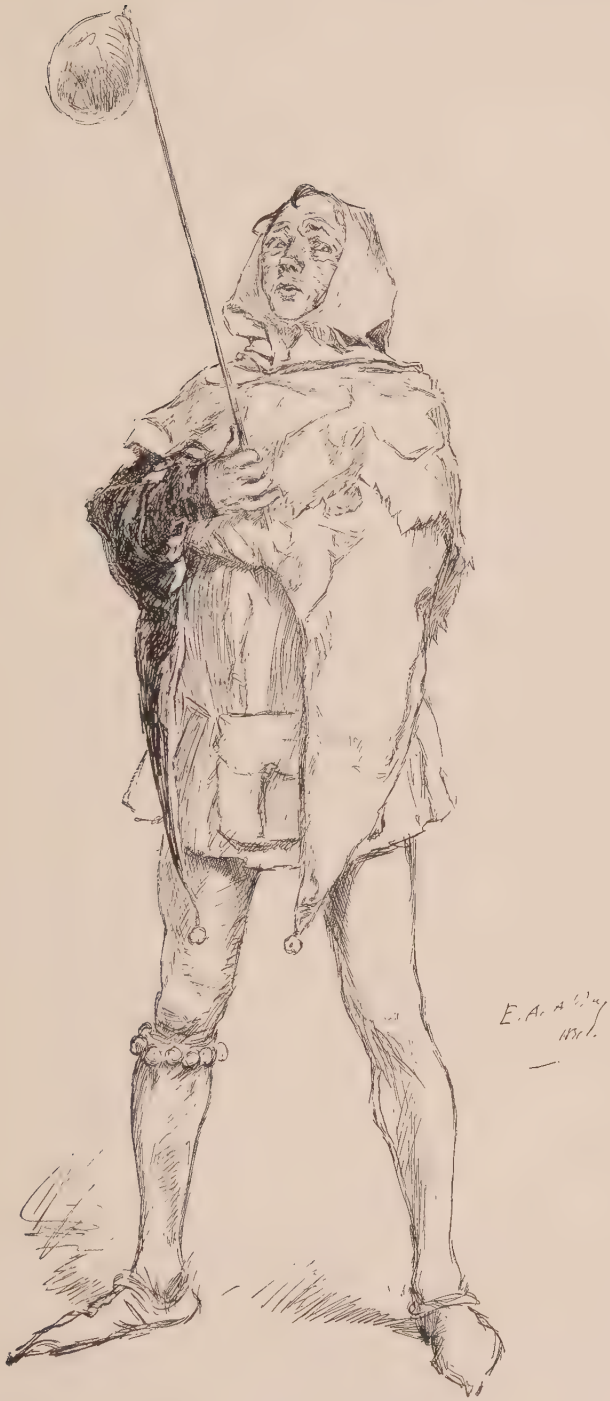
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still; thus, Indianlike,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O, then, give pity
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddlelike, lives sweetly where she dies!

But Helena seems to become another woman when her love "hurts him that is loved of me." By dint of healing the King of a fistula (as miraculously as Pascal's niece was cured of the same complaint by the Holy Thorn), she wins permission to choose her own husband out of the courtiers. She chooses Bertram, who has never thought of loving her, and he is led, an unwilling victim, to the altar of Hymen.

Helena is beautiful, loving, and virtuous, and Bertram disdains her because she is not of his own rank. He is hard, arrogant, false, "a lascivious boy," but our sympathies must be with him, even when he scorns her touching appeal.

"Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss."

In brief, he is shamefully and cruelly wronged. His harshness is offensive, but natural, perhaps inevitable. Helena, no doubt, is infinitely too good for him; but he does not want Helena. He is enslaved in the dawn of his youth, and his resolve to go to the wars, and leave his wife at the church door, is in no way unbecoming. Every one would sympathize with the woman had the matrimonial constraint been on the other side. Her position would have been tragical. The position into which Bertram is forced seems both tragical and ludicrous. As for the device by which Helena wins her lord, it is the affair of Mariana over again, and even more distasteful. If it did not offend an Elizabethan audience, we may almost think that in this matter of a woman's dignity, society, among its changes, has for once rather improved. However, it is not a topic for argument. Had Helena regained her lord in a more generous and seemly way, we would still have to pardon the original manner of the wooing. We never can think of her with the pleasure which the mere names of Rosalind, of Imogen, of Portia, bring to the imagination. There is a stain of violent self-will on the ermine of her passion. It is better to have loved and lost than to have won thus. And what a triumph is hers! what a victory! Dr. Johnson, who could not any more than Colonel Newcome approve of *Tom Jones*, speaks his manly mind very freely about the admired Bertram. The doctor was far from being an infallible, but he was a very sincere critic. If he did not like a thing, he said so, whatever weight of authority might be on the other side. He had none of the æsthetic affectations, the artistic hypocrisies, which Miss Repplier lately



CLOWN. "I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught."—*Act II., Scene II.*

treated of so divertingly in her *Points of View*. The doctor did not admire Gray nor Milton nor *Tom Jones*, and he said so with a will. As to Bertram, the sage remarks, "I cannot reconcile my heart to him—a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward" (here the doctor is too severe, the King could marry his ward as he pleased), "and leaves her as a profligate; when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to another marriage; is accused by a woman he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness."

It is not correct to say that Bertram "leaves Helena as a profligate." Nothing in his life becomes him like the leaving her. His intrigue with Diana may be regarded with the lenient eye which morality keeps on the scrapes of soldiers. "Tricks he hath in him which gentlemen have." But his lying about Diana—"She is impudent, my lord"—is the basest kind of falsehood conceivable. Thus the familiar huddled-up *dénouement* of the stage is, in this instance, less plausible and interesting than usual. The truth about all this matter is that Shakespeare had laid hold of a story whose characters could not be made sympathetic—Boccaccio's tale of *Giletta di Nerbona*, Englished in 1566 by William Paynter in *The Palace of Pleasure*. The story is followed more closely than usual; but the Countess, the Clown, the old Lord Lafeu, and Parolles are Shakespeare's own.

It is Parolles who gives life and entertainment to the piece. Shakespeare, in his character, makes a criticism of cowardice in one of its many aspects. Parolles is cowardly neither like Eachan in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, nor like Morris in *Rob Roy*, nor like Falstaff, who is only a coward "upon instinct," and for the humor of it. Parolles is one of the men whom a love of show and braggadocio leads into situations for which they have no stomach nor relish. It seems a simple thing for a lily-livered knave not to thrust himself into camps when no necessity compels. It is easy to understand, also, how a man's temper may carry him where his heart will not support him. Thus the temper of Eachan is high and proud, but, alas, "he has drunk the milk of the white doe," and may not endure in moments of danger. His cowardice is tragic; that of the craven Morris, in *Rob Roy*, is sordid; but the poltroonery of Parolles, as of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is purely humorous and droll. He has a burlesque passion for pretence, and for pushing himself into notice as a Bobadil; indeed, Bobadil may have been his model. These military humors, as in Pistol and the *Miles Gloriosus*, are an old inheritance of the stage. Parolles wins on the inexperience of Bertram, though he is detected by the instinct of Helena and the sagacity of Lafeu. But it seems that he might have escaped through the test of the wars without absolute discredit if he had not been of so touchy a temper and delicate honor that he must needs recover the lost drum. A drum is not like a shield. No Spartan mother says "with it or upon it." But Parolles must rescue his drum or die of very shame. His conversations with Lafeu, all the insults he takes with a "Good, very good; it is so, then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed awhile," are in the haughty vein of ancient Pistol. Delicious is his reference for a testimonial:

> "Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous—a word, good metals. You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me."

Even Lafeu took him, "for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden." Poor Parolles has only *le courage de l'escalier*, of the stairs which he is kicked down. "I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again." "He's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment." In another sense he is everybody's entertainment, with his melancholy murmur in the midst of the triumphant cavalcade. "Lose our drum! well." "O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum!" "It is to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet!*" A peerage or Westminster Abbey. The fantasy of the drum is rather thrust on Parolles by sad circumstances: "They begin

ENTRANCE OF FLORENTINE ARMY.—*Act III., Scene V.*

to smoke me" (an early use of the old slang); "and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy, but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue." "Is it possible," the First Lord asks, in their ambuscade for Parolles, "he should know what he is, and be that he is?" This, indeed, is a constant puzzle where all hypocrites of the sword or of the gown are concerned. Is it possible that Tartuffe should know what he is, and be that he is? The enig-

ma is insoluble; but Parolles, having among all his vices a sense of humor, knows what he is very well. This Parolles was an accomplished knave, and could forswear himself in "German, or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French," as well as in his native speech, which we may take to be the Gascon. The scene of the gibberish-speaking mercenaries who arrest him has all the fun of the Turkish in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.* These scenes go back beyond the Carthaginian of Terence to the jargon of the Persian envoy in Aristophanes, and they never fail to entertain an audience. The drollery of Parolles's inimitable revelations exceeds even Lucio's unconscious criticisms of "the old Duke of dark corners," in *Measure for Measure.* Listeners never heard worse of themselves than do the captors of the brazen Parolles. Even in his most abject cowardice he is still the braggart. "My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live." It is the very prayer of Mæcenas in that strange poem where he begs nature to grant him life at any expense of misery or disease. In the same spirit, after all his disgrace, which, as he offers to betray his comrades, is as deep as it can well be, he has the heart to exclaim:

"Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. . . .
There's place, and means, for every man alive."

What place and means Parolles found is not evident; but he might well change places with "good Monsieur Lavache," the Clown, who, probably, would make a better warrior than Parolles. Parolles, though "muddied in fortune's mood, and smelling somewhat strong of her strong displeasure," sweetens the play with the absurdities of his humors. This not unnecessary service is also done by the virtues of the King, weary of suffering much of many physicians, determined to bear a remediless malady; and by the excellencies of the Countess. Contrary to the wont of countesses and of mothers, she has an eye for her son's defects, and a charming tenderness for Helena's affection.

"There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly, mistress.
. . . . . .
He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child."

The mood of the Countess is the more rare and admirable when we remember the gulf which then divided the nobly born from the "unborn" mob of common humanity. Shakespeare gives "social promotion" to his heroine, a gift which Scott and Miss Austen have been blamed for denying. But the prize is not worth the winning, least of all when coupled with Bertram, and a modern dramatist would probably have made Helena marry some young physician of Montpellier or Salerno. We can only "faintly trust the larger hope" that Bertram, who in the wars "did honorable service," may repent a little, and not make Helena too much of an Enid or a Patient Griselda. To that fate she almost seems to have been born.

The date of *All's Well that Ends Well* is obscure enough. In the list given by Meres, in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), there is a play styled *Love's Labor Won.* It has been conjectured that this by no means inappropriate name is an alternative title of *All's Well that Ends Well.* It may have been intended as a pendant to *Love's Labor Lost*, which was published in 1598, though probably written earlier. We might conjecture that *All's Well* was begun early, was laid aside, and was hastily *bâclé* later, in some pressing need of a new piece. The early style seems very early, the late style particularly late, which goes against the idea that the play is an example of style in the process of change and development. But all is mere conjecture. The Higher Criticism is so rich in such shots that here and there one must land in the clout. Unluckily we cannot say which of the innumerable shafts of guessing is so fortunate.

No one but Hazlitt, perhaps, will place the drama among the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. Being his, it has gifts of poetry, wisdom, humor, tenderness, and truth; but most of his immortal children are far more richly dowered; to most we return more frequently and with heartier pleasure. For if "our loyalty to womanhood" is "wounded by the humiliations to which Mariana stoops," no less

[illegible] "O [illegible] do not hide mine eyes." Act IV. Scene I.

CLOWN. "Foh! prithee, stand away."—*Act V., Scene II.*

is it wounded by the self-sought sorrows of Helena.

There is one word of old Lafeu's which makes Shakespeare's world much akin to ours, and which might stand as a motto for modern theological romances: "They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless."

Alas! it is so, we have our philosophical persons!

TWO MOODS.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.

BETWEEN the budding and the falling leaf
Stretch happy skies:
With colors and sweet cries
Of mating birds in uplands and in glades
The world is rife.
Then on a sudden all the music dies,
The color fades.
How fugitive and brief
Is mortal life
Between the budding and the falling leaf!

O short-breathed music, dying on the tongue
Ere half the mystic canticle be sung!
O harp of life, so speedily unstrung!
Who, if 'twere his to choose, would know again
The bitter sweetness of the lost refrain,
Its rapture, and its pain?

II.

Though I be shut in darkness, and become
Insentient dust blown idly here and there,
I hold oblivion a scant price to pay
For having once had held against my lip
Life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue—
For having once known woman's holy love
And a child's kiss, and for a little space
Been boon companion to the Day and Night,
Fed on the odors of the summer dawn,
And folded in the beauty of the stars.
Dear Lord, though I be changed to senseless clay,
And serve the potter as he turns his wheel,
I thank Thee for the gracious gift of tears!

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXI.

WITH an impatience whose intensity he began to feel as soon as he permitted himself to indulge it, Ray hurried across to the line of the elevated road. Now he perceived how intolerable it would be to have staid to dinner with the Brandreths. He did not resent the failure of Mr. Brandreth to tell his wife that he had already asked him when she asked him again; he did not even care to know what his reasons or exigencies were; the second invitation had been a chance to get away. From time to time while Mr. Brandreth was showing him the baby, and then while Mrs. Chapley was setting her mind at rest about her husband by her researches into the philosophy and character of Hughes, he had superficially forgotten that the readers' opinions of his story were in, while his nether thought writhed in anguish around the question of what their opinions were. When at moments this fully penetrated his consciousness, it was like a sort of vertigo, and he was light-headed with it now as he walked, or almost ran, away from Mr. Brandreth's door. He meant to see Miss Hughes, and beg for a sight of the criticisms; perhaps she might say something that would save him from the worst, if they were very bad. He imagined a perfect interview, in which he met no one but her.

But it was Mrs. Denton who stood at the head of the stairs to receive him when the door promptly opened to his ring; she explained that her husband had put the lock in order since she had last admitted him. Ray managed to say that he wished merely to see her sister for a moment, and why, and she said that Peace had gone out, but would be at home again very soon. She said her father would be glad to have him sit down with him till Peace came back.

Ray submitted. He found the old man coughing beside the front window, that looked out on the lines of the railroad, and the ugly avenue beneath.

Hughes knew him at once, and called to him: "Well, young man! I am glad to see you! How do you do?" He held out his hand when he was seated, and when Ray had shaken it, he motioned with it to the vacant chair on the other side of the window.

"I hope you are well, sir?" said Ray.

"I'm getting the better of this nasty cough gradually, and I pick up a little new strength every day. Yes, I'm doing very well. For the present I have to keep housed, and that's tiresome. But it gives me time for a bit of writing that I have in hand; I'm putting together the impressions that this civilization of yours makes on me, in a little book that I call *The World Revisited.*"

Ray did not see exactly why Hughes should say *his* civilization, as if he had invented it; but he did not disclaim it; and Hughes went on without interruption from him.

"I hope to get my old friend Chapley to bring it out for me, if I can reconcile him to its radical opinions. He's timid, Chapley is; and my book's rather bold."

Ray's thought darted instantly to his own book, and ran it over in every part, seeking whether there might be something in it that was too bold for a timid publisher, or a timid publisher's professional readers. He was aware of old Hughes monologuing on with the satisfaction of an author who speaks of his work to a listener he has at his mercy.

"My book is a criticism of modern life in all its aspects, though necessarily, as the field is so vast, I can touch on some only in the most cursory fashion. For instance, take this whole architectural nightmare that we call a city. I hold that the average tasteless man has no right to realize his ideas of a house in the presence of a great multitude of his fellow-beings. It is an indecent exposure of his mind, and should not be permitted. All these structural forms about us, which with scarcely an exception are ugly and senseless, I regard as so many immoralities, as deliriums, as imbecilities, which a civilized state would not permit, and I say so in my book. The city should build the city, and provide every denizen with a fit and beautiful habitation to work in and rest in."

* Begun in March number, 1892.

"I'm afraid," said Ray, tearing his mind from his book to put it on this proposition, "that such an idea might be found rather startling."

"How, startling? Why, startling?" Hughes demanded.

"I don't know. Wouldn't it infringe upon private rights? Wouldn't it be a little tyrannical?"

"What private rights has a man in the outside of his house?" Hughes retorted. "The interior might be left to his ignorance and vulgarity. But the outside of my house is not for *me!* It's for others! The public sees it ten times where I see it once. If I make it brutal and stupid, *I* am the tyrant, *I* am the oppressor — I, the individual! Besides, when the sovereign people is really lord of itself, it can and will do no man wrong."

Ray had his misgivings, but he would not urge them, because it was a gnawing misery to think of anything but his story, and he let Hughes break the silence that he let follow.

"And so," the old man said presently, as if speaking of his own book had reminded him of Ray's, "you have written a novel, young man. And what is your justification for writing a novel at a time like this, when we are all trembling on the verge of a social cataclysm?"

"Justification?" Ray faltered.

"Yes. How does it justify itself? How does it serve God and help man? Does it dabble with the passion of love between a girl and boy as if that were the chief concern of men and women? Or does it touch some of the real concerns of life—some of the problems pressing on to their solution, and needing the prayerful attention of every human creature?"

"It isn't merely a love-story," said Ray, glad to get to it, on any terms, "though it is a love-story. But I've ventured to employ a sort of psychological motive."

"What sort?"

"Well—hypnotism."

"A mere toy, that Poe and Hawthorne played with in the old mesmerist days, and I don't know how many others."

"I don't play with it as they did, exactly," said Ray.

"Oh, I've no doubt you employ it to as new effect as the scientifics who are playing with it again. But how can you live in this camp of embattled forces, where luxury and misery are armed against each other, and every lover of his kind should give heart and brain to the solution of the riddle that is maddening brother against brother,—how can you live on here and be content with the artistic study of hysteria?"

The strong words of the old man, which fell tingling with emotion, had no meaning for the soul of youth in Ray; he valued them æsthetically, but he could not make personal application of them. He had a kind of amusement in answering: "Well, I'm not quite so bad as you think, Mr. Hughes. I wrote my story several years ago. I don't suppose I could do anything of the kind, now."

Hughes's mouth seemed stopped for the moment by this excuse. He sat glaring at Ray's bright, handsome face through his overhanging, shaggy eyebrows, and seemed waiting to gather strength for another onset, when his daughter Peace came silently into the room behind Ray.

Her father did not give her time to greet their visitor. "Well," he called out with a voice of stormy pathos, "how did you leave that poor woman?"

"She is dead," answered the girl.

"Good!" said Hughes. "So far, so good. Who is living?"

"There are several children. The people in the house are taking care of them."

"Of course! There, young man," said Hughes, "is a psychological problem better worth your study than the phenomena of hypnotism: the ability of poverty to provide for want out of its very destitution. The miracle of the loaves and fishes is wrought here every day in the great tenement-houses. Those who have nothing for themselves can still find something for others. The direst want may be trusted to share its crust with those who have not a crust; and still something remains, as if Christ had blessed the bread and broken it among the famishing. Don't you think that an interesting and romantic fact, a mystery meriting the attention of literary art?"

It did strike Ray as a good notion; something might be done with it, say in a Christmas story, if you could get hold of a tenement-house incident of that kind, and keep it from becoming allegorical in the working out.

This went through Ray's mind as he stood thinking also how he should ask the girl for his manuscript and the criti-

cisms on it without seeming foolishly eager. Her father's formidable intervention had dispensed him from the usual greetings, and he could only say, "Oh! Miss Hughes, Mr. Brandreth told me I might come and get my story of you—*A Modern Romeo*—and the readers' opinions. I—I thought I should like to look them over; and—and—"

"I haven't had time to copy them yet," she answered. "Mr. Brandreth wished you to see them; but we keep the readers anonymous, and he thought I had better show them to you all in my handwriting."

"I shouldn't know the writers. He said I could see them as they are."

"Well, then, I will go and get them for you," she answered. She left him a moment, and he remained with her father unmolested. The old man sat staring out on the avenue, with his head black against its gathering lights.

She gave him the packet she brought back with her, and then she followed him out of the apartment upon the landing, after he had made his acknowledgments and adieux.

"I thought," she said, timidly, "you would like to know that I had given your dollar for these poor children. Was that right?"

Ray's head was so full of his story that he answered vaguely, "My dollar?" Then he remembered. "Oh! Oh yes! It was right—quite right! I'm glad you did it. Miss Hughes! Excuse me; but would you mind telling me whether you have happened to look at the story yourself?"

She hesitated, and then answered: "Yes. I've read it."

"Oh, then," he bubbled out, knowing that he was wrong and foolish, but helpless to refrain, "before I read those things, won't you tell me— I should care more— I should like so much to know what *you*— I suppose I've no right to ask!"

He tried to make some show of decency about the matter, but in fact he had the heart to ask a dying man his opinion, in that literary passion which spares nothing, and is as protean as love itself in its disguises.

"I suppose," she answered, "that I had no right to read it; I wasn't asked to do it."

"Oh, yes, you had. I'm very glad you did."

"The opinions about it were so different that I couldn't help looking at it, and then—I kept on," she said.

"Were they so *very* different?" he asked, trembling with his author's sensitiveness, while the implication of praise in her confession worked like a frenzied hope in his brain. "And you kept on? Then it interested you?"

She did not answer his question, but said: "None of them thought just alike about it. But you'll see them—"

"No, no! Tell me what you thought of it yourself! Was there some part that seemed better than the rest?"

She hesitated. "No, I would rather not say. I oughtn't to have told you I had read it."

"You didn't like it!"

"Yes; I did like parts of it. But I mustn't say any more."

"But which parts?" he pleaded. "Which parts?"

"You mustn't ask me. The readers' opinions—"

"I don't care for them. I care for your opinion," said Ray, perversely. "What did you mean by their being all different? Of course, I'm absurd! But you don't know how much depends upon this book. It isn't that it's the only book I expect ever to write; but if it should be rejected! I've had to wait a long while already; and then to have to go peddling it round among the other publishers! Do you think it's hopelessly bad, or could I make it over? What did you dislike in it? Didn't you approve of the hypnotism? That was the only thing I could think of to bring about the climax. And did it seem too melodramatic? *Romeo and Juliet* is melodramatic! I hope you won't think I'm usually so nervous about my work," he went on, wondering that he should be giving himself away so freely, when he was really so reserved. "I've been a long time writing the story; and I've worked over it and worked over it, till I've quite lost the sense of it. I don't believe I can make head or tail of those opinions. That's the reason why I wanted you to tell me what you thought of it yourself."

"But I have no right to do that. It would be interfering with other people's work. It wouldn't be fair towards Mr. Brandreth; the readers' suggestions ought to come to you unprejudiced," she pleaded.

"I see. I didn't see that before. And

you're quite right, and I beg your pardon. Good-night!"

He put his manuscript on the seat in the elevated train, and partly sat upon it, that he might not forget it when he left the car. But as he read the professional opinions of it he wished the thing could lose him, and never find him again. No other novel, he thought, could ever have had such a variety of certain faults, together with the vague merit which each of its critics seemed to feel in greater measure or less. Their work, he had to own, had been faithfully done; he had not even the poor consolation of accusing them of a neglect of duty. They had each read his story, and they spoke of it with intelligence in a way, if not every way. Each condemned it on a different ground, but as it stood they all joined in condemning it; and they did not so much contradict one another as dwell on different defects, so that together they covered the whole field with their censure. One of them reproached it for its crude realism, and the sort of helpless fidelity to provincial conditions which seemed to come from the author's ignorance of anything different. Another blamed the youthful romanticism of its dealings with passion. A third pointed out the gross improbability of the plot in our modern circumstance. A fourth objected to the employment of hypnotism as a clumsy piece of machinery, and an attempt to reach the public interest through a prevailing fad. A fifth touched upon the obvious imitation of Hawthorne in the psychical analyses. A sixth accused the author of having adopted Thackeray's manner without Thackeray's material.

Ray resented with a keen sense of personal affront these criticisms in severalty, but their combined effect was utter humiliation, though they were less true taken together than they were separately. At the bottom of his sore and angry heart he could not deny their truth, and yet he knew that there was something in his book which none of them had taken account of, and that this was its life, which had come out of his own. He was aware of all those crude and awkward and affected things, but he believed there was something too that went with them, and that had not been in fiction before.

It was this something which he hoped that girl had felt in his story; and which he was trying to get her to own to him before he looked at the opinions. They confounded and distracted him beyond his foreboding, even, and it was an added anguish to keep wondering, as he did all night, whether she had really found anything more in the novel than his critics had. As he turned from side to side, and beat his pillow into this shape and that, he reconstructed the story after one critic's suggestion, and then after another's; but the material only grew more defiant and impossible; if it could not keep the shape it had, it would take no other. That was plain; and the only thing to be done was to throw it away, and write something else; for it was not reasonable to suppose that Mr. Brandreth would think of bringing the book out in the teeth of all these adverse critics. But now he had no heart to think of anything else, although he was always thinking of something else while there was hope of getting this published. His career as an author was at an end; he must look about for some sort of newspaper work; he ought to be very glad if he could get something to do as a space man.

XXII.

He rose, after a late nap following his night-long vigils, with despair in his soul. He believed it was despair, and so it was, to all intents and purposes. But when he had bathed he seemed to have washed a little of his despair away; when he had dressed, he felt hungry, and he ate his breakfast with rather more than his usual appetite.

The reaction was merely physical, and his gloom settled round him again when he went back to his attic, and saw his manuscript and those deadly opinions. He had not the heart to go out anywhere, and he cowered alone in his room. If he could only get the light of some other mind on the facts he might grapple with them, but without this he was limp and helpless. Now he knew, in spite of all his pretences to the contrary, in spite of the warnings and cautions he had given himself, that he had not only hoped, but had expected, that his story would be found good enough to publish. Yet none of these readers, even those who found some meritorious traits in it, had apparently dreamed of recommending it for publication. It was no wonder that Miss Hughes had been so unwilling to tell

him what she thought of it; that she had urged him so strongly to read the opinions first. What a fool she must have thought him!

There was no one else he could appeal to, unless it was old Kane. He did not know where Kane lived, even if he could have gathered the courage to go to him in his extremity; and he bet himself that Kane would not repeat his last Sunday's visit. The time for any reasonable hope of losing passed, and then to his great joy he lost. There came a hesitating step outside his door, as if some one were in doubt where to knock, and then a tap at it.

Ray flung it open, and at sight of Kane, the tears came into his eyes, and he could not speak.

"Why, my dear friend!" cried Kane, "what is the matter?"

Ray kept silent till he could say, coldly: "Nothing. It's all over."

Kane stepped into the room, and took off his hat. "If you haven't been rejected by the object of your affections, you have had the manuscript of your novel declined. These are the only things that really bring annihilation. I think the second is worse. A man is never so absolutely and solely in love with one woman but he knows some other who is potentially lovable; that is the wise provision of Nature. But while a man has a manuscript at a publisher's, it is the only manuscript in the world. You can readily work out the comparison. I hope you have merely been disappointed in love, my dear boy."

Ray smiled ruefully. "I'm afraid it's worse."

"Then Chapley & Co. have declined your novel definitively?"

"Not in set terms; or not yet. But their readers have all reported against it, and I've passed the night in reading their opinions. I've got them by heart. Would you like to hear me repeat them?" he demanded, with a fierce self-scorn.

Kane looked at him compassionately. "Heaven forbid! I could repeat them, I dare say, as accurately as you; the opinions of readers do not vary much, and I have had many novels declined."

"Have you?" Ray faltered with compunction for his arrogation of all such suffering to himself.

"Yes. That was one reason why I began to write *Hard Sayings*. But if you will let me offer you another leaf from my experience, I will suggest that there are many chances for reprieve and even pardon after the readers have condemned your novel. I once had a novel accepted—the only novel I ever had accepted—after all the publishers' readers had pronounced against it."

"Had you?" Ray came tremulously back at him.

"Yes," sighed Kane. "That is why Chapley is so fond of me; he has forgiven me a deadly injury." He paused to let his words carry Ray down again, and then he asked, with a nod toward the bed where the young fellow had flung his manuscript and the readers' opinions, "Might I?"

"Oh, certainly," said Ray from his depths; and Kane took up the opinions and began to run them over.

"Yes, they have a strangely familiar effect; they are like echoes from my own past." He laid them down again. "Do you think they are right?"

"Yes. Perfectly! That is—"

"Oh! *That is*. There is hope, I see."

"How, hope?" Ray retorted. "Does my differing with them make any difference as to the outcome?"

"For the book, no, perhaps; for you, yes, decidedly. It makes all the difference between being stunned and being killed. It is not pleasant to be stunned, but it is not for such a long time as being killed. What is your story about?"

It astonished Ray himself to find how much this question revived his faith and courage. His undying interest in the thing by and for itself, as indestructible as a mother's love, revived, and he gave Kane the outline of his novel. Then he filled this in, and he did not stop till he had read some of the best passages. He suddenly tossed the manuscript from him. "What a fool I am!"

Kane gave his soft, thick laugh, shutting his eyes, and showing his small white teeth, still beautifully sound. "Oh, no! Oh, no! I have read worse things than that! I have written worse than that. Come, come! Here is nothing to beat the breast for. I doubt if Chapley's will take it, in defiance of their readers; their experience with me has rendered that very improbable. But they are not the only publishers in New York, or Philadelphia even; I'm told they have very eager ones in Chicago. Why shouldn't the *roman psychologique*, if that's the

next thing as Mr. Brandreth believes, get on its legs at Chicago, and walk East?"

"I wonder," Ray said, rising aimlessly from his chair, "whether it would do to call on Mr. Brandreth to-day? This suspense— Do you know whether he is very religious?"

"How should I know such a thing of my fellow-man in New York? I don't know it even of myself. At times I am very religious, and at times, not. But Mr. Brandreth is rather a formal little man, and a business interview on Sunday with an agonized author might not seem exactly decorous to him."

"I got the impression he wasn't very stiff. But it wouldn't do," said Ray, before Kane had rounded his neat period. "What an ass I am!"

"We are all asses," Kane sighed. "It is the great bond of human brotherhood. When did you get these verdicts?"

"Oh, Mr. Brandreth told me Miss Hughes had taken them home with her yesterday, and I couldn't rest till I had his leave to go and get them of her."

"Exactly. If we know there is possible unhappiness in store for us, we don't wait for it; we make haste and look it up, and embrace it. And how did my dear old friend Hughes, if you saw him, impress you this time?"

"I saw him, and I still prefer him to *his* friends," said Ray.

"Naturally. There are not many people, even in a planet so overpeopled as this, who are the peers of David Hughes. He goes far to make me respect my species. Of course he is ridiculous. A man so hopeful as Hughes is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the human proposition. How can there reasonably be hope in a world where poverty and death are? To be sure, Hughes proposes to eliminate poverty and explain death. You know he thinks—he really believes, I suppose—that if he could once get his millennium going, and everybody so blessed in this life that the absolute knowledge of heavenly conditions in another would not tempt us to suicide, then the terror and the mystery of death would be taken away, and the race would be trusted with its beneficent meaning. It's rather a pretty notion."

Ray, with his narrow experience, would not have been able to grasp it fully. Now he broke out without the least relevancy to it, "I wonder how it would do to remodel my story so far as to transfer the scene to New York? It might be more popular." The criticism that one of those readers had made on the helplessness of his fidelity to simple rustic conditions had suddenly begun to gall him afresh. "I beg your pardon. I *didn't* notice what you were saying! I can't get my mind off that miserable thing!"

Kane laughed. "Oh, don't apologize. I know how it is. Perhaps a change of scene *would* be good; it's often advised, you know." He laughed again, and Ray with him, ruefully, and now he rose.

"Oh, must you go?" Ray entreated.

"Yes. You are best alone; when we are in pain we *are* alone, anyway. If misery loves company, company certainly does not love misery. I can stand my own troubles, but not other people's. Good-by! We will meet again when you are happier."

XXIII.

Mr. Brandreth tried hard to escape from the logic of his readers' opinions. In the light of his friendly optimism they took almost a favorable cast. He argued with Ray that there was nothing absolutely damnatory in those verdicts, that they all more or less tacitly embodied a recommendation to mercy. So far his personal kindliness carried him, but beyond this point business put up her barrier. He did not propose to take the book in spite of his readers; he said he would see; and after having seen for a week longer, he returned the MS. with a letter assuring Ray of his regret, and saying that if he could modify the story according to the suggestions of their readers, Chapley & Co. would be pleased to examine it again.

Ray had really expected some such answer as this, though he hoped against reason for something different. In view of it he had spent the week mentally recasting the story in this form and in that; sometimes it yielded to his efforts, in one way or another; when the manuscript came into his hands again, he saw that it was immutably fixed in the terms he had given it, and that it must remain essentially what it was, in spite of any external travesty.

He offered Mr. Brandreth his thanks and excuses for not trying to make any change in it until he had first offered it as it was to other publishers. He asked if it would shut him out of Chapley & Co.'s grace if he were refused elsewhere,

and received an answer of the most flattering cordiality to the effect that their desire to see the work in another shape was quite unconditioned. Mr. Brandreth seemed to have put a great deal of heart in this answer; it was most affectionately expressed; it closed with the wish that he might soon see Ray at his house again.

Ray could not have believed, but for the experience which came to him, that there could be so many reasons for declining to publish any one book as the different publishers now gave him. For the most part they deprecated the notion of even looking at it. The book trade had never been so prostrate before; events of the most unexpected nature had conspired to reduce it to a really desperate condition. The unsettled state of Europe had a good deal to do with it; the succession of bad seasons at the West affected it most distinctly. The approach of a Presidential year was unfavorable to this sensitive traffic. Above all, the suspense created by the lingering and doubtful fate of the international copyright bill was playing havoc with it; people did not know what course to take; it was impossible to plan any kind of enterprise, or to risk any sort of project. Men who had been quite buoyant in regard to the bill seemed carried down to the lowest level of doubt as to its fate by the fact that Ray had a novel to offer them; they could see no hope for American fiction, if that English trash was destined to flood the market indefinitely. They sympathized with him, but they said they were all in the same boat, and that the only thing was to bring all the pressure each could to bear upon Congress. The sum of their counsel and condolence came to the effect in Ray's mind that his best hope was to get *A Modern Romeo* printed by Congress as a Public Document and franked by the Senators and Representatives to their constituents. He found a melancholy amusement in noting the change in the mood of those who were used to meet him cheerfully and carelessly as the correspondent of a newspaper, and now found themselves confronted with an author, and felt his manuscript at their throats. Some tried to joke; some became helplessly serious; some sought to temporize.

Those whose circumstances and engagements forbade them even to look at his novel were the easiest to bear with. They did not question the quality or character of his work; they had no doubt of its excellence, and they had perfect faith in its success; but simply their hands were so full they could not touch it. The other sort, when they consented to examine the story, kept it so long that Ray could not help forming false hopes of the outcome; or else they returned it with a precipitation that mortified his pride, and made him sceptical of their having looked into it at all. He did not experience unconditional rejection everywhere. In some cases the readers proposed radical and impossible changes, as Chapley & Co.'s readers had done. In one instance they so far recommended it that the publisher was willing to lend his imprint and manage the book for the per cent. usually paid to authors, if Ray would meet all the expenses. There was an enthusiast who even went so far as to propose that he would publish it if Ray would pay the cost of the electrotype plates. He appeared to think this a handsome offer, and Ray in fact found it so much better than nothing that he went into some serious estimates upon it. He called in the help of old Kane, who was an expert in the matter of electrotyping, and was able from his sad experience to give him the exact figures. They found that *A New Romeo* would make some four hundred and thirty or forty pages, and that at the lowest price the plates would cost more than three hundred dollars. The figure made Ray gasp; the mere thought of it impoverished him. His expenses had already eaten a hundred dollars into his savings beyond the five dollars a week he had from the *Midland Echo* for his letters. If he paid out this sum for his plates, he should now have some ninety dollars left.

"But then," said Kane, arching his eyebrows, "the trifling sum of three hundred dollars, risked upon so safe a venture as *A New Romeo*, will probably result in riches beyond the dreams of avarice."

"Yes; or it may result in total loss," Ray returned.

"It is a risk. But what was it you have been asking all these other people to do? One of them turns and asks you to share the risk with him; he asks you to risk less than half on a book that you have written yourself, and he will risk the other half. What just ground have you for refusing his generous offer?"

"It isn't my business to publish books; it's my business to write them," said Ray, coldly.

"Ah-h-h! Very true! That is a solid position. Then all you have to do to make it quite impregnable is to write such books that other men will be eager to take all the risks of publishing them. It appears that in the present case you omitted to do that." Kane watched Ray's face with whimsical enjoyment. "I was afraid you were putting your reluctance upon the moral ground, and that you were refusing to bet on your book because you thought it wrong to bet."

"I'm afraid," said Ray, dejectedly, "that the moral question didn't enter with me. If people thought it wrong to make bets of that kind, it seems to me that all business would come to a standstill."

"'Sh!" said Kane, putting his finger to his lip, and glancing round with burlesque alarm. "This is open incivism. It is accusing the whole frame-work of commercial civilization. Go on; it's delightful to hear you; but don't let any one *over*hear you."

"I don't know what you mean," said Ray, with sullen resentment, "about incivism. I'm saying what everybody knows."

"Ah! But what everybody *knows* is just what nobody *says*. If people said what they knew, society would tumble down like a house of cards."

Ray was silent, far withdrawn from these generalities into his personal question.

Kane asked compassionately, "Then you think you can't venture — risk — chance it? Excuse me! I was trying to find a euphemism for the action, but there seems none!"

"No; I daren't do it! The risk is too great."

"That seems to be the consensus of the book trade concerning it. Perhaps you are right. *Would* you mind," asked Kane with all his sweet politeness, "letting me take your manuscript home, and go over it carefully?"

"*Let* you!" Ray began in a rapture of gratitude, but Kane stopped him.

"No, no! Don't expect anything! *Don't* form any hopes. Simply suppose me to be reading it as a lover of high-class fiction, with no ulterior view whatever. I am really the feeblest of conies, and I have not even the poor advantage of having my habitation in the rocks. Good-by! Good-day! Don't try to stop me with civilities! Heaven knows how far my noble purpose will hold if it is weakened by any manner of delay."

Ray lived a day longer in the flimsiest air-castle that ever the vagrant winds blew through. In the evening Kane came back with his story.

"Well, my dear young friend, you have certainly produced the despair of criticism in this extraordinary fiction of yours. I don't wonder all the readers have been of so many minds about it. I only wonder that any one man could be of any one mind about it long enough to get himself down on paper. In some respects it is the very worst thing I ever saw, and yet—and yet—it interested me, it held me to the end. I will make a confession; I will tell you the truth. I took the thing home hoping to find justification in it for approaching a poor friend of mine who is in the publishing line, and making him believe that his interest lay in publishing it. But I could not bring myself to so simple an act of bad faith. I found I should have to say to my friend, 'Here is a novel which might make your everlasting fortune, but most of the chances are against it. There are twenty chances that it will fail to one that it will succeed; just the average of failure and success in business life. You had better take it.' Of course he would not take it, because he could not afford to add a special risk to the general business risk. You see?"

"I see," said Ray, but without the delight that a case so beautifully reasoned should bring to the logical mind. At the bottom of his heart, though he made such an outward show of fairness and impersonality, he was simply and selfishly emotional about his book. He could not enter into the humor of Kane's dramatization of the case; he tacitly accused him of inconsistency, and possibly of envy and jealousy. It began to be as if it were Kane alone who was keeping his book from its chance with the public. This conception, which certainly appeared perverse to Ray at times, was at others entirely in harmony with one of several theories of the man. He had chilled Ray more than once by the cold cynicism of his opinions concerning mankind at large; and now Ray asked himself why Kane's cynicism should not characterize his be-

havior towards him, too. Such a man would find a delight in studying him in his defeat, and turning his misery into phrases and aphorisms.

He was confirmed in his notion of Kane's heartlessness by the strange behavior of Mr. Brandreth, who sent for his manuscript one morning, asking if he might keep it a few days, and then returned it the same day, with what Ray thought an insufficient explanation of the transaction. He proudly suffered a week under its inadequacy, and then he went to Mr. Brandreth, and asked him just what the affair meant; it seemed to him that he had a right to know.

Mr. Brandreth laughed in rather a shamefaced way. "I may as well make a clean breast of it. As I told you when we first met, I've been wanting to publish a novel for some time, and although I haven't read yours, the plot attracted me, and I thought I would give it another chance—the best chance I could. I wanted to show it to a friend of yours—I suppose I may say friend; at least it was somebody that I thought would be prejudiced more in favor of it than against it; and I had made up my mind that if the person approved of it, I would read it too, and if we agreed about it, I would get Mr. Chapley to risk it. But—I found that the person had read it."

"And didn't like it?"

"I can't say that, exactly."

"If it comes to that," said Ray, with a bitter smile, "it doesn't matter about the precise terms." He could not speak for a moment; then he swallowed the choking lump in his throat, and offered Brandreth his hand. "Thank *you*, Mr. Brandreth! I'm sure *you're* my friend; and I sha'n't forget your kindness."

XXIV.

The disappointment which Ray had to suffer would have been bad enough simply as the refusal of his book; with the hope raised in him and then crushed after the first great defeat, the trial was doubly bitter. It was a necessity of his suffering and his temperament to translate it into some sort of literary terms, and he now beguiled his enforced leisure by beginning several stories and poems involving his experience. One of the poems he carried so far that he felt the need of another eye on it to admire it and confirm him in his good opinion of it; he pretended that he wanted criticism, but he wanted praise. He would have liked to submit the poem to Kane, but he could not do this now, though the coldness between them was tacit, and they met as friends when they met. He had a vulgar moment when he thought that it would be a fine revenge if he could make Kane listen to that passage of his poem which described the poet's betrayal by a false friend; by the man who held his fate in his hand and coolly turned against him. Kane must feel the sting of self-reproach from this through all the disguises of time and place which wrapped it; but the vulgar moment passed, and Ray became disgusted with that part of his poem, and cut it out.

As it remained then, it was the pathetic story of a poet who comes up to some Oriental court with his song, but never gains a hearing, and dies neglected and unknown; he does not even achieve fame after death. Ray did not know why he chose an Oriental setting for his story, but perhaps it was because it removed it farther from the fact, and made it less recognizable. It would certainly lend itself more easily to illustration in that shape, if he could get some magazine to take it.

When he decided that he could not show it to Kane, and dismissed a fleeting notion of Mr. Brandreth as impossible, he thought of Miss Hughes. He had in fact thought of her first of all, but he had to feign that he had not. There had lingered in his mind a discomfort concerning her which he would have removed much sooner, if it had been the only discomfort there; mixed with his other troubles, his shame for having rudely and even indelicately urged her to speak of his story when he saw her last, did not persist separately or incessantly. He had imagined scenes in which he repaired his error, but he had never really tried to do so. It was now available as a pretext for showing her his poem; he could make it lead on to that; but he did not own any such purpose to himself when he put the poem into his pocket and went to make her his tardy excuses.

The Hughes family were still at table when Denton let him into their apartment, and old Hughes came himself into the front room where Ray was provisionally shown, and asked him to join them.

"My children thought that I was wanting in the finer hospitalities when you

were here before, and I forced my superabundance of reasons upon you. I forget, sometimes, that no man ever directly persuaded me, in my eagerness to have people think as I do. Will you show that you have forgiven me by eating salt with us?"

"There is a little potato to eat it on, Mr. Ray," Mrs. Denton called gayly from the dining-room, and as Ray appeared there, Peace rose and set a plate for him next the old man. In front were the twins in high chairs, one on each side of their father, who from time to time put a knife or fork, or cup and saucer, beyond their reach, and left them to drub the table with nothing more offensive than their little soft fists.

There were not only potatoes, but some hot biscuits too, and there was tea. Ray had often sat down to no better meal at his father's table, and he thought it good enough, even after several years' sophistication in cities.

"There was to have been steak," Mrs. Denton went on, with a teasing look at her husband, "but Ansel saw something on the way home which took away his appetite so completely that he thought we wouldn't want any steak."

Hughes began to fill himself with the tea and biscuit and potatoes, and he asked vaguely, "What did he see?"

"Oh, merely a family that had been put out on the sidewalk for their rent. I think that after this when Ansel won't come home by the elevated, he ought to walk up on the west side so that he can get some good from the exercise. He won't see families set out on the sidewalk in Fifth Avenue."

Ray laughed with her at her joke, and Peace smiled with a deprecating glance at Denton. Hughes paid no heed to what they were saying, and Denton said: "The more we see and feel the misery around us, the better. If we shut our eyes to it, and live in luxury ourselves—"

"Oh, I don't call salt and potatoes luxury exactly," said his wife.

Denton remained darkly silent a moment, and then began to laugh with the helplessness of a melancholy man when something breaks through his sadness. "I should like to see a family set out on Fifth Avenue for back rent," he said, and he laughed on; and then he fell suddenly silent again.

Ray said, for whatever relief it could give the situation, that it was some comfort to realize that the cases of distress which one saw were not always genuine. He told of a man who had begged of him at a certain point that morning, and then met him a few minutes later, and asked alms again on the ground that he had never begged before in his life. "I recalled myself to him, and he apologized handsomely, and gave me his blessing."

"Did he look as if he had got rich begging?" Denton asked.

"No; he looked as if he could have got a great deal richer working," Ray answered, neatly.

Mrs. Denton laughed, but her laugh did not give him the pleasure it would have done if Peace had not remained looking seriously at him.

"You think so?" Denton returned. "How much should you say the average laboring-man with a family could save out of his chances of wages?"

Hughes caught at the word save, and emerged with it from his revery. "Frugality is one of the vices we must hope to abolish. It is one of the lowest forms of selfishness, which can only be defended by reference to the state of Ishmaelitism in which we live."

"Oh, but surely, father," Mrs. Denton mocked, "you want street beggars to save, don't you, so they can have something to retire on?"

"No; let them take their chance with the rest," said the old man, with an imperfect hold of her irony.

"There are so many of them," Ray suggested, "they couldn't all hope to retire on a competency. I never go out without meeting one."

"I wish there were more," said Denton, passionately. "I wish they would swarm up from their cellars and garrets into all the comfortable streets of the town, till every rich man's door-step had a beggar on it, to show him what his wealth was based on."

"It wouldn't avail," Hughes replied. "All that is mere sentimentality. The rich man would give to the first two or three, and then he would begin to realize that if he gave continually, he would beggar himself. He would harden his heart; he would know, as he does now, that he must not take the chance of suffering for himself and his family by relieving the suffering of others. He could put it on the highest moral ground."

"In the Family," said Peace, speaking

for the first time, "there was no chance of suffering."

"No. But the community saved itself from chance by shutting out the rest of the world. It was selfish, too. The Family must include the whole world," said her father. "There is a passage bearing upon that point in what I've been writing to-day. I will just read a part of it."

He pushed back his chair, but Peace said, "I'll get your manuscript, father," and brought it to him.

The passage was a long one, and Hughes read it all with an author's unsparing zest. At that rate Ray saw no hope of being able to read his poem, and he felt it out of taste for Hughes to take up the time. When he ended at last and left the table, Peace began to clear it away, while Mrs. Denton sat hearing herself talk and laugh. The twins had fallen asleep in their chairs, and she let their father carry them off and bestow them in the adjoining room. As he took them tenderly up from their chairs, he pressed his face close upon their little slumbering faces, and mumbled their fingers with his bearded lips. The sight of his affection impressed Ray, even in the preoccupation of following the movements of Peace, as she kept about her work.

"Is he as homesick as ever?" Ray asked Mrs. Denton, when he was gone.

"Yes; he's worse," she answered lightly. "He hasn't got father's faith in the millennium to keep him up. He would like to go back to-morrow, if there was anything to go back to."

Peace halted a moment in her passing to and fro, and said, as if in deprecation of any slight or censure that her sister's words might seem to imply: "He sees a great many discouraging things. They're doing so much now by process, and unless an engraver has a great deal of talent, and can do the best kind of work, there's very little work for him. Ansel has seen so many of them lose their work by the new inventions. What seems so bad to him is that these processes really make better pictures than the common engravers can, and yet they make life worse. He never did believe that an artist ought to get a living by his art."

"Then I don't see why he objects to the new processes," said Ray, with the heartlessness which so easily passes for wit. Peace looked at him with grave surprise.

Mrs. Denton laughed over the cat which had got up in her lap. "That's what I tell him. But it doesn't satisfy him."

"You know," said the younger sister with a reproach in her tone, which brought Ray sensibly under condemnation too, "that he means that art must be free before it can be true, and that there can be no freedom where there is the fear of want."

"Well," said Mrs. Denton, turning her head for a new effect of the sleeping cat, "there was no fear of want in the Family; but there wasn't much art, either."

Ray was tempted to laugh, but he wanted above all to read his poem, and to lead up to it without delay, and he denied himself the pleasure of a giggle with Mrs. Denton. "I suppose," he said, "the experiment of emancipation is tried on too small a scale in a community."

"That is what father thinks," said Peace. "That is why he wants the whole world to be free."

"Yes," said Ray, aware of a relenting in her towards himself; and he added, with apparent inconsequence: "Perhaps it would help forward the time for it if every artist could express his feeling about it, or represent it somehow."

"I don't see exactly how they could in a picture or a statue," said Mrs. Denton.

"No," Ray assented from the blind alley where he had unexpectedly brought up. He broke desperately from it, and said, more toward Peace than toward her sister, "I have been trying to turn my own little disappointment into poetry. You know," he added, "that Chapley & Co. have declined my book?"

"Yes," she admitted, with a kind of shyness.

"I wonder," and here Ray took the manuscript out of his pocket, "whether you would let me read you some passages of my poem."

Mrs. Denton assented eagerly, and Peace less eagerly but with an interest that was enough for him. Before he began to read, Mrs. Denton said a number of things that seemed suddenly to have accumulated in her mind, mostly irrelevant; she excused herself for leaving the room, and begged Ray to wait till she came back. Several times during the reading she escaped and returned; the poet finished in one of her absences.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GROWTH OF THE FEDERAL POWER.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

IN 1832 De Tocqueville wrote these words, which within a few months were signally shown to be false: "The Union is a vast body which presents no definite object to patriotic feeling;" and these: "If the sovereignty of the Union were to engage in a struggle with that of the States at the present day, its defeat may be confidently predicted; and it is not probable that such a struggle would be seriously undertaken. As often as steady resistance is offered to the Federal government, it will be found to yield."

The supreme test came in 1861, and the Federal government encountered and overcame the active armed hostility of not one but eleven States, and secret, dangerous, and powerful enmity in several more. At the time when De Tocqueville wrote, every great leader in the war of the rebellion had been born. Within sixteen years occurred a war with a foreign power for a political purpose opposed to the moral sentiments of many of the people of twelve of the then existing twenty-nine States; and yet no one in all those States endeavored to give aid and comfort to the foreign enemy of the Federal government. It is true that the controlling party in some of the Northern States was the party of the administration, but no influential individual among the citizens whose conscientious scruples and material interests were trampled upon by the armies that invaded Mexico advocated forcible resistance to the Federal government.

The truth is that the direction in which the powers of government in the United States have always tended is opposite to that fancied by De Tocqueville. In the very year in which he wrote, the State of South Carolina was threatening secession and undertaking nullification. A brief delay in publishing *Democracy in America* would have demolished the French philosopher's chapter on the weakness of the Federal government and the overshadowing power of the States.

The history of the Federal government is one of growing strength and influence. The difference between the intention of the founders of the system and of the existing fact is nearly as great as that between the opinions of Jefferson and moderate Federalists. From the first organization of the government to the present time there has been almost a steady advance towards centralization. This advance has been both aided and retarded by the Supreme Court; but in the legislative branch of the government and in the popular mind the proportions of the Federal government have constantly grown larger. It has not been the tendency of the people of the republic to strengthen the local government at the expense of the general government. On the contrary, the general government has grown at the cost of the States, and within a very few months a measure was passed by the House of Representatives, and was barely prevented from passing in the Senate by a compact between Democrats and Republican advocates of the free coinage of silver, which would have interfered with the political rights of the towns, and of the individual.

In the war of 1812, New England was passively disloyal to the Union. As Jefferson said, in a letter to Lafayette, "During that war four of the Eastern States were only attached to the Union like so many inanimate bodies to living men." The Union had not so impressed itself upon the imaginations of the citizens of the States, it had not become so much an essential part of their idea of the government under which they lived, that it appealed to their patriotism. At that time De Tocqueville might have been justified in making the assertion that "the Union is a vast body which presents no definite object to patriotic feeling," but he was far from right in 1832, as South Carolina discovered.

It was in 1801 that John Marshall was made Chief Justice, and immediately began to announce the series of decisions interpretative of the Constitution, which enlarged and extended the Federal jurisdiction far beyond the bounds which were fixed by Jefferson and his party. Marshall, more than any other public man of his day, declared the sovereignty of the Union, but he would doubtless have been astonished, and perhaps disturbed, if at the end of his long and famous career he could have foreseen all the results of his decisions. No one questions Marshall's

decisions at this late day, nor his rule of interpretation by which every grant of power to the Federal government is construed broadly. Courts cannot stand permanently in the way of the growth of a government. They may retard it or they may assist it, and Marshall materially assisted the growth of the power of the Union by bringing it nearer to the individual citizen. When it was determined that a United States certificate must be on board of every steamboat navigating waters that communicated between two or more States, the sovereignty of the Federal government was present with the citizen whenever he made a journey. When it was judicially and authoritatively announced that a State could not tax the securities of the Federal government, the citizen was defended by the Federal sovereignty against the tax-collector of his own commonwealth.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon De Tocqueville's error. It is one that should not have been made by any political writer. The Federal sovereignty was present everywhere—in the post-offices, in the harbors, in the custom-houses. Its councils became the most interesting in the country, and ambitious public men worked through service for the State for promotion to Washington. Moreover, the government which was organized as the common agent for the thirteen States which created it, and upon which were bestowed certain powers essential to the conduct of the business between the States and with foreign powers, soon came to be a creator of States. Pioneers were pressing into the vast territory west of the fringe of ancient colonies along the Atlantic seaboard, and they and their descendants were to look some day upon the Federal government not as something existing through concessions of power by them, but as the power which had clothed them with Statehood. And it required not a great deal of wit and prescience in 1832 to realize that the day was coming when the States that derived their sovereignty from would greatly overbalance the States that had bestowed sovereignty upon the Federal government. And when that day came, other things being equal, the perpetuity of the Union was assured.

In 1832 there were twenty-four States in the Union. Vermont, the first new State, was an old community. Kentucky was organized in 1792, from territory ceded by Virginia. Tennessee was organized in 1796, from territory ceded by North Carolina. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were the States that had then been formed from the Northwest Territory. Maine was the offspring of Massachusetts. The other new States had been organized from territory acquired by purchase from France and Spain. Vermont and Maine were in no wise different in spirit and in habits of thought from the people of the neighboring State. Notwithstanding its nearness to New York, and the long struggle of that State for the Green Mountain district, Vermont belonged, so far as its institutions of local self-government were concerned, to New England. The town, and not the county, was the basis of representation in the more numerous branch of the Legislature.

The settlers of the other States were mainly adventurous or restless spirits, or persons who sought to better themselves in new lands, amid new surroundings. They carried with them, of course, the institutions of the old States from which they came. New England took relatively a very small part in the early emigration westward. Most of the settlers of Kentucky went from Virginia and Tennessee; most of those who settled Tennessee went from North Carolina and Virginia. The new Southern States obtained their population from their own section of the country. In 1850 Ohio had 66,000 New-Englanders among its inhabitants, while 84,000 of its population came from New York, 201,000 from Pennsylvania, and 86,000 from Virginia. The spirit of absolute local independence which makes New England the preserver in this country of the finest and most fundamental of Teutonic institutions was never the happy possession of the majority of the people of the Northwest Territory. To be sure, there is the town meeting in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin as it exists in New York; but the town meeting which does not perform all the legislative functions of the town is an emasculated institution often productive of more evil than good. As I have endeavored to show in a former article, the only town meeting in the United States that is worthy of the name is that which exists in New England.

From the very first the people of the new Territories and the new States lean-

ed on the central authority at Washington. Mr. Garfield used to speak of this fact in order to account for the greater reverence felt for the Federal power in the Western than in the Eastern States. During the Territorial period the people received their laws from Congress, while the administrative and judicial officers were appointed by the President. And when they obtained the right to make their own laws, to choose their own executive officers, to select their own judges, to govern themselves, it was from the Federal government that they received these gifts, and consequently the Federal government impressed itself upon their imaginations very strongly, and came to be regarded both by Americans, upon whom it had conferred the dignity and power of Statehood, and by the swarms of foreigners who subsequently made their way to the West from the monarchies of continental Europe, as the source of all power in the United States, and as the beneficent distributor of all public blessings.

The Confederacy was very modest when it established its first ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory, and yet by that act it came directly in contact with the individual citizen in a way impossible in the States, either for it or its successor, the Union. It was the central authority, even in the time of the weak Confederacy, that guaranteed the citizen from molestation on account of his worship or religious sentiments, that conferred upon him the right to the writ of *habeas corpus* and to bail for all except capital offences, and that defended him from cruel or unusual punishments.

There was an essential difference, however, between that early ordinance and modern statutes governing Territories. Instead of bestowing upon the Confederate Congress the power to enact laws, it provided that the Governor and the judges, or a majority of them, should "adopt and publish in the district such laws of the original States, civil and criminal, as may be necessary and best suited to the circumstances of the district, and report them to Congress from time to time, which laws shall be in force in the district until the organization of the General Assembly therein, unless disapproved by Congress."

The report was made to Congress in its executive capacity, not as a legislative body. When the Constitution was adopted, the ordinance was amended to conform with it, and the President was substituted for Congress. In the later enabling acts, Congress provided more minutely for the government of the Territories which it organized. It came more closely in contact with the individual. It limited the jurisdiction of judicial officers, and made certain provisions concerning the application of the public lands to educational purposes. All this was in harmony with the growing importance of the Federal power. It showed clearly enough that the tendency of government was in the direction of centralization, and that the longer it lived, and the more populous the great West became, the less it would have to fear from the States.

No one questions the right of the United States government to impose conditions upon a Territory seeking admission into the Union. For very many years Congress has insisted, in admitting a new State, that it shall adopt a certain policy, but the extent to which the right is now exercised is very much greater than was dreamed of by the Federal legislators of the early days of the republic. Instead of the enabling act, like that admitting Kentucky, simply consenting to the admission of the new State, we have now an elaborate law undertaking to limit the power of the people over their Constitution. At first this preliminary restraining act was confined to provisions setting aside lands and townships for schools, universities, and roads, but recently there was passed an enabling act which denies the franchise to all people who profess belief in Mormonism. And while these laws cannot be binding upon the people of the States, and cannot prevent their amendment of their Constitutions in direct contravention of the enabling acts, they indicate a state of popular opinion concerning the relation of the Federal government to the States, a general acceptance of the idea that the general government, or the nation, has the right to insist that a Territory seeking Statehood shall possess certain qualifications and make certain pledges before it can be permitted to become a member of the Union. And there is no doubt that a very large number of people would consider the subsequent adoption of a constitutional amendment opposed to the provisions of the enabling act as a breach of faith. Indeed, within

a very short time there has been a dispute as to whether the State of Mississippi has the right to limit the suffrage by the imposition of an educational qualification. All this is very different from the spirit which animated the original thirteen States, for in the day when they were supreme there dwelt hardly a man within the borders of the Union who would not have resented the faintest suggestion that Congress might impose any conditions upon the people's right to frame their own State Constitutions. The Federal Constitution, with its limited grant of powers, alone restrained the States.

But the country grew, and popular opinion grew with it. The States that owed their sovereignty to the Federal government increased in number and influence. In 1832 the new States, counting Vermont and Maine as old, had only 67 Representatives in a House of 240, and 18 of the 48 Senators. In 1850 the 67 had increased to 103 in a House of 237. In 1860 the new States had 121 members, and the old States 122. In 1870 the new States had 160, and the old, 133. The majority of the people of the country lived in States that were created by the Federal government. Moreover, these new States had a majority of the Senate in 1850.

The influence of these facts upon the relative importance of the Federal government has been very great. It cannot be overestimated. At the very beginning of the Union the people of the frontier States sought the assistance of the United States, while the manufacturers obtained the consent of the government to the formation of a quasi-official copartnership. Internal improvements were at once entered upon. Ohio was admitted to the Union in 1802, and in 1806 Congress passed a law providing for the construction of the Cumberland Road, to connect it with the State of Maryland. Jefferson favored the project, but he was jealous for the rights of the States, and insisted that the consent of those through which the road was to run should be obtained before its construction was begun.

The Cumberland Road for many years regularly made its appearance in Congress, and gradually there grew up an opposition to internal improvements, of which Martin Van Buren was eventually the leader. It is a significant fact that hostility to the expenditure of Federal money for the benefit of citizens engaged in the business of transportation was not based on economic considerations. The developing system was resisted on the ground that the Constitution did not bestow upon the United States the power to expend money for such works. The suggestion was made more than once that the Constitution should be amended in order that Congress might legally possess the power it had usurped. Even Martin Van Buren, whose early political distinction was won by his struggles against internal works, who instructed Jackson himself in what is supposed to be the modern Democratic doctrine, favored the adoption of such a constitutional amendment, and in 1825 asked in the Senate for a committee to prepare a draft. President Monroe, who in 1822 vetoed a bill appropriating money for toll-gates on the Cumberland Road, expressed himself as strongly in favor of the construction of internal improvements by the Federal government. His opposition to the bill was based entirely on his view of the Constitution.

Yet, notwithstanding the constitutional objections to the system, whose champion presently was Henry Clay, the Federal government's grants to roads, canals, and other similar projects became more numerous. The demand that the Union should "build up the great West" was made very early in its history, and it was a demand that was not to be carelessly ignored by any statesman whose ambition was to shine in the large field of national politics. Mr. Van Buren voted for the toll-gate bill which Monroe vetoed, and when, six years later, he apologized for this apparent inconsistency with his almost constant position on the subject of internal improvements, he explained that besides being a new member when he gave the vote, he was always very desirous of aiding the West. Both he and Benton voted to repair the Cumberland Road, apparently forgetting that if the road should not have been built by the Federal government, it could not be constitutionally repaired by it.

It is strange that the increasing intimacy of the Federal power with the daily vocations of the citizens of the State did not impress itself upon De Tocqueville. While he was writing of the feebleness of the general government, that government was growing to be the dependence

of the then new part of the country, now much the larger part, for intercommunication. New York built its own Erie Canal. The Atlantic seaboard States began their independent existence with a habit of mind acquired by the practice of looking after their own affairs, and of depending upon their own resources for better means of intercourse, for education, or for whatever was deemed proper for the public to do for the individual. The explorers of the Western forests, on the other hand, desired to enjoy at once the results which the old States had attained through two centuries of development, and there was no power that could gratify that desire except the general agent of all the States, at Washington. That was the power to which the States had ceded the great Northwestern domain, and the territory south of the Ohio River. That was the power which had purchased Louisiana of the French Emperor and given to the country the control of the Mississippi River; which secured Florida from Spain, and thus extended the Southern coast line of the United States from the Atlantic Ocean to Mexico. It was the power which, finally, had created the States in which dwelt the people out of whose necessities grew the demand for internal improvements.

The Federal government continued to build roads, to improve rivers, to make canals, notwithstanding the constitutional objections. There were propositions advanced in Congress to loan the public funds to private corporations; there were investments made in the stock of canal companies. The public lands tempted the beneficiaries of the Federal almoner, and a long struggle arose over bills providing for the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of those lands. Some members of Congress favored the distribution of the proceeds and of all the surplus funds of the United States among all the States, while there were some who urged that the money be bestowed upon the new and needy States of the West. Mr. Edward M. Shepard, in his life of Martin Van Buren, speaking of the vote, in 1828, of public land for the benefit of Kenyon College, Ohio, says, "there was plainly intended to be no limit to Federal beneficence."

In 1817, Calhoun, assisted by Clay, secured the passage through both Houses of Congress of a bill providing for the creation of a permanent fund, which should be expended for the construction of "roads and canals," and for "improving the navigation of watercourses." Jackson had on several occasions shown favor to the popular system, but in 1830, Congress having appropriated money for the Maysville Road, which was entirely within the State of Ohio, he vetoed the bill.

Thenceforth opposition to internal improvements became a Democratic shibboleth. But party lines have never been strictly drawn. The work went steadily on. The beneficences demanded of and granted by the Federal government became both more numerous and more extravagant. The war interrupted the construction of United States works within the States. But the steady growth of the principle that the Federal government has a supervision over the general welfare of the country was not checked for a moment. The Pacific railroads were built. The public lands were given away to private corporations, and in aid of educational institutions within the States.

The war ended, and with the return of the rebellious States to their allegiance to their Union, and to their share in its power, the movement for Federal interference became stronger, and the cry for largess louder. The rivers and harbors of the South were to be cleaned for inter-State navigation, and when the reign of the "carpet-baggers" was over, and the old-fashioned Southern Democrats returned to Congress—those old-fashioned Southern Democrats whose State pride and State loyalty had compelled them to go into the war which demonstrated the physical supremacy of the Federal power—it was soon discovered that their *ante bellum* hostility to "internal improvements" had been lost in the conflict. There was hardly a stream in the Southern States for which an appropriation was not asked and obtained. So often and scandalous were many of the items of the annual river and harbor bill, and so earnest and intense were the Democratic Senators from the South in the pursuit of Federal money to be expended within the war-impoverished States, that Mr. Thurman, in 1881, being on the eve of his retirement from the Senate, addressed to his Southern colleagues a warning against the abandonment of their principles against that dependence upon the Federal treasury which

involved a surrender to the Federal power. But the country knows that Mr. Thurman's warning, and the angry protests of Eastern newspapers, availed absolutely nothing. The expenditures for "internal improvements" not only went on, but increased enormously. The pretence that the money was appropriated for works of national importance was abandoned. The constitutional argument in opposition was less frequently heard, and the members of Congress who occasionally uttered them were regarded as old-fashioned objects of contempt.

"Internal improvements" furnished the highway along which the Federal power advanced. The States were naturally more willing to surrender a jurisdiction the exercise of which entailed enormous expenditures, because the surrender not only relieved them of expense, spreading the cost of public works within their borders over the whole country, but because by it expenditures at the place where the work was in progress were actually increased beyond the amounts that the localities could afford. The Federal government was lavish in its expenditures.

With the spread of Federal beneficence came naturally and inevitably the strengthening of the Federal power and the Federal influence. Against this advancing power has stood one branch of the government. The Judiciary of the United States has done its utmost to keep the central authority within the bounds set by the Constitution. Its greatest recent service to the principle of local self-government was its resistance to the theory that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments gave to the United States immediate jurisdiction over the citizen in the ordinary relations of life. But even the courts have yielded to popular opinion, and, as in the legal tender cases, have assented to the doctrine that the United States have the right to issue unlimited amounts of paper money either in time of war or peace; while, as in the Iowa liquor case, they have invaded the police powers of the State.

There is no government in the civilized world, except possibly Russia, which is not to some extent under the domination of popular opinion. The present Emperor of Germany is the most virile monarch in Europe, but he dare not oppose too grievously the will of his subjects. If there is any written instrument of government powerful beyond all other laws, it is our own Constitution, for it is the rule of action prescribed by the people for the guidance and control of their agents. But the history of the Federal power shows that there is a power above the Constitution, and that is the power of popular opinion. There have often been times when the Constitution has not stood in the way of the people's will. Even the Supreme Court will change its mind if the people are persistent. It has not been always necessary for popular opinion to demand the breaking or flexion of the Constitution; it is only necessary that it should approve what has been done. The purchases of Louisiana and Alaska, and the many instances of executive and legislative acts during the war of the rebellion that were clearly beyond the constitutional grants of power, are cases in point which will occur to any one who is at all familiar with our constitutional history.

It is not in the books of decisions nor in the letter of the law that the real extent of the Federal power will be found. The statutes and the bills introduced in Congress more accurately reflect the popular conception of the Federal power, of the duties which it owes to the States, of the jurisdiction which it possesses over them and their citizens. The courts and the letter of the Constitution will restrain and guide up to a certain point, but the Federal government is, in the first place, essentially powerful by reason of its now well-established implied powers, and, in the second place, the Supreme Court will bend the letter when the pressure from without is strong enough, as it undoubtedly did when it sustained the reconstruction acts. From very early days it has been the habit of American statesmen to rebel against the restraints of the Constitution if the fundamental law seemed to stand in the way of what they conceived to be the general welfare.

In 1816, Henry Clay, in explaining his change of position from opposition to support of a United States Bank, stated this truth concerning constitutional interpretation in the United States:

> "The Constitution, it is true, never changes; it is always the same; but the force of circumstances and the lights of experience may evolve, to the fallible persons charged with its administration, the fitness and necessity of a particular exercise of constructive power to-day which they did not see at a former period."

This doctrine renders it possible for the Federal government to do anything that can possibly be brought within the wide range of the implied powers, and especially within that ancient plea of "general welfare" which sustained the conscience of Henry VIII. in extorting benevolences from his subjects.

This growth of the Federal power may or may not have been in opposition to the Constitution. As the Supreme Court is the tribunal of last resort in questions involving the meaning of that instrument, its decision alone can determine whether any particular statute or executive act is within the intention of the fundamental law. It has sometimes determined against what seemed to be popular opinion, but no one familiar with its history can believe that it will stand against such a pressure of popular opinion as that which sustained Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana, or condemned the Alien and Sedition acts. However that may be, it is apparent that most measures of doubtful constitutionality will never be presented for adjudication. Certainly no one in Wisconsin would raise the issue as to a canal maintained by general taxation, while the safety of many exertions of questionable jurisdiction lies in the truth of the broad principle that everybody's business is nobody's business.

The fact that is interesting and important is that since the central agent of the States began the erection of new States the Federal power has marvellously developed. This result was inevitable. From the beginning until to-day the advance has not only been unchecked, but it has been stimulated by a great war, in which the Federal power demonstrated its physical supremacy, and by every sectional controversy in which the new States have overcome the old. And the fact that this advance has gone on in spite of the opposition of the strict constructionists contains an eminently practical lesson for those who are charged with the tasks of government. It does not show by any means that the strict constructionists have been wrong. On the contrary, many of the results of this development of power indicate that they were wise. But whether they were right or wrong is a controversial question which does not properly come within the contemplation of this article.

In the first place it shows that, as a rule, the discussion of proposed legislation in Congress should be on its merits, and that unless a measure is flagrantly unconstitutional, the legal subject may be better avoided. Mr. James Bryce, in the *American Commonwealth*, says that one consequence of the habit of American legislators to confine discussion to the constitutionality of measures under consideration is that "legal issues are apt to dwarf and obscure the more substantially important issues of principles and policy, distracting from these latter the attention of the nation as well as the skill of Congressional debates." Judge Hare, in his *Lectures on Constitutional Law*, enlarging on the same point, says that in this country "the question primarily is one of right, and in the refined and subtle discussion which ensues right is too often lost sight of, or treated as if it were synonymous with might. It is taken for granted that what the Constitution permits it also approves, and that measures which are legal cannot be contrary to morals."

This is the most important conclusion to be drawn from a recognition of the irresistible power of popular opinion, and even of popular assent, when the Constitution seems to stand in the way.

If the large mass of laws by which the United States have assumed jurisdiction over what were originally supposed to be local concerns had been thoroughly debated on their merits, many of them could never have been enacted. By the growth of the Federal power there has followed a loss of local responsibility, and consequently of local political activity and skill, similar to that which differentiates the small municipalities existing under the county system of the rest of the Union from the communities possessing the town-meeting system of New England. Congress has overshadowed the State Legislatures to that extent that they have become inapt in dealing with those intimate and scientific subjects of social and domestic concern the possession of jurisdiction over which ought to make the State Legislatures bodies of the first importance.

At the same time Congress has assumed many powers that were not within the contemplation of the founders of the government, and has undertaken tasks which have enormously increased its labors, in consequence of our wonderful growth of

population. These tasks are of local and sectional rather than of general importance, and it is to their assumption more than to any other cause that the existing Congressional paralysis may be attributed. Congress cannot attend to the general welfare, because custom has made the general welfare consist of an accumulation of special and local interests. Private claims, public buildings, internal improvements, land grants, subsidies—all these and more interfere with and prevent the transaction of business in which the whole country is interested.

In this way not only are the general interests neglected, but sectionalism is encouraged. The newer part of the country has been always demanding aid, and the older States as often resisting, until the debates in Congress are filled with that spirit of jealousy which must animate rival claimants on the Treasury surplus. The public works carried on by the Federal government are marked by wasteful extravagance, and often by corruption. This also is inevitable, because the work is always carried on by a government representing millions of people for the benefit of a community consisting of comparatively few. The cost is borne by so many that it is as nothing to the people whose city is adorned by a public building, or whose shallow stream is deepened.

The effect of the growth of the Federal power on the character of Federal legislation is one of the most patent evils attending the departure from the standard of the founders. It is an evil with which newspaper readers are kept constantly familiar, for now, as always, the proceedings of the general government are of wider and more general interest than those of States and municipalities. When the Federal government was first organized, and for many years afterwards, most of its laws were general, and the sessions of Congress were comparatively fruitless, if we are to measure the results of legislative activity by mere bulk. But the times have changed, and the contents of the statute-book have changed with them.

The present view of public men concerning the extent of the Federal power may best be illustrated by a reference to the titles of some of the bills that have been introduced in Congress. Among them are bills providing for the establishment of a national university; for the establishment and temporary support of common schools; for the prevention of the adulteration of food. There are bills providing for the construction of macadam roads, which will necessarily be under the supervision of local authorities; for the boring of artesian wells in the State of Montana; for preventing aliens from engaging "in certain business" within the State. There is a bill defining lard; also imposing a tax upon and regulating the manufacture, sale, importation, and exportation of compound lard. There are bills against trusts; to prevent the spread of contagious diseases; bills providing for Federal supervision of the health of men and cattle; for the suppression of vice; for the regulation of traffic. These bills are in addition to the measures introduced and passed for the encouragement of shipbuilding and railroad construction, and for the protection of other industries by taxation. People who desire to build a canal which is to lie entirely within a State are not deterred by constitutional considerations from asking the aid of the United States. In view of the extent to which the Federal power has impressed itself upon the imagination of the people of the country, it is hardly to be wondered at that the farmers, especially those of that part of the country which has derived its right of self-government from the United States, should form a scheme for turning the Treasury into a loan office where they may borrow money on their crops.

During the Fifty-first Congress 2106 private bills and 1874 general bills were passed, and many of the former resulted from the Federal government's departure from its original purpose. The final adoption, for example, of the policy of making internal improvements has not only added enormously to the number of persons in the employment of the general government, and involved the expenditure of many millions of dollars, but it has led to the abandonment of the controlling principle in pursuance of which these works were first undertaken. The Federal government is now, and for a long time has been, engaged in improving streams and performing other tasks that would not possibly have come within the contemplation of those who first insisted on the construction and maintenance of the Cumberland Road. There are other

subjects coming ostensibly within Federal jurisdiction that are nevertheless exaggerations of the admitted power of the government of the United States, and that are clearly evasive extensions of the Federal jurisdiction. The building and maintenance of highways to national cemeteries, for example, is an invasion not so much of the powers as of the essential duties and privileges of the several localities where they are situated.

The absorption of duties by the United States has burdened the country with the army of office-holders that still gives an undue influence to the party of the administration, and that compelled the adoption of the reformed civil service as a measure defensive of the right of the people to choose their own legislative and executive officers, uninfluenced by the government. In Washington's time the office-holders of the Federal government numbered 6000, while now the government employs an army of more than 100,000. This enormous force of office-holders includes constitutional and statutory officers; engineers; lawyers; physicians; statisticians; geologists; meteorologists; hydrographers; metallurgists; astronomers; makers of charts and maps; school-teachers; railroad experts; skilled detectives; agriculturists; entomologists; botanists; chemists; microscopists; gardeners; tradesmen; merchants; experts in textiles, china, glass, and the thousand articles imported from foreign countries and subject to a tariff tax; clerks of various grades and degrees of skill, from accountants to copyists; expert machinists and mechanics; messengers; and a host of laborers.

It is not pretended that the employment of all of these persons, adepts or otherwise, is necessarily incongruous. There are functions properly within the jurisdiction of the Federal government that demand the labors of men of science, and men who are skilled in the secrets of commerce and manufactures. But if the government had been confined to its original purpose, if it had not gone afield in strange pursuits, seeking vainly after what can be best attained through the intelligent efforts of colleges, universities, and scientific associations, the corps of learned, artistic, and mechanical public functionaries would not be one-half its present size.

The public expenditures in the first years of the government's existence were for the foreign service, the army and navy, and for the maintenance of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the government. These departments of the government were to be provided for in the most frugal and careful manner. In Jefferson's first term Gallatin proposed to maintain the army and navy on a little more than a million dollars. An unexpected war made this plan futile, but the prevailing notion as to the scope of the Federal government, and of the demands which it might justly make on the resources of the people, was not changed. The sum of money expended for the foreign service was for the meagre salaries of those who represented the country abroad, and for the expenses connected with the legation offices. The expenditures for the judicial department were for the administration of justice within the narrow confines of what was first held to be the Federal jurisdiction.

The total receipts of the government under the administration of President Washington were $56,448,721; under Jefferson, $108,238,978. The population of the country had increased 36 per cent., and the receipts 92 per cent., while expenditures had advanced about 94 per cent. From the end of Jefferson's last administration to the beginning of Abraham Lincoln's term of office the population of the country increased from 7,000,000 to 31,000,000, while receipts and expenditures grew fivefold greater than they were when Gallatin was at the head of the Treasury Department.

In Buchanan's time the expenditures of the government amounted to about $82,000,000 a year. In 1890, the population and valuations in the mean time having about doubled, the expenditures were $359,000,000, an increase of 340 per cent.

These, however, are only the apparent expenditures. There are exceptional outlays which ought not to be counted as part of the ordinary cost of maintaining the government. To be fair and accurate, these extraordinary sums may be deducted and the results tabulated. We will thus compare the fiscal years 1860 and 1890. We will deduct the payments for pensions, interest, and principal on the public debt:

Total expenditures for 1860.....		$77,462,103
Paid for pensions.....	$1,092,727	
Interest and principal of public debt.....	17,613,628	18,706,355
Ordinary expenditures for 1860.		$58,755,748
Total expenditures for 1890.....		$358,618,585
Pensions.....	$106,936,855	
Interest on public debt.	36,099,284	143,036,139
Ordinary expenditures for 1890.		$215,582,446

The increase was $156,826,698, or 267 per cent. In 1880 these ordinary expenses amounted to $115,108,209, so that in the decade ending with 1890 the increase in the government's expenditures was nearly 90 per cent., while the increase of population was about 25 per cent., and of valuations 43 per cent.

It is not proper, of course, to assume that a mere increase of annual expenditure is necessarily extravagant; but we are at least put upon our inquiry when the rate of increase is nearly 300 per cent., while population and wealth lag far behind. As civilization advances, government is naturally more and more expensive, until the millennial point shall be reached, when the individual may be entirely trusted to take care of himself, and of his neighbor as himself. That point has not yet been reached either in this country or elsewhere; but in this republic, whether the Constitution binds and limits us or not, the intention was to leave the necessary tasks for the advancement of civilization to the individual and to the local government, confining the Federal government to the care of the joint interests of its members. If that function had been strictly adhered to, the cost of government could not have increased, as it has, so much more rapidly than population or wealth.

The evident present annual expenses of the government that are not within the contemplation of the Constitution amount to nearly $20,000,000. This sum can be counted in simply examining the superficial accounts of the Register of the Treasury. But it does not begin to represent the actual money cost of the government's excursions beyond the limits once defined for it. As has been already shown, the population and property valuation of the country about doubled in the thirty years between 1860 and 1890. During that generation a great war was conducted to a successful end, and a large part of the debt created for the patriotic purpose has been paid. In 1890 alone this debt was reduced by more than $48,000,000, which was paid out of the ample surplus of $105,000,000 that then existed in the Treasury. But now, in a time of profound peace, twenty-five years after the close of the conflict, in the year 1890, the actual expenditures for the maintenance of the government, deducting pensions and interest charges — the legacies of the war—have grown 267 per cent. If they had but grown with the growth of the country, they would have been nearly $100,000,000 less than they were. If only 125 per cent. had been added to them, there would have been saved more than $80,000,000.

The mere money cost of the extension of the Federal power has been enormous; and it means not only that money is thrown away on objects not originally supposed to be within the Federal jurisdiction, but that looseness of construction has led to looseness of expenditure, and that a national legislature that devotes its attention to a myriad of local matters does so at a great expense to the general public.

The remedy for extravagance, of course, is prudence. There is no reason to suppose that the old ideas of constitutional limitations will ever entirely prevail. Whether the departure was right or wrong, the first step was taken at the very beginning of the government, and Jefferson himself was not wholly irresponsible for it. He advocated an extension of Federal jurisdiction through constitutional amendments that has since been attained without changing the fundamental law. The increase in the number of subjects that make demands upon the Federal Treasury is in harmony with the general expansion of the powers of the United States. Here as elsewhere is illustrated the fact, now borne in upon the consciousness of all students of our Constitution and system of government, that the Constitution does not always stand in the way of popular desires, but that it often surrenders before a well-defined and long-persisted-in line of policy.

Little that is permanent can be accomplished by contending against the constitutionality of a proposed expenditure that is in the line of a popular policy. This is illustrated by the fate which has befallen those who have struggled on constitutional grounds against appropriations for streams that are in no sense national. In

spite of their efforts, the river and harbor bill which appropriated $5,500,000 in 1873, $6,650,000 in 1876, $9,575,000 in 1880, $19,000,000 in 1883, has grown to $25,000,000 in 1891.

The function of the constitutional lawyer has departed, so far as the application of our written instrument to economic measures is concerned. The practical statesmanship of the future must concern itself not with the legality, but with the advisability of measures. Congress must learn not to authorize every expenditure that it deems to be constitutional. The question whether the State or the general government shall undertake a particular public work will cease to be one of relative power and become entirely economic, and the fewer the functions exercised by the general government, and the more numerous the powers and duties of the local and State governments, the better for the cause of good government—the better morally as well as financially.

THE SOUL OF ROSE DÉDÉ.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

THE child pushed his way through the tall weeds, which were dripping with the midsummer-eve midnight dew-melt. He was so little that the rough leaves met above his head. He wore a trailing white gown whose loose folds tripped him, so that he stumbled and fell over a sunken mound. But he laughed as he scrambled to his feet—a cooing baby laugh, taken up by the inward-blowing Gulf wind, and carried away to the soughing pines that made a black line against the dim sky.

His progress was slow, for he stopped—his forehead gravely puckered, his finger in his mouth—to listen to the clear whistle of a mocking-bird in the live-oak above his head; he watched the heavy flight of a white night-moth from one jimsonweed trumpet to another; he strayed aside to pick a bit of shining punk from the sloughing bark of a rotten log; he held this in his closed palm as he came at last into the open space where the others were.

"Holà, 'Tit-Pierre!" said André, who was half reclining on a mildewed marble slab, with his long black cloak floating loosely from his shoulders, and his hands clasped about his knees. "Holà! Must thou needs be ever a-searching? Have I not told thee, little Hard-Head, that she hath long forgotten thee?"

His voice was mocking, but his dark eyes were quizzically kind.

The child's under lip quivered, and he turned slowly about. But Père Lebas, sitting just across the narrow footway, laid a caressing hand on his curly head. "Nay, go thy way, 'Tit Pierre," he said, gently; "André does but tease. A mother hath never yet forgot her child."

"Do you indeed think he will find her?" asked André, arching his black brows incredulously.

"He will not find her," returned the priest. "Margot Caillion was in a far country when I saw her last, and even then her grandchildren were playing about her knees. But it harms not the child to seek her."

They spoke a soft provincial French, and the familiar *thou* betokened an unwonted intimacy between the hollow-cheeked old priest and his companion, whose forehead wore the frankness of early youth.

"I would the child could talk!" cried the young man, gayly. "Then might he tell us somewhat of the women that ever come and go in yonder great house."

The priest shuddered, crossing himself, and drew his cowl over his face.

'Tit-Pierre, his gown gathered in his arm, had gone on his way. Nathan Pilger, hunched up on a low irregular hummock against the picket-fence, made a speaking-trumpet of his two horny hands, and pretended to hail him as he passed. 'Tit-Pierre nodded brightly at the old man, and waved his own chubby fist.

The gate sagged a little on its hinges, so that he had some difficulty in moving it. But he squeezed through a narrow opening, and passed between the prim flower beds to the house.

It was a lofty mansion, with vast wings on either side, and wide galleries, which were upheld by fluted columns. It faced the bay, and a covered arcade ran from the entrance across the lawn to a gay little wooden kiosk, which hung on the bluff over the water's edge. A flight of stone steps led up to the house. 'Tit-Pierre

climbed these laboriously. The great carved doors were closed, but a blind of one of the long French windows in the west wing stood slightly ajar. 'Tit-Pierre pushed this open. The bedchamber into which he peered was large and luxuriously furnished. A lamp, with a crimson shade, burned on its claw-footed gilt pedestal in a corner; the low light diffused a rosy radiance about the room. The filmy curtains at the windows waved to and fro softly in the June night wind. The huge old-fashioned four-posted bed, overhung by a baldachin of carved wood with satin linings, occupied a deep alcove. A woman was sleeping there, beneath the lace netting. The snow-white bedlinen followed the contours of her rounded limbs, giving her the look of a recumbent marble statue. Her black hair, loosed from its heavy coil, spread over the pillow. One exquisite bare arm lay across her forehead, partly concealing her face. Her measured breathing rose and fell rhythmically on the air. A robe of pale silk that hung across a chair, dainty lace-edged garments tossed carelessly on an antique lounge—these seemed instinct still with the nameless subtle grace of her who had but now put them off.

On a table by the window, upon whose threshold the child stood atiptoe, was set a large crystal bowl filled with water-lilies. Their white petals were folded; the round red-lined green leaves glistened in the lamp-light. One long bud, rolled tightly in its green and brown sheath, hung over the fluted edge of the bowl, swaying gently on its flexible stem. 'Tit-Pierre gazed at it intently, frowning a little, then put out a small forefinger and touched it. A quick thrill ran along the stem; the bud moved lightly from side to side, and burst suddenly into bloom; the slim white petals quivered; a tremulous, sighing, whispering sound issued from the heart of gold. The child listened, holding the fragrant disk to his pink ear, and laughed softly.

He moved about the room, examining with infantile curiosity the costly objects scattered upon small tables, and ranged upon the low, many-shelved mantel.

Presently he pushed a chair against the foot of the bed, climbed upon it, lifted the netting, and crept cautiously to the sleeper's side. He sat for a moment regarding her. Her lips were parted in a half-smile; the long lashes which swept her cheeks were wet, as if a happy tear had just trembled there. 'Tit-Pierre laid his hand on her smooth wrist, and touched timidly the snowy globes that gleamed beneath the open-work of her night-dress. She threw up her arm, turning her face full upon him, unclosed her large, luminous eyes, smiled, and slept again.

With a sigh, which seemed rather of resignation than of disappointment, the child crept away, and clambered again to the floor.

. . . . Outside, the fog was thickening. The dark waters of the bay lapped the foot of the low bluff; their soft monotonous moan was rising by imperceptible degrees to a higher key. The scrubby cedars, leaning at all angles over the water, were shaken at intervals by heavy puffs of wind, which drove the mist in white ragged masses across the shelled road, over the weedy neutral ground, and out into the tops of the sombre pines. The red lights in a row of sloops at anchor over against Cat Island had dwindled to faintly glimmering sparks. The watery flash of the revolving light in the light-house off the point of the island showed a black wedge-shaped cloud stretching up the seaward sky.

Nathan Pilger screwed up his eye and watched the cloud critically. André followed the direction of his gaze with idle interest, then turned to look again at the woman who sat on a grassy barrow a few paces beyond Père Lebas.

"She has never been here before," he said to himself, his heart stirring curiously. "I would I could see her face!"

Her back was toward the little group; her elbow was on her knee, her chin in her hand. Her figure was slight and girlish; her white gown gleamed ghost-like in the wan light.

"Naw, I bain't complainin', nor nothin'," said the old sailor, dropping the cloud, as it were, and taking up a broken thread of talk; "hows'ever, it's tarnation wearyin' a-settin' here so studdy year in an' year out. Leas'ways," he added, shifting his seat to another part of the low mound, "fer an old sailor sech as I be!"

"If one could but quit his place and move about, like 'Tit-Pierre yonder," said André, musingly, "it would not be so bad. For myself, I would not want—"

"The child is free to come and go because his soul is white. There is no

stain upon 'Tit-Pierre. The child hath not sinned." It was the priest who spoke. His voice was harsh and forbidding. His deep-set eyes were fixed upon the tall spire of Our Lady of the Gulf, dimly outlined against the sky beyond an intervening reach of clustering roofs and shaded gardens.

André stared at him wonderingly, and glanced half furtively at the stranger, as if in her presence, perchance, might be found an explanation of the speaker's unwonted bitterness of tone. She had not moved. "I would I could see her face!" he muttered, under his breath. "For myself," he went on, lifting his voice, "I am sure I would not want to wander far. I fain would walk once more on the road along the curve of the bay; or under the pines, where little white patches of moonlight fall between the straight tall tree trunks. And I would go sometimes, if I might, and kneel before the altar of Our Lady of the Gulf."

Nathan Pilger grunted contemptuously. "What a lan'lubber ye be, Andry!" he said, his strong nasal English contrasting oddly with the smooth foreign speech of the others. "What a lan'lubber ye be! Ye bain't no sailor like your father afore ye. Tony Dewdonny hed as good a pair o' sea-legs as ever I see. Lord! if there wa'n't no dif*fick*ulties in the way, Nathan Pilger 'd ship fer some port a leetle more furrin than the shadder of Our Lady yunder! Many's the deck I've walked," he continued, his husky voice growing more and more animated, "an' many's the vige I've made to outlandish places. Why, you'd oughter see Arkangel, Andry. Here's the north coast o' Rooshy"—he leaned over and traced with his forefinger the rude outlines of a map on the ground; the wind lifted his long gray locks and tossed them over his wrinkled forehead; "here's the White Sea; and here, off the mouth of the Dewiny River, is Arkangel. The Rooshan men in that there town, Andry, wears petticoats like women! Whilse down here, in the South Pacific, at Taheety, the folks don't wear no clo'es at all to speak of. You'd oughter see Taheety, Andry. An' here, off Guinea—"

"All those places are fine, no doubt," interrupted his listener, "Arkangel, and Taheetee, and Guinee"—his tongue tripped a little over the unfamiliar names—"but, for myself, I do not care to see them. I find it well on the bay shore here, where I can see the sloops come sailing in through the pass, with the sun on their white sails. And the little boats that rock on the water! Do you remember, Silvain," he cried, turning to the priest, "how we used to steal away before sunrise in my father's little fishing-boat, when we were boys, and come back at night with our backs blistered by the sun, and our arms aching, hein? That was before you went away to France to study for the priesthood. Ah, but those were good times!" He threw back his head and laughed joyously. His dark hair, wet with the mist, lay in loose rings on his forehead; his fine young face, beardless but manly, seemed almost lustrous in the pale darkness. "Do you remember, Silvain? Right where the big house stands, there was Jacques Caillion's steep-roofed cottage, with the garden in front full of pinks and mignonette and sweet herbs; and the vine-hung porch where 'Tit-Pierre used to play; and where Margot Caillion used to stand shading her eyes with her arm, and looking out for her man to come home from sea."

"Jack Caillion," said Nathan Pilger, "was washed overboard from the *Suzanne* in a storm off Hatteras in '11. Him and Dunc Cook and Ba'tist' Roux."

"The old church of Our Lady of the Gulf," the young man continued, "was just a stone's-throw this side of where the new one was built; back a little is our cottage, and your father's, Silvain; and in the hollow beyond, Justin Roux has his blacksmith's forge."

He paused, his voice dying away almost to a whisper. The waves were beating more noisily against the bluff, filling the silence with a sort of hoarse plaint; the fog—gray, soft, impenetrable—rested on them like a cloud. The moisture fell in an audible drip-drop from the leaves and the long pendent moss of the live-oaks. A mare, with her colt beside her, came trotting around the bend of the road. She approached within a few feet of the girl, reared violently, snorting, and dashed away, followed by the whinnying colt. The clatter of their feet echoed on the muffled air. The girl, in her white dress, sat rigidly motionless, with her face turned seaward.

André lifted his head, and went on, dreamily: "I mind me, most of all, of

one day when all the girls and boys of the village walked over to Bayou Galère to gather water-lilies. Margot Caillion, with 'Tit-Pierre in her hand, came along to mind the girls. You had but just come back from France in your priest's frock, Silvain. You were in the church door when we passed, with your book in your hand." A smothered groan escaped the priest, and he threw up his arm as if to ward off a blow. "And you were there when we came back at sunset. The smell of the pines that day was like balm. The lilies were white on the dark breast of the winding bayou. Rose Dédé's arms were heaped so full of lilies that you could only see her laughing black eyes above them. But Lorance would only take a few buds. She said it was a kind of sin to take them away from the water where they grew. Lorance was ever—"

The girl had dropped her hands in her lap, and was listening. At the sound of her own name she turned her face toward the speaker.

"*Lorance!*" gasped André. "Is it truly you, Lorance?"

"Yes, it is I, André Dieudonné," she replied, quietly. Her pale girlish face, with its delicate outlines, was crowned with an aureole of bright hair, which hung in two thick braids to her waist; her soft brown eyes were a little sunken, as if she had wept overmuch. But her voice was strangely cold and passionless.

"But . . . . when did you . . . . come, Lorance?" André demanded, breathlessly.

"I came," she said, in the same calm, measured tone, "but a little after you, André Dieudonné. First 'Tit-Pierre, then you, and then myself."

"Why, then—" he began. He rose abruptly, gathering his mantle about him, and leaned over the marble slab where he had been sitting. "'*Sacred to the memory of André Antoine Marie Dieudonné,*'" he read, slowly, slipping his finger along the mouldy French lettering, "'*who died at this place August 20th*, 1809. *In the 22d year of his age.*' Eighty years and more ago I came!" he cried. "And you have been here all these years, Lorance, and I have not known! Why, then, did you never come up?"

She did not answer at once. "I was tired," she said, presently, "and I rested well down there in the cool dark silence. And I was not lonely . . . . at first, for I heard Margot Caillion passing about, putting flowers above 'Tit-Pierre and you and me. My mother and yours often came and wept with her for us all—and my father, and your little brothers. The sound of their weeping comforted me. Then . . . . after a while . . . . no one seemed to remember us any more."

"Margot Caillion," said Nathan Pilger, "went back, when her man was drownded, to the place in France where she was born. The others be all layin' in the old churchyard yander on the hill . . . . all but Silvann Leebaw an' me."

She looked at the old man and smiled gravely. "A long time passed," she went on, slowly. "I could sometimes hear you speak to 'Tit-Pierre, André Dieudonné; . . . and at last some men came and dug quite near me; and as they pushed their spades through the moist turf they talked about the good Père Lebas; and then I knew that Silvain was coming." The priest's head fell upon his breast; he covered his face with his hands and rocked to and fro on his low seat. "Not long after, Nathan Pilger came. Down there in my narrow chamber I have heard above me, year after year, the murmur of your voices on St. John's eve, and ever the feet of 'Tit-Pierre, as he goes back and forth seeking his mother. But I cared not to leave my place. For why should I wish to look upon your face, André Dieudonné, and mark there the memory of your love for Rose Dédé?"

Her voice shook with a sudden passion as she uttered the last words. The hands lying in her lap were twisted together convulsively; a flush leaped into her pale cheeks.

"Rose Dédé!" echoed André, amazedly. "Nay, Lorance, but I never loved Rose Dédé! If she perchance cared for me—"

"Silence, fool!" cried the priest, sternly. He had thrown back his cowl; his eyes glowed like coals in his white face; he lifted his hand menacingly. "Thou wert ever a vain puppet, André Dieudonné. It was not for such as thou that Rose Dédé sinned away her soul! Was it *thou* she came at midnight to meet in the lone shadows of these very live-oaks? Hast *thou* ever worn the garments of a priest? . . . . They shunned Rose Dédé in the village, ... but the priest said mass at the altar of Our Lady of the Gulf, ... and the wail of the babe was sharp in the hut under the pines, . . . and it ceased to

breathe, ... and the mother turned her face to the wall and died, ... and my heart was cold in my breast as I looked on the dead faces of the mother and the child. . . . . They lie under the pine-trees by Bayou Galère. But the priest lived to old age; . . . . and when he died, he durst not sleep in consecrated ground, but fain would lie in the shadows of the live-oaks, where the dark eyes of Rose Dédé looked love into his."

His wild talk fell upon unheeding ears. 'Tit-Pierre had come out of the house. He was nestling against Nathan Pilger's knee. He held a lily-bud in one hand, and with the other he caressed the sailor's weather-beaten cheek.

"'Tit-Pierre," whispered the old man, "that is Lorance Bandrot. Do you remember her, 'Tit-Pierre?" The child smiled intelligently. "Lorance was but a slip of a girl when I come down here from Cape Cod—cabin-boy aboard the *Mary Ann.* She was the pretties' lass on all the bay shore. An' I—I loved her, 'Tit-Pierre. But I wa'n't no match agin Andry Dewdonny; an' I know'd it from the fust. Andry was the likelies' lad hereabout, an' the harnsomes'. I see that Lorance loved him. An' when the yaller fever took him, I see her a-droopin' an' a-droopin' tell she died, an' she never even know'd I loved her. Her an' Andry was laid here young, 'Tit-Pierre, 'longside o' you. I lived ter be pretty tol'able old; but when I hed made my last vige, an' was about fetchin' my las' breath, I give orders ter be laid in this here old buryin'-groun' some'er's clost ter the grave o' Lorance Bandrot."

His voice was overborne by André's exultant tones. "Lorance!" he cried, "did you indeed love me?—*me!*"

Her dark eyes met his frankly, and she smiled.

"Ah, if I had only known!" he sighed —"if I had only known, Lorance, I would surely have lived! We would have walked one morning to Our Lady of the Gulf, with all the village folk about us, and Silvain—the good Père Lebas—would have joined our hands. . . . . My father would have given us a little plot of ground; . . . . you would have planted flowers about the door of our cottage; . . . . our children would have played in the sand under the bluff. . . ."

A sudden gust of wind blew the fog aside, and a zigzag of flame tore the wedge-shaped cloud in two. A greenish light played for an instant over the weed-grown spot. The mocking-bird, long silent in the heart of the live-oak, began to sing.

"All these years you have been near me," he murmured, reproachfully, "and I did not know." Then, as if struck by a breathless thought, he stretched out his arms imploringly. "I love you, Lorance," he said. "I have always loved you. Will you not be my wife now? Silvain will say the words, and 'Tit-Pierre, who can go back and forth, will put this ring, which was my mother's, upon your finger, and he will bring me a curl of your soft hair to twist about mine. I cannot come to you, Lorance; I cannot even touch your hand. But when I go down into my dark place I can be content dreaming of you. And on the blessed St. John's eves I will know you are mine, as you sit there in your white gown."

As he ceased speaking, Père Lebas, with his head upon his breast, began murmuring, as if mechanically, the words which preface the holy sacrament of marriage. His voice faltered, he raised his head, and a cry of wonder burst from his lips. For André had moved away from the mouldy gravestone and stood just in front of him. Lorance, as if upborne on invisible wings, was floating lightly across the intervening space. Her shroud enveloped her like a cloud, her arms were extended, her lips were parted in a rapt smile. Nathan Pilger, with 'Tit-Pierre in his arms, had limped forward. He halted beside André, and as the young man folded the girl to his breast, the child reached over and laid an open lily on her down-drooped head.

The priest stared wildly at them, and struggled to rise, but could not. As he sank panting back upon the crumbling tomb, his anguish overcame him. "My God!" he groaned hoarsely, "I, only I, cannot move from my place. *The soul of Rose Dédé hangs like a millstone about my neck!*"

Even as he spoke, the cloud broke with a roar. The storm—black, heavy, thunderous—came rushing across the bay. It blotted out, in a lightning's flash, the mansion which stands on the site of Jacques Caillion's hut, and the weed-grown, ancient, forgotten graveyard in its shadow.

. . . And a bell in the steeple of Our Lady of the Gulf rang out the hour.

CLOSED.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

THE crimson dawn breaks through the clouded east,
And waking breezes round the casement pipe;
They blow the globes of dew from opening buds,
And steal the odors of the sleeping flowers.
The swallow calls its young ones from the eaves
To dart above their shadows on the lake,
Till its long rollers redden in the sun,
And bend the lances of the mirrored pines.
Who knows the miracle that brings the morn?
Still in my house I linger, though the night—
The night that hides me from myself is gone.
Light robes the world, but strips me bare again.
I will not follow on the paths of day.
I know the dregs within its crystal hours;
The bearers of my cups have served me well;
I drained them, and the bearers come no more.
Rise, morning, rise for those believing souls
Who seek completion in day's garish light.
My casement I will close, keep shut my door,
Till day and night are only dreams to me.

THE CZAR'S WESTERN FRONTIER.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

STARTING from the mouth of the Danube, in latitude 45°, and travelling due north to latitude 70°, we shall come out at the very topmost point of Finland, and not far from the famous "North Cape" of Europe. This line may be roughly supposed to touch Odessa and St. Petersburg, to say nothing of Kiev, between the two. It is a line which historically divides the Tartarism of Russia from the civilization of Europe. To the east of this imaginary boundary is a vast empire stretching to the very threshold of Japan, and represented by such an array of statistical millions that other countries shrink to insignificance when compared in this manner.

To the left of that imaginary line, which we may call 30° east of Greenwich, is a strip of only about 300 miles; but in that strip is gathered together nearly all that Russia possesses to-day in the way of education, respectability, commercial enterprise, military ability—in short, that little strip holds the empire of the Czar together.

It is a little strip worth looking up on the map, for it may play an interesting rôle in the next European war, and one wholly unexpected. The activity with which the Czar's government is persecuting many of its inhabitants may have an effect that will surprise no one so much as the Czar himself, who treats these people harshly, not, perhaps, because he is cruel, but because he sincerely believes that Russia would be happier if there was but one orthodox church.

A near kinsman of the Czar, who visits Russia frequently, and who is well known for his frankness as well as fairness, told me a few months ago that many of the things done by the alleged order of the Czar were repugnant to that ruler's feelings. The prince's conversation might be summarized in this way:

"Alexander has no idea of doing wrong to any one. His heart is full of kindness. He is happy only when surrounded by his family circle.

"It is true that the foulest maladministration and persecution are going on all about him; but he, poor fellow, is incapable of seeing them. He hears only the reports of ministers, who know that he does not like to be worried.

"The poor man is so burdened with fat that he can scarcely do any work; his temperament is sluggish; he lacks intelligence; when he signs papers he has no

idea that he is doing more than an exercise in penmanship.

"He is physically and mentally incapable of supervising any department of the government—not even the military; and as a consequence the country is left entirely to officials, who divide up power amongst themselves, and do what they can to remain in office."

I only quote enough of this prince's remarks to explain how it is that abuses continue in a country nominally governed by a mild, peace-loving Czar, for it opens a terrible vista of what might be were he disposed to be personally cruel. It makes one shudder to think of the day when the present Czarowitz shall mount the throne.

When Peter the Great came to power Russia did not own the strip west of my imaginary line. That was in 1689, when William the Silent was strengthening the constitutional liberties of England, when the Puritans who came to America in the *Mayflower* had already more than two generations of successful history as a self-governing community behind them.

The energetic Peter signalized his desire for civilization by plundering the more civilized countries about him. During his reign, and those of his two immediate successors (1689–1762), the German settlements along the Baltic from Riga northward became Russian, as well as the land on which St. Petersburg is built, and a vast tract to the north of it.

Between 1762 and the first year of this century Russia included pretty much the whole of our western "strip" excepting Finland, Poland, and Bessarabia, which three tracts, however, were all secured by Alexander I., the philanthropic friend and admirer of the great Napoleon.

This civilized strip has been conquered from Europe within the last century and a half; and if at this moment its inhabitants desire the dissolution of the Czar's empire, it must be for reasons worth examining.

My first acquaintance with any form of Russian persecution was in Roumania, and as it affected me directly, it is needless to say that it made an impression. I had sought in vain to induce the driver of a public conveyance to take me and my luggage across the frontier to a point in Russia only about fifteen miles distant. Two respectable innkeepers had sought to persuade the driver by promise of far more than the usual fare, and finally I called in the assistance of a personal friend, a resident of the town—a gentleman regarded as authority in matters political and scientific.

They all failed, and I had to make the journey on foot under a broiling sun, choking with dust, and bearing on my back luggage weighing nearly one hundred pounds.

Now my driver was an eminently clean, well-dressed, intelligent, skilful, and, on all other points, obliging person. His horses were well fed, well groomed, and fleet. His turnout in general indicated that it was driven by the owner, and though I had occasion to employ him several times a day and for several days in succession, we never had a single difference of opinion—even regarding the fare.

Being myself accustomed to horses and very fond of them, I noticed particularly the manner in which he treated his beasts—how carefully he brought them into the shade while waiting, how he selected the soft parts of the road in order to spare their hoofs, how humanely he had discarded blinkers and check lines, and, finally, how sparingly he used his whip.

All these features were the more striking to me because I was in a country where societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals do not flourish, and where animal life is held very cheaply.

Nor was my driver an anomaly in the town I speak of, for I began to notice that all the cabs were driven in the same swift and sure manner, that their horses all looked well treated and willing, and that their drivers had something about them suggesting uniformity of training or parentage.

On this point I interrogated my well-informed friend.

"You will understand what I say better," said he, "when you have crossed the border and seen something of the Russian priest. That man dares not drive on to Russian soil—he would be seized by the frontier police, probably flogged, kept in jail an indefinite number of months, and if at the end of his confinement he was not dead, he would be sent with a gang of convicts to the mines of Siberia, to stay underground until he was dead."

Of course this was a surprise to me,

for the class which my man represented was universally respected. In fact, as I looked down the line of cab-drivers it seemed as though I had before me a row of deacons or elders in some primitive New England town. Their features were those of the ideal Quaker, the ideal Puritan—men who live with the Almighty, and who regard death as the beginning of life. These men carried in their faces such evidence of good character that I should have regarded other credentials unnecessary had any of them applied to me for a position of trust. My friend went on to explain:

"Their private life is, so far as we know, exemplary. They do not smoke or drink. They avoid stimulants of every kind. Their life is guided wholly by Bible teaching, and they reject all the forms and mummeries of the Orthodox Russian Church. They avoid temptation of every kind, and go so far in their asceticism as to become eunuchs for righteousness' sake. They are charged with seeking fanatically the destruction of the human race; but that is absurd. So far as I know, they marry, live respectably, and carry out their ascetic views after the birth of one or two children. The sect to which they belong is called Skoptzi, and as they are outlawed in Russia, we hear only the vilest things about them whenever they are mentioned in official papers. They resemble 'Quakers' in being ascetic and opposed to war. Both of these doctrines make them odious to the Russian police, who harass them in every manner that cupidity and brutality can suggest. It is very difficult to learn anything about religious movements in Russia, because anything that is not Orthodox is interpreted as criminal; and whatever progress is made by non-conforming sects is the result of profound secrecy. This sect of Skoptzi, for instance, represents a most healthy, enterprising, and moral force, in spite of the curious practice that distinguishes it from other Protestant sects. In its way it is, after all, no more absurd than that Quakers should not wear color, or that some people should drink only water."

To my inquiries regarding these Christians he answered:

"Persecuted sects, at least in Russia, keep no records. It is supposed that this sect commenced in the last century, but I was not aware of its existence until 1868, when the famous trial took place in the province of Tambov. A wealthy merchant named Plotitsine had offered a large sum for the release of three women kept in jail by the police. Had the sum been the usual amount expected in such cases, the women would have been allowed to escape, and no more would have been heard of it. The sum was, however, so large (40,000 francs) that an investigation was made, with the result that the peculiar practice of the sect was brought to light. All were quickly condemned and shipped to Siberia; the Orthodox Church aided the police in hounding all suspects, and no means were spared to stamp the heresy out."

"And do you think there are many left to-day?"

"Many left!" said he. "Why, the more you persecute them, the more they flourish. At the time of the trial they could not have been more than a few families. I suppose there are 50,000 to-day. Yet Plotitsine died only in 1872. These men take the Bible very seriously," continued he, "particularly Matthew, xix. 12: 'And there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.' Another verse (29th) in the same chapter is interpreted by them as fortifying their view: 'And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.'"

Let me now transfer the reader to Kiev, the holy city of Russia. It is a town full of shrines, to which pilgrims trudge at the rate of 350,000 a year. Kiev is to the Russian Orthodox what Rome is to the Roman Catholic, what Mecca is to the Mohammedan. Here is the great nursery of Orthodox priests, and from this centre radiates the religious warmth of the mother-church to thousands of the faithful beyond the territory of the great Czar.

The city is a marvel to look upon—a medley of richness and raggedness; churches with golden roofs, hovels unfit for cattle; dresses and equipages from Paris side by side with those of semi-savage peasants who have come from the edges of Asia to bring their soul-saving kopecks to the priests of the Czar.

My purpose in visiting this strangely

holy city was, however, not so much to see what the guide-book points out as to have a talk with a well-informed and discreet Russian.

This gentleman does not wish his name known, as he has no desire to be exiled to the mines of Siberia, and I do not specify anything in regard to him beyond saying that he has enjoyed remarkable opportunities for learning what the Kiev priests are doing.

Every one knows that there is in Russia a sect of Puritans commonly called Stundists, but I for one did not know their number or the extent of territory they covered. My Russian friend answered my questions indirectly:

"To understand a Russian Stundist you must know the Russian priest and the Russian peasant. Both are to be seen in Kiev to the best advantage; and when you have seen them you will not be surprised to learn that Stundism, or Puritanism, is making converts under the very noses of the monks that swarm in this town."

We climbed together the hill on which are clustered the richly ornamented buildings of the far-famed monastery. My eyes were dazzled by the barbaric splendor of the shrines I was approaching. From a city of wood and clay hovels I seemed to emerge upon a hill where every footstep indicated the wealth and magnificence of a powerful priesthood.

Pilgrims were before, beside, and behind us—peasants in ragged skins with long matted hair, crawling on hands and knees to indicate their sense of unworthiness. There were many women amongst them from strange countries—some with high and heavy turbans and loose trousers; but, like the men, they approached the holy place with every sign of humiliation, beating their foreheads upon the ground, crossing themselves as the tears streamed down their cheeks, dragging themselves on hands and knees in the public thoroughfare to proclaim more strikingly their penitence, and finally placing in the hands of the priest the sum of coin they have brought from some lonely hamlet far away on the shores of the Caspian.

Amongst these devoted people circulated many priests, addressing hopeful words to them. My friend impiously suggested that the priests' only interest in this procession was to discover the amount of money each pilgrim bore with him, and to see that it was duly handed over while the religious fervor was at the height.

As Kiev has over 3500 priests to a population of about 150,000, it is obvious that the clerical force required to handle the pilgrim deposit was ample.

Entering the building, I found it so densely packed with kneeling and crouching peasants that I was inclined to give up the idea of approaching the altar, and to content myself with noting what went in and out of the main entrance. My companion, however, told me to follow him, which I managed to do with difficulty. He kicked a way for himself through the closely wedged mass of worshipping peasants as through a pack of drowsy hounds, and his kicks were taken so much as a matter of course that they did not evoke a single complaint. The praying pilgrims went on knocking their foreheads on the pavement, feeling that one bump more or less was of no consequence in their hard life.

We inspected the golden ornaments, listened to the droning of the priests, were nearly suffocated by the smell, and —escaped. I had been in such a place only once before—in Pekin, at the great Lama monastery. It seemed odd to me that a so-called Christian country could reproduce such a scene.

"Now, then," said my friend, as we stepped out into the sunshine and sought a bench under the trees, "you have seen the most gorgeous service of the Orthodox Church; you have seen the most devoted peasant and the flower of the priesthood —what do you think of it?"

I said it reminded me of Buddhist temples in the far East.

"Well, then," said he, "you can understand that there should be a revolt against such material forms of worship —and right here on the very threshold of the holiest of Russian shrines."

The name Stundist is a little repellent. It is as senseless as the words Quaker, Methodist, and other terms that have come to popularly designate varying forms of Christian worship. Stunde is the German word for a period of instruction, and of itself hints at the origin of this Puritan community. Over a large part of southern Russia are to be found isolated colonies of Lutheran Germans, whose fathers were attracted into the country

during the last century by the promise not merely of land, but of local liberty as well. They rapidly made an oasis of culture in the desert of Russian serfdom, and to-day the traveller who suddenly stumbles upon a German village in Russia recognizes it immediately by the cleanliness of the streets, the substantial character of the houses, and, above all, by the intelligent character of the people.

It is a crime in Russia for a Protestant to read the Bible to an Orthodox; it is a crime for a Russian to give up being Orthodox; it is even a crime for a Protestant congregation to allow an Orthodox Russian to be present. When I left Russia, in the fall of 1891, eighty Protestant clergymen were under sentence of Siberia, having been declared parties to the crime of preaching the gospel.

The Russian peasantry in general are disposed to hate Germans, as all shiftless people dislike those that are thrifty and successful. But amongst these were many upon whom German example made a deep impression. Some of them began to inquire into the secret of German success, and, as we may readily believe, received all possible encouragement from their Lutheran fellow-subjects. They began to feel ashamed of habitual drunkenness; they began to think that children should learn to read and write. They noted the fact that Germans worked hard six days in the week, kept away from the brandy bottle, and sent their children to school.

When the Russian peasant got thus far he could not stop there. He noticed that the German clergyman did not get drunk, did not go about in dirty clothes repeating incoherent words, but that he read to his people from the Bible, and encouraged them to read that book at home.

At this point the peasant ceased to be Orthodox. As soon as he commenced to read the Bible in secret, to unite in prayer with others, and to ignore church festivals, he became an object of active persecution on the part of the clergy.

Twenty years ago there were known to be about 1000 Stundists in all Russia. To-day there are probably 250,000, although it is impossible to be certain on such a point. The bulk of them are scattered between the Black Sea and Poland, though their Puritan doctrine finds an echo in every province of the empire.

They are a vital Christian force, and are doing vastly more to revolutionize Russia than the nihilists. They are spreading popular education amongst the class that needs it most, and are starting inquiry in the minds of people whose fathers never questioned the divinity of the Czar.

The Russian government could afford to ignore these people for many years, especially as the police reported them as uniformly industrious, honest, sober, and prompt in the payment of taxes. The Church, however, had to protect itself, for Stundists held one doctrine that could never be forgiven—denial of Orthodoxy. Non-conforming peasants were dragged from their homes, charged with heresy, locked in jail, flogged, tortured, sent to die loathsome deaths in pestilential mines —all to no purpose. The Russian suffers cheerfully for his religion, and in the record of the clerical courts it is rare to learn of a victim betraying a friend.

The same loyalty that makes the Russian soldier march for days on bad food, that makes him reckless of danger, and that keeps him on his sentry beat until he freezes to death—this loyalty comes out with equal force when he meets judicial torture at the hands of the Orthodox clergy.

The Russian government is fighting Stundists and Skoptzi with the same well-worn weapons of old-fashioned persecution, and no one who knows Russia need be surprised that Protestantism is making enormous strides in consequence.

Passing northward along our narrow strip, let us stop a moment at Warsaw, the beautiful capital of Russia's saddest province. The Poles are a people superior to the Russians in breeding, education, and enterprise, and yet are treated like slaves by taskmasters whom they cannot but despise. The government is doing its best to make a wilderness of Poland by handing it over to a police administration whose ambition is to drive seven millions of Catholic Christians to desperation. These people hate the Russian government and the Orthodox Church with a heartiness almost incredible. Polish gentlemen, speaking to me of the wrong and insult to which they have to submit at the hands of officials, have burst into tears. They cannot publish their sufferings to the world, they cannot even organize for social and benevolent purposes, but they manage to

know whom they can trust, and are quiet now only because their leaders are holding them back for a better opportunity.

Following our little strip, we reach the so-called Baltic Provinces, and hear German spoken in the trading-ports, hear Lutheran clergymen in the pulpit, and find that, socially speaking, the Russian is regarded as an inferior creature, who, to be sure, fills all the offices and governs the country, but still by no means represents the brains or breeding of the community.

These provinces were conquered and settled originally by Germans, and to-day represent to Russia not merely the bulk of the Baltic trade, but also a large proportion of the industrial, mechanical, and military talent of the empire. Should Russia lose the Baltic Provinces it would be to her a loss difficult to exaggerate. Such is their importance that it is hard to understand the fatuity that drives her along in a policy of persecution eminently calculated to make the people of those provinces disloyal. They are to-day German and Protestant, as they have been for generations, yet the Czar intends they shall be neither. He is seeking in every way to boycott the German language, and to make the people there Russian in school and church.

He is doing the same thing to the German colonists of Bessarabia, and with perhaps still greater severity. In the Baltic Provinces, however, he has not to do with mere peasants, but with an aristocracy jealous of its rights, and outraged by the brutal manner in which Russia has step by step withdrawn liberties of long standing. These people are next door to Germany; they have been loyal subjects in the past, but the time is coming when we may find them uniting in prayer with the Poles for deliverance, and not very particular as to the quarter from which they expect this deliverance to come.

The Baltic Provinces have a population of more than 2,000,000, who may be regarded as a people wavering between Slav and Teuton. Of the whole population only about 60,000 are Russian, against 200,000 German. The bulk is made up of a people whose language is little more than a peasant dialect. Germany has given them Lutheran churches; and the Germans of this country represent fifty-eight towns and villages that are in general superior to any in Russia as regards material and intellectual progress.

The last province on our long and narrow strip is Protestant Finland, a country inhabited by a patient, industrious, well-educated, clean, and liberty-loving people. From time immemorial they have governed themselves with prudence, and set the world an example of constitutional liberty long before Europe commenced to grumble at the misrule of oppressive tyrants. The great Napoleon gave this country to the Czar Alexander I. as part payment for a political obligation. To be sure, it was not Napoleon's to give, but that signified little. The Russian Czar incorporated Finland as part of his empire, promising her at the time the complete local self-government to which her people were accustomed. The same promise was made to the Baltic Provinces, to the Poles, and to the colonists from Germany, and in every case the promise has been broken.

The Lutherans of Finland are awakening to a sense of the danger that threatens not only their language, their liberty, their right of worship, but their material prosperity as well. The persecution of the Greek Church will not stop at Stundists and Skoptzi, Poles or Germans. The Czar has begun by discouraging the Finn from using his native language; he will not rest until the Orthodox *eikon* surmounts every pulpit now occupied by a detested Lutheran.

Finland is well supplied with common schools and newspapers; her people appreciate the importance of liberty, and have been loyal to the Czar so long as he did not seriously infringe their ancient constitution. The relations that have existed between Finns and Russians since 1809 are now undergoing serious modification, owing mainly to the fear that Russia means to Russify the Finns much as she is Russifying her other conquered people.

Finns, Poles, and Germans; Protestants, Catholics, Jews—all are to-day the object of Russian persecution. The priest and policeman tramp up and down this frontier "strip" hunting for whatever is unorthodox. "Be Russian" or "be damned" is the alternative offered, and in this year of grace there are many who answer: "If I am to be damned, let it be rather on the Rhine than in Siberia!"

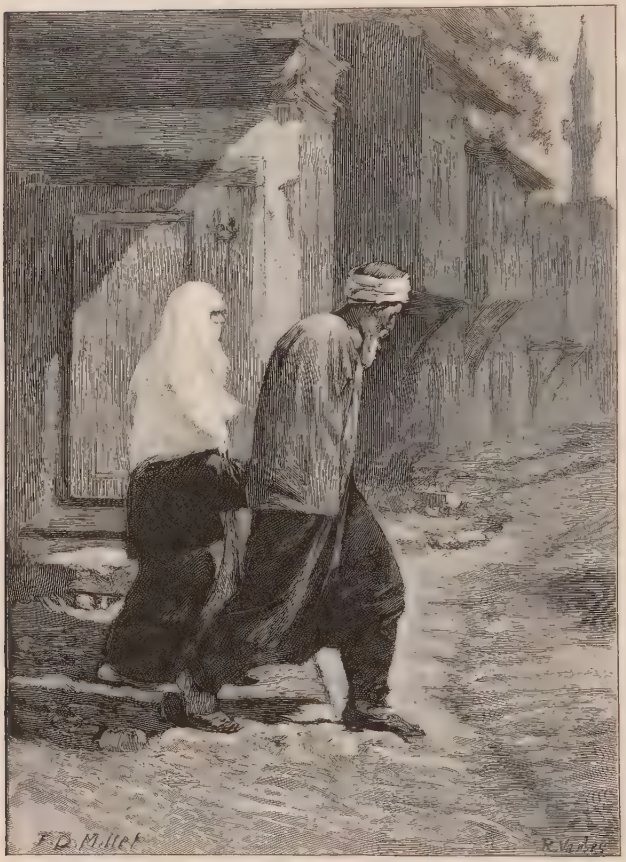
FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY F. D. MILLET.

VI.

THE great brick fortress of Widdin has a strangely aggressive look in the pastoral landscape along the river. The high walls, enclosing with their protecting bulwarks the populous Turkish quarter of the town, with its numerous mosques, rise directly out of the water at the river-front, and tower far above the trees scattered over the broad green meadows, and, although neglected and fast crumbling to pieces, are grandly imposing in height and extent. No bunting now flutters from the tottering flag-staff, and the yawning embrasures are half filled with rubbish, but the great citadel still dominates with arrogant pride the rambling commercial town in the shadow of its walls, and maintains its dignity as the extreme important outpost of Mohammedan faith in Europe—a noble monument to the former military and political supremacy of the Turkish Empire. On the narrow landing-places by the water-gates, as we drifted past in the early forenoon, crowds of Turkish women and children were busy with their washing, and men in variegated jackets, baggy trousers, turban, and sash waddled idly about, or lazily rowed the clumsy boats laden with merchandise. The indescribable squalor and filth of the Orient characterized every feature of the scene, and we now realized, what Belgrade and Ada Kaleh had only hinted to us, the nature of the gulf that separates Mohammedan from Christian, not only in religion, but in type, dress, and costume. Widdin is not only one of the most important towns of northern Bulgaria, but is the real head of navigation for sailing

IN WIDDIN.



TURKS AT WIDDIN.

vessels, and in many ways distinctly marks a new phase of river life, and an abrupt political, ethnographical, and philological frontier as well.

The flag-ship of our tiny fleet had put in at Widdin a few hours before we arrived, and the Admiral, who had exhausted all the time at his disposal, was here obliged to give up the cruise, to his own intense disappointment, and the infinite regret of all three. The curiosity of the 'long-shore natives had been quite exhausted over the first arrival, and we therefore landed without causing a flutter of surprise, and exciting only a little interest. When we drew up our canoes on the shore just above the steamer landing, we were interviewed at once by a smart-looking young officer in white Russian cap and tunic, and red-trimmed brown trousers of Bulgarian homespun, and armed with sabre and revolver, who politely requested the temporary loan of our passports, and, after we had given them up, told us we were free to go where we chose. We were not long in finding our way to the busiest thoroughfare of the town, a long street with low houses, and a continuous line of small shops and cafés, mostly like deep alcoves slightly raised above the level of the pavement. Hundreds of country people, having disposed of their produce in the great market-place near the citadel, were now busy shopping. The women in this section of Bulgaria wear a short, scant chemise of homespun linen, with full long sleeves, often richly embroidered, a bright-colored woollen apron reaching to the hem of the chemise in front, and another of similar stuff, but very full and stiffly plaited, hanging no lower than the bend of the knee behind. They braid their hair in one long piece down the back, and fasten an embroidered white kerchief around their heads, with fresh flowers and ornaments of various kinds. Uncouth rawhide sandals and thick shapeless socks, often brilliant orange in color, protect their feet and ankles. The men here, as in most other districts, wear what may best be described as a clumsy imitation of the Turkish dress, usually made of brown woollen homespun, trimmed with black braid, and, in place of fez, a black sheepskin cap, often varying in shape, but seldom in color.

Among this gay and bustling crowd, sad, pallid-faced Turkish women and mournful, dejected-looking men stalked like spectres, or haggled wearily with apathetic shopkeepers. Mounted policemen, very like Cossacks in appearance, galloped recklessly through the multi-

tude, and a numerous force of men on foot, in neat brown uniforms, watched with active vigilance every unusual stir among the people, and quelled with rough-and-ready authority every incipient disturbance caused by too much slivovitz (plum brandy). We strolled across the market-place and over the moat into the great citadel, and passing the inner gate, were in a quarter as characteristically Turkish as the remotest corner of Stamboul. The huddle of people in the narrow, crooked streets; the curious shops, and the open manufactories of all sorts of articles; the latticed windows, tumble-down fountains, and half-ruined mosques; the close, musty smell, and general squalor and worn-out appearance—all were unmistakably Turkish, and everything indicated extreme poverty and a condition of life which excited our heartiest sympathies. Intense love of locality binds this people to the place, and, isolated by religion, language, and customs, with no rights of citizenship and no common interests with their neighbors, they endure with the patience characteristic of their race the aggravating tyranny of the Bulgarians.

Three fresh languages assailed our ears in Widdin, and we plunged without preparation from the tangled maze of Roumanian and Servian into the quagmires of Bulgarian, Turkish, and modern Greek. We expected to hear two new languages here, but were surprised when we took our luncheon in a restaurant to find the bill of fare written in Greek, and to hear the waiters shouting orders in this lisping speech. We were now well across the line that separates the Orient from the Occident, and within touch of Constantinople and Athens. The markets gave us abundant evidences that we had reached a milder climate. Grapes were delicious, plentiful, and cheap, the best varieties costing less than two cents a pound. Tomatoes, egg-plant, and sweet-peppers were larger and better than we had seen before, and melons and green corn were almost out of season. Fresh meat was

BULGARIAN PEASANT TYPES.

about five cents a pound, and caviare, for which delicacy Widdin is celebrated, was readily obtained, but at a price very little lower than in any other market. Knowing that we had a rather desolate part of the river before us, we laid in a good supply of stores of all kinds, except wine, which, we learned, was easily to be obtained at any village, and, when the town had gone to sleep at noon, sought our passports at the police headquarters; but the official in charge of this department

BECALMED.

had gone home for his dinner and siesta, and we were obliged to kick our heels in idleness and impatience until he returned, an hour and a half later.

Just below Widdin, at the Bulgarian town of Acer Palanka, the general course of the Danube changes from southerly to easterly; and to the town of Chernavoda, in the Dobrudscha, about 300 miles below, the river keeps the latter direction with few and slight deviations. The long straight reaches were here enlivened by many sailing vessels, of the fifteenth-century type, with high ornate sterns, and single mast set midway between the bow and stern. Sometimes we met them gayly ploughing their way up stream, with every bellying sail drawing full, and again we saw them dragged slowly against the current by a long line of patient Turkish sailors harnessed to a tow-rope; or else we came across them tied to the trees in some quiet spot awaiting a favorable wind, the decks covered with sleeping sailors, no man on watch. The Roumanian shore from Kalafat down, for scores of miles at a stretch, is as straight and level as if drawn with a ruler, and the landscape on that bank of the river is reduced to its simplest terms. The Bulgarian side is seldom monotonous, and never for any long distance flat and marshy. High, grassy hills approach the river, and recede again at intervals, enclosing between their spurs great fertile meadows covered with farms. Here and there on the bare slopes of the rounded hills great villages are seen, usually at some distance from the river. Many of these are only great irregular collections of hovels dug in the ground and roofed with earth, and even

TURKISH SAILING SHIPS.

the best of them can boast no more than one or two buildings of a better type than the ordinary hut of sun-dried bricks or of wattle and mud. Most of the habitations, together with the great straw and hay ricks—always the prominent feature of every village—are enclosed by walls of mud or by wattled fences, and the streets, which ramble along casually between these boundaries, are seldom better than gullies or watercourses. The interiors are often surprisingly neat and tidy, even in the rudest hovel, and whitewash is used with freedom.

BULGARIAN VILLAGE.

About three hours' paddle below Widdin we came to the flourishing town of Lom Palanka, famous for the purity of its water, and somewhat renowned for the quality of its wine. We ran ashore, intending to fill our wine bottles and then to move on to an early camp. We fancied that the Lom Palankians would be eager to welcome us when they saw us land prepared to trade, but the delegation who met us as we floundered out of the mud looked uncommonly hostile, every man wearing a uniform, and all more or less heavily armed. Escape was impossible, so we began to parley, and asked the way to a wine shop with as much politeness as our meagre vocabulary allowed. The only response to this question was a stern demand for our passports. We promptly produced them, and, to our chagrin and astonishment, saw them disappear in the capacious pocket of the chief officer of the little army. The custom-house people at Widdin had told us that we could land anywhere to buy stores without giving up our papers, and we explained this as well as we were able, and demanded our passports again, preparing to leave without making our desired purchases. Remonstrances were worse than idle, for they soon led to our arrest, and we were marched off to the police station, a long way up the main street. The chief was not in his office, and he was unearthed from his hiding-place only after a half-hour's search by a large scouting party of policemen. The usual series of questions was put to us, and we sandwiched our replies between bursts of indignant language, which perhaps it would be unwise to chronicle here. The pachydermatous young man, bristling with authority, and assuming the indifference of immeasurable superiority, paid little attention to our explanations or our expletives, and after slowly spelling out the words from our passport, "We, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury, Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne, Baron Cecil," and from the other, "Robert Lincoln," copied the numbers in a book, ordered us to sign our names, and then let us go. Hot with wrath at the delay, we paddled off, determined to leave Lom Palanka out of sight if we had to

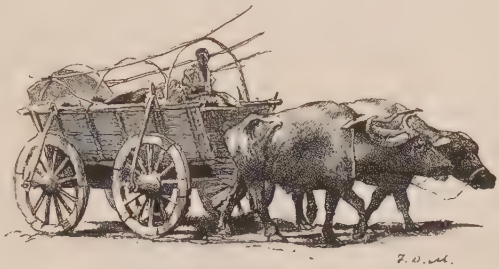
ON THE BULGARIAN SHORE, NEAR RAHOVA.

sleep in a swamp. We had the good fortune, however, to discover, just after dark, a reasonably good camp-ground on a low bank of sun-baked mud covered with coarse grasses, and the next morning found we had chosen the spot where the natives had their summer clam-bakes, for great heaps of fresh-water clam shells, the well-picked bones of a sheep or two, and traces of recent fires were scattered all around us.

Between Lom Palanka and Sistova, a stretch of about 150 miles—which, by-the-way, we paddled in less than two days and a half—there are only three towns on the river, Cibar Palanka, Rahova, and Nicopolis, and these are all Bulgarian. There are two or three busy grain-shipping stations on the Roumanian side, however, and we could see on the edge of a low plateau, miles back from the river, frequent prosperous-looking places, and, opposite Nicopolis, the church towers of Turnu Magurete, one of the most important towns in southern Roumania, rising above the trees. This shore of the river is, for almost the entire distance referred to, a broad low marsh, intersected by numerous lagoons and shallow irregular lakes, often ten miles or more in length. The lonely picket stations are the only human habitations along the bank. In agreeable contrast to this dull and desolate waste of marsh and willow swamp is the rich pastoral country of Bulgaria opposite. Although villages and farm-houses are not very numerous, we saw everywhere abundant signs of life. The meadows were dotted with hay-stacks, and great net-works of deeply worn cattle paths scored the smooth slopes of the hills, all burned yellow by the summer sun. Before the greatest heat of the day came on, immense herds of cattle and buffaloes, driven by Turkish cowboys, rushed panting down the hill-sides in a cloud of dust to cool themselves in the stream. The buffaloes wallowed in the muddy places, and then lay down with the tops of their heads alone visible above water, like uncouth amphibious animals. Great flocks of sheep stood on the shore by the water's edge, crowding together in a solid mass, and holding their heads close to the ground to escape the heat from the direct rays of the sun, and multitudes of goats were scattered all over the steep and arid slopes. The shepherds dig little shallow caves in the mud bluffs, with

steps leading to them, where they lie and sleep for hours in the daytime; others curl up in the gullies—so that every yard of shade on the rough bank has its human or its animal occupant, and sometimes men and goats, both seeking to avoid the sun, lie down peacefully together in the same narrow cleft or in the shadow of the same projecting corner.

In the broad straight reaches of the river the frequent sand banks were covered with water-fowl. Thousands upon thousands of noisy wild-geese, hosts of ducks, plover, and other game birds, rose into the air as we approached, almost deafening us with their cries. Wheeling round in broad circles, they settled down again before we had fairly passed them. Ranks of solemn pelicans awkwardly flopped into the water, and swam ahead of us in stately dignity scarcely out of pistol-shot, turning their huge ill-balanced beaks from side to side, and if we came too near, flew up with a tremendous splashing and fluttering. Tall herons soared away out of the shallows on every side, and swans and storks sailed overhead in graceful flight. Sometimes we paddled in the full light of noonday up to within a few yards of slender white cranes wading among the water-grasses, and once approached within a paddle's length of a large gray heron standing on one leg and blinking in the brilliant glare of the sun. The flora of the river-bank in this region is best described in a quotation from Alfred Parsons's note-book: "By the camp opposite Kalafat was a very handsome sedge with brown flowers, a mass of blossoms of the flowering rush, and plenty of excellent dew-berries. A flat below Lom Palanka was covered with a thorny leguminous shrub, tufts of small purple flowers and prickly red seed pods, small yellow asters, tall scabious with pale blossoms, and chiccory, which has been a constant flower for a long distance down the river. The slopes above the limestone cliffs below Rahova were covered with feather-sumac and lilac bushes. Wild grape-vines grow all over the willows on an island above Sistova, and the marshy lake near there had great yellow patches of villarsia. On the edge of this lake grow arrow-head and flowering rush, and where the land is drier are seen purple and yellow dwarf thistles, a small scentless heliotrope, and a white scutellaria. Tamarisk grows on the sandy flats."



BULGARIAN BUFFALO CART.

The river life was mostly confined to the larger craft; very few small boats were seen, and almost no fishermen. The great clouds of canvas on the Turkish vessels gleamed above the trees behind the islands far in the perspective, and the black smoke of tow-boats with their trains of loaded lighters was a constant feature in the ever-changing landscape. Occasionally a huge flat-boat of the

TURKISH FLAT-BOAT.

TURKISH WOMEN AT SISTOVA.

roughest build, piled high with a cargo of red and yellow earthen-ware, melons, sacks of charcoal, and other miscellaneous merchandise, floated down in the gentle current, steered by Turks in costumes of varied hue, the whole reflecting a mass of glowing color in the stream. Each of the river towns we passed was the centre of great activity. Crowds of peasants' carts laden with grain covered the broad strand in the vicinity of the steamboat landing, waiting their turn to discharge their loads into the lighters. When the grain is harvested and threshed, the farmers load their rude carts, and lead the slow and stupid buffaloes, after several days' journey, to the nearest river town, where they find a certain market for their produce. The whole country is covered with trains of creaking carts, and peasants' bivouacs are scattered all over the scorched hill-sides and everywhere along the dusty highways. They carry no tents nor shelters of any sort, and only the simplest food for themselves and their beasts. When night overtakes them they lie down on the ground beside their carts, and, wrapped in their rough coats, sleep as peacefully as their tired oxen. Their whole outfit is as rude and uncouth as it was centuries ago, and the native carts have not improved in build since they transported the supplies of Trajan's armies. The only iron used in their construction is the linch-pins and the rings which bind together the great hubs; the roughly hewn felloes, the different parts of the body of the cart, and of the yoke as well, are all held together by wooden pegs.

We noticed at Nicopolis the first of the series of Russian monuments along the river which commemorate the bravery of those who fell in the late war, a plain stone shaft on a hill-top just above the town, and when we landed there found every evidence of increasing prosperity and enterprise in new buildings, public squares and promenades, and general improvements. A cheery young soldier-policeman piloted us about, acted as our cavass or special guard, saw that we were not cheated at the shops, and at the same time busied himself with keeping order in the drinking-places, and cleared the streets when they became congested with traffic. He did not so much as ask to see our papers, and we began to be more hopeful about our trip along the Bulgarian frontier, and looked forward to landing at Sistova, twenty-five miles be-

low, with no disagreeable anticipations. The large biweekly passenger steamer on its downward trip reached Sistova a few moments after we did, and we were just in time to witness the exodus of twenty-five Turkish families who were leaving the country for Asia Minor by way of Chernavoda, Kustendji, and Constantinople. The whole remaining Turkish population of the town had turned out to see them off, and veiled women in solemn rows along the shore looked from a distance like so many queer river birds. We were assured by the agent of the steamboat company that similar emigrations are of frequent occurrence, but that most of the families sooner or later wander back again, after having found that their condition is not bettered by change of residence. Sistova has improved since the war in much the same way that Nicopolis has, but the river-front remains unchanged, and looks to-day very much as it did when, after the crossing in June, the Russians built their pontoon bridge from the low island opposite and marched their armies through the town to Plevna and the Balkan passes.

We made an interesting excursion of three days to the battle-fields of Plevna, fifty miles distant from Sistova, across a rolling country, sparsely inhabited, but producing a great deal of wheat and Indian-corn. The heat was intense and the dust terrible, but every moment of the excursion was crowded with interest and novelty. Travelling, as the natives do, by private conveyance, and stopping at the khans, which are still the only houses of entertainment in country places, we were thrown into intimate relations with the people, and, it must be confessed, found little in their character to encourage the belief in their capacity for immediate improvement. It is undoubtedly a fact that the peasants between the foothills of the Balkans and the Danube are the least agreeable specimens of the race to be found in the country, and it would be unfair to judge of the young nation by the inhabitants of a particular district. Their most curious characteristics are their emotionless expression and their habitual silence. We seldom saw them smile, and almost never heard them laugh. All the river people we met until we crossed the Bulgarian frontier were cheery and more or less communicative,

OLD MOSQUE, RUSTCHUK.

MOSQUE IN SILISTRIA.

and we heard singing, laughter, and constant merry chatter among the people as we passed. But in Bulgaria these cheerful sounds no longer came to our ears; villages near the river were as silent as the grave; the peasants at the landing-places stared at us stupidly as we went along, and no one ever hailed us pleasantly or showed any intelligent interest in our fleet.

Russian monuments are seen on several hills between Sistova and Rustchuk, about thirty-five miles below, and scarcely a mile of the river but has some interesting history in connection with the struggle along the Danube in the early part of the summer campaign in 1877. By a curious coincidence, we happened to camp the afternoon we left Sistova near the very place where, fourteen years before, on the same date, the writer had crossed the river at the end of a long courier's ride, described in the pages of this Magazine not long since. It is not strange, therefore, that as we paddled down the beautiful calm reach the following morning the familiar lines of the landscape stimulated a flow of reminiscences of the campaign. Nearing Pyrgos, and in sight of the monument on one of the great rounded hills where the battle was fought in which young Sergius Leuchtenberg, the cousin of the present Czar, was killed, we were startled by the unmistakable sound of the grunt of a Gatling-gun and the rattle of small-arms. We could not at first believe our ears, each of us thinking this dramatic and suggestive accompaniment to the tales of the war was a mental distortion of ordinary noises brought about by our preoccupation with the subject. However, as we paddled along, increasing our stroke in our growing excitement, we discovered that the sounds came from the hills near Rustchuk, and although we could see no smoke, we could accurately distinguish the reports of rifles in irregular scattering succession, like the prelude of a great battle. Our mystification increased with every moment, and we hastened on past the low willow-fringed shores on the Roumanian side, studying the rocky bluffs across the river and the billowy summits of the bare hills to find a solution of the enigma. The sounds ceased as suddenly as they began, and as we rounded a wide bend full of islands, and came in sight of the minarets of Rustchuk and the great buildings in Giurgevo on the low hills far across the marshes opposite, we met a small Bulgarian gunboat with a machine-gun at the bow, and discovered at the same time, on a broad plateau under the old Turkish redoubt back of the town, the summer encampment of the garrison. What we had heard was, undoubtedly, the morning target practice on land and the trial of the machine-gun on the river.

Rustchuk is the most important Bulgarian town on the river, and situated as it is on the main route to Constantinople, *viâ* the Rustchuk-Varna Railway and the Black Sea, and only two hours by rail from Bucharest, is one of the best-known cities on the lower Danube. It is at pre-

PEASANTS ON THE ROUMANIAN SHORE.

sent in the disagreeable phase of transition from an old Turkish town to a modern trade centre, and has neither the picturesqueness of an old place nor the comforts of a new one. Imposing shops, with all sorts of Viennese and Parisian goods, chiefly neckties and ready-made clothing, crowd the shanties where native rawhide sandals are made, and the street butcher slaughters his animal before the plate-glass window of a large grocery, filled with English, French, and German delicacies. Some of the streets are well paved and kept in repair, while in others the passer often stumbles over the half-buried shells thrown into the town by the Russians in 1877.

For about thirty miles below Rustchuk both shores are flat and devoid of life. We had our old enemy, a head-wind, against us; and, indeed, from this point to the end of our journey — about 300 miles below—we scarcely had an hour's relief from this persistent opposition to our progress.

From the important part the town and fortress of Silistria have played in the history of European Turkey for the last hundred years, we anticipated finding a stronghold far more grand and imposing than any on the river, with the possible exception of Belgrade and Peterwardein. Whatever may have been in past times the strategical importance of the place, it certainly gave us little notion of its strength. It occupies the whole of a low point projecting far into the river, which here spreads out into a broad shallow reach, filled with long low islands. Along the greater part of the water-front of the town are two walls, one within the other, more resembling embankments to protect the town from inundations than constructions for military purposes. Behind these walls, as seen from the river, domes and minarets rise above the roofs

HIRSOVA.

IN SILISTRIA.

of the town, which rambles back from the river to the great bare slopes behind. All over the tops of the hills are visible the lines of great earth-works, rounded and softened by the weathering of many seasons. After the usual passport formalities we wandered about the town for an hour or more, waiting for it to wake up, and had sufficient leisure to examine the extensive improvements in progress here, which bid fair to reduce at no distant date the picturesque old town to the commonplace level of a modern city. We could not help, however, being interested in the building of an enormous school-house, which will be, when finished, the most imposing modern structure in the town—a gratifying indication of the successful enforcement of the compulsory education law.

After the hundreds of miles of uninteresting scenery on the Roumanian shore, it seemed as if monotony could go no further, but opposite Silistria the far-off hills recede still more, the bank grows flatter, and at last degenerates into a swamp, with nothing but the wretched picket huts to break the interminable line of small willow-trees. We often landed on what appeared to be a hard beach, only to find it a jelly of mud with a thin crust of sand on top, through which we broke at every step. All the river men we met were suffering from the Danube fever, which, in the lower river, is the constant scourge of the population.

Ten miles below Silistria the Roumanian frontier crosses the river, and the district of the Dobrudscha begins. To our surprise, the line of pickets still continued along the left bank, although we were fairly in the Roumanian Kingdom, and now and then a soldier would appear on the bank, take a lively interest as we passed, and sometimes order us to come ashore. We treated these summonses with scorn, and paddled along heedless of the shouts which followed us.

The river life was fast becoming more active as we went down. Numerous tow-boats with lighters passed to and fro, and every open reach was lively with gaudily painted sailing vessels, manned by Turks dressed in all colors of the rainbow, and

looking as little like sailors as the craft they were in looked like modern civilized ships.

From Silistria to Chernavoda the topography of the country near the river alters very little in character, but we noted various other changes which interested us. The type of small boat was now entirely different from the rude skiff further up stream, resembling the Turkish caïque, with high pointed bow and stern; and our old friends the current-mills no longer had a supplementary scow to support the axle, but, with a wheel on either side, made a sort of caricature of a steamboat anchored in the stream. On the hills above the villages numerous windmills wave their long arms, testifying to the prevalence of wind, and everywhere ancient tumuli break the rounded contours of the grassy summits. Here, too, Trajan has left an imperishable monument to his mighty conquest—an immense wall of earth, which extends across the Dobrudscha from Chernavoda to Kustendji on the Black Sea, and the high rampart is plainly visible on the great rolling hills, apparently as well preserved in shape after the lapse of so many centuries as the Russian earth-works constructed a decade and a half ago on the neighboring summits. A fine railway bridge is now building across the river at Chernavoda, to connect the Kustendji Railway with the Roumanian system, and immense stone piers on the north bank are already finished. The construction shops and workmen's quarters in connection with this enterprise have transformed the simple little village of Chernavoda into a hideously commonplace settlement. At this point the river sweeps round in a wide curve, changing its course from a general easterly to a northerly direction, and at Hirsova, thirty miles below—a long straggling town at the foot of a bold spur of rocky hills—it divides into a number of small branches, which enclose and intersect with sinuous windings a great irregular marsh, twelve or fifteen miles in width, and extending to the river Pruth, at the Russian frontier, fifty miles to the north.

As we left Hirsova, near the end of the day, and saw the grand outlines of the hills grow all purple in the afternoon light, we were slow to realize the fact that our route would no longer lead us past these pleasant slopes, which from the distant Carpathian range downward had shown us an ever-varying and ever-beautiful panorama along the river-bank. The shortest of the sluggish branches of the river skirts the eastern limits of the Roumanian plain, and paddling into this narrow channel, we found ourselves in a short half-hour in a region quite unlike any we had yet seen. Both banks are low, and covered with tall reeds alternating with willow patches. The only habitations are little fishing stations, and these are miles apart. Even the line of picket-houses is no longer seen along the shore, for it follows the branch that flows along the eastern boundary of the marsh under the high land there. The fishermen's dwellings are hovels of the rudest kind, built of mud, thatched with reeds, and surround-

GURA GHIRLITZA.

ed by fences of the same material. How human beings can exist in these fever-infested marshes will always remain a mystery to us. We found a reasonably solid landing-place on a little island near one of these stations, and a short distance above the little hamlet of Gura Ghirlitza. The botanist, whose duty it was to gather drift-wood, brought back from his rambles a great bouquet of wild flowers—melilot, loosestrife, convolvulus, blue veronica, chiccory, tamarisk, snapdragon, and many others.

Early the next forenoon we landed at the village. The whole population gathered around the canoes and studied them with intelligent curiosity. They were the first natives since we passed the Bulgarian frontier above Widdin who had shown any particular emotion at the sight of the novel craft, and our hearts warmed to them in consequence. Perhaps it was partly on this account that we liked the village, for, after all, it was only a small collection of low, whitewashed, roughly thatched cottages, straggling along crooked, dusty streets, partly shaded by small trees, and everywhere enclosed by fences of dry reeds. But there were a good many bright flowers in the tiny gardens, luxuriantly growing squashes and gourds were climbing all over the thatched roofs, the clean white linen garments of both sexes were refreshing to look upon, and the brilliant aprons and elaborate red embroidery worn by the women made rich spots of color in the warm sunlight. It was well for us that we went away from Gura Ghirlitza in an agreeable frame of mind, for a persistent head-wind blew straight up stream, no matter how the river turned and twisted. We passed scores of Turkish vessels dashing along up the choppy current with a great splashing at the bows, and others trying to work down river by the force of the stream. For several hours we struggled against the gale and the rough sea, between banks with few signs of human life and scarcely a rod of cleared land, and in the afternoon passed through miles of unbroken forest, extending in every direction as far as we could see. From this the most desolate and deserted reach of the whole river we had navigated, we at last emerged quite suddenly into a sunny open country, with a high bluff a short distance below, where tall chimneys showed above the dense foliage on a large island, and in a few moments we were in the main stream again, opposite the bustling town of Braila, where the straggling arms of the river unite, and it again assumes its normal width and majestic aspect. The stream was crowded with vessels of every description, from the native lotkas to the great English freight propellers, whose ugly iron hulls towered high over all local craft. On the shore opposite the town scores of Turkish vessels were made fast to the bank,

ROUMANIAN PEASANTS SELLING FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

miles of loaded lighters were anchored along the channel, and great steamers were moored to the quay several ranks deep, all receiving their loads of grain. Thousands of men of every nationality and in motley dress were swarming like bees all over the cargo boats, carrying sacks of grain from the army of carts on the shore and pouring it into the open hatches. The English flag fluttered from many a mast, the names of familiar ports could be read on almost every great rounded stern, and the English language distinctly reached our ears in the babel of several other tongues. We had paddled a long forty miles against a heavy wind and sea, and preferring the quiet of camp to the confusion of the busy town, landed on an unoccupied meadow in full view of Braila, extending far along the bluff and looking down upon the forest of masts on the river, and with the spires and domes of Galatz distinctly visible on a high point of land a few miles below us.

LOADING GRAIN AT BRAILA.

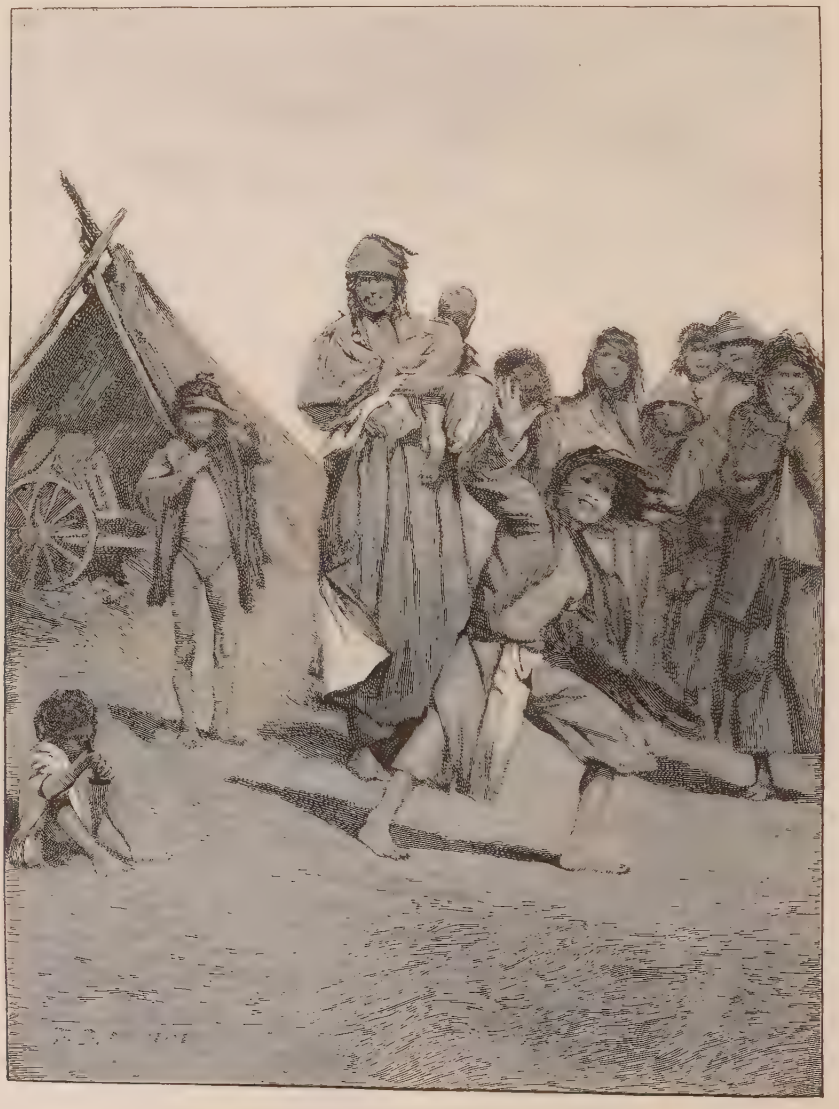
Braila is at the head of navigation for sea-going vessels, and as it is only about 125 miles from the mouth of the river, is practically a port on the Black Sea. A few years ago it was of secondary commercial importance to Galatz, a larger town similarly placed on a bluff fifteen miles further down stream. Since the Turkish war, however, the grain trade has been gradually transferred to the former city, until it has now absorbed the whole of this commerce, and has consequently become the chief shipping port for all the produce of grain-growing regions of Roumania and northern Bulgaria.

The army of the Czar made the first crossing of the Danube in 1877 from Galatz, across the marsh to a spur of the bold hills near the village of Matchin, and it was in one of the narrow arms of the river here that the Turkish monitors were entrapped and destroyed. Galatz covers much more territory than its neighbor above, spreading far out over a

HILLS NEAR MATCHIN.

level plateau, along highways which are deserts of dust in summer and sloughs of mire in winter. Part of the town is laid out with some regularity, and there are a few streets well cared for and with new buildings; but the thoroughfares on the slope of the plateau near the river are narrow, crooked, and steep, and most of the pavements are simply atrocious. There is no gas manufactured, but an abundance of water is brought into the town, and a fountain is in constant operation in the tiny park, where a military band plays light French airs every evening to a motley crowd of many nationalities. The better class of Roumanians admire everything French, and in all the cities there are curious and often ludicrous attempts to imitate Parisian architecture and to follow the customs of that capital. This is the result, of course, of the French education of the youth of the leading families for generations past.

The larger part of the town consists of houses only one story in height, with stucco façades and tiled roofs. In certain



GYPSY CAMP AT GALATZ.

quarters the population is very dense, and the streets and dwellings are there in a state of indescribable filth. The crowded market-places are, in the morning, perfect museums of types and costumes. Albanians in fustinellas like ballet-dancers' skirts jostle Slovac raftsmen in their skin-tight woollen trousers; smart marines from the naval station at the upper part of the town haggle with peddlers of Turkish tobacco; and florid-faced cooks of English steamers shoulder their way to the meat shops, regardless of Roumanian, Bulgarian, Russian, Greek, or Jew. In the outskirts of the town several large bands of gypsies camp on the hill-sides; for here, as in most other places in Roumania and Hungary, they are not allowed to occupy houses. Of all the specimens of this remarkable race we saw in our trip, those at Galatz were by far the most savage and repulsive in appearance. As we approached their squalid camp on the bare slope of a great hill, exposed to wind and sun, hundreds of half-clothed howling maniacs swooped down upon us, wildly gesticulating and shrieking for alms, tearing open their garments to show their emaciated bodies, and holding aloft naked children shivering in the cold breeze. Raven black hair falling over their faces in tangled masses half hid their small cunning eyes, and sun and dirt had given their skins the color and texture of long-tanned leather. Everything about them —clothes, blankets, and tents—was of the same suggestive brown hue, and this monotone was only relieved by gaudy trinkets in the matted tresses of the women, and by an occasional ornamental knife-handle in the girdle of the men. We were unable to endure for any length of time the filth of the camp and the proximity of the evil-looking, ill-smelling crowd, which at every moment became more and more difficult to avoid, and we soon retreated, followed for a long distance by a number of urchins, all limbs and rags, who turned somersaults in the dust and yelled frantically for money. We did not feel purified from the contact with these gypsies until we were seated again in the canoes and facing the brisk east wind on the broad reach below Galatz.

AS TO "AMERICAN SPELLING."

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WHEN the author of "The Cathedral" was accosted by the wandering Englishmen within the lofty aisles of Chartres, he cracked a joke,

> "Whereat they stared, then laughed, and we were friends,
> The seas, the wars, the centuries interposed,
> Abolished in the truce of common speech
> And mutual comfort of the mother-tongue."

In this common speech other Englishmen are not always ready to acknowledge the full rights of Lowell's countryman. They would put us off with but a younger brother's portion of the mother-tongue, seeming somehow to think that they are more closely related to the common parent than we are. But Orlando, the younger son of Sir Rowland du Bois, was no villain; and though we have broken with the fatherland, the mother-tongue is none the less our heritage. Indeed we need not care whether the division is *per stirpes* or *per capita*, our share is not the less in either case.

Beneath the impotent protests which certain British newspapers are prone to make every now and again against the "American language" as a whole, and against the stray Americanism which has happened last to invade England, there is a tacit assumption that we Americans are outer barbarians, mere strangers, wickedly tampering with something which belongs to the British exclusively. And the outcry against the "American language" is not as shrill nor as piteous as the shriek of horror with which certain of the journals of London greet "American spelling," a hideous monster, which they feared was ready to devour them as soon as the international copyright bill should become law. In the midst of every discussion of the effect of the copyright act in Great Britain, the bugbear of "American spelling" reared its grisly head. The London *Times* declared that English publishers would never put any books into type in the United States because the people of England would never tolerate the peculiarities of orthography which prevailed in American printing-offices. The *St. James's Gazette* promptly retorted that "already newspapers in London are habitually

using the ugliest forms of American spelling, and those silly eccentricities do not make the slightest difference in their circulation." The *Times* and the *St. James's Gazette* might differ as to the effect of the copyright act on the profits of the printers of England, but they agreed heartily as to the total depravity of "American spelling." I think that any disinterested foreigner who might chance to hear these violent outcries would suppose that English orthography was as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not; he would be justified in believing that the system of spelling now in use in Great Britain was hallowed by the Established Church and in some way mysteriously connected with the state religion. Indeed no other explanation would suffice to account for the vigor, the violence, and the persistency of the protests.

Just what the British newspapers are afraid of, it is not easy to say; and it is difficult to declare just what they mean when they talk of "American spelling." Probably they do not refer to the improvements in orthography suggested by the first great American — Benjamin Franklin. Possibly they do refer to the modifications in the accepted spelling proposed by another American, Noah Webster—not so great, and yet not to be named slightingly by any one who knows how fertile his labors have been for the good of the whole country. Noah Webster, so his biographer, Mr. Scudder, tells us, "was one of the first to carry a spirit of democracy into letters. . . . Throughout his work one may detect a confidence in the common-sense of the people which was as firm as Franklin's." But the innovations of Webster were hesitating and often inconsistent; and the most of them have been abandoned by later editors of Webster's "American Dictionary of the English Language."

What, then, do British writers mean when they animadvert upon "American spelling"? So far as I have been able to discover, the British journalists object to certain minor labor-saving improvements of American orthography, such as the dropping of the *k* from *almanack*, the omission of one *g* from *waggon*, and the like; and they protest with double force, with all the strength that in them lies, against the substitution of a single *l* for a double *l* in such words as *traveller*, against the omission of the *u* from such words as *honour*, against the substitution of an *s* for a *c* in such words as *defence*, and against the transposing of the final two letters of such words as *theatre*. The objection to "American spelling" may lie deeper than I have here suggested, and it may have a wider application; but I have done my best to state it fully and fairly as I have deduced it from a painful perusal of many columns of exacerbated British writing.

Now if I have succeeded in stating honestly the extent of the British journalistic objections to "American spelling," the unprejudiced reader may be moved to ask: "Is this all? Are these few and slight and unimportant changes the cause of this mighty commotion?" One may agree with Sainte-Beuve in thinking that "orthography is the beginning of literature," without discovering in these modifications from the Johnsonian canon any cause for extreme disgust. And since I have quoted Sainte-Beuve once, I venture to cite him again, and to take from the same letter of March 15, 1867, his suggestion that "if we write more correctly, let it be to express especially honest feelings and just thoughts."

Feelings may be honest though they are violent, but irritation is not the best frame of mind for just thinking. The tenacity with which some of the newspapers of London are wont to defend the accepted British orthography is perhaps due rather to feeling than to thought. Lowell told us that æsthetic hatred burnt nowadays with as fierce a flame as ever once theological hatred; and any American who chances to note the force and the fervor and the frequency of the objurgations against "American spelling" in the columns of the *Saturday Review*, for example, and of the *Athenæum*, may find himself wondering as to the date of the papal bull which declared the infallibility of contemporary British orthography, and as to the place where the council of the Church was held at which it was made an article of faith.

The *Saturday Review* and the *Athenæum*, highly pitched as their voices are, yet are scarcely shriller in their cry to arms against the possible invasion of the sanctity of British orthography by "American spelling" than is the London *Times*, the solid representative of British thought, the mighty organ-voice of British feeling.

Yet the *Times* is not without orthographic eccentricities of its own, as Matthew Arnold took occasion to point out. In his essay on the "Literary Influence of Academies," he asserts that "every one has noticed the way in which the *Times* chooses to spell the word *diocese;* it always spells it *diocess*, deriving it, I suppose, from *Zeus* and *census*....Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort!"

When we read what is written in the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* and the *Athenæum*, sometimes in set articles on the subject, and even more often in casual and subsidiary slurs in the course of book-reviews, we wonder at the vehemence of the feeling displayed. If we did not know that ancient abuses are often defended with more vigor and with louder shouts than inheritances of less doubtful worth, we might suppose that the present spelling of the English language was in a condition perfectedly satisfactory alike to scholar and to student. Such, however, is not the case. The leading philologists of Great Britain and of the United States have repeatedly denounced English spelling as it now is on both sides of the Atlantic. Professor Max Müller at Oxford is no less emphatic than Professor Whitney at Yale. There is now living no scholar of any repute who any longer defends the orthodox and ordinary orthography of the English language.

The fact is that a little learning is quite as dangerous a thing now as it was in Pope's day. Those who are volubly denouncing "American spelling" in the columns of British journals are not students of the history of English speech; they are not scholars in English; in so far as they know anything of the language, they are but amateur philologists. As a well-known writer on spelling reform once neatly remarked, "The men who get their etymology by inspiration are like the poor in that we have them always with us." Although few of them are as ignorant and dense as the unknown unfortunate who first tortured the obviously jocular *Welsh rabbit* into a pedantic and impossible *Welsh rarebit*, still the most of their writing serves no good purpose; to quote the apt illustration of a Western humorist, "It has as little influence as the *p* in *pneumonia.*" Nor do we discover in these specimens of British journalism that abundant urbanity which etymology might lead us to look for in the writing of inhabitants of so large a city as London.

Any one who takes the trouble to inform himself on the subject will soon discover that it is only the half-educated man who defends the contemporary orthography of the English language, and who denounces the alleged "American spelling" of *center* and *honor.* The uneducated reader may wonder perchance what the *g* is doing in *sovereign;* the half-educated reader discerns in the *g* a connecting link between the English *sovereign* and the Latin *regno;* the well-educated reader knows that there is no philological connection whatever between *regno* and *sovereign.*

The most of those who write with ease in British journals, deploring the prevalence of "American spelling," have never carried their education so far as to acquire that foundation of wisdom which prevents a man from expressing an opinion on subjects as to which he is ignorant. The object of education, it has been said, is to make a man know what he knows, and also to know how much he does not know. Despite the close sympathy between the intellectual pursuits, a student of optics is not qualified to express an opinion in æsthetics; and on the other hand, a critic of art may easily be ignorant of science. Now literature is one of the arts, and philology is a science. Though men of letters have to use words as the tools of their trade, orthography is none the less a branch of philology, and philology does not come by nature. Literature may even exist without writing, and therefore without spelling. Homer and the trouveres and the minnesingers practised their art without the aid of letters. Writing, indeed, has no necessary connection with literature, still less has orthography. A literary critic is rarely a scientific student of language; he has no need to be; but being ignorant, it is the part of modesty for him not to expose his ignorance. To boast of it is unseemly.

Far be it from me to appear as the defender of the "American spelling" which the British journalists denounce. This "American spelling" is less absurd than the British spelling only in so far as it has varied therefrom. Even in these variations there is abundant absurdity.

Once upon a time most words that now are spelt with a final *c* had an added *k*. Even now both British and American usage retains this *k* in *hammock*, although both British and Americans have dropped the needless letter from *havoc;* while the British retain the *k* at the end of *almanack* and the Americans have dropped it. Dr. Johnson was a reactionary in orthography as in politics; and in his dictionary he wilfully put a final *k* to words like *optick*, without being generally followed by the publick — as he would have spelt it. Music was then *musick*, although, even as late as Aubrey's time, it had been *musique*. In our own day we are witnessing the very gradual substitution of the logical *technic* for the form originally imported from France—*technique*. As yet, so far as I have observed, no attempts have been made to modify the foreign spelling of *clique* and *oblique*.

I am inclined to think that *technic* is replacing *technique* more rapidly — or should I say less slowly?—in the United States than in Great Britain. We Americans like to assimilate our words and to make them our own, while the British have rather a fondness for foreign phrases. A London journalist recently held up to public obloquy as an "ignorant Americanism" the word *program*, although he would have found it set down in Professor Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary": "*Programme* was taken from the French, so a recent writer reminds us, 'and in violation of analogy, seeing that, when it was imported into English, we had already *anagram*, *cryptogram*, *diagram*, *epigram*, etc.'" The logical form *program* is not common even in America, and British writers seem to prefer the French form, as British speakers still give a French pronunciation to *charade*, which in America has long since been accepted frankly as an English word. So we find Mr. Andrew Lang, in his *Angling Sketches*, referring to the *asphalte:* surely in our language the word is either *asphaltum* or *asphalt*.

Here, if the excursus may be permitted, I should like to note also that the American willingness to acknowledge the English language as good enough for the ordinary purposes of speech shows itself in our acceptance of certain words of foreign origin as now fully naturalized, and therefore so to be treated. The Americans are inclined to consider that *formula*, for example, and *criterion* and *memorandum* and *cherub* and *bureau* are now good English words, forming their plurals by the addition of an *s*. Our first cousins, once removed, across the Atlantic seem to be still in doubt; and therefore we find them making the plurals of these words in accordance with the rules of the various languages from which the several words were derived. So in British books we meet the Latin plurals, *formulæ* and *memoranda;* the Greek plural, *criteria;* the Hebrew plural, *cherubim;* and the French plural, *bureaux*. Oddly enough, the writers who use these foreign plurals are unwilling to admit that the word thus modified is a foreign word, for more often than not they print it without italics, although frankly foreign words are carefully italicized. Possibly it is idle to look for any logic in anything which has to do with modern English orthography on either side of the ocean.

Perhaps, however, there is less even than ordinary logic in the British journalist's objection to the so-called "American spelling" of *meter;* for why should any one insist on *metre* while unhesitatingly accepting its compound *diameter?* Mr. John Bellows, in the preface to his inestimable French-English and English-French pocket dictionary, one of the very best books of reference ever published, informs us that "the Act of Parliament legalizing the use of the metric system in this country [England] gives the words meter, liter, gram, etc., spelt on the American plan." Perhaps now that the sanction of law has been given to this spelling, the final *er* will drive out the *re* which has usurped its place. In one of the last papers that he wrote, Lowell declared that "*center* is no Americanism; it entered the language in that shape, and kept it at least as late as Defoe." "In the sixteenth and in the first half of the seventeenth century," says Professor Lounsbury, "while both ways of writing these words existed side by side, the termination *er* is far more common than that in *re*. The first complete edition of Shakespeare's plays was published in 1623. In that work *sepulcher* occurs thirteen times; it is spelled eleven times with *er*. *Scepter* occurs thirty-seven times; it is not once spelled with *re*, but always with *er*. *Center* occurs twelve times, and in nine instances out of the twelve it ends in *er*." So we see that this so-called "American

spelling" is fully warranted by the history of the English language. It is amusing to note how often a wider and a deeper study of English will reveal that what is suddenly denounced in Great Britain as the very latest Americanism, whether this be a variation in speech or in spelling, is shown to be really a survival of a previous usage of our language, and authorized by a host of precedents.

Of course it is idle to kick against the pricks of progress, and no doubt in due season Great Britain and her colonial dependencies will be content again to spell words that end in *er* as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Spenser spelt them. But when we get so far toward the orthographic millennium that we all spell *sepulcher*, the ghost of Thomas Campbell will groan within the grave at the havoc then wrought in the final line of "Hohenlinden," which will cease to end with even the outward semblance of a rhyme to the eye. We all know that

> "On Linden, when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
> And dark as winter was the flow
> Of Iser, rolling rapidly,"

and those of us who have persevered may remember that with one exception every fourth line of Campbell's poem ends with a *y*—the words are *rapidly*, *scenery*, *revelry*, *artillery*, *canopy*, and *chivalry*—not rhymes of surpassing distinction, any of them, but perhaps passable to a reader who will humor the final syllable. The one exception is the final line of the poem—

> "Shall be a soldier's *sepulchre*."

To no man's ear did *sepulchre* ever rhyme justly with *chivalry* and *canopy* and *artillery*, although Campbell may have so contorted his vision that he evoked the dim spook of a rhyme in his mind's eye. A rhyme to the eye is a sorry thing at best, and it is sorriest when it depends on an inaccurate and evanescent orthography.

Dr. Johnson was as illogical in his keeping in and leaving out of the *u* in words like *honor* and *governor* as he was in many other things; and the makers of later dictionaries have departed widely from his practice, those in Great Britain still halting half-way, while those in the United States have gone on to the bitter end. The ill logic of the great lexicographer is shown in his omission of the *u* from *exterior* and *posterior*, and his retention of it in the kindred words *interiour* and *anteriour;* this, indeed, seems like wilful perversity, and justifies Hood's merry jest about "Dr. Johnson's Contradictionary." The half-way measures of later British lexicographers are shown in their omission of the *u* from words which Dr. Johnson spelt *emperour*, *governour*, *oratour*, *horrour*, and *dolour*, while still retaining it in *favour* and *honour* and a few others.

The reason for his disgust generally given by the London man of letters who is annoyed by the "American spelling" of *honor* and *favor* is that these words are not derived directly from the Latin, but indirectly through the French; this is the plea put forward by the late Archbishop Trench. Even if this plea were pertinent, the application of this theory is not consistent in current British orthography, which prescribes the omission of the *u* from *error* and *emperor*, and its retention in *colour* and *honour*—although all four words are alike derived from the Latin through the French. And this plea fails absolutely to account for the *u* which the British insist on preserving in *harbour* and in *neighbour*, words not derived from the Latin at all, whether directly or indirectly through the French. An American may well ask, "If the *u* in *honour* teaches etymology, what does the *u* in *harbour* teach?" There is no doubt that the *u* in *harbour* teaches a false etymology; and there is no doubt also that the *u* in *honour* has been made to teach a false etymology, for Trench's derivation of this final *our* from the French *eur* is absurd, as the old French was *our*, and sometimes *ur*, sometimes even *or*. Pseudo-philology of this sort is no new thing. Professor Max Müller tells us that the Roman prigs used to spell *cena* (to show their knowledge of Greek), *coena*, as if the word were somehow connected with κοινή.

Thus we see that the *u* in *honour* suggests a false etymology; so does the *ue* in *tongue*, and the *g* in *sovereign*, and the *c* in *scent*, and the *s* in *island*, and the *mp* in *comptroller*, and the *h* in *rhyme;* and there are many more of our ordinary orthographies which are quite as misleading from a philological point of view. As Professor Hadley mildly put it, "our common spelling is often an untrustworthy guide to etymology." But why should we expect or desire spelling to be a guide to

etymology? If it is to be a guide at all, we may fairly insist on its being trustworthy, and so we cannot help thinking scorn of those who insist on retaining a superfluous *u* in *honour*.

But why should orthography be made subservient to etymology? What have the two things in common? They exist for wholly different ends, to be attained by wholly different means. To bend either from its own work to the aid of the other is to impair the utility of both. This truth is recognized by all etymologists, and by all students of language, although it has not yet found acceptance among men of letters, who are rarely students of language in the scientific sense. "It may be observed," Mr. Sweet declares, "that it is mainly among the class of half-taught dabblers in philology that etymological spelling has found its supporters;" and he goes on to say that "all true philologists and philological bodies have uniformly denounced it as a monstrous absurdity both from a practical and a scientific point of view." I should never dare to apply to the late Archbishop Trench and the London journalists who echo his errors so harsh a phrase as Mr. Sweet's "half-taught dabblers in philology"; but when a fellow-Englishman uses it perhaps I may venture to quote it without reproach.

As I have said before, the alleged "American spelling" differs but very slightly from that which prevails in England. A wandering New-Yorker who rambles through London is able to collect now and again evidences of orthographic survivals which give him a sudden sense of being in an older country than his own. I have seen a man whose home was near Gramercy Park stop short in the middle of a little street in Mayfair, and point with ecstatic delight to the strip of paper across the glass door of a bar proclaiming that *CYDER* was sold within. I have seen the same man thrill with pure joy before the shop of a *chymist* in the window of which *corn-plaisters* were offered for sale. And this same New-Yorker was carried back across the years when he noted the extra *g* in the British *waggon*—an orthographic fifth wheel, if ever there was one; he smiled at the *k* which lingers at the end of the British *almanack;* he wondered why a British house should have *storeys* when an American house has *stories;* and he disliked intensely the wanton *e* wherewith British printers have recently disfigured *form*, which in the latest London typographical vocabularies appears as *forme*. This *e* in *form* is a gratuitous addition, and therefore contrary to the trend of spelling reform, which aims at the suppression of all arbitrary and needless letters. Most of the American modifications of the Johnsonian orthography have been labor-saving devices, like the dropping of *u* in *color* and of one *l* in *traveler*, in an effort at simplification, and in accord with the irresistible tendency of mankind to cut across lots.

The so-called "American spelling" differs from the spelling which obtains in England only in so far as it has yielded a little more readily to the forces which make for progress, for uniformity, for logic, for common-sense. But just how fortuitous and chaotic the condition of English spelling is nowadays both in Great Britain and in the United States no man knows who has not taken the trouble to investigate for himself. In England, the reactionary orthography of Samuel Johnson is no longer accepted by all. In America, the revolutionary orthography of Noah Webster has been receded from even by his own inheritors. There is no standard, no authority, not even that of a powerful, resolute, and domineering personality.

Perhaps the attitude of philologists toward the present spelling of the English language, and their opinion of those who are up in arms in defence of it, have never been more tersely stated than in Professor Lounsbury's recent and most admirable *Studies in Chaucer*, a work which I should term eminently scholarly, if that phrase did not perhaps give a false impression of a book wherein the results of learning are set forth with the most adroit literary art, and with an uninsistent but omnipresent humor, which is a constant delight to the reader.

"There is certainly nothing more contemptible than our present spelling," Professor Lounsbury writes, "unless it be the reasons usually given for clinging to it. The divorce which has unfortunately almost always existed between English letters and English scholarship makes nowhere a more pointed exhibition of itself than in the comments which men of real literary ability make upon proposals to change or modify the cast-iron frame-work in which our words are now

clothed. On one side there is an absolute agreement of view on the part of those who are authorized by their knowledge of the subject to pronounce an opinion. These are well aware that the present orthography hides the history of the word instead of revealing it; that it is a stumbling-block in the way of derivation or of pronunciation instead of a guide to it; that it is not in any sense a growth or development, but a mechanical malformation, which owes its existence to the ignorance of early printers and the necessity of consulting the convenience of printing-offices. This consensus of scholars makes the slightest possible impression upon men of letters throughout the whole great Anglo-Saxon community. There is hardly one of them who is not calmly confident of the superiority of his opinion to that of the most famous special students who have spent years in examining the subject. There is hardly one of them who does not fancy he is manifesting a noble conservatism by holding fast to some spelling peculiarly absurd, and thereby maintaining a bulwark against the ruin of the tongue. There is hardly one of them who has any hesitation in discussing the question in its entirety, while every word he utters shows that he does not even understand its elementary principles. There would be something thoroughly comic in turning into a fierce international dispute the question of spelling *honor* without the *u*, were it not for the depression which every student of the language cannot well help feeling in contemplating the hopeless abysmal ignorance of the history of the tongue which any educated man must first possess in order to become excited over the subject at all." (*Studies in Chaucer*, vol. iii., pp. 265–7.)

Pronunciation is slowly but steadily changing. Sometimes it is going further and further away from the orthography; for example, *either* and *neither* are getting more and more to have in their first syllable the long *i* sound instead of the long *e* sound which they had once. Sometimes it is being modified to agree with the orthography; for example, the older pronunciations of *again* to rhyme with *men*, and of *been* to rhyme with *pin*, in which I was carefully trained as a boy, seem to me to be giving way before a pronunciation in exact accord with the spelling, *again* to rhyme with *pain*, and *been* to rhyme with *seen*. These two illustrations are from the necessarily circumscribed experience of a single observer, and the observation of others may not bear me out in my opinion; but though the illustrations fall to the ground, the main assertion, that pronunciation is changing, is indisputable.

No doubt the change is less rapid than it was before the invention of printing; far less rapid than it was before the days of the public school and of the morning newspaper. There are variations of pronunciation in different parts of the United States and of Great Britain as there are variations of vocabulary; but in the future there will be a constantly increasing tendency for these variations to disappear. There are irresistible forces making for uniformity — forces which are crushing out Platt-Deutsch in Germany, Provençal in France, Romansch in Switzerland. There is a desire to see a standard set up to which all may strive to conform. In France a standard of pronunciation is found at the performances of the Comédie Française; and in Germany, what is almost a standard of vocabulary has been set in what is now known as *Bühne-Deutsch*.

In France the Academy was constituted chiefly to be a guardian of the language; and the Academy, properly conservative as it needs must be, is engaged in a slow reform of French orthography, yielding to the popular demand decorously and judiciously. By official action, also, the orthography of German has been simplified and made more logical and brought into closer relation with modern pronunciation. Even more thorough reforms have been carried through in Italy, in Spain, and in Holland. Yet neither French nor German, not Italian, Spanish, or Dutch, stood half as much in need of the broom of reform as English, for in no one of these languages were there so many dark corners which needed cleaning out; in no one of them the difference between orthography and pronunciation as wide; and in no one of them was the accepted spelling debased by numberless false etymologies. Sometimes it seems as though our orthography is altogether vile; that it is most intolerable and not to be endured; that it calls not for the broom of reform, but rather for the besom of destruction.

For any elaborate and far-reaching scheme of spelling reform, seemingly, the time has not yet come, although, for all we know, we may be approaching it all unwittingly, as few of us in 1860 foresaw the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863. In the mean while, what is needed on both sides of the Atlantic, in the United States as well as in Great Britain, is a conviction

that the existing orthography of English is not sacred, and that to tamper with it is not high treason. What is needed is the consciousness that neither Samuel Johnson nor Noah Webster compiled his dictionary under direct inspiration. What is needed is an awakening to the fact that our spelling, so far from being immaculate at its best, is, at its best, hardly less absurd than the hap-hazard, rule-of-thumb, funnily phonetic spelling of Artemus Ward and of Josh Billings. What is needed is anything which will break up the lethargy of satisfaction with the accepted orthography, and help to open the eyes of readers and writers to the stupidity of the present system and tend to make them discontented with it.

So the few and slight divergences between the orthography obtaining in Great Britain and the orthography obtaining in the United States are not to be deplored. The *cyder* on the door of the London barroom and the *catalog* in the pages of the New York *Library Journal* both subserve the useful purpose of making people alive to the possibilities of an amended orthography. Thus the so-called "American spelling" helps along a good cause—and so, also, do the British assaults upon it.

AT THE TOMB OF JUAREZ.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I.

THE purple splendors of the liquid airs
  Drift cool this morning o'er the Mexic plain.
His robe of state the Monarch Mountain wears,
  And round him wraps the mantle of the main,
And to the far seas sends his smiles again,
  Serene, as in those long evanished days
When Montezuman armies shook their spears
  Of serried gems before the knights of Spain.
No caciques march; no teocallis blaze;
  To greet the sun no virgin army fares;
No herald priests their burnished shields upraise
  On red plateaus that break the mountain stairs;
No war-drums beat; but o'er her gardens fair
  Chapultepec looms peaceful in the air.

II.

The Aztec roses come again each morn,
  But Montezumas will return no more
To lead the dusky hosts of ages gone,
  And life puissant to these tombs restore.
Fair morns will come, and suns their glories pour
  On far sierras and serene plateaus,
But nevermore in sun or golden rain
  Will chant the priests of faded Mexico.
The gods of eld will ne'er return again;
  On altars dead no fire enkindled glows;
But every age fulfils life's better trust;
  And Galvez sets the cross in sacred dust;
And ring the bells of happy progress where
  The conquistador temples rose in air.

III.

I stand within the gardens of the dead,
  Where San Fernando's golden chapels rose.
The sweet clarina sings above my head,
  Bird of the cypresses and mistletoes.

Here Juarez slumbers in divine repose,
  His effigy in marble robes arrayed,
And in the statued lap of Freedom laid,
  As pure as the Sierra Madre's snows.
A hundred chaplets hang upon the shrine
  Prophetic, from the golden provinces.
When Education comes with light divine,
  And Superstition's hand unclasps her keys,
A new-born race will fill the fiery zone,
  And on Chapultepec the liberal arts enthrone.

IV.

O Mount of Heaven, then shall thy sacred brow,
  Forever bright with crystal prophecies,
Fulfil each dream of every seer till now,
  On El Salada or the purple seas:
Of sacrificial priests 'neath bearded trees;
  Of Aztec hermits' lifted eyes for light;
Of prophet ships that found the Caribbees,
  And spread again their venturous sails of white,
And broke the limpid waters with the cross.
  And brought the men that self had crucified,
From Andalusian ports and Badajos;
  Of teachers pure to broader faith allied,
And hearts like these who in memorial hours
  Hide Juarez' tomb in Hope's immortal flowers.

ANCIENT GOLD-WORK.

BY CYRIL HUMPHREYS-DAVENPORT, F.S.A.

AT a period in history when the greater part of Europe was still in an almost savage state, a small tract of land in Italy, lying between the Tyrrhenian Sea, the Apennines, and the Tiber in the south, and corresponding nearly to the modern Tuscany, was inhabited by a strange and highly civilized people. These people, the Etruscans, or, as they called themselves, Rasena, are variously supposed to have come from Greece, Egypt, or Lydia, a maritime province in the west of Asia Minor, but there is nothing certain known as to their origin, except that they are surely not the original inhabitants of Etruria.

FIG. 1.—ETRUSCAN EAR-RING.

The tradition of their Lydian origin is of venerable antiquity, since it is mentioned by Herodotus, and in itself not improbable, despite the difficulty of imagining how any large body of invaders could have made their way across the sea. For their language, philologists have variously proclaimed it Semitic, Celtic, Armenian, Gothic, Basque, and Albanian. Professor Sayce pronounces it *sui generis*, and Canon Isaac Taylor claims it as "Ugro-Ætaic," a mysterious phrase which carries conviction in its very sound. All this we may safely leave on one side, and content ourselves with the undisputed facts that the best part of the early civilization of ancient Rome was of Etruscan origin, and that for several centuries before 474 B.C., when, with their defeat by Hiero of Syracuse, the decline of their power set in, they were the chief nation of ancient Italy, lived in much luxury, and possessed (besides a literature which has wholly disappeared) a wealth of art treasures, the discovered remains of which may now be called considerable. These art treasures, it is needless to say, have all been found in tombs. The Egyptians made much of their dead, but the Etruscans seem to have made almost more, since we hear of cemeteries sixteen square miles in extent, while in their provision for the comfort of the dead in the matter of chairs and tables, pictorial adornment of walls, and ample supply of all useful implements for daily life, they fell no whit behind.

These tombs seem to have become larger and more used as treasure-houses as the race increased in prosperity and riches. In the earliest form of sepulture the cremated body was placed in an earthen vase, sometimes simple in form and sometimes shaped like a little hut, decorated with simple arabesque designs, and this was buried in a pitlike excavation, generally lined with tiles, and having above it no sign or mark of its existence. In their earliest burying-places many small objects of clay and bronze are found, generally toys or small articles of toilet, knives, helmets, etc., and in a few rare cases the better made of the bronze articles are gilt. The urns containing the cremated dead were gradually superseded by larger coffins, and the bodies were no longer burned. In these coffins finer specimens of work of all kinds are found, and gold jewelry becomes more and more frequent; but it is the latest form of burial, when the richer persons were laid to rest in large chambers, highly decorated, and containing many vases and much treasure of gold and silver, that has yielded up the richest harvest of black and red vases of exquisite workmanship, gold jewelry so finely wrought that it is quite beyond the powers of modern experts to guess in what manner it was made, and much other treasure. Naturally, the most beautiful specimens of art recovered from the old burial-grounds have been preserved in Italy, and in the Museo Gregoriano and the Museo Campana in Rome

FIG. 2.—EAR-RING FOUND AT TARENTUM. B. C. 250 (?).—IN THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION.

are splendid collections. Nearer home, however, is to be seen some fine representative work of the Etruscans, both at the Louvre in Paris and the British Museum in London; and at the old Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg is a large and splendid collection of gold-work of Etruscan origin, that was discovered mostly in the catacombs of Kertch and in the scattered graves of the Crimean peninsula, and in tombs on the shores of the Cimmerian Bosporus.

The discoveries of these depositories have been generally of recent date, but nevertheless the explorations have been so carefully organized and well conducted that probably we are already in possession of specimens of all the best of the many kinds of work done by the Etruscans, although doubtless there is much more yet to be discovered. M. Castellani, a jeweller of Rome, became one of the most ardent seekers and collectors among these old storehouses, and he made great efforts to produce work resembling the granulated work he found on the finer pieces of gold-work. He found that there existed at St. Angelo, in Vado, a remote district in the Apennines, a traditional knowledge of this particular art, necklaces, ear-rings, and other ornaments known as "navicelle" made there closely resembling the old work both in design and workmanship. Neither M. Castellani, however, nor his workmen succeeded in producing the grains of gold as small as the older work, and how it was done remains a secret to this day. Many other antiquarians have devoted themselves to the exploration of these old Italian tombs, notably Campanari at Toscanella, the Marquis Campana at Cære, Prince Torlonia and M. des Vergers and Alessandro François at Vulci, and to these gentlemen and many others we owe a great debt of gratitude, not only for their indefatigable energy in the face of difficulties of all kinds, but also for their success in revealing to us a glimpse of the luxurious lives the art-loving race of Etruria must have led, as shown by the treasures that have been preserved side by side with the bones of their quondam owners.

To the collectors whom we have already mentioned we must add the name of Pierre Jean Louis Casimir, Duke de Blacas, who died in exile at Prague in 1839. He was at one time ambassador of France at the court of Naples, and in many respects a typical French royalist. When the Revolution broke out he was still only a boy, and had the good luck to make his escape from France in 1789. Then he attached himself to the suite of "Monsieur," afterwards Louis XVIII., followed him to St. Petersburg and to England, and on the restoration was sent to Naples to arrange the marriage of the Duc de Berri with the Princess Caroline. In 1817 he was at Rome negotiating the

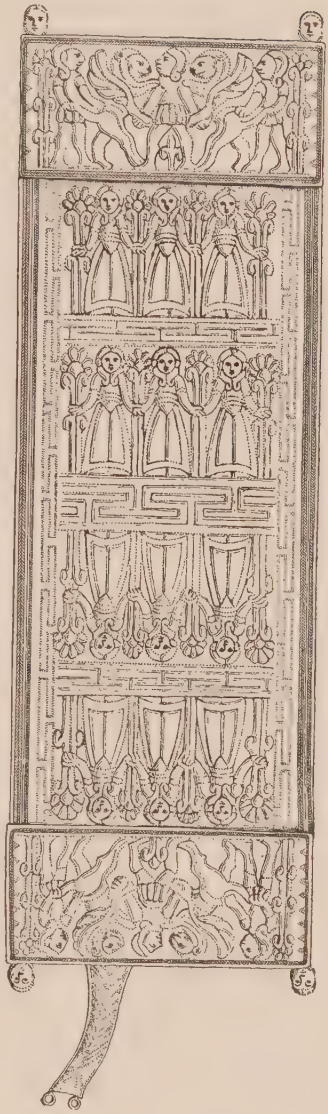


Fig. 3.—Armlet found at Cære.—B. C. 600.

Fig. 4.—Etruscan Safety-Pin (B. C. 600) found at Cære.

Fig. 7.—Safety-Pin from Vulci.—B. C. 400 (?).

Concordat, and from 1823–30 acted as ambassador at Naples. After the fall of Charles X. he once more became an exile, dying, as we have said, at Prague, three years after the King himself. The Duke used his wealth and opportunities at Rome and Naples to some purpose, becoming a great collector of every kind of antique, and filling the office of president of an archæological society at Rome. At his death his treasures passed to his son, who proved himself worthy to possess them by making some additions, and collecting materials for an illustrated catalogue. At the son's death, however, the collection came into the market, at Paris, and was bought *en bloc* by the trustees of the British Museum in 1866. Of the treasures thus acquired by the British nation we are only concerned here with a very small portion. They comprised Greek and Latin inscriptions, many splendid gems, coins, terra-cottas, vases, and some exquisite specimens of ancient gold ornaments. These last especially come from ancient Etruria, and it is at these that we desire to look. The chief characteristics of the gold-work in question are the thinness of the metal, its being pressed or beaten out in designs in low relief, and its further decoration by the superficial application of filigree and small granules of gold. Several moulds of stone have been discovered, and it is probable that the thin gold was pressed into the mould by means of a metal or agate style, and whenever necessary solder was used to fix the separate pieces of gold together. How the granulated work was produced is still unknown; some of it is so fine that without a magnifying-glass it is almost impossible to believe that the patterns are actually laid on with an infinite number of minute spherical grains. The larger work of this kind has been wonderfully imitated by M. Castellani, mentioned above, as it has also by M. Giuliano, a jeweller in London. Several very beautiful specimens of early Etruscan jewelry are further adorned with fine enamel-work, engraved gems, and gems roughly cut, glass and amber, but the pieces illustrated with this paper are entirely made in gold.

Fig. 6.—Ear-Ring found at Corfu.—B. C. 350 (?).

To the Blacas collection belongs the beautiful pair of ear-rings (Fig. 1) in the form of winged angels, with a circular ornament above their heads, having a rosette in the centre on a long stalk, and edged with

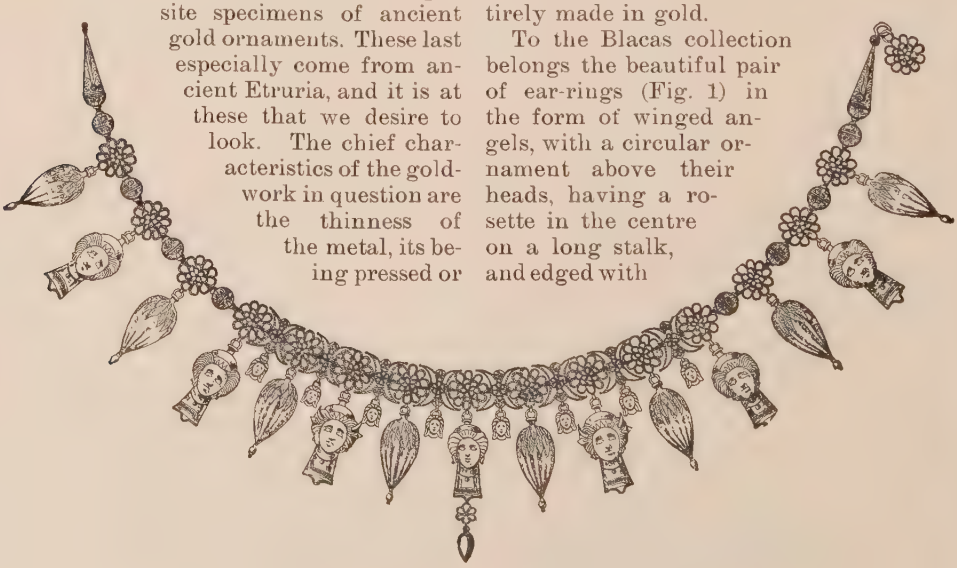


Fig. 5.—Etruscan Necklace from Tarentum.—B. C. 600.—In the Castellani Collection.

a twisted wire. The angels are made each of two pieces of gold; the front piece has been pressed into a mould, and cut close round at the edges of the figure, and then a flat piece soldered on at the back. The wings are separate, and have lines showing the general disposition of the feathers. Though these ear-rings look massive, they are in reality very light. They belong to the finest period of Etruscan art, and were probably made about the fifth century before Christ. Unfortunately, the place of their discovery is not recorded. There is another similar pair in the same collection, much smaller, and the winged figures, perhaps symbolic of Victory, are holding up discs on which is a design of the full face of the sun, with rays in low relief.

The dolphin ear-rings (Fig. 2) are the same in manner of work, though of a much later date. They are made in two pieces, and are ornamented with tracery in twisted gold filigree. They were found at Tarentum, in southern Italy, and belonged to the collection formed by M. Castellani.

The very curious armlet found at Cære, in Etruria, by M. Castellani (Fig. 3), is one of the most remarkable pieces of work in his collection. It consists of one long strip of gold having two cross-pieces, one at each end, all decorated in low relief, and enriched with rows of delicate grains of gold along the lines of the design, and in the Greek fret used as a supplementary framing. The design of three symbolic figures, perhaps of Venus, holding conventional lilies, is repeated four times. On the end pieces is a spirited design of men struggling with lions. The granulated work on this armlet is very delicate, but on a safety-pin in the same collection, of a simple design in itself, is a running pattern drawn so accurately and closely with separate grains of gold that it is hardly possible to realize that it is not traced out in wire.

Another very delicate specimen indeed is the head of a satyr used as a pendant for a necklace. These two specimens are too fine to lend themselves well to illustration, but with the exception of the smallness, the work is identical with that shown on the armlet.

The safety-pin in the form of a lion (Fig. 4) is early Etruscan work. The lion is very finely modelled, and finished with a little chased work on his mane and head. He is made of thin gold moulded and soldered at the edges, and is very light. The socket for the pin is ornamented with a design in delicate filigree-work. It was found at Cære, the modern Cervetri.

The beautiful gold necklace with pendants (Fig. 5) forms part of the Castellani collection in the British Museum. It consists of a circlet of roses bearing alternate pendants of vases and female heads exquisitely modelled. The roses are each composed of three rosettes of diminishing sizes superimposed, each petal edged with a minute twisted wire, with a little head in the centre. In the centre part of the necklace, where it is thickest, these roses are divided from each other by a piece of gold cut into a design of two crescents back to back, with patterns traced in filigree and a tiny rosette in the centre, and from each of these divisions hangs a little female head in low relief.

Of the pendants, the centre head is simply that of a beautiful girl, and the two side ones next to it that have cows' horns and ears represent the goddess Io, who was changed into a cow by Jupiter. The remaining heads are the same as that of Io, only without the horns and ears. All these heads are made of thin gold pressed into deep moulds, backed with a flat piece, and then finished with a chasing tool; each has a filigree necklace and a loop for a pendant. Possibly at one time they all had similar pendants to that still remaining on the centre head. The vases are made in a similar way, of two pieces of gold finished with a little chasing. The heads, and drops at each end, are adorned with filigree tracery. This necklace, which is Etruscan work of the finest period — about 600 B.C. — was discovered at Tarentum.

The curious ear-rings in the form of a snake with a goat's head bridled (Fig. 6) are very quaint in design; they are of similar work to the Etruscan work, but were found at Corfu. They are part of the "Woodhouse" collection, and are of thin gold ornamented with filigree-work.

The beautiful fibula, or safety-pin (Fig. 7), with the ram's head is a representative of a very large class; safety-pins of a similar construction have been made in all kinds of metals, and apparently by many nations. They have been largely found in Sardinia, at Camirus in Rhodes, and in France; in fact, they almost always

are represented in some form or another whenever discoveries of small domestic articles have been made. This particular one is a very fine specimen. It is simple in form, but in perfect taste. The bow of the pin is decorated with a design in large granulated work, as is also the bar ending in the admirably modelled ram's head, which is solid, and in that particular different from any of the work we have hitherto described. It is delicately finished with the graving tool, and is, moreover, adorned with some very delicate granulated work. It was found at Vulci, in Etruria, and is part of the bequest of the late Sir William Temple to the British Museum.

The consideration of these excellent works of art must inevitably lead us to the conclusion that in the case of jewelry, as in many other arts, we have not made much progress for many centuries. As to gems, ever since the scientific methods of cutting became known, so little attention seems to have been paid to the setting that it has become of secondary importance. When gems occur in ancient jewelry, they are at best roughly cut, and great skill has invariably been used in the design and workmanship of the setting. The same may be said of enamel and glass, the skilled use of which by the ancient Etruscans is a very marked feature in some of their jewelry. Needless to say also that in the actual management of the gold itself we are now far behind them in our powers of working the metal. The finest jewelry now made, as far as taste goes, may in fact be said to be either a near copy of the antique, or at best a skilful adaptation of their designs and methods of work. And generally the nearer the adaptation approaches the original, the more satisfactory it is.

THE CAPTURE OF WILD ELEPHANTS IN MYSORE.

BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

DURING his recent visit to India, the late Prince Albert Victor visited the state and city of Mysore, and after splendid festivities in his honor, lasting some days, he started with a large party on a Monday morning, the 25th of November, 1889, long before daybreak, for the jungle, to witness the elephant-catching proceeding under Mr. G. P. Sanderson, officer in charge of the Government Elephant-catching Establishment in Mysore.

The party consisted of H. R. H. Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, K.G., H.H.; Chamrajendra Wodejar Bahadur, Maharajah of Mysore, G.C., S.I.; the late Colonel Sir Oliver St. John, K.C., S.I., British Resident in Mysore; Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, K.C.B., now Commissioner of Metropolitan Police in London; Colonel Grant, C.S.I.; Captain Holford, 1st Life Guards, Equerry to H. R. H.; Captain Harvey, 10th Hussars; Captain Edwards, Central India Horse; Surgeon-major Benson; Surgeon Jones; Mr. Desaraj Urs, A.D.C. to the Maharajah; Mr. Meiklejohn, resident magistrate in Mysore; Surgeon-major McGann; Mr. McHutchin; Mr. Vinicomb Davey, of the Mysore civil service; Mr. Claud Vincent, private secretary to H. E. the Governor of Madras; Major McIntyre, military secretary to the Maharajah; and myself. The company was divided in several carriages. First came the Maharajah, tooling his drag, made in his own coach-house under his personal superintendence, and, as far as finish and workmanship go, equal to any turned out by the best London houses. He drove a splendid team of roan Walers—*sic*, New South Wales horses—with the Prince on the box-seat; after this came a series of breaks and wagonettes containing the rest of the party. The Maharajah is one of the best whips of Southern India, and thoroughly at home in the saddle. The road to the *kheddah*, as the place where they capture the elephants is called, is about fifty-two miles long, and winds through a beautiful and picturesque country, passing the villages of Nunjungode and Chamrajnugger. Many halts were made to change horses and to receive offerings of fruit and flowers from the villagers. The road was gayly decorated all along, the smallest collection of huts contributing triumphal arches. We passed many tanks, or artificial lakes,

which are made all over India for irrigatory purposes, some of them many square miles in extent; and it being yet an early hour, the banks were everywhere lined with bathers, who, with astonishment, looked at our long line of carriages with their floral decorations, on a road that usually had nothing more exciting to behold than a bullock tonga. The devices of the triumphal arches were mostly in English, and some were extremely funny, although seriously meant, as "Tell your grandmother we are happy!" Some were in the native Canarese, the vernacular of Mysore.

About mid-day we came to a halt, and here we had to leave the carriages and take to the saddle, as the road became impassable for wheels; and after a ride of about five miles through dense jungle, and in which we had to ford several rivers, we at last reached the camp, situated at a place called Yelserega. It was beautifully laid out on the top of a hill, at an elevation of 3500 feet above sea-level, at the foot of the Belligherry Ranjan Hills, that attain here a height of 6000 feet, and are a branch of the Neilgherry Hills. The site of this camp was only a few weeks before a dense mass of jungle, that under the superintendence of Mr. McHutchin and Dr. Benson became a perfect little village of canvas villas. All the jungle had been cleared for about one square mile, with the centre laid out in grass lawns crossed at right angles in various directions by well-gravelled roads and walks. In square plots of grass, surrounded by flower beds and situated at equal distances from each other, were the tents. The roads were well lighted with street lamps at night; and the whole of it looked as though it were to last forever, and not to be given over to the jungle again, as it was after our departure. A long broad road lay down the centre to the Prince's tent, near which, to the right, was the dining or mess tent. Everything was perfect, and there was nothing forgotten by Major McIntyre, who arranged the interior of the tents to secure our comfort and happiness. They were as luxurious as could be—the floors were covered with carpets on a thick layer of soft matting, our bedsteads were surrounded with mosquito curtains, bath-rooms ready with fresh tubs of cold mountain spring water, easy-chairs and couches galore, and after our hot and dusty ride a "peg" of whiskey and soda well iced ready at our call. The mess tent was splendidly arranged with hanging lamps, and the table beautifully decorated with sweet flowers, with many clean and smart-looking "boys" to wait on us. Here an excellently

THE GREAT CAMP NEAR THE KHEDDAH.

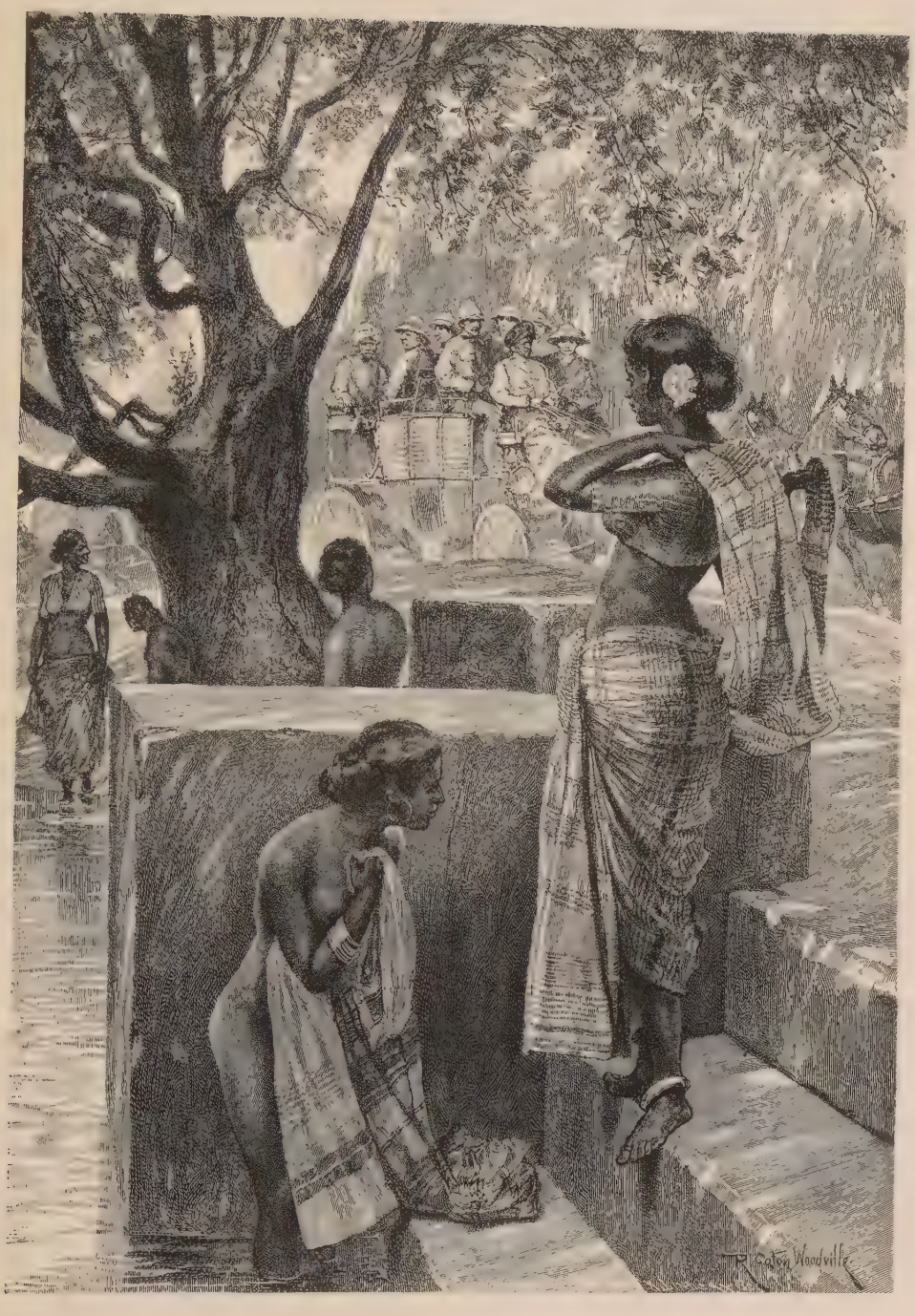
cooked and well-served breakfast awaited us, and immediately after that we rode to the kheddah—a ride through denser jungle, if possible, than before, of about another five miles. This was situated in a moist valley of the mountain range, covered with splendid forests of teak, tamarind, and peepul trees, intersected by large clumps of bamboos, and watered by a small river, with creepers thicker than a man's thigh, and sometimes three hundred yards long, climbing from tree to tree, the trunks covered with aged gray moss, and ferns of every description growing everywhere. Many parts of this valley have never yet been trodden by man's foot, and its swamps and rugged rocks are barriers that without great labor cannot be overcome.

Here Mr. Sanderson met us to conduct us to one of its nooks where the kheddah is constructed. We dismounted and walked to a stand that had been erected, well disguised by foliage, from which we could watch the proceedings without being seen by the wily beasts—a great necessity, as by some small carelessness sometimes the labor of weeks has been foiled at the last moment. The kheddah is a large enclosure of huge wooden beams and tree trunks, of about a mile and a half in circumference, with a smaller enclosure of about a hundred yards diameter opening from it, the whole surrounded inside with a ditch of some six feet width and depth. There is a gate opening into the enclosure, and from that another into the smaller one. These gates are constructed like the traps that they really are, and are dropped as soon as the captured herd is once safely in. They are weighted with enormous stones, and it takes about sixty strong men to lift one.

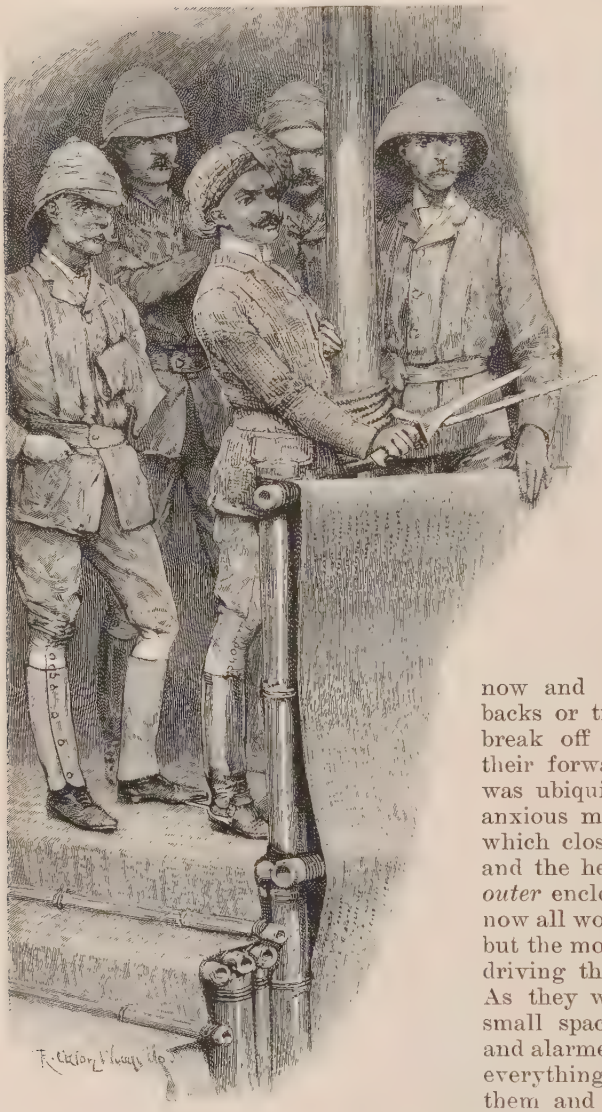
When we were all stationed, Mr. Sanderson took his place to direct the beat, and soon a shot—the given signal—announced the commencement of the drive. The herd had been previously enclosed some way off by a long line of beaters, numbering about four hundred, and had been driven there gently from a long distance. In the night they are kept in their places by huge fires lighted at equal distances from each other and surrounding them entirely, and the beaters have to be extremely careful that they do not get frightened in any way, as they will then suddenly break through the line, and perhaps not stop again for sixty or more miles. A perfect stillness reigned, broken only now and then by a word of command amongst the beaters as they noiselessly drove the herd onward towards their prison. Now and then you could hear the crash when they entered bamboo clumps, or the cracking of some young tree broken down in their progress.

For some time all went well; but suddenly they stopped, just as they were crossing the river, and doubled back in their tracks. The beaters then ran on before them, and tried all in their power to make them stop, which at last they succeeded in doing, and again they were driven forward in a cautious and careful manner. The elephant's sense of smell is very strong, and he can by this means discover man at a considerable distance, and will quietly move off. This smell, curiously enough, is much stronger in a cleaned and washed European than in a dirty native, and all wild elephants, or any wild animals, indeed, do mind the former more than the, to our idea, more perceptible latter. The elephant is naturally very timid, and will only charge when provoked or driven into a corner from which he fancies he cannot extricate himself, or when wounded and driven to fury. This is different, though, in the case of "rogues." These are solitary elephants that by their viciousness and quarrelsomeness have become outcasts from a herd, and henceforth lead a solitary existence. These become very dangerous, and will attack man or beast, in many cases without any provocation whatever.

Again a short shrill trumpet was uttered by a leader, and the herd faced about and formed a square, without knowing in which direction to go, but feeling that danger was coming near. Then the beaters had to be extremely cautious, and try by perfect quiet to allay their fears and alarm, as a stampede of a herd, when they find themselves surrounded, is overwhelming, and the females with calves will turn and charge without the smallest particle of hesitation, although the elephants on scenting danger generally make off as quickly as possible, and with marvellous quietness and absence of bustle, considering their size. At last they began to move forward again, and how mysterious these huge brutes looked as they silently strode through the dark forest, breaking the bamboos in their way and tossing them over their heads!



ON THE ROAD TO THE KHEDDAH.



THE MAHARAJAH CUTS THE ROPE.

These wild elephants in their native jungle appear colossal, and have not that dark, almost black, appearance that they acquire when tamed and frequently washed. In their natural state they are gray in color, and covered with red clay and mud, with bits of grass and leaves sticking to them.

The guiding-line of the beaters has to keep well away, and to be very careful to leave no opening in the chain. We could now and then get a glimpse of the giants of the forest as they were moving on, led by an enormously large female—the largest I have ever seen—through the thick foliage, with its sheets of sunshine every now and then playing upon them, and intensifying the general surrounding darkness. At last the men got them near the gate of the outer enclosure; but again they were startled by something, and began, with loud and frightened trumpetings, to move in a side direction. Finally, however, they neared the gate, which, as well as the stockade, was well hidden by bamboo branches, the inside also being one dense mass of that plant, as any bare patches had been filled by sticking them into the ground; so we could only now and then get a glimpse of their backs or trunks as they raised them to break off some obstructing branch in their forward progress. Mr. Sanderson was ubiquitous, and at last, after many anxious moments, they passed the gate, which closed behind them with a bang, and the herd was in safe-keeping in the *outer* enclosure. One would fancy that now all would go smoothly and serenely, but the more difficult work now began of driving them into the small enclosure. As they were now in a comparatively small space, they grew more suspicious and alarmed, and were ready to look upon everything in their way as dangerous to them and to be avoided. The beaters were now collected, and Mr. Sanderson entered the outer enclosure with them to begin driving the herd into the inner one. This outer enclosure was about half a mile in diameter; and from this, which was also covered with very thick jungle, they had to be driven into the eastern corner, where the barrier to the inner enclosure was erected. Again a line was formed, and another shot gave the signal, when the elephants began, too, to move, and in the right direction. We could see all now very plainly from our platform as the drive progressed. Every now and then the elephants would make a stand,

when, with trunks uplifted high in the air, they would huddle together, not knowing in what direction to move. Their trumpetings and shrieks when one of them would turn to charge a beater were now very frequent, and they were getting very angry and ill-tempered. However, they were pushed gently forward, and by degrees were nearing the inner trap. It has happened that one of the herd, by making use of the back of a comrade who had tumbled into the ditch, has broken through the stockade, and so gained freedom again. So all round this were many men stationed with guns, mostly old matchlocks, to fire with a blank charge into their faces in case of such a rush. They seemed to fight very shy of the gate, and always, when nearing it, made off again, but were as pertinaciously driven back to it again in a circle. At last, after many futile attempts to get them in, they faced the barrier, and with wild trumpetings they tore through in one dense mob. The Maharajah immediately cut the rope, and, with a terrific crash, the ponderous gate descended. They at once perceived the trap, and tried a backward rush; and though the gate weighed a couple of tons, the combined force of the herd would naturally have most easily smashed it, but a blank charge from Mr. Sanderson's four-bore turned them, and a herd of thirty-six elephants was added to the many captured by this great sportsman. The capture of wild elephants had been tried before in the state of Mysore under the Mohammedan rule of the great Hyder, but proved a signal failure. I believe it was tried again in the days of Tippoo Sultan, who fell at the storming of Seringapatam by Colonel Arthur Wellesley, the late Duke of Wellington, when the Mohammedan rule in India was finally broken, and the Hindoo dynasty restored under the rule of Krisha Raj Wadeyar. There is still to be seen near Kákáukoté the stone where Hyder wrote a curse on all who attempted the capture of elephants after him, so disgusted was he at his own complete failure, and so the Mussulmans say there is this curse on any one who attempts it. If this be so, it has lain very easily so far on Mr. Sanderson's

THE DINNER IN THE MESS TENT.

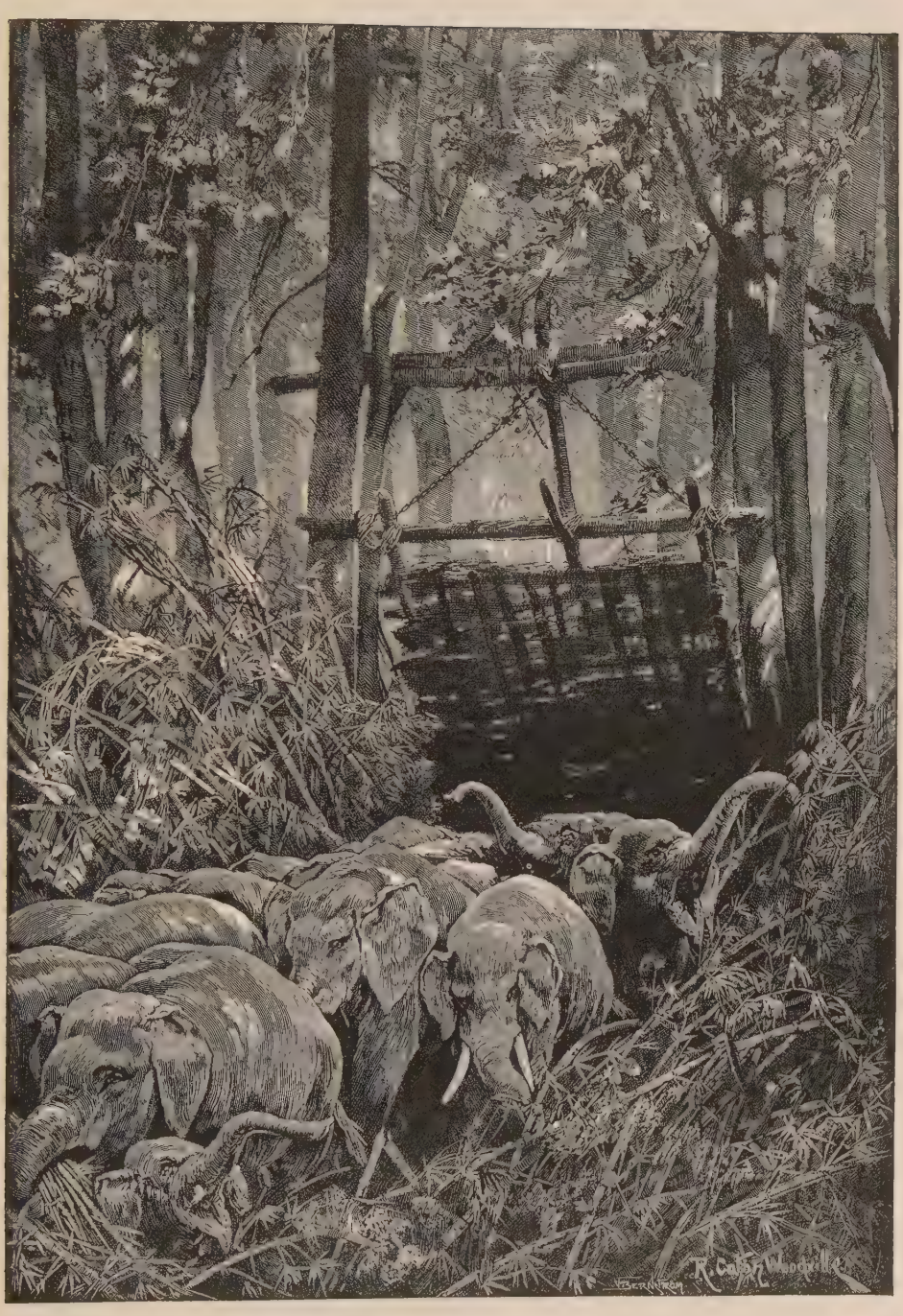
shoulders. They predicted failure and misfortune before his brilliant kheddah operations in 1873, the very first, and which turned out such a success.

In isolated cases formerly single elephants were caught by noosing them with tame ones. This was practised in Nepaul and Bengal, but no large ones were ever caught, it being very dangerous for the tame ones. Mr. Sanderson has also been very successful in the north of India, among the hills of Chittagong, where he was sent by the government, after his success recorded above, to establish a kheddah and get it into working order. One catch of eighty-five is recorded. In all his expeditions he has had the assistance of a very peculiar kind of jungle wallahs called kurrabas, who are the aborigines of this country. They have curly hair like negroes mostly, not straight like the Hindoos; they also eat the flesh of the bison or of a cow, which the Hindoos will not, as they worship it and regard it as a sacred animal. They pray to jungle spirits, elephants, tigers, and the large trees, and no doubt have added to their divinities, as the conqueror of ferocious animals, their great *shikaree* Sanderson. Their chief and infallible tracker is their priest or headman Bommam Gowda, an extraordinary-looking object, with white matted hair and beard. With no other dress than a loin cloth, and no other arms but a bamboo, he will wander for weeks with Mr. Sanderson after a herd of elephants, or follow the tracks of a wounded tusker or tiger, and bring the shikaree up to the quarry without ever failing. He sleeps at night under a tree, after a supper of curried rice and a smoke, with perhaps a little grog, of which he greatly approves. Without such tracker, the sportsman will never make a large bag in the Indian jungles, and on them depends his success, provided always that he uses "straight powder."

A weird scene it was at nightfall, when the gates were made secure, and large fires lighted all round the enclosure, where the herd stood closely together, facing outwards, all the dense jungle trodden into thick black mud by their wanderings round and round, searching for an opening of escape; the beaters and coolies preparing their evening meal; the watchers seeing that all is safe and right for the night; and our horses being led up and down, ready for the returning journey to camp, accompanied by many torch-bearers—a sight not easily forgotten; the return to the camp, also, in the pitch darkness but for the glaring torches, our cavalcade passing under the giant trees and through the matted jungle, where, had we not been a large party, a tiger might have jumped out upon us, and dragged off one to be devoured at its leisure. Colonel Sir Edward Bradford had his arm literally chewed off close to the shoulder some years ago by a man-eater, whom he had followed into the jungle on foot, and but for the bravery of his native shikaree, would have lost his life.

When we arrived in camp, a bath and a change from our shooting suits into cool and comfortable smoking or evening clothes soon set us up again, and it needed not hot sherry and bitters to make us enjoy a capital dinner after such a long and exciting day. Of course curry played a great rôle in the repast. You cannot get really good curry out of India, as it must be made of the fresh herbs, and there are so many things added to it as side dishes that we do not understand and are unable to get. It is not of necessity always hot. Some curried meats and vegetables are quite mild to the palate, although some are too hot for a European who has not passed a lifetime in India. A native will smack his lips and ask for more of a curry that you absolutely find impossible to swallow, and to which the hottest of West Indian pickles compares very mildly. Yet how we missed our curry after leaving the hospitable shores of Hindostan behind us! For a long time afterwards our meals seemed imperfect for the want of it. There they consider it as necessary to tiffin, or dinner, as bread itself. The dinner was long and very good, and seldom have I done more justice to one; the champagne was well iced, and the claret not too cool. The air was delightful, as at this elevation the evenings are never hot. We talked all the events over again, and after dinner thoroughly enjoyed our cigars before a big bonfire before turning in to well-earned repose.

The next morning we were up betimes, and after early *chota hazrie—i.e.*, a cup of tea and bread-and-butter—we again prepared to start to the kheddah. Some rode there on one of the Maharajah's elephants,



TRAPPED AT LAST.

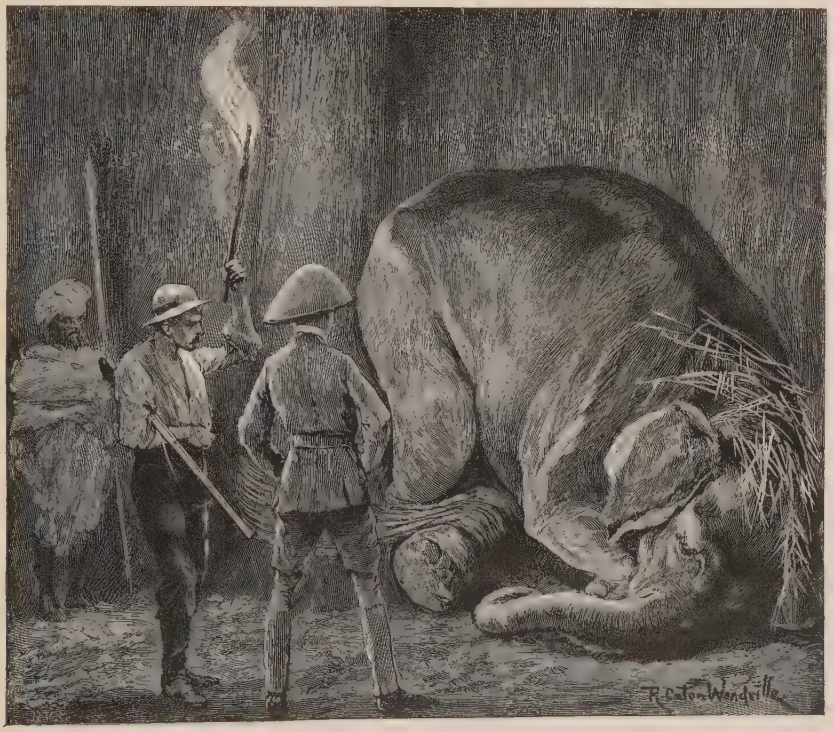
THE YOUNG TUSKER CREEPS UNDER THE GATE.

on which seats were arranged to seat three on each side, Irish jaunting-car fashion, but many preferred the saddle. Few persons can stand the long swinging stride of the elephant without the feeling of dizziness. On that day the work of securing the elephants singly began, and promised to be of the greatest interest. Mr. Sanderson had some eighteen *koomkies*, that is, tame elephants, at his disposal. These are especially trained to the capture of their kind; in fact, without their assistance elephant-catching would be almost an impossibility; at any rate, a far more dangerous, laborious, and troublesome business than it is. The koomkies detach a wild elephant from the herd, and three or four will then surround it, and squeeze themselves quite close up to it, so that it cannot move in any direction. They each have, of course, their *mahout*, or driver, and have a sort of rope harness round them to enable the men on foot in the kheddah to take refuge on their backs if necessary, as a wild elephant will very seldom attack a man up there, but when badgered about, as he generally and necessarily is before being secured, will at once charge a man on foot. These skilled noosers, who enter, so to say, the arena seated on the koomkies' backs, slip gently down when a wild one is hemmed in, and getting between the legs of a tame one, slip a noose round the captured one's hind legs and hobbles him. On feeling the ropes, the brute naturally begins to kick and swing his huge forelegs, and woe be to the man who should come within his reach. After being hobbled, a great hawser is put round his legs, and a tame elephant pulls this hawser with his teeth round the nearest tree; other tame ones push the hobbled animal towards him, and when his hind legs are close against the tree, they are secured by many turns of the hawser.

On our arrival at the kheddah we found Mr. Sanderson already hard at work. With the sleeves of his flannel shirt tucked up and an old battered straw hat on his head, he was everywhere at once and looking after everything. He has been so much under India's burning sun that he wears this slight head-covering with impunity, although had one of us been foolhardy enough to attempt it, a sun-

stroke would have been the immediate result; but he is so hardened by the life he has led that nothing seems able to harm him. There he was, so energetic that it made us sweat to look at him, giving a hand here, directing an operation there, with his "boy" always behind him, carrying his double four-bore, firing twelve drams of powder and weighing 19½ pounds. He knows well, by his great experience, the indispensability of a heavy rifle for such large game, and would not attempt to kill any big animals with a light rifle of a small bore, lest they might go off wounded and die a lingering death, and ultimately become food for the vultures and jackals.

When the Prince had taken his place, the gate was slowly raised, and by shouts and noises the herd was driven towards it; but only three or four were allowed to pass, and the barrier was then closed upon the rest, who sullenly took up their huddled position again in the centre of the enclosure, very sulky at not being allowed to follow their comrades into supposed freedom. The koomkies now surrounded one of them, a young tusker, and after a few unsuccessful endeavors, he was at last hobbled, and then allowed to tire himself out, which he effectually tried to do by running as best he could all round the enclosure, trumpeting loudly all the time, and doubtless presenting to his comrades in the small arena an inexplicable spectacle. There is a great variety of temperament observable in elephants. Young elephants, perhaps only a third grown, especially females, will always give most trouble; these wild ones will always attack and chase any one on foot; but an active man on even ground can outstrip them, and it was always considered highly creditable to do this in as leisurely a manner as possible. The enclosure reminded one forcibly of the Plaza de Torres, and here, as there, we always applauded some daring feat. With shrill shrieks they would charge the men, with their trunks curled up out of harm's way and their ears well thrown forward, their whole demeanor proclaiming mischief. At last they were, one by one, hemmed in and well fastened to trees, and Mr. San-



THE BIG FEMALE GIVES OVER TO DESPAIR.

derson requested all spectators, including the personal staff of the Prince, to raise the gate—as the beaters were away on other work—to let out some more.

This was accordingly done, and amongst them was the huge female before mentioned, with a very young calf about three feet high. This little animal, about two months old, was a great amusement to us, and a very great nuisance to the workers inside. It got into everybody's way, and had to be kept at a distance with kicks and stones. It kept running about, squeaking and screaming, amongst the legs of koomkies and wild ones alike, and seemed to object strongly to the whole proceeding. At last its mother was noosed, with the greatest difficulty, and surrounded, but nothing in the world could persuade her to go towards the tree; so a large hawser was fastened to the hobbles, and a koomkie, taking the end of the hawser in its mouth, and twisting its trunk well round it, gave it a turn round a tree, while several others pushed this giant mother towards it, the little one roaring most piteously the whole time. At last, after great exertions, she was close enough to be secured by the hind legs. As soon as she was left alone, she struggled in the most marvellous manner to free herself. Sometimes she would lie down and roll from side to side; then she would stand upright on her hind legs; next she would throw herself down again, and stand fairly on her head, with her legs well away from the ground, all the time trying to free them from their shackles, searching the ground all round her the while for a purchase, and pulling with tremendous power, which would almost burst the thick ropes with which she was tied. She was more furious than ever if her calf left her side, when she would take up stones and earth and fling them all over herself in her agony. Her exertions lasted over an hour and a half, and it was a most piteous sight to watch the poor animal's attempts to lull the screaming of her calf. It was this gigantic female that, breaking through the line of the koomkies, tried to re-enter the inner enclosure, but being frightened back again by some of the spectators, swerved round, and passed within a few yards of the Prince, who had entered the enclosure with Mr. Sanderson. It was an anxious moment for us spectators as to what the Prince would do; for had he retreated hastily and suddenly, the leviathan would surely have charged him. But the Prince took the matter very coolly, and showed as much presence of mind as if these scenes occurred daily with him. Needless to say, we all appreciated much his coolness and courage and the daring he displayed in entering the kheddah. This was the event that gave rise to the sensational telegrams and the many congratulatory messages from all parts of the world on his providential escape. Many were the ludicrous scenes we witnessed also. Once a mahout and a nooser were swept off their koomkie's back by an overhanging branch, and picking themselves up, much dazed by their tumble, they made as quickly as possible for what they thought at the first moment to be their elephant, and only discovered when trying to mount that it was one of the wild ones. Ah, how they ran as the brute turned slowly round! It reminded me very forcibly of the famous Blondin donkey when assuming its most threatening attitude.

Amongst the koomkies the greatest bully was a splendid fighting tusker, "Jung Behadur." With a prod of his powerful tusks he would soon send most of the captives in the direction indicated by his mahout, and bully them into submission. They would by degrees resign themselves to their fate, even the great female at last, who looked the picture of disdain and comic grief, with her head and back covered with green fodder, which, instead of eating, she had sprinkled all over herself.

There was a young tusker who had watched all these proceedings with the greatest interest, and showed his displeasure at all that was going on by shambling round the inner enclosure, trumpeting loudly, and making every now and then endeavors to join his friends in the arena. At last, with mighty efforts, by butting the gate repeatedly, he got his head under it, and with all his colossal strength lifted the huge gate, weighing a couple of tons, and crept under. However, the results of his success proved very unsatisfactory for him, as, soon surrounded, he was quickly secured, and left to bemoan with sad demeanor this rash act that led him into so sad a predicament.

Night was now setting in, and we had to return. The jungle was waking up with its many mysterious sounds of the

AN INTERESTING CALF.

THE FIGHTING TUSKER "JUNG BEHADUR" AT WORK.

night, and its inhabitants were beginning to move in search of prey; night-birds were fluttering silently about amongst the big trees, and the cry of the owl and nighthawk sounded with shrill distinctness in the gloom of the virgin forests. As we came near our tents, the lights of our torches frightened hundreds of flying-foxes, whose wings sometimes measure, from tip to tip, forty-eight inches, who were holding high jinks in a majestic banian-tree, with its drooping suckers that form the new trunks, and which had already made it of a size large enough to shelter a battalion. With keen appetite we devoured our well-cooked dinner, and we sat till far into the night round the big log fire, sipping our brandy or whiskey *paneeh*, and many an old song, by some long forgotten, cropped up to remind us of days long gone by, and we wondered how on earth that fellow managed to pick it up, we naturally believing it to have been the sole property of a small set that then made merry, and at whose festive gatherings it was always called for; and we sang it that night with all the warmth and fervor due to an old and valued friend.

"Another fine day," exclaims the funny man of the party next morning, as we again made ready for our ride to the kheddah. The days were indeed glorious there, as we were in such magnificent air, and had quite escaped the hot, close-smelling atmosphere of the lower-lying country. Nothing more delightful can be imagined than the early hours in these hills; they were bracing and cool, and we thoroughly enjoyed, as well as the Arab horses we rode, our canter over the springy turf of the paths. The day was spent again in tying up and other work necessary for the taming of the elephants. There were now two men appropriated to each elephant, who were busily building themselves huts close to their charges, and were feeding them, singing and talking to them the while, and by their constant presence they were accustoming the animals to their sight, and endeavoring to impress them with their friendliness. Troughs were made out of the hollowed trunks of date-trees, and pushed within their reach, and filled with water through bamboos. Some of the elephants would resent this attempt at intimacy immensely, and would kick or rush at their captor, while others would take no notice whatever, having resigned themselves completely to their fate; yet it would have inevitably ended in death, or, at any rate, broken bones, to have come within reach of their forelegs or trunks for a day or two. One or two absolutely refused to be quiet, and persistently kicked and tore at their bonds. Mr. Sanderson told me he had seen the sole of an elephant's foot come off in its entirety by its constant kicking; of course it had to be shot at once. The ropes or hawsers have to be changed after a day or two, and only one foot fastened, as by constant dragging they wear sores, and these have

to be carefully attended to, as otherwise they will soon fill with maggots and become very troublesome. The elephants will blow sand upon these wounds to keep off the flies, and this makes the rubbing of the ropes still worse. The mahouts use margosa oil, and apply it with a long mop. A few of the oldest elephants had to be shot, as it is impossible to tame those of great age, and if turned out into the forest again they become very vicious, and by remaining solitary would develop into the much-dreaded "rogue."

All shooting is done now with a four-bore, and the shot must be in the right place. The elephant's brain is a very small one, and protected with a very thick bone, so a rifle with great smashing power must be used. Poor Walter Ingram, the youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, the originator and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, had to pay with his life for attempting to shoot one of these animals with a .450 Express. He was, in 1888, on a shooting trip with some friends in Somâli Land, East Africa, and having shot a fine tusker himself the day before, lent his four-bore to his friend to give him a chance. He rode out, attended by a few blacks, armed with his Express, and soon came across a very big brute with splendid tusks that he longed to secure. He rode close up to him and fired at his head; but the solid, hardened bullets of his .450 bore, with its hundred and twenty-five grains of powder, simply flattened against the bone. He kept on firing both barrels, and galloping out of the elephant's reach to reload, and so fired sixteen shots into him. After the last of these shots, the pony suddenly refused to move, and seemed paralyzed with fear by the repeated and thundering charges of the brute. The elephant immediately rushed up, and before Ingram could think what to do, he was whisked off his saddle, his brains dashed out against a tree, and his body trampled fairly into a jelly.

The elephant is now strictly preserved everywhere in India and Ceylon, and permission to shoot one is only given to a very few favored ones. If this were not done, they would by this time have entirely ceased to exist. Now they are only found in a wild state in India proper, in the north in Nepaul and Assam, in the south in Mysore, and a few in Ceylon. The capture in the last-named place was in 1863 as many as a hundred and seventy-three, but has dwindled down to a couple; so now the shooting and capture are entirely prohibited, and it is to be hoped that in a few years they will again roam about the forests of this little island in respectable numbers.

The great fair in India for the sale of elephants is held annually at Sonepoor, on the Ganges, at the time that hundreds of thousands of pilgrims assemble there to worship at the shrine of Siva and to bathe in the sacred river when the moon is full in the months of October and November. The same kind of thieving and swindling goes on amongst the elephant-dealers as amongst the horsy fraternity.

LEADING HOME THE CAPTIVES.

Elephants are brought here from a long distance, some even from Burmah and Siam. The number for sale seems to decrease every year, and the prices rise enormously in consequence. Cabool merchants are the principal purchasers of them in the distant provinces, and from there they are taken for their long, weary march to India.

The prices realized by Mr. Sanderson vary, according to the age and temper of the captive, from about £150 to £400, or about $750 to $2000. Elephants are bought by the natives for display, and no animal looks so well in a rôle for a *tomahsha;* the pompous pace of a procession suits him to perfection; but for this only male elephants are used, and then only tuskers, as they alone seem worthy to carry the native nobles; and the *muckna*, or tuskless male, is sent with the females to do work, such as carrying baggage, wood, or fodder, and, of course, is of immense value for hunting purposes. The elephant is not a desirable means of travelling along high-roads, but in jungly and difficult country, where you could not get through with a horse, he is wonderfully quick and clever in getting over and through thick places. Sanderson tells me he has ridden them as small as thirteen hands with a soft pad and stirrups, and has found them the most pleasant of mounts; they would easily keep up with a man running at a great pace. For tiger-shooting he is, of course, of the greatest use, and although naturally of a very timid disposition, the mahout on his neck and the hunter on his back in the howdah will give him confidence, and he will, with very few exceptions indeed, never refuse to face the fiercest of tigers.

The captured elephants were constantly fed. They do not refuse food from the very first; in fact, a wild one is constantly feeding, it being a habit of his to be always browsing, as he moves through the jungle, on the young shoots of bamboo and other trees. After a day or two they get quite accustomed to the men, and will take from their hands pieces of sugar-cane and fruit. The men will gradually approach them, and after a while put food into their mouths, which they prefer to taking it in with their trunks; they then can pat and caress them, and after many such little attentions a bond of friendship seems to get cemented between them, and sometimes after five or six days the captive can be marched off between two tame ones to the nearest station. A large animal will measure from nine to ten feet in height at the shoulder, and from twenty-five to twenty-eight from the tip of the trunk to the end of the tail. His tusks will weigh from thirty-five to forty-five pounds each, and be about five or six feet long when taken out of the bone, showing out of the gum two or three feet. They live to a great age, and have been known to have left a hundred years far behind them. The African elephant also attains a great age, and his height, in both sexes, is about one foot more than his Indian brother, but it is almost an impossibility to tame him. The Maharajah of Mysore possesses an elephant captured in Coorg in 1805, when a calf of three years, and at the present moment he is still in good working order, and even now does not present a particularly aged appearance, although his sunken temples and prominent bones show that old age is at last beginning to make itself visible. One must take into consideration, too, that their life in captivity is much harder and more exposed to the heat, and that often they are underfed. All those used in the Indian army as draught animals in the artillery or commissariat, or as baggage animals in the transport department, are very carefully attended to, and in every way treated with the greatest consideration. Their keep is rather expensive, being about thirty rupees, or seventeen dollars, a day, including, of course, the wages of their mahout and grass-cutter. They are fed principally on unhusked rice and grass; of the former they get about two hundred and fifty pounds and of the latter about four hundred pounds per diem. The very large female eats, after the first day or two, about seven hundred and fifty pounds of green fodder in eighteen hours; this is exceeded often by large tuskers, so that eight hundred pounds is about the right amount to be placed before a full-grown elephant, with a margin to allow for waste. As a good load for an elephant is about eight hundred pounds, it will be seen that the amount he will eat per day will be as much as he can carry, and this will also be the right proportion for the smaller ones.

The next day we all divided into different parties, some to revisit the kheddah, others on independent expeditions.

A HERD IN THE FOREST AT EARLY MORNING.

The Prince, with Sir Edward Bradford, Mr. Sanderson, and Dr. Jones, ascended the hills to a smaller camp that had been pitched there on a small plateau some six hundred feet above the kheddah, and near some ground selected for bison-hunting. From this place a splendid view of the surrounding country was obtained. There, far to the westward, in the forest, is Yelesaragay, the great camp, with all the tents immediately below; further off, the large village of Chamrajnugger; while all around are the forest-clad heights of the Belligherry Ranjans, drawing towards the main chain of the Neilgherries. Everywhere on these hills are lookout stations for Sanderson's trackers, and close by the bison camp, on the principal peak, is a signalling station of the heliostat men of the "Queen's Own Sappers" from Bangalore. From here any news was flashed to Chamrajnugger, and through an intermediate station to the Chamundi Hill at Mysore.

At 6 A.M. Sanderson's fog-horn assembled the Sholiga trackers; the *chota hazrie* was hastily swallowed, and the party set out on horseback for the head of the valley, passing beyond the head of the kheddah for some three miles. Here three elephants were ready to convey the party to the bison shooting-grounds selected by Mr. Morris, an enterprising coffee-planter and a great shikaree, who has made these hills his solitary home. The trackers soon spread and examined all the ground with great care, and soon discovered signs of the big *gaur*, or Indian bison (*Gavœus gaurus*); but although the marks were numerous, the game itself had evidently made tracks for other pastures. They then proceeded to another part some four miles off, that Mr. Morris declared he had never known to fail; and, sure enough, a herd was soon started, but at too long a range. Of course at this high altitude the forest had ceased, and the hills were only covered with grass and bushes, although these were very dense. Suddenly a magnificent bull was sighted standing "head on" watching the elephants; this is an almost impossible position for a successful shot, but, not willing to lose him, the Prince fired at a venture and struck him, the bull losing much blood. He at once turned and made for the hills, where he was soon lost to view. His staggering gait showed that he was hard hit, but by that time it was getting too late for the hunters to track

him, so Mr. Morris followed alone, and ultimately recovered the trophy.

The Prince returned part of the way with Mr. Sanderson on one of the "wooden" carts—a vehicle of the most simple construction, and used by the ryots in their husbandry work. The wheels are of solid sections of wood, as are also the axles, and they are made entirely by the foresters with the axe, and for jungle travelling are much superior to the more complicated structures of wood and iron of the civilized coach-builder.

Captain Harvey had that morning started very early on a long march to try for a "rogue" who was known to be in a particular part of the forest. He arrived on a ridge bordering a valley, where the native shikarees asserted that he would be found; and, sure enough, they soon heard him, busy at work breaking down bamboos and flapping his sides to keep off the flies. For an animal with so thick a skin, the elephant is very susceptible to the bite of flies and insects, and in the rainy season, when the elephant-fly appears, he will descend from the hills and live in the valleys, where they are not so numerous. They then carefully stalked in the direction of the "rogue," but the cover was frightfully thick and dense, and too difficult to keep in anything like a straight line. When they had got into what they thought close proximity to him, they listened eagerly for a sound, but no noise of any kind except the hum of insects and the twittering of small birds greeted their ears. Suddenly they heard him blowing some five hundred yards away; the suspicious brute had heard them moving through the bushes, and had noiselessly moved away out of their neighborhood. Again they followed him, to be once more disappointed in a similar manner. This was repeated several times, but all their endeavors to make him move out of that thick cover into the more open ridges were in vain. At last, thoroughly disgusted, they had to make a homeward move, to try again another time. They returned, weary and tired, having seen no living creature, except a good-sized snake, that suddenly shot between the legs of one of the native trackers, and made him jump with fright—as it might have been a cobra—and disappeared into the long grass. I believe there are more of these reptiles in the state of Mysore than in any other place in India. During my stay at the Residency in that city I killed almost daily one of them in my morning walks in the compound or gardens surrounding the house; and only once did I kill one of a different specie—a puff adder, about six feet in length, of which the natives were greatly afraid, and told me that should that snake breathe in one's face, it would rot and drop off piecemeal!

That morning I had shouldered my ball-gun, twelve-bore, and went with two native shikarees on a still-hunt, but saw no big game, although there were plenty of marks of sambur and small jungle deer. I came across a few jungle fowl, and soon the ball-cartridge was exchanged for one of shot, and I bagged some with a long shot of sixty-five yards, the shot beating with splendid penetration through their thick plumage.

This new ball-gun has proved one of the most valuable of recent inventions to sportsmen, especially for India, where in the jungle they seldom get a really long shot. My gun I have proved against varied game with shot and ball; with a steel-pointed bullet it is a most formidable weapon against tiger and such-like brutes, and with the Express bullet against deer. At a hundred yards I can place all shots in a five-inch circle, and once I shot a black buck with it at one hundred and eighty yards, and a large and fully grown panther at ninety yards, the steel-pointed bullet penetrating through both shoulders, and coming out on the other side, smashing two thick bones in its progress. This kind of gun is now superseding the Express in India, and it is to be hoped it will soon be turned out as an eight or even four bore by some of the English makers. These heavy guns now in use are very seldom rifled, and have simply smooth bores like a cylinder shot-gun; but the rifled choke in the end of the barrels of guns like the "Euoplia" gives the ball the necessary twist for rotation, and makes it as accurate up to any ordinary distances as any rifle, if not superior in many cases. The ball, being of large diameter, causes it to give a great shock to the system. As a shot-gun it shoots equal to any full choke, and I would never go again on any shooting expedition without one.

Small bores with solid bullets, like those used by sportsmen in the "Rockies," are never used, excepting the Martini rifle, the government gun, and that only by

those who do not possess a better. An American gentleman, the author of *Two Years in the Jungle*, shot a tiger with a small forty-bore American rifle; but it was a lucky shot for him, the bullet entering the brain and causing instant death. But this is only one exception in a thousand, as in the case of the naval officer who once shot a big bear on the Kamtchatka coast with a small rook rifle. All Indian sportsmen prefer a gun that will kill, or, at any rate, so severely wound an animal that the loss of blood will be great enough to prevent it going far.

The other sportsmen that day were more or less unlucky, nothing at all being shot, with the exception of some quail and snipe. The cold season is, of course, the worst time in India for shikar work, the best being that just after the first showers in April, when the grass begins to grow, and until July, when it has grown to the height of a man. By grass is meant the broad-bladed and long-leafed lemon-grass, and other kinds of a coarser texture that grow in large tufts. From July to January this becomes so thick and high that one cannot get at the game, and in many places it simply becomes impenetrable; and by the latter-mentioned month it has become very dry, and is then fired by the jungle people, who do this to gather certain fruit and jungle products, especially the gall-nut, which is greatly used for tanning—the fertilizing ashes assuring a new supply with the spring showers. The elephants, bison, and other animals do not retreat straight before the fire, but to one side or the other. This is easily managed, as the fires seldom form a long line, and are not so dangerous as is generally supposed.

The next day we assembled to prepare for our return journey.

A PENALTY.

BY NINA F. LAYARD.

THE rock is veined with gold, and the silver shines,
And the seams of the coal are black in the nether mines,
And the copper gleams like a kindled furnace spark,
And the heavy lead is dull and cold and dark;
Yet for all the black of the coal and the gloom of the lead,
Do they weep to be copper or silver or gold instead?

The lilies rock in a garden fair and tall,
And the daisies creep in the grass at the feet of all,
And the yellow sunflower stares at the yellow sun,
But the trailing yellow trefoils earthward run;
Yet for all the lilies are high and the daisies are low,
None of them crieth, "Why hast Thou made me so?"

Like flowers of air the kingbirds flash and fly,
They have dipt their wings in the blue of the summer sky,
But the dusky lark that made an earthy nest
Must carry away its color upon her breast;
Yet for all the feathers are brown or the feathers are bright,
None of them saith, "God doth not work aright."

And men spring up in their place, and a golden crown
Circles a royal head, for king and clown
Rise and pass through life their several ways,
And this shall be born for toil and this for praise;
Yet of every soul in every devious lot,
There is none content, there is none that murmurs not.

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LION HUNTING.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

GUARDSMAN (*gazing at the motley throng*): "Any great literary or scientific celebrities here to-night, Lady Circe?"

LADY CIRCE (*who has taken to hunting Lions*): "No, Sir Charles. The worst of celebrities in these democratic days is that they won't come unless you ask their wives and families too! So I ask the wives and families—and the wives and families come in their thousands, if you please—and the celebrities stay at home and go to bed."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE stories of Little Red Riding-hood and the wicked wolf who personated the grandmother whom he had consumed, and the other fell tale of the wolf and the lamb, and the Scriptural assumption of the general incompatibility of wolves and lambs, all seem to many excellent minds to be justified by the relations of publishers and authors. The vulpine publisher exists only to fatten upon innocent authors. He is the dreadful ogre of the fairy tale, the giant with his resounding fee, faw, fum, who smells the blood of timorous scribblers, and must have some.

This tradition of Grub Street, and of the sorrows of Otway and Chatterton, and of Goldsmith himself, reappears in the interest and surprise expressed recently because of the dedication of a work by an English author to his friend an English publisher. Whether the friendly dedication was regarded as a despairing effort of the victim to placate the dragon, or as a humiliation extorted by the tyrant as the condition of publication, or whatever the theory might be, the fact was thought worthy of notice. But it was certainly not the first of its kind. Among the pretty Christmas books of the last year in this country, we recall a charming work by Mr. Howard Pyle, author and artist, dedicated to his friend the publisher. It was a natural incident, and if some reader remarked it as unusual, it was only because of the vulpine tradition.

Publishers do really belong to the human family, and are entitled to mercy even in the judgment of authors; and the worshipful company of editors in the vulpine train should not be doomed without opportunity for a word in mitigation of sentence. The publisher doubtless lives by publishing books, and were there no authors to write books, there would be no books to publish. But it is equally true that were there no publishers to live by publishing books, authors could not live by writing them. The relation is really one of co-operation. But there is a third element, a *tertium quid*, which must be considered—the public. It is for the public that the author writes. "When I found," said Emerson, "that the young man did not seek an audience, I doubted his genius." But neither the author nor the publisher can control the taste of the public, nor forecast its favor. It was a wise and friendly, not a vulpine, remark which the old publisher made to the young author who offered him the first-fruits of his literary aspiration: "It may be the best book ever written, but to us merchants it is only merchandise."

That is the truth which the author does not always consider. If the relation or transaction be one of co-operation, yet all the risks are taken by one side. That side undoubtedly looks out for itself. *Caveat emptor*. It is the rule of trade. But if it is not to be justified, it is a rule which is as fair in one case as in another; and if a man offering stock for sale does not ask a stockbroker to be merciful, why, offering a manuscript, should he expect mercy of the buyer? The prosperity of the seller undoubtedly depends upon the buyer. But the buyer in turn buys to sell again, and he will pay as little as he can. Now there is not a dealer in wares of any kind—let us say, for instance, "men's wear"—who does not seek what is most attractive of its kind. He is avid of delicate designs, charming hues, novelties of convenience, a certain "shik" or "style," because he knows that his customers will prefer them, and he is surer of his profitable return. The manufacturer who can best gratify this taste and satisfy this demand of the buyer will sell to him the most silken and linen and woollen wares at the highest prices.

The publisher is that buyer. He anxiously awaits the literary wares which will satisfy the demand of the moment. It is by selling them that he lives, and consequently he wishes to buy them. But still he will buy them on the lowest terms possible, in order to make the highest profit, for he is a merchant. The histories and novels, the epics and lyrics, the essays and philosophical systems, are merchandise. If Plato and Shakespeare are famous, their fame alone makes their merchandise merchantable. But if they are unknown, the marketable value of their merchandise must be tested by the current public taste. Can we fairly select one class of traders and insist that they shall be philanthropists? Dealers in china-ware, for instance, may we justly require that they shall buy

at the highest prices all the bowls we paint, or offer them on commission, and pay us large annual profits because decalcomania is an art so elevating and refined, and most of the artists are so poor?

Here we pause, because here the vulpine tradition interposes, and says, gravely, that publishing is not so simple a business. The publisher and the author are partners in a common transaction upon stipulated conditions, but the advantage of the author partner depends upon certain circumstances of which he is not permitted to see the record. He is wholly at the mercy of the publisher partner. If his share of profit is to begin after the sale of a certain quantity, if it is to be a percentage on the whole number sold, and the degree of his advantage is to be determined by a hundred such details, may he not justly complain if all the records of all the details are to be wholly within the power of the other partner, and withheld from him except in such statements as the other partner may vouchsafe?

But the draft upon confidence in the honesty of others is no greater in this form of trade than in other kinds. The bondholder of a railroad proceeds upon statements which he cannot verify, and upon a confidence without which business in general would be impracticable. In fact, how many respectable publishers are or ever have been suspected of reporting to the author a sale of a thousand copies of his work when ten thousand have been sold? In other words, how many such publishers are supposed to be thieves and swindlers?

Doubtless many an author, after the "handsome notices" of the press and the private congratulations of friends, is amazed and incredulous at the publisher's statement of sales. Doubtless, also, the compensation derived from their works by eminent authors is much smaller, judging by their renown and standing, than the observer would suppose. But the reason is not that they have made poor bargains, or that they have been cheated. The reason is that there is no necessary relation between the distinction of an author and the sale of his works. The authors who receive the largest pecuniary returns for such sales are often the least distinguished.

Publishers and editors are not bands of robbers, although the vulpine tradition will still have it so. If the young poet will bring a pearl or the young romancer a ruby, he will find the editor and publisher are eager experts who will pay the price. But because there are pearls and rubies, is it a heinous offence not to pay the price of pearls and rubies for pebbles?

PHILADELPHIA wears proudly her patriotic laurels. The city cannot be deprived of the glory of the Continental Congress, of the Declaration of Independence, and of the early Congress of the Constitution. But many a reader would raise an inquiring eye if he were told that once also her local renown in literature and art made her, in a phrase which has since been descriptive of Boston, the Athens of America. Indeed, when HARPER'S MAGAZINE appeared, the two popular magazines of largest circulation—*Godey's Lady Book*, which sometimes reached a monthly circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand copies, and *Graham's Magazine*, to which the most distinguished American authors of fifty years ago contributed—were both published in Philadelphia. The appearance of HARPER'S MAGAZINE in New York in 1850, followed by that of *Putnam's* in 1852, and by that of the *Atlantic* in Boston in 1854, marked the passing of the literary sceptre from Philadelphia.

The little volume by Professor Albert H. Smyth, of the Philadelphia High-School, called *Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors*, is a very interesting study of one form of our earlier literary effort. Nothing in the history of that time is more pathetic than the short life of each successive magazine, and nothing more amusing than the constant wrath of our writers at the British contempt of our literary endeavors, of which Sydney Smith's famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* is the most familiar illustration. The British sneerers, however, were not without American accomplices. The Federalists, in their anguish over the accession of Jefferson to the Presidency, were inclined, in the true Tory vein as Addison portrays it in the *Freeholder*, to ascribe all faults and shortcomings to the malign ascendency of the evil star of Jeffersonism. Fisher Ames, in Dedham, with fine scorn inveighs against our well-meant but not triumphant essays in literature; and Dennie, in Philadelphia, says, "To study with a view of becoming an author by profession

in America is a prospect of no less flattering promise than to publish among the Esquimaux an essay on delicacy of taste, or to found an Academy of Sciences in Lapland."

Yet Dennie edited the first really successful popular magazine, and Professor Smyth calls the Philadelphian Charles Brockden Brown the first professional man of letters in the country. The controversy with Great Britain upon the subject was acrid and incessant. We must not think that we alone in our day twist the tail of the British lion, or that the British tone is more insolent now than in the earlier days of the century. In 1814, when the improvised American navy was ruthlessly shaking Britannia's claim to rule the waves, the London *Times* thundered at our meek Mr. Madison—who was certainly bumped about by events in a very uncomfortable way, and whose flight from Washington was unquestionably a ludicrous incident—in these words: "Why, what an ass this fellow must be, in the very head and front of an address to his deluded countrymen thus to convict himself of plain and deliberate treason. . . . To hear him, notorious as he is for lying, for imposture of all kinds, for his barbarous warfare, both in Canada and against the Creek Indians, for everything, in short, that can disgrace and degrade a government," etc.

This compares well with the later peals of the same stage-thunderer against America, and it is not surprising that men who remembered the Revolution and took part in the second war should have preferred the nation of our old ally, even with Napoleon or the Bourbons, to the old redcoat, whose manners of the press were of the pothouse and the scullery. The same spirit and tone were carried into the general comments of travelling John Bull upon American life and character and our painful literary beginnings. No literary American was more exasperated by this conduct than James K. Paulding, and his reply to Southey's criticism of Ingersoll's *Inchiquin's Letters* in the *Quarterly Review*, in 1815, and his *Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan, by Hector Bull-us*, show at once how sensitive we were to the stings of British gnats, and how very imperfect was our sense of humor.

This old controversy and our modest beginnings in letters are recalled by the pleasant book of Professor Smyth, which recites the annals of our first literary capital. But, as we said, it is pathetic to remark both the tenacity of that early literary endeavor and the brevity of its successive forms. A magazine is issued, continues for a year, for two or three years, then vanishes, and presently a new bud opens for the same brief blossoming. Even students of our native literature probably recall very few of those early ventures except the best and most permanent of them, the *Portfolio*, which was published for seventeen years, and ended in 1827. The magazines of to-day were as little anticipated then as the other marvellous phenomena of American development and prosperity. Even Poe, the last of the more eminent names among Philadelphia magazine editors, did not live to see the later triumphs, for he died in 1849, the year before HARPER'S MAGAZINE was issued.

And even had Poe seen those earliest numbers of this Magazine, he would not have foreseen the Magazine of to-day, with its comprehensive scope and its ample splendor of illustration, opening an endless field to the American art of wood-engraving, and an immense opportunity to the American author. A study of the New York magazine or of New York literature, made with the patient research of Professor Smyth, would be exceedingly interesting. Mr. Dennett some years ago, in the *Nation*, sketched with a caustic pen the story of what he called the Knickerbocker School, in which he found not much which was distinctively national. Yet for a time, in the eminence of its leading names, the literary primacy passed from Philadelphia to New York. Irving, Cooper, and Bryant were the unquestionable greater gods of our modest Olympus. They ruled unchallenged until that later constellation filled the East with overpowering light. But the glimpse of Philadelphian ascendency which the book of Professor Smyth reveals is essential to a just comprehension of the local aspects of our literary development.

THE answer of the husband going to Newport to his friend's inquiry why he had taken two cottages, "One for my wife's trunks," announces that the amusement company will soon be upon its way to various resorts for the entertainment of the public. The company requires

ample accommodation for its costumes and properties, and although it is many years since the wife going to Saratoga explained to her husband the magnitude and extent of her luggage by saying that of course she could not wear a dress twice, yet the truth of the observation remains, and it may be verified at Newport to-day as fully as at Saratoga some years ago.

That remark seems to imply that the amusement company now prefers Newport to Saratoga. Can this be true? Has the sceptre of fashion really fallen from that familiar grasp? Is it no longer Saratoga, but Newport, of which the sylph of the season dreams? Or can it be possible that Saratoga is to her a ruin of Iona or a word of naught? Her grandmother was no less a belle than she. But in her grandmother's reign Newport was a quiet and staid retreat for families with family coaches and a certain weighty respectability. But the flutter, the flash, the whirl, were not all unknown, indeed, even there, since happy and lovely youth are immortal—

"Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair"—

but they were not the stream, they were but the bright bubbles upon it. Saratoga had then the cry, and had the hard choice been offered to the blooming sylph to go to Saratoga or to go to heaven—what a meditative moment were there!

Is the patient reader asking why the flight from the city to the sea-shore should be called the journey of the amusement company? But is not the answer another question, namely, what else is it? These palaces that call themselves cottages, as Marie Antoinette and her choicest court playing in the gardens of Versailles called themselves milkmaids and shepherdesses; these feasts beyond what Lucullus and Apicius knew; these smooth-rolling equipages, chariots of luxurious ease, and superb toilets *de la rue*—are they for themselves? Is it their own pleasure that the dancers and the diners and the drivers seek? Far from it. In truth, they have little personal pleasure in the incessant round. They are conscious but mechanical parts of a routine pageant. They wear what they call the smart gown, the jewels, the brocade, the cloth of gold, not for their own enjoyment, for that is consumed by the fear or the certainty that somebody else will be more splendid, but for the spectacular effect—upon you and me sitting on the fence, or strolling on the sidewalk, or staring from a public conveyance.

"Lais looks very happy to-night," said Aspasia, one of the leading ladies of the company, smiling, as if she knew the reason. "And why?" asked the chevalier. "Because I have not a single diamond. Yesterday at the house of Xenocrates I wore my diamonds, and poor Lais was dimmed. When I came into the room to-night her eyes swept me from head to foot, and saw that I had spared her. Lais is very happy." This is the play among the players. But the audience on the fence does not know the names of the players, nor wish to know. It is not the plot of the opera nor the names of the singers that they care for; it is the singing which pleases them. They award the prize to the chariot with the most footmen, to the most gorgeous bonnet, to the greatest profusion of silk and velvet. The players play to each other, indeed, and disdain the audience. But it is only the audience on the fence that sees the comedy and enjoys it. Indeed, to the players themselves it is often mere tragedy.

The local company of this neighborhood gives its public performances in Central Park during the autumn and spring. Does it come out to enjoy the beauty of nature? to take the air? Even Corydon would not suppose it. His shrewd eye perceives that it is all a play, of which the only pleasant part is the pleasure of the spectator.

Yet they are involuntary and not real players. They do not move the kindly feeling that attends the player of the actual stage. They hardly affect, even, to speak noble sentiments. They do not present heroic images nor suggest a romantic ideal. The queens of the actual stage, at least, assume a queenly air, and hint a queenly conduct. In some degree they open to us the realm of "Shakespeare's women." Imperfectly, perhaps, they quicken the imagination, and make us free of the world of poetry. But this is a reach beyond the skill and the art of the amusement company that plays for the summer season at Newport, and in Central Park during the rest of the year. Yet let us be patient. The players do their best, and with a pathetic constancy of devotion to costuming and posturing

which should disarm criticism. If their play does not touch the imagination nor fill the scene even with simulated royalty and heroism, if the accessories of the spectacle are beyond its substance, and if the gems the players wear are of a purer lustre, the silks of a softer sheen, than the wit or the sentiment that the play suggests, we need not be too exigent nor demand the legitimate drama of a company so equipped.

That man would have been wholly lost to the finer emotions of our common nature who, having been admitted to a front seat by the favor of Vincent Crummles, manager, should have frowned upon the high-stepping Folair or sneered at the simpering Snevellicci. It is not for us who sit upon the fence and enjoy gratis the pretty pageant of Saratoga and Newport to look a very large gift-horse in the mouth by remarking that he might have been of a better form and color and action. For suppose the players had chosen not to play, but to live quietly off the stage, where, then, would have been the comedy? Or is the supposition futile because the company is born to amuse, as newspapers exist to chronicle the times? Indeed, if you take away the properties, what could these players do?

It was a delightful anniversary that was celebrated the other day in New York, the semicentenary of the foundation of the Philharmonic Society, a celebration which began happily with a reproduction of the first concert of the society, on the 7th of December, 1842. Swaggering To-day in New York complacently plumes itself upon its superiority in every direction to modest little Yesterday of fifty years ago, and from its misty Wagnerian heights looks down with a smile of pity upon the low levels of Rossinian and Bellinian enjoyment of the earlier town.

But pride may have a fall. That earlier town was not all bereft. If To-day hears Lehmann and Patti, Yesterday heard Malibran and Jenny Lind. That fate does not seem hard. Forty years ago in Castle Garden, Whitebeard, who was Brownhair then, heard the Ninth Symphony. And the Whitebeards of that day recalled performances of Beethoven in the hall of the old City Hotel, near Trinity Church. It was a city of small things, doubtless, compared with that which touches Spuyten Duyvil and reaches into Westchester, but such singers and such concerts were not small. Even To-day, hearing Patti exquisitely warbling, does not feel her to be Cecilia descended; but that is what Yesterday felt in hearing Malibran and Jenny Lind. To our higher musical taste the Italian opera is already thin and old-fashioned. There is even an air of comedy about it, and the compromise which essays to present the Wagner opera in Italian is but a confession.

But To-day must not suppose that its enjoyment of the great composers was unknown to Yesterday. This, indeed, is a droll conceit, for the great composers themselves were the children of a remoter Yesterday. The great composers by distinction are the Bachs, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. Fifty years ago, indeed, was in music a kind of seventeenth century in literature—a season of eclipse. But it was by no means total. Undoubtedly such a performance of *Fidelio* as we have had under Seidl at the Metropolitan Opera-house was unknown to 1842. But *Fidelio* was not unknown, and the first Philharmonic concert showed that 1842 knew good music. There were eight "numbers," in our phrase of to-day, and the first number in the first public performance of the society was not the overture to *Tancred* or *La Dame Blanche*, but "Symphony in C Minor; Beethoven." It was the famous, the immortal Fifth, and its opening notes, the stroke of fate, as John Dwight called them, foretold the character of the music to which the Philharmonic invited New York to listen fifty years ago.

The symphony was the first of the eight numbers. Then in order was a *scena* from Weber's *Oberon*, a quintet of Hummel's, the overture to *Oberon*, a duet from Rossini's *Armida*, a *scena* from *Fidelio*, an aria by Mozart, and a new overture by Kalliwoda. The Rossini seems to be an estray in this company even then, but the rest would not be unworthy of a Philharmonic concert of to-day. The scene of the performance was the Apollo Rooms, on the east side of Broadway, just below Canal Street; and still lower down on the same side, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers, where Stewart's building stands, was Washington Hall, where Cinti Damoreau sang and

Knoop and Artot played, and many a ball was danced by the gay town of a little earlier date. How modest and simple it was! The audience in the Apollo Rooms was not in evening dress, except by individual chance. It was not *de rigueur*. But perhaps the enjoyment of the music was no less; and how many young listeners in the Apollo were trained by those concerts to love the great music, and by adhering to the society as it moved upward, helped to educate the taste which now happily dominates our musical world, and grows enthusiastic over Paderewski playing Chopin in place of Thalberg playing his operatic fantasias!

But haughty To-day must not depreciate Thalberg. He was as truly the key to the general taste of Yesterday as Paderewski is to that of To-day. For while the programme of the first Philharmonic shows the aim of the society, it was doubtless a standard higher than that of the general taste. But the great gods of Yesterday are still the great gods of To-day, and there have been none yet added by common consent. For Wagner is still upon probation. He is beatified, but not yet canonized, and the *advocatus Diaboli* is very busy. But the recollection of the time when Yesterday was To-day, and smiled as condescendingly upon Day-before-Yesterday as now it is smiled upon by the reigning tyrant—that recollection is beyond beatification. It has worked and is working its miracles, and is already canonized.

Recollection heaps up treasures which defy moth and rust, although time sometimes plays tricks with them, and even hides them altogether. Or, again, the pictures of memory, tinted with lines beyond material pigments, outlast the brilliant canvas of Titian, of Giorgione, of Tintoret. They do not fade, but glow always with the flush of dawn. Castellan is hardly a name to the golden youth of to-day. But to the more fortunate youth of yesterday she is a bright figure of Mexican maidenhood, standing, a fair princess, in the Apollo Rooms, and trilling larklike before yet she captivated an older world than that of New York fifty years ago.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE use of physical deformity in fiction is not common. Quasimodo, the Black Dwarf, and Quilp are conspicuous illustrations of it, and occasionally bedridden women, rickety children, and the mismade girl with a heavenly mind are introduced to evoke the sympathy of the reader, or for the purpose of disciplining surviving relatives. The figure is usually for fantastic purposes, or, as in the case of Quilp—as a symbol of moral baseness—to intensify the reader's hatred of unlovely character. It needs a great deal of genius on the part of the novelist to prevent the exhibition from being repulsive. In the sister art, intentional deformity—distinguished from bad drawing—is still more rarely delineated. Morbid anatomy with the pencil and brush is not attractive. Artists usually shun human distortion and the misfits of perverted nature, as they do the unburied analyzed realities of the dissecting-room. And yet there is a great curiosity about human "freaks." Nothing "draws" like physical deformity or eccentricity, if it is natal. The boys—or the boy in the Greek dual number—with two heads, four arms, and two legs, attract, or attracts, a greater crowd than would a perfect specimen of manly or womanly form, if such could be found. The dual boy with two brains, and only one leg to each brain, is psychologically interesting because he represents in a way the dual nature of man, the strife in him of good and evil, since his progress in the world in the act of walking is made difficult by a want of co-ordination in the two brains in the orders telegraphed to the two legs. This is a visible explanation of the reason why so many men go crooked in life. But it is not the psychological aspect of the boy that attracts the crowd; they go to see the physical freak. Now this freak is not a good subject for art, and would not make a good character in a novel. Why?

It occurs to the Study sometimes, in turning over the pages of modern fiction—as one might walk through a world of distempered fancy—how the pages would appear if one could see the characters, as

they are drawn, in visible figures. The procession would startle anybody except the professional alienist. The very word "character" has come to mean an abnormal type, or rather specimen, of humanity. There has never been a physical freak so fantastic as some of these moral freaks; but the production in fiction of a moral freak, if it is done with an air of scientific analysis, is regarded as a praiseworthy achievement. Analysis of actual human nature, or of the working of any mind, is quite another thing from the creation of a freak by a jumble of human qualities. This is, however, a deeper matter than the Study intended to go into at this time. It was only thinking, as a matter of art, what sort of pictures these morbid studies in mental anatomy, in moral deformity, would make, and how the reader would like to have them before his eyes for hours and days. The mediæval artists used to attempt this sort of thing, and drew monsters which perhaps represented their ideas of human nature, if not total depravity. They did not help the world much, either as ideals or as mirrors in which poor humanity can see itself as it is. It is very difficult to elevate one's ideals by a contemplation of vice. But, again, this is going beyond our subject. We must have, of course, real life in literature. The Study simply had the whimsical fancy to imagine what would be the effect on the reader if many of the people the novelists offer us as companions could be visibly drawn for him as the freaks they are.

II.

Is fiction always misleading, especially if it is very realistic, in the impression it gives the reader of any community, country, or civilization, if the reader's knowledge is not supplemented by other and wider sources of information? Do the conditions of every-day life in Russia seem to the Russian as they do to us who study them only in the Russian novels? Does the Frenchman regard the novels written by Parisians as an adequate account of his civilization? Doubtless he would admit that they represent phases of it, and they may have for him a truth which they do not have for us, because he comprehends exactly the place they occupy in the total national existence, the family life, the thrift, the careful education and religious training, the general amiability and social well-being. It certainly does not occur to us in America to judge the present England by the contemporary English fiction. Some of that fiction is of a very high order as social studies, as a revelation of British character, as a report of intellectual scepticism and of mental awakening to discontent. But we should be justly accused of provincial criticism if we estimated the total outcome of English civilization, or even of English well-being, the great pulsing English life, by the types or the social life in novels, by the studies in city slums, and the pictures of sordidness and vulgarity in country communities. It is not for us to dispute the dreariness or the vacuity or the frivolity, either the social meanness or the social queerness, developed as from a photographic plate in the English novel, but we decline to judge by them the experiment which England has been occupied in making for some centuries to show the rest of the world how to live.

There is a town in Vermont called Brattleborough. If it were set down in its spring or summer or autumn array in any part of the world, it would appear to be a most attractive place. Those who know it well find the conditions of life about as agreeable there as anywhere else. It has a New England flavor—and liking for that may be an acquired taste—and we can well imagine that its social usages are unlike those of Grosvenor Square, and that its intellectual life would seem thin to a Cambridge man. Mr. Rudyard Kipling went up there for a week in the winter, and made a paper of his impressions. As a descriptive piece of writing it enhances our estimate of Mr. Kipling's talent, and as a snap-shot at characteristics it is remarkable in its genius for observation. It is true, even in its pathetic note on that eagerness for culture which hopes to satisfy its yearnings by a top-dressing of Browning. The London *Spectator* praises it almost extravagantly, with that generosity of praise which it likes to give to anything regarding America—when it does not compete with anything that is English. It warms up to the paper because it confirms the *Spectator's* previous impressions as to the tendency, and indeed the outcome, of life in New England, which it already had

from American story-writers. Mr. Kipling's winter picture has no sunlight on it, and it is exactly what the *Spectator* believed to be the truth about the unpleasantness of life in New England from the stories which have depicted it. And this, then, is the rather sordid, pinched, and melancholy end of what the narrow-minded bigots who settled New England set out to do. And what can be said to critical inferences of this sort? Nothing. The critic shouldn't vex his soul about the unpleasant aspects of distant humanity. The pictures drawn by Miss Jewett, Mrs. Slosson, Miss Wilkins, of traits, character, speech, mental habits, are perfectly true. The *Spectator* cannot realize how good they are. But life, even in America, is a vast and complex affair. And the people in New England are happy in their poor, humble way, and tolerably intelligent, and keep on producing Jewetts and Slossons and Wilkinses, and now and then a Hawthorne and a Lowell. There is a good deal of horizon and clear sky and vital human stir, and, on the whole, life is not all of one type here, nor altogether one of dialect, nor altogether melancholy. There are always several points of view of any life. One is that of the outside and perhaps unsympathetic spectator, and the other is that of the people who live that life. It may seem to the distant observer, who obtains his impression from the study of peculiarities by a novelist, or from a casual note-taker of what is novel to him, that rural and village life in New England is sadly pathetic, not to say gloomy and hopeless. But we doubt if the proportion of intelligent and fairly happy communities is larger in any European country. Thanks to books and newspapers and the telegraph, most of these communities are in vital touch with the great world, and feel that they are part of the moving age. Even the more secluded and ignorant have a certain consciousness of freedom and opportunity that is lacking to secluded and ignorant communities elsewhere. Even where society is illiterate and education thin, the community may get as much enjoyment out of life as many that are otherwise conditioned. Unless there is a widespread delusion over the world, life here has many attractions in the very spirit of its civilization that are not visible to the philosopher. When it comes to the total outcome of a civilization as to the ease of living or the diffusion of happiness, the philosopher is often misled by the to him novel indications. Mommsen, writing of the Roman provinces at a time when rural life has been supposed to be hard and unhappy, and studying the agricultural towns of Africa, the homes of the vine-dressers on the Moselle, the flourishing townships of the Lycian mountains, says, "If an angel of the Lord were to strike the balance whether the domain ruled by Severus Antoninus was governed with the greater intelligence and the greater humanity at that time or in the present day, whether civilization and national prosperity generally have since that time advanced or retrograded, it is very doubtful whether the decision would prove in favor of the present."

III.

The flight of Northwick through Canada, in Mr. Howells's *The Quality of Mercy*, is an episode which would make the reputation of a new writer, and, indeed, the author has never done anything else that exhibited more subtle power. It does not set out to be dramatic or thrilling; the fugitive is in no danger; the journey has the ordinary incidents of travel; and nature is not called on to exhibit unusual portents. It is never the author's habit to use nature much as a background, or to attempt to carry on a story by elaborate descriptions of her aspects and moods. The reader, like the fugitive, takes little account at first of the inhospitable winter, the increasing cold, the drifting snow. The hardships of the journey are even stimulating. Presently, however, these things intensify the loneliness and the torpor of the fleeing man. He is not a person of sentiment, and although he has a New England conscience, it has never given him much trouble. But now he begins to waver. He is conscious of a dual action of the mind; he makes bargains with the Lord, with a cunning notion that he can propitiate fate; and he is conscious of a failure of the power of his will. Is it the cold? Is it coming illness? Is it a creeping sense of guilt? Perhaps the inhospitable region really affects his imagination. He goes on in a dream. He is full of projects when his mind will work, and he has flashes of energy and courage in his restlessness and sleeplessness; but the reader begins to perceive that this is an

aimless journey. In all this drive and haste and eagerness to get on, the man is going nowhere. In fact, this winter Canada is only a phantasmagoria of things to be evaded, of objects to be sought. The flight is an internal one. The man is fleeing from himself, and this double action, the reality of movement, with this dodging of a psychological spectre, rises into the most pitiful tragedy. Physically the man is not hunted; there is no danger of pursuit; he knows that he is absolutely safe. Nor is he the prey of remorse. What he needs is time to adjust his affairs. In certain moments he clearly sees his way to do this. What has he done that others are not daily doing? Yet something had gone wrong with him. Fatigue he does not mind, or would not ordinarily, but it is queer that he is so baffled in his mental operations. Decision has given place to irresolution, enterprise to a mere effort to hide himself and his stolen money, and the one thing remaining to the man is the dull instinct of going on. Was it the hardship of the journey or was it a moral struggle that finally landed him in helplessness? The author does not explain. He simply narrates events with singular fidelity to the common aspects of life, and yet the power of all this is in an apprehension of the unseen and the spiritual that makes this flight a high achievement of the artist. The man sets out full of vigor, ingenuity, self-confidence, and purpose. There arrived at the end of the journey the wreck of a human being. It is absolute and remediless. Even in Northwick the mainspring of life, self-respect, had snapped. The author does not need to moralize on the sort of company a thief is to himself.

It is perhaps wrong to call this flight an episode, since it is the illumination of the novel, but it is a complete tragedy by itself. Almost parallel with it in artistic completeness (though different in every respect) is the sketch of the character of Mrs. Frankland, the Bible reader, in Edward Eggleston's *Faith Doctor*. Mrs. Frankland is a necessary agent in the development of the heroine of the novel, but she is sufficiently interesting and *sui generis* to stand alone. She is so individualized that, while she is typical of a well-known class, we cannot escape the impression that she was studied directly from one woman. But it is not a surface study. Mrs. Frankland is full of religious fervor and holy worldliness. She has eloquence and a vivid imagination, and a noble social ambition to lead the rich, and especially the very rich, into the heavenly way by the means of that beautiful self-sacrifice which expends itself in sweet and holy emotions. It has been said, and even Mrs. Frankland might repeat it, that it is hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven. But why may not a sumptuous establishment and fine clothes be a means of grace when they are spiritualized by the divine promises, and a deep abiding piety be added to the other luxuries of life? Mrs. Frankland is always in a glow of spiritual emotion; she is carried away by her own eloquence; and her audience, with not a toilet in the room that Worth would not approve, follows her in sweet sympathy, with the humble consciousness that New York is indeed the New Jerusalem. Is the Bible reader a hypocrite? The author does not say so. Perhaps she is not consciously so. Very likely she believes that she is floating heavenward on her own oratory. The author has drawn her with such uncommon skill, has so mingled in her luxurious religious fervor, social ambition, and the love of approbation which an actress feels on the stage, that Mrs. Frankland herself could not tell what is her ruling motive. Was there at bottom a genuine impulse of self-sacrifice which was gradually merged in a fever for notoriety and success? Was she altogether self-deluded? or did she have moments, when the excitement of meeting her audiences had cooled, of coming face to face with her real fraudulent self? We cannot say. Self-delusion is as common as hypocrisy. But Mr. Eggleston has done a great service in holding up a mirror in which many devotees to a cause for the sake of exhibiting themselves can see their real souls.

IV.

The life of the late Amelia B. Edwards, unhappily for us, ended in this world last March, only a few months after the publication of her last work—the scholarly and yet popular *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers*—furnished another illustration of the extreme reluctance on the part of the public to credit an author with success in one department when he has achieved public approval in another. Miss Edwards had been best known as a novel-

ist. She might, however, have been known as a musician, for she had received the most thorough education and training in the theory and composition of music, and she was a performer of excellence on several instruments. She also drew with skill and knowledge. It was almost by accident that she was diverted from her career as a musician into story-telling, which brought her at once reputation and money. Late in life she made a tour of curiosity up the Nile, and became interested in Egyptology. Her novels are remarkable for accurate knowledge of the scenes and people described. She never wrote a story without profound preliminary research and study. She never wrote about anything she did not know. Into her Egyptian studies she carried the same trained faculties of observation and study. Her first Nile book was a popular record of travel, but as she went on she mastered the subject, making her own the investigations and explorations of the original workers. In fact, Egyptology owes much to her clear brain, her trained judgment, her splendid power of sympathetic understanding. Her genius illuminated the subject. And yet the public was unwilling to regard her from any point of view except that of the novelist with a dilettante interest in the science of old Egypt. She did not begin with the world in the character of a dry and unimaginative "digger." And the world is still unwilling to connect accurate scholarship with imaginative or literary art. It remains, then, for those who knew her well to bear testimony that this royal woman, whose capacity of self-sacrificing friendship equalled her intellectual strength, had a brain capable of mastering any science and making contribution to the progress of the world of learning. Her death is a great loss to the science to which her later years were devoted, for, aside from her power of illuminating a difficult subject, she was as a co-worker the most helpful of human beings. It was owing to her appreciation and sympathy that one of the most creditable pieces of scholarship of American origin was enabled to come into print. It was Miss Edwards who recognized the extraordinary value of the studies of Mr. Wm. H. Goodyear (Yale, 1867), and procured through her friends in England the means for the publication in London of *The Grammar of the Lotus*, a history of classic ornament as a development of sun-worship. The cost of producing this magnificent quarto, with its hundreds of illustrations, on a subject so purely artistic, would not have been undertaken by a publisher at his own risk, and few scholars could bear the burden of it. Mr. Goodyear began his studies in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Cesnola's Cypriote collection—the value of which is as yet only appreciated by scholars — and he extended them through the entire field of ancient art and of ornamentation, until he was able to present a demonstration of his theory of the influence of the lotus form in art — especially its relation to the Ionic capitol. While strictly scientific, it is one of the most interesting studies ever made of the development of art, that is to say, of the ingenuity of the human mind in the adaptation of nature. It would be impossible in these pages to make any sketch of the compact contents of the book, which depends so much upon the illustrations for effect. It is a volume for scholars and artists, and it is a monument of diligent and imaginative scholarship.

V.

The shifting of the literary and publishing centre of a country is a curious study. Is it due to the preponderance of brains in one locality at a particular time that the centre is there, as in the cases of Edinburgh and of Boston; or do commercial activities or facilities of distribution determine it? A history of *The Philadelphia Magazines* and their contributors from 1741 to 1850, by Professor Albert H. Smyth, of that city, is not only an interesting but a valuable contribution to our literary history. For a century the Quaker City was the literary centre so far as publication was concerned. It not only reproduced the foreign books of note, but it projected the periodicals that were the American pioneers in our supremacy in such publications, and it drew to their support nearly all the talent and genius of the country from Boston to Richmond. Only two or three names prominent in our ante-war period were not contributors to the literary glory of Philadelphia. As late as 1843, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Lowell were still attracted to that centre. How did Philadelphia happen to lose her supremacy?

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of May.—Numerous bills of minor importance were passed by the two Houses of Congress. In the Senate, on the 25th of April, the House bill for the absolute exclusion of the Chinese was rejected, and another was substituted providing for the extension of the present laws for ten years. This substitute, slightly amended, was agreed to and passed by the House, and practically prohibits the importation or immigration of Chinese into this country until June, 1902. Among other bills passed were the River and Harbor Bill, by the House, May 9th, and a bill for enlarging the Yellowstone National Park, by the Senate, May 11th.

A bill was also passed by both Houses authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, under certain conditions, to register as United States vessels high-class steamships built in foreign ship-yards, but controlled by American owners. The immediate effect of this bill was to confer an American registry upon the two largest steamships in the world, the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*.

The difficulty between the Italian government and the United States caused by the lynching of Italian subjects at New Orleans in March, 1891, having been satisfactorily adjusted, diplomatic relations between the two countries were resumed on the 14th of April. The sum of $25,000 was voluntarily given by the United States government for distribution among the families of the victims.

An agreement was entered into, April 20th, between the United States and Great Britain, extending the Bering Sea *modus vivendi* till October 31, 1893, after which it may be terminated by either power upon giving two months' notice.

On the 28th of April the President nominated Thomas Jefferson Coolidge to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to France in place of Whitelaw Reid, resigned.

On the 15th of April the reservation of the Sisseton Indians in South Dakota, embracing about 1,000,000 acres, was thrown open to settlement; and on the 19th the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations in Oklahoma, 4,000,000 acres, were also opened.

The report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics showed that the exports of the United States for the twelve months ending March 31st amounted to $1,006,284,506, being an increase of $134,276,220 over the preceding twelve months. The value of imports for the same period was $837,058,585, being an increase of $1,398,221. The total increase in the foreign commerce of the United States during the year was $135,674,441.

Murphy J. Foster, anti-lottery Democrat, was elected Governor of Louisiana April 18th.

The following nominations for Governor were made: In Indiana, April 19th, by the Democrats, Claude Matthews; in Illinois, April 28th, by the Democrats, John P. Atgeld; in Missouri, April 28th, by the Republicans, William Warner; in Tennessee, May 4th, by the Republicans, George W. Winstead.

The corner-stone of the monument to General U. S. Grant at Riverside Park, New York city, was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 27th of April, President Harrison officiating.

The official enumeration completed in New York in April showed the population of that State to be 6,510,162.

Near Buffalo, in the State of Wyoming, serious difficulties were threatened between an organized body of cowboys and the settlers and small cattlemen occupying the lands in the vicinity. Several acts of violence, accompanied by bloodshed, occurred, and on the 13th of April, by request of the Governor of the State, three troops of United States cavalry were ordered to the scene of the disturbance. The leading violators of law and order having been placed under arrest, quiet was restored.

Severe shocks of earthquake occurred in California on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of April, destroying a number of buildings and injuring several persons.

Political matters in Brazil seemed to be assuming a more hopeful aspect. On the 13th of April the state of siege in Rio Janeiro, which had been proclaimed on the 2d, was raised. A number of naval and military officers who had taken part in a great public manifestation in favor of ex-President Fonseca had been placed under arrest. Troops and war ships had been despatched to Matto-Grosso for the purpose of suppressing a movement for independence which had been inaugurated in that state.

In France, Belgium, and Spain the anarchists continued to give trouble. Explosions of dynamite, caused by these conspirators, occurred in Paris, Liege, Valencia, Cadiz, and several other cities, doing considerable damage and causing much alarm. Numerous arrests were made, and Ravachol and Simon, the leaders of the movement in Paris, were tried and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

A conspiracy against the Bulgarian government was discovered on the 24th of April, and fifteen persons alleged to be among its leaders were arrested.

The Italian cabinet resigned on the 6th of May.

In Dahomey a war between the natives and the French colonists was in progress, and despatches received on the 21st of April reported that the former had captured the town of Porto Nuovo.

DISASTERS.

April 12th.—A great fire occurred at Tokio, Japan. Six thousand houses were destroyed, and more than fifty lives were lost.—Destructive floods prevailed in northern Mississippi, damaging property to the amount of more than $1,000,000, and causing the death of at least one hundred persons.

April 20th.—A sloop belonging to the Messageries Fluviales foundered in the river Claire in Anam, and thirty soldiers were drowned.

May 10th.—An explosion occurred in the coal mines at Roslyn, Washington, killing thirty-four miners.

May 11th.—Near Brody, in Austrian Galicia, sixty persons were drowned by the capsizing of a raft.

OBITUARY.

April 11th.—At Waterford, New York, Hon. John K. Porter, ex-Judge of the Court of Appeals, aged seventy-three years.

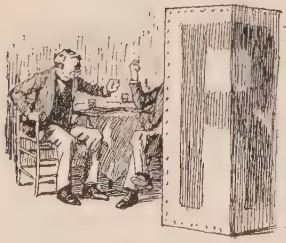
April 16th.—In London, England, Amelia Blandford Edwards, author and Egyptologist, aged sixty-one years.

April 17th.—At Toronto, Canada, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Premier of the Dominion of Canada, aged seventy years.

April 19th.—In New York city, Roswell Smith, publisher, aged sixty-three years.

April 25th.—In Paris, France, William Astor, of New York, aged sixty-two years.

Editor's Drawer.



RELIUS and I were friends in our bachelor days. He had been in the army, and I naturally looked up to him. He had an idea that he was an austere man, and was fond of referring to his severity. He used to say, "I always boss the ranch." He had been a brave soldier, and I had no reason to doubt his courage on any point. His was one of those natures whose freshness is preserved by its own quality, and though past middle life, he was a man about town, a toast with every one, and had a reputation for coolness if not for anything more. He used to foster the idea with me that he was impudent to women. I never knew that it rendered him unpopular with them. "They like it, sir," he used to say. "All women are slaves, and need a master."

This was his condition when we went to live in the second floor of Mrs. Trouville's little house. Mrs. Trouville had been a friend of his in his youth, when she was in good circumstances, before the war. She was now a sorrowful little widow, slim, refined, and delicate, with the remains of her beauty not quite faded, and with a look in her face and a tone in her voice which were pathetic. I believe that Relius went to live there because she was so poor, though the reason he assigned to me for our move was that Patsy, with whom he made the arrangement, satisfied him that the rooms were the best in town, and that we could not do so well anywhere else. Patsy was Mrs. Trouville's maid, and, I believe, her cook also, though of this I was never sure. She was small, thin, elderly, ladylike, of a dark walnut brown, and as near a copy of Mrs. Trouville as she could make herself. She moved with a tread as soft as a black cat's, spoke in a tone as low as a whisper, and wore an old black silk dress of Mrs. Trouville's that had been turned more than once. In fact, she copied Mrs. Trouville as faithfully as she served her.

I observed shortly after we moved in that Patsy treated Relius and me differently. Mrs. Trouville treated us with entire impartiality, being equally kind to both of us, and watchful for our comfort; but Patsy's manner was not the same to us. She brought Relius hot water in the morning, looked after his linen, put his shirt buttons into his dress shirts, and placed pillow-shams on his pillows; whilst I shaved cold when I could not wait for Relius's can, looked after my own shirts, and did without pillow-shams. At table she would say to Relius, "More waffles, Mr. Relius?" or, "Another cup of coffee, Mr. Relius?" in a tone hardly above a whisper, but full of quiet interest. I mentioned this to Relius, but he scouted the idea, and declared that I was of an envious nature. If there was a difference, he said it was because he treated Patsy with more severity than I did. "You must hold a woman up to her duty, sir," he said. "You must boss the ranch."

This sedulous care extended. Patsy came to exercise a certain supervision over Relius. She saw that he had on his overshoes in snowy weather, or she at least placed them out for him with a constancy which could not be unnoticed. She never said anything; she only looked. Relius became gradually careful how he omitted acting on these un-

mistakable suggestions. She took to sitting up for him if she knew he was out, just as she did for Mrs. Trouville. Once or twice, on very inclement evenings, he actually, in view of Patsy's silent presence, gave up the idea of going out. He gradually took to dressing very quickly, and slipping out very quietly, in a way that I could not understand, till once I thought I heard him, in answer to a question from Patsy in the hall, tell her that he was not going out, and afterwards found him dressing. I taxed him with it, but he assured me that I was mistaken, which I was willing to admit. At any rate, he slipped out of the house hurriedly, whilst I went out at my leisure; indeed, more slowly than I wished, because I could not find my pet shirt studs, and had to put up with a broken set. As I passed Patsy on the steps, I told her I wanted her to hunt for the buttons. She made no reply, as usual. We came home together, Relius and I, after a very jolly evening, where Relius had been the life of the party; and he, with his usual considerateness, cautioned me against making any noise, and tripped hastily up the stairs, giving a single glance down over the banisters into the darkness below.

A day or two afterwards he asked me with much concern what in the world I had said to Patsy. I could remember nothing. He said Mrs. Trouville had told him that I had said something to Patsy which had deeply offended her; that Patsy had never before been so spoken to, and that her honesty was above question. I recalled the shirt studs, and said I had never dreamed of accusing her of stealing them, and that I would tell her so. He said no; that he thought he had better settle it, which he would do with Mrs. Trouville, and that anyhow it was just as well to keep her up to her duty. I let him do as he pleased.

A short time after this I came home one night and found Relius dressing for a ball. He was nearly dressed, and was rummaging in a drawer, raking the things angrily backwards and forwards, and using very strong language about "that little fool nigger" who would not let things stay where he put them. Finally he asked me to lend him my stud buttons. I complied, and my generosity moved him to ask me to tell "that fool nigger" after he was gone that he wanted her to find his buttons, and to let them alone thereafter. I promptly refused, and asked him if he was afraid to tell her himself.

"Afraid!" he said, with contempt; he only thought that as Patsy was already down on me, it might be better, if we were going to continue to live there, that she should be kept in a good humor with at least one of us; but as to "afraid," he would show me that he always bossed his ranch. I heard Patsy let him out, but he said nothing about the buttons.

The next morning I was dressing in my room when I heard Relius talking. I looked in at his door. He was curled up under the cover, and his eyes were fast shut. He was talking, I supposed, in his sleep. I listened. He was saying: "Patsy, I have unfortunately mislaid my stud buttons. I wish you would hunt for them." The tone was too placid to please him; he began again, on a higher key: "Patsy, my shirt studs have got mislaid; I want you to hunt for them." This did not satisfy him either, and he began again, quite sternly: "Patsy, what in the devil have you done with my shirt studs? Get them for me, and hereafter let them alo—"

Just then the door opened, and Patsy entered, silent as a shadow. Relius shut up like a clam. Patsy moved about, opened the windows, lit the fire, and fixed his water. I watched through the crack of the door. Just as she was going out, Relius yawned, stretched, and opened his eyes as if just waking up.

"Oh, Patsy," he said, in the softest and most insinuating of tones, "if you should happen to come across any shirt buttons on the floor today when you are sweeping, will you please put them up on my bureau for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Patsy, as she passed silently out.

Waiting breathless, until she must be down the stairs, Relius shouted: "Aha! did you hear that? Who says I am afraid of Patsy? Do you see how I boss the ranch?"

When he learned that I had seen, he bought two sets of buttons, and gave me one.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

A MODEST CONTRIBUTOR.

FOUR or five ladies bustled into Mr. Munn's private office the other day.

"What can I do for you, ladies?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Why, Mr. Munn," began one of the visitors, "we are taking up a subscription, and we knew you wouldn't like it if we didn't give you an opportunity to subscribe."

Mr. Munn bowed graciously, and asked: "And the object? Of course it is a worthy one, or you would not be interested in it."

"Yes, sir," replied the spokeswoman, "we think it a very worthy object. It is to build a home for aged and indigent widows."

"Excellent! Excellent! I shall take pleasure in making you out a check."

"Oh, how lovely of you, Mr. Munn!" exclaimed the spokeswoman when she received the bit of paper and read the amount—one thousand dollars. "Oh, we didn't expect to get that much from you! We are ever so much obliged."

"So good of him!" and similar exclamations were heard as the check was passed around for the admiration of the party.

"But, Mr. Munn," said the lady who handled the check last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my benefactions known to the world," said Mr. Munn, modestly. "I wish to give the check anonymously." And he bowed the ladies out with great dignity. WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

DESTITUTE.

"POOR woman, I am so sorry for you!" said the sympathetic agent of a Woman's Relief Society to a poverty-stricken woman, who was found on the verge of starvation in a New York tenement-house. "Make out a list of the things you need most, and I will send them around this very day."

Here is the list as presented after a few moments of deep thought:

1 beeded jursey Gacket.
1 set Blond reel hare phrizzes.
1 dress bonet in kardinel and blue.
Pare Muskeetare glovs to the elbo.
1 parrysol to keep the sun off.
Red Plush fotograff Albun.
1 dotted tool vale.

Z. D.

SILAS PETERS ON EDUCATION.

BELIEVE in eddication, sir? Well, I jest guess I do.
I've seen too much o' how it works to take the other view.
I've seen how knowledge takes a spot that's sort o' cold and bare,
'Nd covers of it up with quite a nickel-plated air.
I sees the difference every day 'tween eddicated folks
'Nd them as thinks it's nothin' but a fraud 'nd sort o' hoax.

Why, right to home I sees it. There's my wife, she's studied well
Not only how to read 'nd write, to cipher, 'nd to spell,
But she's an artis' likewise in a most uncommon way,
'Nd I believe to find her like you'd travel many a day.
For instance, she can knock a tune from our melodeon
As easy as a huntsman pulls the trigger of his gun.

I've seen that woman play a song with one note up in G,
'Nd then the next one came 'way down—as far I s'pose as Z—
'Nd not a bit of difference did it ever seem to make
If she had twenty-seven notes, or only one to take;
Her fingers they would hop about, 'nd all the needed keys
She'd seem to strike as easy, sir, as you or I could sneeze.

But best of all her talents is the way she decorates.
She'll make a lovely whatnot with two simple apple-crates;
'Nd all the picture-frames we have upon our parlor wall
She's made of colored maple leaves she'd gathered in the fall;
'Nd all our books, from almanacs to Doctor Browne on Hope,
She's got in cases that she's built of boxes made for soap.

The organ stool she uses when she sets her down to play
Ain't store-made as you'd think, but jest a stump she found one day.
She's covered of it up with cloth all trimmed with fringe and stars,
'Nd set a cushion on the top. 'Nd all our ginger-jars
She sort o' paints in gewgaw style, with dragons in a fight;
'Nd when she sets 'em round the house, they makes a pretty sight.

I tell ye, sir, it takes a gal that knows a fearful pile
To take a lot o' common things 'nd give 'em such a style
They seem to be worth having, 'nd my wife she does all that—
I've seen her make a basket of a busted beaver hat.
It's eddication's done it, 'nd if my kids isn't fools,
I'll see they gets as much of it as there is in the schools.

FROM KENTUCKY.

A MOONSHINER was on trial in a district court in Kentucky. The only evidence produced by the commonwealth was that a bottle of whiskey, supposed to have been manufactured by the defendant, was found on the premises when he was captured. The evidence was all in, and both sides had summed up. The judge, in finishing his charge to the jury, said, "And now, finally, as to the question whether or not the bottle produced in this court, gentlemen of the jury, contains whiskey, you will have to use your own good judgment."

The jury retired, and five minutes later a messenger entered the court-room, and stated that he had been instructed by the jury to ask the Court to send the bottle of whiskey to the jury-room, since an intelligent verdict could not be rendered without further examination of the evidence. The request was complied with, and the messenger returned to the room with the bottle.

A half-hour elapsed, and then the jury filed slowly into the court-room. After they were seated, and the usual formalities had been observed, the clerk asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman of the jury rose nervously in his seat and said, "No, yer Honor, we 'ain't."

Somewhat surprised, the Court asked: "Why, gentlemen, how is that? Surely I made the case as plain to you as possible."

"Yes, yer Honor," replied the foreman; "but there was only enough licker in that bottle for nine of us, an' t'other three says they can't jedge on it till they tastes it."

On application of the defendant's counsel, the case was dismissed for want of evidence, the jury having consumed all there was in trying to agree upon a verdict.

WILLIAM J. HOSTER.

SUNDAY PAPERS IN SUMMER.

MIRIAM. "Aren't you going to have a paper, Pen?"
PENELOPE. "No. I came here for rest."

HE KNEW.

HE was rather young to know his letters, but he claimed familiarity with them.

"Let me see," said a visitor, desirous of testing his knowledge. "What is the difference between a B and a C, Waldo?"

"That ith eathy," he lisped. "A bee ith a inthect, and a thee ith full o' water."

WOULDN'T DO.

A YOUNG hack writer was employed to write up a prospectus for the circus.

"Say," he said, turning to the manager, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary on this thing. Have you a thesaurus?"

"No, by thunder," said the circus man. "We've only got a hippopotamus."

RIGHT AT HOME.

WITHIN a mile or two of one of the smaller towns of Nova Scotia there resided for a number of years a gentleman by the name of Quagmarsh. He was a very eccentric old fellow, and though rather taciturn by nature, when he did have anything to say it was generally cogent and to the point. Soon after coming to M——, Mr. Quagmarsh invested several thousand dollars in the purchase of an utterly worthless farm, which the owner, a member of the ubiquitous family of Brown, represented to him as a veritable Garden of Eden.

Now farming on a piece of land that has little drainage, either natural or artificial, lacks the elements of success. People therefore were not surprised when, after a couple of years of zealous hard work, the planter assigned, gave up farming as a profession, and accepted an agency in a large insurance business. A short time after these events Quagmarsh happened to meet the author of all his woes.

"Mr. Brown, didn't you say that farm you sold me was particularly well drained?" said he.

"Ah, yes; but, you see, the late rains—"

"And that it was the best farm in the neighborhood for raising oats?"

"Yes, I believe I did say something like that, though the oat crop varies greatly."

"And that the soil was specially adapted for potatoes?"

"So it was at one time; but every soil requires a change of diet, so to speak."

"And that it was entirely free from rocks?"

"Well, not entirely."

"And that you were accustomed to raise seventy barrels of apples and from twenty to thirty tons of hay annually?"

"Oh, I admit that was an exaggeration."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I won't call you a liar, but if I were to see you coming down the street with Ananias on one side of you and Sapphira on the other, I would say that you were in the bosom of your family."

NATIVE THRIFT.

IN a certain Cape Cod town a movement to build a casino was started last summer. It was thought advisable to interest the natives in the project, because the inaugurators were anxious to secure a site at as low a figure as possible. Accordingly the owner of the particular site which they had in view, a native named, of course, Boffin, was made a member of the building and finance committee. After some preliminary discussion at the first meeting, the two summer visitors on the committee broached the question of contributions. Mr. Boffin did not leave them in any doubt as to his position on this question. He positively declined to contribute a cent. Then they labored with him over the site. Fifteen hundred dollars was his lowest figure. They explained to him the advantages which would accrue to the place through the erection of a casino, and how much it would enhance the value of his other property. But he held out for $1500. Finally one of the committee said:

"Mr. Boffin, you should either knock off something from the price of your property, or, if we buy it for $1500, you should make a handsome contribution."

"Well," answered Mr. Boffin, "I'm ready to do something for you. I can't let the land go under $1500, but if you'll pay me $1600 for it I'm ready to contribute $100 to the fund."

The meeting was adjourned on motion of one of the summer visitors. GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

AN ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

SOMEWHERE up in Vermont there used to live a character, L—— by name, who furnished amusement for his entire neighborhood. He has long since passed away, but he has left behind him a very green memory, and a fund of good stories about his experiences during the Revolution, in which he fought as a soldier for the colonies. As he grew older, his imagination as to things that happened—and a great many that did not happen—during that period of strife grew more and more active. There was one of his yarns that was a great favorite with the old man, and he used to tell it with the greatest unction and air of profound candor. His story was about to this effect: General Washington wanted some very important despatches carried to General Lafayette, but the trip was so perilous that he hesitated to order any one upon the duty. So he went out in front of a line of men, and explaining the situation to them, asked for a volunteer. For a minute or two no one moved, then, says L——, "I just stepped out three paces, and tipping my hat, said, 'I'm your man, Mr. Washington!'" Then he went on the trip, according to his chronicling, and after braving many perils, returned safely to camp. He went immediately to the General's tent, and reported the successful accomplishment of his errand. Just at this point in his story the old man would wax eloquent, and say: "The General he said that he thought as how I was as plucky and as brave and as able a man as he'd ever see; and he ended by takin' off his sword and his belt, and he handed 'em to me, sayin' as how as I was so much braver than him I'd earned the right to wear 'em instead of him. He thought as how I was so much more fitten for sich honor than him, an' he wanted me to take his place."

It was a favorite trick of the old man to stop just at this interesting point, until some one asked, as some one always did, "What did you say to him, Mr. L——?"

Then the grizzled soldier would draw himself up to his full height, and reply, with his voice ringing with pride, "I says to him, says I, 'Mr. Washington, you're a better eddicated man than I am; you keep 'em yourself.'"

G. A. LYON, JUN.

ERNEST RENAN IN HIS STUDY AT THE COLLÉGE DE FRANCE.

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LITERARY PARIS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

First Paper.

I.

AT the beginning of this last decade of the nineteenth century there has taken place in literary Paris a general abandoning of old idols, and a corresponding exaltation of new leaders and novel cults. It is a period of transition from a now exhausted manifestation of literary art to a fresh form, the contours of which can scarcely yet be divined in the fascinating mystery of the future. In the following pages we propose to set forth briefly the tendencies and new currents of thought that seem destined to predominate, more particularly in the domain of imaginative prose, that special art of the modern world; but at the same time we shall not neglect characteristic manifestations of verse. Our endeavor will be to draw up a sort of inventory of literary Paris, so far as concerns the shining lights of fiction, criticism, journalism, and the drama, dwelling by preference on new men and new works. As for the eminent French writers of books of science and of erudition, the members of the special sections of the Institute, the doctors of the Sorbonne, the learned professors of the Collége de France, the scientists of world-wide reputation, their manner of life and their views and practice of literature do not offer peculiarities sufficiently notable to make it expedient to include them in our actual programme. It is, we may say, only exceptionally, and almost by accident, that literary Paris pays heed to these disinterested and heroic geniuses.

II.—NATURALISM.

Philarète Chasles relates in his memoirs how one afternoon, as he was at work in his newspaper office, a young man with a military air, looking as bold as if he were going to the wars, knocked imperiously at the door, walked in, sat down, and said, without further preamble,

"Monsieur, I am Hugo."

Then, after handing to Chasles the famous yellow-covered book with the password "Hierro" on the title-page, he asked him if he was on his side or not, and continued:

"Monsieur, not only are we going to change poetry, which needs a fundamental revolution, but grammar also. What do you think about our prosody? French prosody must be completely overhauled."

So it is in France, where neither centuries nor years count, but only minutes and seconds, the shock of contraries and the violence of reaction. The French must always be fighting about something—even for Boileau against Ronsard, and for Nonotte against Voltaire. Printers' ink must smell of powder, otherwise life seems insipid and thought without savor. Victor Hugo's visit to Chasles is typical. The history of French literature is that of the perpetual storming of Paris by a handful of young adventurers whose object is to demolish the existing formulæ of an always incomplete art, and to enthrone themselves victoriously in a new edifice which they propose to build upon the ruins. But no sooner has one set of innovators achieved success than another band begins to attack the victors of yesterday, and so battle follows battle, and revolution follows revolution, with the accompaniment of violent polemics, and of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. The documents, the exactitude, the experimentation, and the professed scientific method of the Naturalist evolution, which only a few years ago was pro-

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EMILE ZOLA.

claimed to be definitive, now sicken the *élite*. The cry at present is for golden-winged dreams, or, at any rate, for something new. Enough of the gross language of Naturalism, its ignoble ideas, its exclusive materialism! Émile Zola, robust and gloomy genius, romanticist by temperament, sectarian by accident, is respected as a great landscapist, a handler of masses of humanity, a constructive artist who has created visible and palpable beings living in harmony with their surroundings, but who has, nevertheless, seen little except the coarse surface and envelope of life. The sum and substance of Zola's doctrines is that he intends to put into his books more truth and less conventionality than his predecessors. According to his theories, which mediocre disciples have carried out, Naturalism is, as it were, an impersonal encyclopædia of materiality, and its only merit is its spirit of minute analysis. It is devoid of thought of any kind, much more of elevation of ideas, and in the selection of subjects of observation it tends to prefer those that are saddening, and even vile and repulsive. So far as concerns M. Zola, it is almost needless to remark that in his books he has by no means followed out his theories of scientific observation; he allows his temperament continually to transform and color reality; his pretended observation is often nothing but imagination and vision; and what he offers as a picture of reality is more generally sombre, sensual, and morbid poetry. Nevertheless, however unsympathetic M. Zola's talent may be to us, his restless and careworn face meets us at the threshold of our subject, and imperiously exacts attention.

M. Zola has become famous as the great chief and apostle of Naturalism, but the real innovators and creators of the modern French realistic novel are the brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, of whom the elder, Edmond, survives. Within the past ten years M. Edmond de Goncourt has acquired the great glory of the master, the prophet, the pontiff. Since the death of Gustave Flaubert he has been looked upon as the father of the modern novel, the genial ancestor and "*cher maître*" to whom the *débutants* dedicate their books, and whom even the most violent critics of the opposition treat with respect.

The Goncourts, from the beginning of their career, have been "*apporteurs de neuf*," to use a phrase of their own, bringers of novelty to the domain of letters, not novelty of thought—an exercise in which they do not excel—but novelty of observation, of sensitiveness, of æsthetic vision and enjoyment. Historians of the art and society of the eighteenth century, they reconstituted that epoch with an unparalleled wealth of documents of all kinds, which they commented upon with singular acuity and delicacy of perception; and at a time when the art of the eighteenth century was forgotten or

despised, they proclaimed its superiority in pages of definitive and admirably expressed analysis. The language of the Goncourts is as novel as their vision; it is strangely refined and very complex; it is the style of exasperated artists who write for artists, and seek the precise and rare notation of artistic sensations. The words "art," "artist," "artistic," are constantly recurring in the prefaces and theoretical writings of the Goncourts; they seem to consider prose as if it were a plastic art; their intellectual and sentimental development, like that of the painter or the statuary, proceeds from the education of the eye by works of art; their dominant sense is that of the picturesque; the explanation and the object of all the peculiarities of their style are the desire to render their sensations picturesquely, to evoke the form, the relief, the modelling, and the color of objects in atmosphere. This style, declared to be unintelligible twenty years ago, remains at the present day, together with the refined sensations it expresses, incomprehensible and inaccessible to the vulgar. The books of the Goncourts are not addressed to the public at large. The Goncourts themselves are types of those modern literary artists who disdain the great public, declaring it to be unintelligent and brutal, and who shut themselves up in the domain of their æsthetic dreams, proud, independent, uncompromising, fulfilling with steadfast purpose what they consider to be their æsthetic mission. This aristocratic attitude is peculiarly characteristic of modern French literature. In the course of our remarks we shall have to refer frequently to its symptoms and consequences.

Meanwhile we note the immense influence of the Goncourts on contemporary French prose, and the fascination exercised upon the later generations of writers by the luminous pages of these refined artists, who, like Flaubert, have been revealers of beauty, dispensers of æsthetic ecstasy, superb educators. In their novels *Charles Demailly*, *Manette Salomon*, *Renée Mauperin*, the Goncourts forwarded the evolution of imaginative literature towards simplicity and truth—an evolution which was determined by Balzac and hastened by Flaubert. By rejecting elaborate plot in construction, and by freeing style from rhetoric, they relieved the novel of useless complication so far as form is concerned; while as regards the subjects of observation, they enlarged the domain of the novel to such a degree that every accessible path was indicated by them to their successors. From Racine and Corneille down to the writers of our own day the social status of the heroes of French fiction has gradually declined. Agamemnon and Chimène have given place to Coupeau and Nana, and the marquises of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the middle-class heroes of Balzac. Victor Hugo's dramas are still peopled by kings, queens, and

EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

great nobles. Flaubert, after writing *Madame Bovary*, went back to *Salammbo* and the lives of the saints. The Goncourts, with more persistency of purpose, have depicted in their novels men of letters and bohemians, the life of hospitals, circuses, and theatres, humble sacrifice and middle-class egoism, and in *Germinie Lacerteux* and *La Fille Elisa* they have opened their artistic pages to the lowest types of modern democracy. Thus by a curious coincidence the brothers De Goncourt, aristocrats by birth and in tastes, have been the introducers of the populace into contemporary French fiction.

To resume, the present situation is this: A literary movement, to which the name of Realist or Naturalist has been given,

PAUL BOURGET.

has achieved complete development within the past thirty years, utilizing the rhetorical progress realized by the preceding Romantic movement, adding thereto personal and characteristic materials, and producing new works, of which the more noble will abide in the eternal palace of art. This movement, having its descriptive germs in Rousseau, Châteaubriand, and Gautier, and its psychological precursors in Diderot, Stendhal, and Balzac, culminated in the two consummate artists Flaubert and Goncourt, whose most eminent successors and disciples, with more or less personality, are Zola, Maupassant, and Alphonse Daudet.

Towards 1885 the triumph of Naturalism became incontestable. The supreme effort of propaganda, which began with Zola's newspaper campaigns in 1878, had vulgarized its methods and their practice. The battle was over; the movement was classed in the mental order; the leaders of Naturalism had fulfilled their mission, and said all that they had to say; their future works could contain no surprise or unforeseen manifestation of talent. Furthermore, the robust and laborious talents of the years of combat had grappled with so many subjects, and in so wide a field given the limits of the Naturalist method, that nothing remained for the latecomers except to walk in the footsteps of the masters, or to deviate into the ignoble bypaths of pornography.

Thus there were faculties waiting for employment, and fallow enthusiasm craving an object. Naturalism and materialism having reached their apogee, a reaction was inevitable. In 1885 the reaction first manifested itself vaguely, and since then it has been growing stronger and stronger, flowing in various currents—mediæval, mystic, symbolist, neo-catholic, and others less distinguishable. For a while the reaction centred its forces in the psychological novel and in the analysis and "intimism" of M. Paul Bourget. Then, again, the Russian novelists seemed to be a source of salvation. Meanwhile the influence of English æsthetic poetry began to make itself felt in the literary *cénacles* of the Latin Quarter, and became strangely mingled with the neo-catholicism of M. Melchior de Vogüé, who, after having explained the mechanism of the Slav soul to the readers of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, became suddenly a leader of youth and an inspirer of spiritual renovation. To expound all this to the foreign reader, and to unravel the tangled skein of influences that are still ill defined, and of aspirations that are vague and confused, is truly a difficult, not to say chimerical, task, for it is to some extent as if one should attempt to analyze the future. However, let us have done with abstractions, and endeavor rather to illustrate the new tendencies by mentioning personalities and examples. First of all we will speak of the supreme originator of modern mysticism.

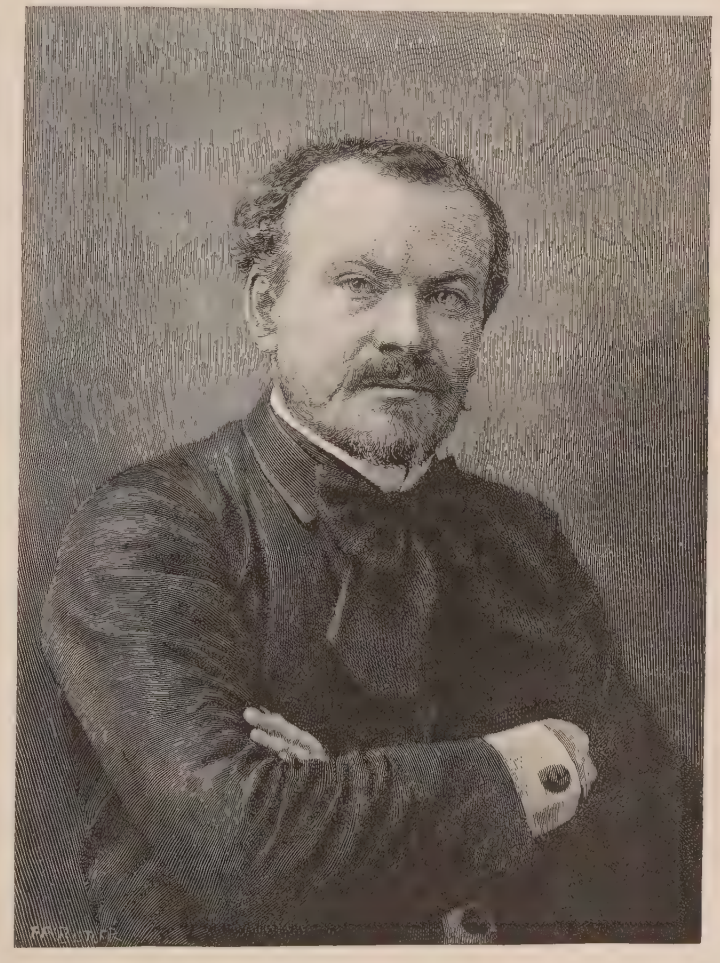
III.—SCEPTICISM.

Collége de France, staircase A, second floor, to the left, is a green-baize door, which is opened by a neat maidservant.

You pass through three or four rooms of bare, provincial, and priestly aspect, scantily and austerely furnished; along the walls are open shelves laden with books in the living and dead languages of the East and West, and here and there a drawing by Ary Scheffer, or an antiquated engraving in a clumsy old-fashioned frame. The last room is M. Ernest Renan's study. It is furnished with bookcases and arm-chairs upholstered in red velvet; on the mantel-piece, between two candelabra of the time of the First Empire, is a bust of the erudite Victor le Clerc; on one wall a portrait of Madame Renan when she was a girl. At a table facing the window, with his fur cap, his magnifying-glass, his cuneiform inscriptions, and his books and papers spread out before him, M. Renan sits, rotund and episcopal, his hands crossed over his shapeless body, from which the large head emerges, rosy and silvery, the face broad, with big features, a great nose, enormous cheeks heavily modelled in abundant flesh, a delicate and mobile mouth, and gray Celtic eyes alternately full of dreams and of smiles. This is the habitual attitude during a few moments' pause for meditation, and, as if by a sort of physical reminiscence of his priestly education, the crossing of the hands is accompanied by a muttering and susurration of the lips.

In his study, in the lecture-room, in society, and in his writings, M. Renan seems to be always gay and always ironical. His smile is one of the most fascinating enigmas of literary Paris, and its explanation, if we can discover it, will throw light on several tendencies of contemporary France.

M. Renan (born 1823), we need scarcely remark, is not merely the author of the *Life of Jesus*, and of the six volumes that form the *History of the Origins of Christianity;* he is not merely the learned historian of the *People of Israel*, and the critic and translator of the books of Job, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs; he is not merely the erudite Orientalist and epigraphist of the Semitic Corpus Inscriptionum—his vast intellectual existence has had a double programme, devoted partly to the great and prolonged



JULES LEMAÎTRE.

studies above mentioned, and partly to the observation of contemporary life and its accidents. Hence many volumes of essays on questions of the day, Socratic dialogues after the manner of Plato, philosophical comedies in the tradition of Shakespeare, etc., etc. In all these writings we find not so much the elements of a body of moral and philosophical doctrine, but rather indications of states of soul which, if they are not absolutely peculiar to the nineteenth century, seem, nevertheless, to be extremely sympathetic to many Frenchmen of refined culture. These states of soul, which, for convenience's sake, have been résuméd in the word Renanism, have certainly been cultivated with ardor by some of the most distinguished literary men of the past ten years, and in fiction, in criticism, and in journalism Renanism has been a most successful and fashionable attitude.

M. Paul Bourget, in his *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, was the first to study the moral personality of M. Renan in his relations to the men of recent generations. Noting M. Renan's qualities of exquisite sensitiveness, his Celtic imagination, the poetry of his thought and style, M. Bourget expounded three phases of Renanism, which he distinguished as Dilettanteism, Religiosity, and Aristocracy. By dilettanteism is meant that state of soul which tradition represents Virgil to have expressed in the words, "One wearies of everything except of understanding." It is the condition of the old age of races when civilization has little by little abolished the faculty of creation, and replaced it by that of comprehension. It is a refined scepticism, so delicately developed that it transforms itself into an instrument of pleasure. The ordinary critic finds M. Renan's writing full of inconstancy and even of contradiction, and accuses him of paradox or pyrrhonism, if not of worse crimes. The light irony that runs through his books still further indisposes the critic whose soul is blind to the charms of dilettanteism, and who has not arrived at that degree of refined intellectuality where the mind grasps so many truths that it is unable to select and abide by any single one.

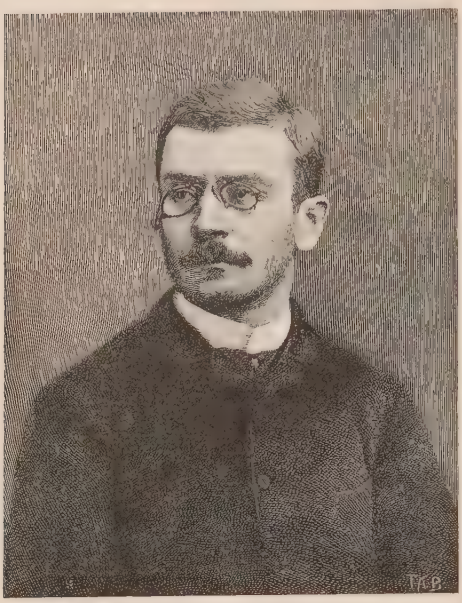
The basis of dilettanteism is the doctrine of the legitimacy of many points of view; or in other words the consciousness that phenomena are too numerous to allow us to make absolute and exclusive affirmations, at least with our present intellectual apparatus. An enchanting and multiform artist in ideas, a curious mind implanted in an amorphous body, M. Renan offers in his writings a brilliant monument of concrete scepticism and a complete exposition and apology of that dilettanteism which is certainly ravaging the intellectual classes of modern France. We say "ravaging" intentionally, because great and exquisite as may be the joys procured by dilettanteism, they are of a non-creative and unvirile kind. Indeed, if we had not imposed upon ourselves the impersonal attitude of the compiler of an inventory, we should be tempted to call attention to the harmony of M. Renan's physical and intellectual personality, and to compare that great shapeless body to some huge polype or anemone, floating helplessly in the sea of probabilities, rising or sinking, inclining to the right or to the left, as instinct or a ray of sunlight or the hazards of a current may inspire; but in any case merely floating, and otherwise incapable of choosing a direction and following it. So M. Renan's mind, thanks to multiform appreciation combined with vast inattention, is amused and fascinated by the many-sidedness of phenomena. It sees at once ten or twenty phases, and being incapable of the effort necessary to decide which is the best, it sinks back into the joys of submarine mirage, and reflects the beauty of things on its polychrome facets that have the prismatic and illusory charm of sea flowers.

When the disciples of M. Renan, like M. Jules Lemaître, for instance, or M. Anatole France, would have us believe that this incapacity for affirmation is a sign of superior intelligence, and that the attitude of intellectual dilettanteism is of finer essence than the mental operations of searchers of the profound sense of things, or of those who distinguish implacably between good and evil, there would be a fine occasion for the virile temperaments to protest. In contemporary French literature, however, the feminine temperaments seem to predominate, and therefore we have many examples of deliberate dilettanteism and of conscious cultivation of the two other phases of Renanism, namely, religiosity and intellectual aristocracy. In spite of his scepticism, M. Renan has remained distinctly religious and respectful towards the cult whose dogma he has

ANATOLE FRANCE.

abandoned; and to his sympathy for the religious illusions which have consoled humanity, we may in part attribute the neo-catholic revival which is beginning to be talked about in literary circles. As for M. Renan's intellectual aristocracy, it is manifested in his disregard of vulgar opinion, in the discreet elegance of his style and the refinement of his reasoning, in his frequent expositions of an aristocratic ideal, in his irony and in his smile, which is a smile at once of disdain and of conscious superiority. M. Renan enjoys his superior intelligence as a woman enjoys her own beauty. The respect of the world gives him a proof of his glory. He knows more than almost all his contemporaries, he comprehends things more completely, he interprets them more subtly. He feels doubtless considerable satisfaction in being the inventor of a refined philosophy, and of a certain way of understanding life. He remarks around him the growing influence of his aristocratic theories. As a Parisian critic has said, M. Renan is the first to enjoy Renanism.

This is, perhaps, no exaggeration, for on all occasions M. Renan manifests a moral serenity and a mental activity invariably colored by the emanations of a Renanist soul. In his *Souvenirs of Childhood and Youth*, M. Renan tells us



F. BRUNETIÈRE.
From a photograph by F. Mulnier.

that from his earliest years he was predestined to be "a tissue of contradictions, reminding one of the hircocervus of the schoolmen, which had two natures. One half of myself was fated to be employed in demolishing the other, like that fabulous animal mentioned by Ctesias which ate its own feet unawares. This is what a great observer, Challemel-Lacour, excellently said: 'He thinks like a man; he feels like a woman; he acts like a child.' I do not complain, inasmuch as this moral constitution has procured me the keenest intellectual enjoyment that a man can taste."

IV.—PSYCHOLOGY.

We will next take an indirect disciple of M. Renan, M. Paul Bourget, born in 1853, who has become famous within the past ten years.

M. Paul Bourget's first literary efforts were three volumes of verse, *La Vie Inquiète*, *Edel*, and *Les Aveux*, in which he described the vibrations of his soul in contact with thoughts, hopes, desires, and memories, and sang with melancholy refinement on the theme of dreamy love. The writer of these verses appeared to be a delicately sensitive and somewhat naïve observer, whom the brutality of real life at once surprised and horrified.

M. Bourget next came before the world in the rôle of a critic, almost of a prophet, and certainly of an educator and a vulgarizer, in a series of monographs which have been collected into four volumes, under the titles of *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine* and *Études et Portraits*.

Finally M. Bourget appeared as a novelist, and won the favor of the feminine public, especially by the volumes that are called *L'Irréparable*, *Cruelle Énigme*, *Crime d'Amour*, *André Cornélis*, *Mensonges*, *Le Disciple*, *Cœur de Femme*, and *Pastels*. Furthermore, we must mention a dramatization of the novel *Mensonges*, in which M. Bourget had a hand.

Poet, critic, and novelist, M. Bourget would seem to offer for our study a singularly rich and complex literary personality. His very great and wide reputation and his real merits make it our pleasant duty to discuss his work at some length. By which phase of his multiple talent shall we begin our examination? Perhaps M. Bourget the critic will best enable us to explain M. Bourget the novelist. Remark, in the first place, that he prefers the appellation of "psychologist" to that of "critic." He writes not essays in criticism, but essays in psychology. He does not discuss talents or paint characters. "My ambition," he says, "has been to draw up some notes that will be of use to the historian of the French moral life of the second half of the nineteenth century." These notes M. Bourget makes in the course of studying Baudelaire, Renan, Flaubert, Taine, Stendhal, Dumas *fils*, the brothers De Goncourt, Tourguénief, Leconte de Lisle, and Amiel, who are selected as having been the introducers of new habits of sensation and thought, and some of them more particularly as the apostles of pessimism and its concomitant mental disposition called dilettanteism, together with its derivative cosmopolitanism. In his preface M. Bourget tells us that "the existence of pessimism in the soul of contemporary youth is now recognized even by those to whom this spirit of negation and depression is most repulsive," and that his two volumes of essays contain "a series of notes on some of the causes of this pessimism."

Pessimism, the ravages of which M. Bourget perhaps exaggerates, became

fashionable about the same time as Tolstoïism. It was a sort of intellectual uniform for the use of those young Frenchmen of artistic tendencies who, as soon as they leave school, are always on the lookout for a chief, a chapel, or a distinctive badge of some sort, by means of which they may rapidly arrive at notoriety. Lately, pessimism has been replaced by symbolism and mysticism. Of such labels and liveries virile and creative natures stand in no need; they appeal rather to the feminine temperaments, to the superficial, the impressionable, and the inattentive. Now, as for M. Bourget's essays themselves—essays in psychology, as he calls them—we find them mainly interesting as the history of the author's own moral and intellectual formation. He does not analyze the books or the literary processes of the writers whom he studies, he does not define the impression they make as works of art, he seeks only to explain and describe such of their states of conscience and such of their ideas as he has himself appropriated by initiation and by sympathy. At the same time, while writing the history of his own soul, he writes a considerable fragment of the moral history of our epoch. In his egotistic criticism, as it might be called, M. Bourget starts at the point where Taine leaves off. He does not study the formation of a writer as the resultant of elements of race, *milieu*, and moment; he takes the writer already formed, and analyzes, not the causes, but the character and effects of his work, exploring the various currents along which the soul of the writer penetrates and filters into the souls of his contemporaries, or more exactly into M. Bourget's soul, and into the souls of those who accept M. Bourget as their guide.

Certainly M. Bourget is a charming guide. In his essays, his notes of travel, his various studies and portraits, M. Bourget's amiable and cultivated personality pleases us particularly. He shows a wide comprehension of things, a horror of violent and radical theories, and a general dread of displeasing. He delights merely in comprehending, interpreting, and demonstrating. With infinite tact and politeness, he educates the educated, introduces the worldlings to the more noble and modern authors, reacts against materialism, and fills the very honorable rôle of an apostle of culture.

M. Bourget's novels are the natural outcome of his essays in psychology; they form a commentary and dramatic development of a certain number of themes proposed in previous pages of analysis. M. Bourget the novelist deals with dramas of conscience, with moral scruples, remorse, repentance, expiation, and purification. In *Crime d'Amour* we have the history of two souls purified by grief. In *L'Irréparable* the heroine dies of the souvenir of a false step. The conclusion of *Cruelle Énigme* is that the servitude of the flesh is degrading. Why and whence comes love? Cruel enigma. *Le Disciple* proposes a problem outside of the passional relations of man and woman. A young pupil of the great philosopher Adrien Sixte commits an odious crime under the empire of determinist doctrines, and the author asks in what measure the conduct of the disciple engages the responsibility of the master. M. Bourget shows us Adrien Sixte profoundly disturbed by the crime of his pupil. The philosopher bows his head, he weeps, he prays even. From this we conclude that Adrien Sixte's heart is not determinist. Then what is the moral? Although not the most popular with the public, especially with the feminine readers who have made and now maintain M. Bourget's fame, *Le Disciple* impresses us as being the most intellectual and the most coherently philosophical of the author's novels. He confesses himself to have a particular affection for this work, which he considers, strangely enough, to be in a measure the counterpart of *Robert Elsmere*. In his latest work, *Cœur de Femme*, M. Bourget has returned to those passional themes which have made him the favorite of the modern cultivated feminine public, the grand psychologist of the contemporary French novel, an enlightener of consciences and a consoler of failing virtue.

While respecting greatly *Le Disciple*, and admiring the worldling types of Suzanne de Moraines and the Baron Desforges in *Mensonges*, we do not yet find in M. Bourget's novels the marks of a great artist in fiction. We look in vain for the manifestation of any faculty in a superior degree. We see no strong personality, no rareness of sensation, no grand power of creation. On the other hand, we see much that is indicative of want of measure, and much that implies laborious assimilation rather than spon-

taneous sensation. In the course of his critical studies M. Bourget has assimilated from Baudelaire certain sensual and mystic attitudes which are as unwholesome as they were insincere on Baudelaire's part; from Dumas M. Bourget has assimilated a taste for questions and problems of love and morality; from Taine a tendency to vast generalizations; from Stendhal a craze for analysis and the inevitable pessimistic conclusions; from Renan the affected and intelligent indifference of dilettanteism; from various cosmopolitan friends an often snobbish admiration of things exotic, such as Burne-Jones's pictures, Bond Street perfumery, and English travelling accessories. All these elements are amalgamated in his novels with incontestable skill, and the result is something that is intended to please the literary artists as well as the women, who are, of course, at once captivated by the sentimentality, the melancholy, the exquisiteness, the subtlety of the author, and also by that professional and mysterious air which he puts on to announce the simplest observations and the most commonplace reflections. But much as the literary artists may respect M. Bourget's intentions, the dignity of his literary career, the admirable faculties of patient analysis and of lucid exposition which he displayed in his essays, the distinguished culture of the man, the charm and amiability of his literary personality, they will and must make reserves as regards his novels. To an Anglo-Saxon reader M. Bourget's style will probably appear exquisite. In the *Essais de Psychologie* his style has, it is true, remarkable qualities of lucidity; but in his novels, even in his favorite *Disciple*, not only are his situations commonplace and his vision of things without personality, but his phrase is heavy and encumbered with incidental reflections, his epithets are not fresh, radiant, and severely selected, and his general style bears traces of an awkwardness and untidiness which astonish on the part of a writer of such ultra-refined pretensions as the author of *Mensonges*. However, with his great qualities and his small defects, M. Bourget has written books which charm, touch, and cause us to reflect. His recent and brilliant success can offend none, for it has been won nobly and enjoyed with the extreme modesty of the artist respectful of his talent, and whose chief desire is to surpass himself. M. Bourget has scarcely attained the prime of life, he has a long future before him, and time, therefore, to give a material contradiction to the following phrase, in which he has himself described one of his heroes, and which seems to us a fair summary of his own temperament and of its promise: "He was sick of an excess of subtlety, always seeking after rare shades of distinctions, and although superiorly intelligent, was destined never to attain that broad and frank conception of art which produces works of genius."

V.—CRITICISM.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the eminent professor of the École Normale, and the censorious critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is the most distinguished representative of scientific criticism in France, and the founder of a new criticism based upon the hypothesis of evolution. At the time of the Renaissance, criticism, in its infancy, catalogued and commented upon the works of antiquity, which the men of letters and the poets imitated pell-mell. Subsequently Chapelain, Balzac, and Boileau endeavored to draw up rules based upon classical and Italian examples. Voltaire and La Harpe continued the system of reasoning and reasonable criticism. At the beginning of the present century changes in the social order and a growing knowledge of foreign literatures began to make people think that the rules of criticism are no more stable than manners. Thus Madame de Staël and Châteaubriand introduced the idea of a certain relativity in literary matters, and the grand critical movement of the nineteenth century began. Villemain combined history with criticism; Sainte-Beuve added psychology; M. Taine sought aid in zoology, and employed the exact methods of natural history. M. Brunetière, finding criticism henceforward intimately connected with the biological sciences, proposes to make it progress until it reaches the extremities to which Haeckel and Darwin have conducted natural history. M. Brunetière desires to build up one of those vast intellectual edifices which are by the very nature of things predestined to demolition, because the general ideas that form their foundations are either premature, arbitrary, or false. Nevertheless, by the opposition that they

excite, the new inquiry that they provoke, and the contradictions that they suggest, these systems maintain around the great mental problems an intellectual agitation which is the first condition of discovery and of progress. M. Brunetière is of opinion that whether our knowledge is sufficiently advanced or not, we must try. Being of a positive and virile temperament, he is not content to waver in the sea of probabilities, as it were, agreeably hypnotized by the consciousness of his own complexity; he insists upon the necessity of choosing a direction, and does, in fact, choose one. M. Brunetière has chosen the path of objective criticism, and all those who do not walk in that path, he proclaims to be in error. Neither loving nor loved, M. Brunetière has, nevertheless, great authority in literary Paris. His erudition seems to be complete and imperturbable; he is very intelligent in the broadest sense of the word; his humor is chronically severe and unamiable; and his greatest delight in life appears to be to combat with austere dialectics in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* all the new literary ideas and fashions of the day. M. Brunetière is professor at the École Normale, secretary and guiding genius of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the author of several volumes of solid criticism.

In direct opposition to M. Brunetière, the ingenious critic of *Le Journal des Débats*, M. Jules Lemaître, and the erudite and charming literary critic of *Le Temps*, M. Anatole France, believe only in subjective criticism, and hold that objective criticism is vain and unprofitable. These two writers are the most brilliant representatives and popularizers of the doctrines and influence of M. Renan.

M. Jules Lemaître, born in 1853, left the École Normale in 1875 with a high literary degree, and was appointed Professor of Rhetoric at Havre, where he remained five years. Thence he passed to Algiers, and in 1882 to Besançon. In 1883 he was received Docteur ès Lettres at the Sorbonne, and appointed professor at the faculty of Grenoble. Meanwhile, between 1880 and 1883 M. Jules Lemaître had published two volumes of verse, in which he showed himself an able and delicate artist in the Parnassian manner. Finally literature triumphed over pedagogy. In 1884 M. Jules Lemaître went to Paris, and became a regular contributor to *La Revue Bleue*, in which he had occasionally published articles and tales during his professional career. In October, 1884, Jules Lemaître was unknown; in December, 1884, he was famous; his articles on Renan, Zola, and Ohnet made his literary fortune with unexampled rapidity. During the years 1885–6–7 he continued the study of the literature of the day in various essays; meanwhile, in 1886, he was appointed dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, and about the same time began to publish articles and tales in *Le Figaro*. M. Jules Lemaître, already the successor of Sainte-Beuve and Jules Janin in his double quality of literary and dramatic critic, has also manifested indubitable talent as a play-writer in the piece called *Révoltée*, produced at the Odéon in 1889, and in *Le Député Leveau* and *Un Mariage Blanc*, performed respectively at the Vaudeville Theatre and at the Comédie Française in the season of 1890–1.

With such varied literary gifts, M. Jules Lemaître had, as we have seen, no difficulty in making his way. He was helped, too, by a certain spirit of combativeness and by the singular *virtuosité* of his style. Goethe has said that every Frenchman who dares to think differently from his fellows is a hero. M. Jules Lemaître, in tilting against several established reputations, was not only proclaimed a hero, but his thrusts were admitted to be most deadly, and the manner of them very masterly. For M. Jules Lemaître's style is charming, at once elegant and picturesque, vivacious, and even acrobatic in the form of the expression, and distinguished and ingenious in the choice of epithets.

The ordinary defect found in M. Lemaître by the average French reader is that he has no doctrine. Why does he not conclude? Why does he not have an opinion? Why does he not give the preference to one point of view after examining several? Why does he change his opinion from one week to another? Nay, more, does he not often in the same article express contradictory opinions, thesis and antithesis, but no synthesis? Surely this man is inconstant, a sceptic, a cynic, a corrupter of youth. To these charges M. Lemaître is constantly replying by his insistence upon the complexity of his impressions, the fallaciousness of

appearances, the illusion of everything, and the dreadful intellectual consequences of absolute affirmation. Naturally M. Lemaître is a subjective critic. In one of his essays he writes: "A critic necessarily puts his temperament and his own conception of life into his writings, since it is with his own mind that he describes other minds, and inasmuch as criticism is a representation of the world as personal, as relative, as vain, and consequently as interesting as those which constitute the other branches of literature."

M. Lemaître's literary studies and portraits are collected in a series of volumes called *Les Contemporains*, and his dramatic criticisms in a series entitled *Impressions de Théâtre*. The imaginative and mystic writer may be studied in a novel, *Serenus*, *Histoire d'un Martyr*, and in a volume called *Dix Contes*.

M. Anatole France, novelist, critic, and poet, amorous of erudition and of concise subtleties of thought, was born at Paris in 1844. His first literary essays affiliated him to the Parnassian group, and produced the elegant, tender, and mellifluous poet of the volumes entitled *Vers Dorés* (1873), and *Les Noces Corinthiennes* (1876). The novel next tempted him, and he published *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, *Les Désirs de Jean Servien*, *Jocaste et le Chat Maigre*, and *Thaïs* (1890). Meanwhile, in 1888, he had become the weekly chronicler of "La Vie Littéraire" in the journal *Le Temps*, an almost official and most distinguished situation. Thanks to his two columns of *causerie* in the Saturday number of *Le Temps*, M. France, who three or four years ago was known only to a limited circle, has become one of the most famous and brilliant lights of French culture and criticism.

M. France admits only subjective criticism. "As I understand it," he writes, in the preface to the first volume of his *Vie Littéraire*, "criticism, like philosophy and history, is a sort of novel for the use of circumspect and curious minds, and every novel, if we look at it in the right light, is an autobiography. The good critic is the one who narrates the adventures of his soul in the midst of masterpieces. There is no objective criticism any more than there is objective art, and those who imagine that they put anything except themselves into their work are dupes of a most fallacious illusion. The truth is that we can never get outside of ourselves. This is one of our greatest sources of misery. What would we not give to see heaven and earth for a single minute with the eye of a fly, or to comprehend nature with the rude and simple brain of the orang-outang? But this is prohibited. We cannot, like Tiresias, be man and remember to have been woman. We are shut up in our personality, as it were, in a perpetual prison. The best thing we can do, it seems to me, is to recognize with a good grace this dreadful condition, and to confess that we are talking about ourselves, whenever we have not the strength to hold our peace. In order to be perfectly frank, the critic ought to say: 'Gentlemen, I propose to talk about myself with regard to Shakespeare, Racine, Pascal, or Goethe. It is a very good pretext.'"

This humorous statement of doctrine may be complemented by a graceful fancy which we extract from another volume of this delicate and fascinating writer. And how can we better make him known than by allowing him to speak for himself? When M. France criticises a book, he describes the state of his soul as he turns over the leaves. "A fresh page that I turn," he says, "is like a lighted candle that one brings to me, and around which a score of moths, issued from my head, begin to dance. These moths are indiscreet and intruders, but what is to be done? If I drive them away, others come. There is a whole chorus of little winged things, golden and blond like the day, or blue and sombre like the night; frail, light, but unwearied, they flit and seem to murmur with the fluttering of their wings: 'We are little Psyches; friend, do not drive us away with too rough a hand. An immortal spirit animates our ephemeral forms. Look! We are seeking Eros—Eros, who can never be found; Eros, the grand secret of life and of death.' And in the end it is always one of those little Psyches that writes my article for me. How she manages it, heaven knows! But without her I should do even worse than ever."

This exposition of principles reveals the fascinating personality of M. Anatole France in his triple character of poet, critic, and amiable if not profound philosopher, and it is thanks to the intermingling play of these three mental atti-

tudes that he is one of the most complete literary souls of modern France, and one of the most characteristic. His language is exquisite and full of soft seduction; his philosophy is eclectically sceptical, but derived chiefly from M. Renan; his criticism, backed up by an almost universal erudition that is always elegant and never alarmingly profound, strolls at ease in the flowery gardens of the mind. Like the sophists of old, he carries away his audience by the abundance of his ideas, the gracefulness of his thought, and the elegance of his wit. One envies his talent, and wonders how it could be acquired, and wonders in vain. Evidently in M. Anatole France there is something of his hero Sylvestre Bonnard; he is a lover of rare scrolls, a reader of innumerable volumes, a harvester of curious and out-of-the-way knowledge. But yet he is not truly erudite, nor does he need to be erudite, because he has an instinct of generalization, an innate critical faculty that enables him to divine and to conclude without more than rapidly perusing, to speed like the bee from flower to flower, culling here and there and everywhere sweet juices, which he transmutes and utilizes with incomparable charm in his graceful and ingenious philosophical and poetical diversions. M. Anatole France, like his master, M. Renan, is a prodigious artist in ideas. Even in his novels he retains this characteristic, for his *Thaïs* has no other object than to show the diversity of human opinions and the artistic charm of all of them. And so, in the same spirit, M. France can glorify criticism as the most recent of all the manifestations of literature, and perhaps that which will end by absorbing all the other forms. "It is admirably suited," he says, "to a very civilized society, whose souvenirs are rich, and whose traditions are already of long date. It is particularly appropriate to a curious, learned, and polite humanity. In order to prosper, it supposes more culture than all the other literary forms. Its creators were Montaigne, Saint-Evremont, Bayle, and Montesquieu. It proceeds at once from philosophy and from history. Its development demanded an epoch of absolute intellectual liberty. It takes the place of theology; and if we were seeking the Universal Doctor, the Saint Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century, should we not have to think of Sainte-Beuve?"

VI.—THE NEW POETRY.

The title of Decadent is due to the hazards of newspaper polemics. The epithet, which a journalist applied as a taunt, was accepted out of bravado by a band of youthful revolutionists, who hoisted the flag of revolt in 1885, to protest against the materiality and grossness of the Naturalists, who had then reached the apogee of their glory. Since then the Decadent, or Symbolist, group has had time to grow, to prosper, to have a chief and a pleiad of adepts, and even to have been already proclaimed exhausted and dead as a nucleus of poetic and literary activity. This, however, is the inevitable fate of groups and artificial classifications, made generally with a view to advertising and attracting attention. They are talked of for a while; young men of talent accept the banner of the new school so long as it serves their purpose; and so, with the accompaniment of a large amount of insincerity, affectation, and fantastic airs, Romanticism, Parnassianism, and Symbolism, or whatever else may be the name of the movement, flourish and fade in due course, leaving a residuum of achievement and a certain lingering perfume of expression and of thought, as it were a strange and withered blossom, which eventually takes its place in the herbarium of literary history.

The moral characteristics of the Decadents seem to be a tendency to seek the rare, the precious, the exquisite, and even the perverse; they are morbid and aristocratic, and full of disdain of the irredeemable multitude. They are horrified by the turpitude of democratic and materialist reality, and they exhale their disgust in grave or ironic writings, finding the germ of their æsthetics in Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal.* So far as concerns form, the imitators of the new doctrine are M. Paul Verlaine, who made his début in the Parnassian group in 1867, and M. Stéphane Mallarmé, who belonged to the same group. M. Mallarmé, besides being a cryptic poet, generally unintelligible but vaguely harmonious, is a grave Professor of English in one of the municipal colleges, and withal a gentleman of fifty summers.

The Decadent movement has given rise to much controversy, and to several subgroups of instrumento-symbolistes, intimistes, etc., to which not unfrequently a certain amount of insincerity, jealousy,

and self-seeking have been attached. There are ill-balanced minds in the group, and vague theorists who seek to formulate the relations, correspondences, and affinities between certain sounds, forms, and colors, and certain states of soul. M. René Ghil, for instance, has noted the colors of the vowels and diphthongs, and specified the musical instruments to which their sounds correspond. But with these minutiæ we cannot concern ourselves, either to discuss or to dismiss with the ridicule that many of them deserve. Let us endeavor rather to see what good may come out of this movement, the seriousness of which is proved by its persistency, if not by its works. And, first of all, let us note that the tendency of the Decadents is towards Mandarinism. They aim at creating esoteric literature; they are the continuators of the theories of the Romantic school of 1830, which make out art to be an affair of dilettanteism. Like Théophile Gautier, the contemporary Decadent hates the *bourgeois*, and aspires only to the approbation of the intellectual *élite*. The chain of tradition thus runs from Gautier to Baudelaire, from Baudelaire to Leconte de Lisle and the Parnassians, and from the Parnassians to the Decadents.

In his *Petit Traité de Poésie Française*, which is, as it were, the code of all the metric conquests of the Romantic and Parnassian movements, Théodore de Banville expressed some years ago his regret that Victor Hugo had not had the courage to restore to poetry the liberty that it enjoyed in the golden age of the sixteenth century. Why prohibit the hiatus? Why forbid the diphthong forming a syllable in the verse? Why exact the alternative employment of masculine and feminine rhymes? Why even exact the cæsura at the end of the hemistich? Why not cast off all these chains, invented by Malherbe and Boileau, those versifiers who killed poetry for two centuries? "Victor Hugo with his mighty hand could have broken these bonds and made verse absolutely free, champing in its foaming mouth the golden bit of rhyme alone. That which the giant did not do, no other can do, and so we shall have had but an incomplete revolution."

Banville, when he wrote these lines, did not foresee the coming of the Decadents, who are bold innovators in prosody as well as in language. Paul Verlaine, Jules Laforgue, Henri de Regnier—to mention the most accessible and at the same time most talented of the group—have developed a new instrumentation, and applied it in works. Their ideal would seem to be music first of all. This being determined, we may deduce that the nearer verse gets to real music the less will the sense need to be rigorously precise. The doctrine of the Decadents would appear to be that the aim of verse is not to enounce truths or to paint pictures, but to evoke sensations and ideas which may remain indeterminate, like those evoked by the hearing of a musical composition. Many Decadents have taken advantage of this principle to write pages and even volumes that normal minds cannot comprehend at all.

The vagueness recommended in the choice of terms is to be introduced also into the thought of the Decadents; they will seek the least concrete and the least absolute ideas, as Verlaine says in four typical and exquisite verses:

> "Car nous voulons la nuance encor,
> Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance.
> Oh! la nuance seule fiance
> La rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor. . . ."

Finally, some of the Decadents are ready to throw rhyme overboard also, together with the cæsura, and to leave the quantity of the verse to the choice of the poet, so that poetry would remain an absolutely free art, all the more difficult because, being without conventions and rules, it would depend the more exclusively on the talent of the poet.

All this may doubtless appear wildly revolutionary. But, after all, the prosody of Boileau is obsolete, and seeing that prosody is founded upon usage, and not upon nature, why should the prosody of Hugo be eternal? Certainly there is a good deal of charlatanism connected with the Decadent movement, and perhaps more noise has been made about it than calm reason would justify, the more so as the new metric conceptions have scarcely yet been materialized in great works, which, after all, are what humanity demands.

Nevertheless, there are verses in the works of Verlaine, Laforgue, Moréas, and others of the group, and of the Americans Francis Vielé-Griffin and Stuart Merrill, that are exquisitely musical and singularly expressive in the order of delicate sensations and ultra-sensitive psychic perceptions.

TROTH.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

PEOPLE were briskly walking up and down Fifth Avenue. You realized how it was that persons of both sexes of a certain age had hitherto preferred to take their constitutionals in carriages; for now that they had been ordered out by their doctors, they were revealed in all their rotundity and undignified trottiness of gait. How their medical advisers must have secretly smiled when saying, "My dear madam—or sir—there is nothing under the sun so immediate and lasting in its salutary effects upon over-increase of weight as walking *briskly* in the open air; I most earnestly beg you to try it!" And so on this particular day you saw large individuals of the leisure class toiling it in their daily foot-jounce, with an aspect of surprise and effort.

Not thus walked a gentleman in the early prime of life, who was carrying his six feet lightly, done up in an overcoat of mechanical precision, and crowned by a silk hat which seemed eager to reflect the universe, and succeeded in looking extremely glossy. You really felt that money and fashion were worth the candle when you saw such elasticity and gayety and grace concentrated in a human being, whose satisfaction was as apparent as the glow in his cheeks.

A quick high note of greeting came to him from a trap, as an acquaintance rolled past in the desultory movement of occasional carriages. A bouquet of feathers and velvets, perhaps covering a heart, bowed to him graciously from a brave victoria. A tall girl walking beside her brother gave him a nod and glance which were brightly cold.

A young man ran out of a club and joined him.

"I saw you coming," the youth said, "from the window. I have not quite got over looking for you, Ned. I suppose my sentiment will wear off fast enough in this rushing city, and so I will use it while it lasts."

"Good gracious!" the older man answered, simply and warmly; "if your sentiment is a fondness for me, I hope you will regard it as a sacred matter. I do. When you get firmer on your feet, young brother, you will see that there is no need to relinquish any scrap of manhood you may have about you."

They chatted together until "Ned," or Mr. Edward Seymour, reached a house on the avenue at which he intended to call, and bade his half-brother, Wayne Morris, a brief adieu until dinner-time, when they were, as usual, if not engaged to dine out, to join each other at Delmonico's.

Seymour had stopped to pay his particular respects to Miss Sally Spring—"that lovely Spring girl," as they styled her at the ladies' luncheons, she having been a nine days' wonder of the new year.

She kept him waiting for fully ten minutes this afternoon, and he heard some one running down stairs and out of the house before she appeared. It had never happened before, and so Seymour noticed the delay and the step with a sort of fear. Was she ill? Was she distressed? Was she indifferent? He would as soon have thought of a lily's withering at his touch as of Sally's losing a gleam of her gladness in meeting him and in receiving his caresses. And yet—could she be ever so little indifferent to his coming to-day?

Her hands clasped his arm and her face was near his without his having heard a sound of her approach, as he looked anxiously out of the window.

"You turned your back on me," she expostulated, but without a vestige of displeasure; and she laughed, and pretended to drag him to a chair, and gave it up and ran to a sofa, which was already much occupied by artistic pillows, but which consented to make room for her charming figure among them.

"Bring your chair here," she said, pointing in front of her, "and I will put you through your lesson—your lesson for to-day. Dearest Ned, tell me what you were thinking when you sent me those roses this morning?"

"Of meeting you now," he promptly responded.

She laughed again, delightfully satisfied. "It is all so joyous!" she exclaimed. She looked sad, as suddenly as girls and children of quick imagination will, and added, "I hardly dare to face it squarely, since they say that *true* love never did—" She looked up merrily, and concluded: "Oh, I'm tired with my rehearsal, for that precious 'first violin' took exceptions to one or two of my passages—the very ones Joachim inspired!"

Seymour staid an hour, and certainly would have said that this single hour of love-talk with Sally Spring was worth, had he been obliged to pay it, a year of wretchedness.

When the time for him to go had arrived, she said, "Have you no news for me, then, as to the hall?"

Seymour gave a little start. He had his whole heart and mind set upon her parting kiss, and was jarred most deeply by the practical question which she put with such evident interest.

"Indeed I have," he replied, earnestly, bracing himself to her straightforward absorption. "I have secured it for February 1st." He gave a little sigh, which was deprived of all its fatiguing pathos by the cheerful smile which shone on his handsome face.

Her joy in this bit of information was so deep that she had no words for it. He could read it in her face. She was very young, barely twenty, but she had the intelligence and the experience of genius; and her happiness in her art—she was a violinist—was as the happiness of a woman over her child.

While Seymour was alone, before meeting his brother Morris at dinner, he ran over in his mind the events of his first encounter with this girl to whom he was engaged, and the salient points of their intercourse since she had accepted him. He felt that he had been generous.

In the first place, there was Mrs. Spring, two years ago, stranded in Stuttgart without a cent, through the failure of the great Wrexel transatlantic banking company. Poor lady! it made all the difference in the world to her that fifteen hundred thalers were gone; and she and Sally had concluded to starve to death as gracefully as they could, when Edward Seymour happened along, and happened to hear of their case and to feel charitable, and paid out nearly all the money he had himself at the moment (his little account was wiped out too; but in his case there was more where that came from); and he had made the Springs comfortable, merely on the score of their all being Americans together. Naturally, after that he never lost sight of Sally. She was from the first the dearest object in the world to him. He had not thought such a young bud was, by any possibility, for him; and Mrs. Spring had evidently not thought so either, and had accepted all his kindnesses as the kindness of a man subdued by the disenchantments of thirty-five years.

Sally was being perfected among the Germans (Joachim was fond of her, and taught her at last) in her wonderful gift at the violin, which had evinced itself when she was two or three years old by her reaching up her hands and crying with impatience for the violin of Ole Bull.

Then came the time when he told Sally he loved her, after chasing the Springs about for six months and trying to hold his tongue; and she had behaved just as he had dreamed and longed to have the girl do to whom he should offer himself—however that was. But Mrs. Spring had really stormed, saying that Sally's musical career was more to her than coronets, and that her young affections were not to be won off-hand at eighteen, to the destruction of her studies and triumphs. Seymour agreed to retire for a time.

Then Mrs. Spring had got her deserts and died, and Sally had come back to relatives in America. For a time the girl had been almost invisible, and had clung to the idea of respecting her mother's wishes about marrying any one. Then Seymour, who happened to be known among his friends as the only one of their circle who knew an enormous deal of musical matters, so that he might meet the Dutch on their own ground and come off with honors, arranged to further Sally's career in concert-playing. And then they were engaged to be married. But Seymour justly considered himself generous to have contemplated, without a disturbance of his exquisite cheerfulness, the thought of Sally's appearing in public in her own concert. And oh, how happy he was! He was absurdly overpaid for all he had ever striven to do or suffered for Sally. Heaven had been generous!

"And how is my future sister-in-law?" asked Wayne Morris, while the waiter was gone, for a Delmonico's magical moment, to fetch the whitebait.

"Oh, Sally is as gay as her years," answered Seymour. "What a lucky thing it is, by-the-way, that my heart got a twist at about your age, Wayne, so that I swore off from believing in women! Then I found I must believe in a girl. But there was a desert between the two epochs. Otherwise I might have been married when Sally came along. Nevertheless, I will try to get you interested

in somebody, my boy; and it is probable that your experience will not be a repetition of mine in any respect. You shall go right into the middle of the arena, and shall win the race for some one who amounts to something."

"Hold on, Ned; you are always hurling me into the arena for some purpose. I want to be nothing, nowhere, for a while. First, you would have me to Eton before I could button my little vest; then you yanked me home, to make a Yankee of me; and then you shot me over to Oxford, to give me an extra varnish of cultivation. I suppose the varnish is my admiration for Mary, Queen of Scots, and Gothic architecture, with a fragrance of Homer in the original. Upon my word, I don't know what I am, what you have made of me, and I would like to take a rest and find out. Besides, you ought to give me time to thank you for all your devotedly kind care before I throw myself in to swim alone in the pond of fashion. When you're married, you can 'bring me out' under your roof. There's time— Oh, these are wonderfully like Richmond!" Morris filled his mouth with whitebait, and put up his merry glasses over his nose to gaze at a beauty in the distance behind Seymour. Then he asked if they were to see "the other divine Sarah" (Bernhardt being alight in the town), or were to go to the opera.

"Oh, it's the *Valkyria*, and Sally will not skip that," Seymour responded. "Besides, Bernhardt is 'aux Camélias' tonight. I'm glad you're coming along, if you are."

"I'm still fond of seeing you, as I say —and Sally," Morris laughed. "It is something to have such a girl as Sally to belong to. No one I see about compares with her."

"You must *hear* Sally, though, to quite realize her," the young artist's proud betrothed confided. "She--let me call it a secret until to-morrow, when the papers will herald it—she is to give a recital at Chickering Hall on the 1st of February. You would think it was simply breathing to see her confident joy in the prospect of challenging the best taste in music we have. I've no doubt she will win her laurels; but I—*oh!*"

For one instant Seymour's brave face reddened and fell. Then he drank his wine, smiling with his eyes.

Wayne Morris was silent for a little while, and then, almost too late, he said:

"It is one of the finest things I ever heard of. It makes my blood tingle, as the call of a bugle in battle gives the pulses, I suppose, a glad start! When I think of that young girl being as gifted and full of decision as she is radiantly lovely, I could almost fancy I, too, am a genius; my life throbs so! If Sally wins the day, it will be the proudest success of the winter."

Seymour looked at him with a smile of grateful tolerance.

He had done his duty by Morris ever since the boy was a charming youngster in the nursery and he rode him on his foot, because the little thing's father was dead. His mother was a second time a broken-hearted widow, who drove about Nice under the newest parasols. Seymour regretted his step-father's death, for fear his mother should, grotesquely, marry a third time. For a great many years he believed that her soul had been omitted. And so he did the best he could for Wayne, who repaid him with joyful affection.

Morris had just got back from four years at Oxford, and was expected to go into architecture, if anything, and if he was to be as well off as Seymour had privately intended to make him, Mrs. Morris having forfeited most of the money by her second marriage, so that her second son was meagrely provided for.

They met Sally and the Dwights at the opera. Lucille Dwight was Sally's second-cousin, and an arrangement had been made for Sally to take up her abode with her until the marriage. Dwight was a clever newspaper man, who made you feel that whatever he did, even to choosing his wife and going to church, was done for his paper; as of course it was. Sally heartily disliked her cousin and her cousin's husband; but Lucille Dwight softened the situation a good deal by being extremely glad to have Sally with her, since she brought a choice set of people in her train, through Seymour's connections and her own talent and beauty. Lucille managed to be very well dressed and very pretty; but when she had done her finest, she was too well dressed and too pretty. She stopped short at perfections which never suggested real clothes or real life. When the Dwights and Sally were found in the corridor,

Sally seemed the person, and they the odds and ends—in spite of their being excellent samples of busy city fashion. But then, Sally was a strong test.

She looked up and smiled and bowed. The brothers felt somehow restored to delight, to Arcadia, and took deep breaths as they drew near her. Her figure was regal in its superb cloak. And yet she was anything but large, and her cloak was nothing in the world but flowing white cloth, with a sweep of fur, and a sparkle at the shoulder. They only saw her eyes, as soon as her eyes met theirs.

Wayne Morris said mentally that there was no use in his lying to himself any longer, at any rate. He loved her. It meant joy and woe for him, tangled into an inextricable coil. Joy and woe!

The *Valkyria* cheered him on to the warfare which he was to wage upon himself—against the light of his eyes and the break in his voice and the longing of his lips. Brünnhilde's rousing song seemed like a summons to love in defiance of all —all the death in life of hopeless love. With what zest youth grasps at the opportunity of suffering for love!

Sally thought Morris strangely interesting this evening, though he said almost nothing. Niel Dwight and his wife had already decided that Sally must marry Morris. The reason they had made up their minds to this was that it would be an amusing drama for them to witness—the drama of a breaking heart and a bounding one. Moreover, Seymour patronized them, whereas Morris deferred to them. The Dwights always paid little debts of this sort with great promptness. Lucille had asked her husband to notice how she would manage the thing.

Sally talked without looking at any one in particular, and laughed at Morris's crude opinions about Wagner's music without seeming to know or care just who it was who was giving voice to them. When he made her look towards him by some sudden and startling bit of earnestness, or request for technical information, she looked into his face without catching his eyes. She did not care one bit about Morris.

But between Seymour and her there was a perfect accord in everything. They understood each other's emotions in regard to the opera and the way it was rendered so instantly that they only needed to communicate with each other by little sighs and exclamations and cabalistic words and glances that were the speech of the soul, if there is such a thing. Morris did not hope that what Seymour could get from Sally's heart he ever could receive in any way. What he hoped was that he should live many years to worship her.

"There is as yet no proper place," he said, in an interim, by an instinct which seemed to work for him unknown to himself—"there is no proper place for piano recitals and other concerts and all that sort of thing in this tearing great city. I wish some one would commission me to build a fine hall just for concerts, soloists —a place not invaded by anything else. Places can have their dæmons. I'd make it delightfully suitable. Here's Sally, obliged to poke into Steinway Hall, or peep up at the gods in the Academy—oh, that's gone over to the drama, hasn't it?—or make the best of some other spot too large or too small, or too much a part of something, instead of stepping out into the jolly little principality of a hall she deserves."

Sally listened and looked. She reached out her right hand, and he laid his left in it. "If I win the popular applause I —I crave with this foolish thirst," she said, softly, in minor tones of exultant feeling, "we will have such a hall! Thank you, Wayne."

They all went home together to the Dwights', and took a bit of supper; and Lucille said, as they sat around the table at their ease, "What's that about a new concert-hall?"

The little group never broke up until two o'clock, so busy were they with making and crushing suggestions—describing all the best halls known, and so on. Sally and Morris were old and tried friends before long, and he was exquisitely happy. Seymour looked at the young creatures several times while they disputed and agreed, and congratulated each other upon "truly brilliant" notions. Morris had never heard Sally play. She had asked him to wait till her concert came off. To tell the truth, he dreaded having her play to him, although he admired her pluck intensely. He had no profound interest in music, and he thought a woman fiddler a woman under difficulties. But he was trying to change his taste and his theory now; and he suddenly had a theory that a woman playing on the violin

must be one of the most beautiful sights in the world—when she was Sally! He planned out before his mental vision the colors and lines with which she was to be surrounded in the ideal concert-room.

The next day, at about noon, Morris called, and found only Mrs. Dwight.

"Don't you know anything about Sally?" she laughingly asked. "She is never here at noon. She is now practising in her secret lair, somewhere in this city. I know where the lair is, and so does her beloved crony, Alice Malone. But even your brother, Mr. Seymour, does not know where Sally goes to flatter and tend her genius. She likes the mystery of the thing. I usually go after her, at about three o'clock."

"I have never heard her play," Morris replied, vaguely. "Is she so very wonderful?" He threw one leg over the other, and leaned back in his chair with a bump of youthful impatience. "I wish I could hear her play!" he said, as a man would say he wished he could drown for a little while—to know what it is like.

"She will succeed," Lucille remarked, with force and brevity. "I will take you with me to-day, and you can hear her without her knowing it."

"But—"

"Oh, you think I shall be breaking faith with her. You are cruel. The fact is, I am to have an interview with the landlord, who wishes to raise the rent exorbitantly for the next month. A man's voice in the matter on our side would be worth several hundred dollars to Sally. She's using up her little stock of principal, you know, in this venture, and we are all poor. It's your step-brother who isn't. Come with me, Mr. Morris, I beg, and show that landlord that we have some one to fight our battles for us. Sally would not care at all; she says she tries to keep her thoughts away from Mr. Seymour when she practises, and she knows he would find some insurmountable reason for interrupting her if he knew where she was. You'll see Alice Malone. She is one of the luminous spots in this town's Rembrandtesque gloom of uninteresting people."

"I haven't noticed that gloom," Morris answered, stiffly, because he was already tired of Lucille's rattling, unprincipled earnestness. But he hoped Sally did not care to make a secret of her retreat for musical work, and he hoped she needed a man's help in the business juncture to which Lucille referred. He reflected that a woman who contradicted herself as often as Lucille did might graze the truth by chance; and he could turn round and go away at once if he found there was not any landlord to deal with, after all. He tried to decide with himself whether he wanted to see Sally more than he wanted to avoid giving her the slightest annoyance. Before his conscience and his love had settled this point, he had entered a large building as the escort of Lucille Dwight; and they went up ever so many stairs, and his companion took out a latch-key from her purse, and he opened a door with it. They went along an entry to another door. This was all ridiculously simple and harmless. But all at once Morris could hear a violin played gently, and then with a forceful note. When it ceased its eloquence, a pang wrung his breast. He felt guilty of the basest fraud in overhearing the few strains of the instrument which had reached his ears.

"Shall I not leave you, and find the landlord's office?" he said to Lucille, unable to control a break in his voice.

There was a ripple of conversation and laughter beyond the closed door.

"I think she's finished for to-day," declared Lucille. "Follow me."

He stood upon the threshold of a huge room, cavernously dark except at the farther end, where a great window sent a flood of light upon a slightly raised platform. Upon the platform stood Sally, with the violin at her chin. She looked up to the violinist's heaven—the seventh—and was just ready to touch the bow to the strings. She was dressed in soft brown silk that was held by a drooping silver belt, and fell away in simple long lines from her glorious white arms, curved lovingly forward, embracing a harmony. She began to play. She was revelling in her mood for work, as her happy lips showed.

She had a moment before stopped to speak to her girl friend, who was reclining in an old steamer chair covered with white fur, and stitching at fancy-work.

Lucille put her finger to her lip with a forbidding stare at Morris, and went on tiptoe slowly towards the platform. Morris did not proceed after her. He was sure it was all wrong; but he could not help looking at Sally, and listening to the sweet passion of the music.

When Sally caught sight of Lucille, her voice rang out in a long merry sigh of resignation to find that her time was up. The violin slipped to her side.

"Oh, so it's over for to-day!" she cried.

Lucille went up to her and said a few words, and Sally looked over at the door, her face showing a sudden change to solemnity with great distinctness in the strong light and expressive distance.

She hesitated with genuine reluctance to acknowledge Morris's presence. But he could understand that she was mustering her good-nature for his benefit as Seymour's brother.

She stepped down from the platform, her nut-brown dress glimmering with golden lights, and came towards him, while her friend got to her feet, astonished.

She said, "This is some of Lucille's mischief."

He took the hand she held out to him, and grasped it more eagerly than he had at all intended.

"I only know that this is a glimpse of paradise to me," he answered. He looked into her eyes (gazing at him, surprised) with all the admiration he felt. As they turned to the others and went forward, he added: "Speaking of halls, what a splendid place you have contrived here! What could be better?" He glanced round at the brown draperies on the walls and window, and caught sight approvingly of several works of art which satisfied the hunger of monotonous spaces.

"Nothing I could like better," she answered, demurely, still trying very hard not to dismiss him.

Morris was not willing to be put in a ridiculous position, and was determined to make her glad he had come.

"If you will teach me to comprehend what fine music is," said he, "I will give you without delay the Straduarius which was to have been your wedding-present from me."

She stopped, her lips parted in ecstasy, and she raised both her arms as if to welcome a long-absent friend. She clasped her hands, and pressed them to her bosom, entranced. "Ned has tried and *tried* to find me a possible one," she said, softly.

"He made the mistake of commissioning me to obtain it," cried Morris, laughing somewhat excitedly. "I could not resist the temptation of bringing it as my offering to you. He reluctantly consented. But, Sally, before you can have it, you must penetrate to my sleeping soul with your playing. Will you make a trial?"

"Oh, my dear Wayne, I will!" Sally cried back. She looked at him with her hands at her temples, hardly able to remember his actual presence in her absorption of delight over her promised violin. "But I wish to introduce you to my best friend, Alice Malone. Oh, you will like her so much!"

Morris could barely conceal his impatience at the side issue.

A first introduction between young people of beauty and spirit is always an important moment. Alice Malone glowed, with quickly lowered eyes, and Morris realized her charming personality with cordial approval.

They sat down, Sally on the edge of the platform, lovely to observe in her graceful attitude, the lines of her form, even to the curve of her shoulder nearest to Morris, seeming to magnetize him by their vivid perfection. They talked about the great room, and the seclusion and fascinating atmosphere of the place, which was two-thirds brown gloom and blue shadow-light and one-third a yellow glory of sunlight and white of day. Morris asked about the acoustic properties, and Alice Malone laughed, and asked, in return, whether he supposed she would let Sally play in a music-room that was resonant. She said she had become as exacting herself as Louis of Bavaria ever could have been from hearing Sally practise. But Sally burst in about the Straduarius, and asked whether she could have it that night. Morris reminded her that she could not have it to-morrow even, unless she could create in him a genuine appreciation of something musically very good.

Alice was wrought up by the idea, and begged Sally to play a stave at once, and suggested a composition of her own, called "My Dream."

"Ah, but that would not be a test," said Sally, catching her breath as if off her guard, and at last trembling. "It must be a classic thing; he might be able to catch at a simple rendering of the middle movement of Saint-Saens's third concerto." She leaned towards him, and gazed at him appealingly, with her whole soul in her eyes. "Do you think you could take in a charming bit of Saint-Saens?" she faltered.

Morris nearly forgot to answer. Then he said: "What! Do you compose, too? And do you think I want to hear anything so much as what *you* have composed?"

She took up her violin, which was near her, and sat tuning and trying it. Suddenly she looked up with eager yet unobservant glances. She started up, drawing the bow over the strings. "I will play you 'My Dream,'" she said.

A moment after the girl had ceased playing, Lucille remarked, "She can never realize such a beautiful dream as that!"

Morris said nothing, but rose to his feet, sad-eyed, and stepped in front of Sally, his hands in his pockets, as if his work was done forever, and he was now to loaf and adore her by gazing. She fingered her violin noiselessly, and her cheeks were pale against her gentle brown lashes.

She looked at him in a moment, as much as to say, "Did you understand all I meant?" And he answered with his eyes, unmistakably, "I understand all, beloved." What he had understood most clearly was that she had never loved. The fantasy had broken off in the midst of its entrancing, ever-fading melody.

"I am so glad, so glad," he said, fairly attacking her with his ardor, "that the first trial of my real perception should have been through art of yours. When I feel the joy of a perfect thing at any time now, I shall hear again this entrance song into the heaven of music."

Sally blushed, and drew back. She, of course, saw his love now.

Alice Malone was observing them curiously. She happened to catch Lucille's little grimaces addressed to her with pointed meaning. Alice started, and frowned.

"You say you desire to win the popular heart," Morris began again, in an unsteady voice, but with a steady scrutiny. "Can't you tell something by me of how surely you are going to win it?"

Why she should care, as she did, that he praised her in the tone, in the way, he praised her, she could not imagine. But it was terribly certain that she had never felt the glow before which, in an apparently insensible breath, had made living sweet indeed.

"It is time to go," Alice exclaimed. "Besides, Mrs. Dwight says that Mr. Morris is going to manage that dreadful landlord—"

"Oh!" cried Sally, bringing herself back to ordinary affairs with a little toss of the head; "that's very kind of you, Wayne. You see, I did not have any contract, and the man perceives that I wish to stay. But I can't afford the sum he asks—an advance of a hundred a month upon two hundred."

"It almost ruins me even to think of such an exorbitant charge," Morris joyously cried.

He had shown that he was madly in love, and felt that he had gained something valuable by it, if only Sally's pity. He was willing to think it pity for the present, but he had seen an emotion in her face that promised much.

Lucille and he departed. As he had reached the door of the music-room, Sally had called out kindly but definitely,

"Wayne, don't come here again!"

An hour or so later she received Seymour's afternoon visit at the Dwights', and she told him about his brother's appearance at her secret lair, as the Dwights called it, and how it happened to come to pass.

"And now *you* must come," she concluded. "Come whenever you wish—come often. It is really a dear place."

"No," Seymour replied, generous as usual. "You shall keep it to yourself as long as you want to. I will never interrupt you."

She put both her hands into one of his.

When she went up to her room she collected all her portraits of Seymour, and all the presents he had given her, and put them on a table together, and looked at them. She thought of all he had done for her that was warm-hearted, and of what he had done that was liberal. The diamonds and other jewels which sparkled at her represented the unstinted expenditure he was anxious to make to her continual joy and honor. She studied his face for the thousandth time, which was so handsome and refined and well controlled. She thought how a face like that could give itself full license to unbend as much as it chose, but that its very refinement was refined again. She looked at herself in a mirror set with jewels—his gift, of course.

"Ignorant creature!" she cried to herself softly, and thought, "What made you suppose music was able to satisfy

you by itself?" Then she smiled sadly. "What *could* satisfy me?" she murmured, and thought: "How foolish of me to wish to forego unrest! It is the life principle of art."

Sally became so deeply absorbed in preparing for her first concert, often rehearsing, and having talks with the eminent orchestral leader who was to supply the orchestra, that she grew very absent-minded about the other affairs of each day. The papers wrote her up, her photograph got about, and it began to seem to everybody outside that her failure was a foregone conclusion, according to the ordinary outcome of puffs and hopes.

Morris complained bitterly to Seymour about the awful publicity Sally was getting. Seymour took it very coolly. They had changed places concerning this, unless Seymour was hiding a severe ordeal. What he said was that he had known so many great artists that, as he considered Sally a wonderful promise of a great artist, he did not mind the publicity in papers and shop windows any more than he minded having Tom, Dick, and Harry look upon her lovely face when she went out of doors.

When the day of the concert at last arrived, Morris's pale countenance and agitated behavior led Seymour to laugh at him.

"Sally herself is not nervous," he expostulated.

"She does not know all that this first trial stands for," answered Morris, biting his knuckles and shedding some boyish tears. "Her failure would be so absurd now, after this rumpus of premature praise; and to think of anything absurd happening to Sally makes—" He stopped, and stalked round in a passion of anger. Then he added: "The whole family is in it, to make or mar."

This lame explanation of his state of mind did not prevent Seymour from looking at him with undisguised concern. He pulled himself together, and replied, turning sadly away,

"Don't worry about a *failure*, my dear Wayne."

And Sally did not fail.

There she had stood, in a simple white mull dress in the midst of an orchestra which was in itself a royal compliment to her ability, and there she drew from the Straduarius the voice of music in rapture and refinement.

"She studied with Joachim," people whispered here and there, as the crowds pressed slowly out into the night again.

"She studied with King David," snapped a smart matron of means, in clothes that spoke for her fashionable character. "I don't believe the Joachim assertion, but I am glad America has a downright musical genius at last—if she were only not a *she!*"

Everybody felt effervescent—the appreciators because they could not wholly express their delight, and the dullards because they thought themselves the only sensible persons concerned, and could not quite express this either.

Sally had been invited to a great supper, where she was to have shone as the especial attraction; but she would not go. She hardly saw her dearest friends, Seymour and Alice, and the consciousness of Lucille or any lesser person was like a consciousness of mortality. The splendid applause was ringing in her ears. The life of her musical hope was abloom. She was in ecstasy, but she looked solemn and simple. The people who knew most saw in her a medium with the connection gone for the present, a votary of a divine wonder whose prayers were ended for the day. The others craned their necks to catch a parting glimpse of the girl who carried inspiration around in her pocket like a peculiar perfume of her own concoction.

Wayne Morris, as pale and ecstatic as herself, looked into her face and grasped her hand, and spoke a few deep words with all his heart. She saw *him*. She thanked him with a childlike smile. Then he melted away in the dark crowd near the anteroom; she knew not why.

The next day Seymour came early to see her; that is, late in the morning. She heard with quiet pleasure that the papers were full of her triumph. Some of her letters at breakfast had served up little dishes of verse in her honor. These did not attract her or turn her head, although she was not sure but that those waves of applause might contain a subtle poison—those clappings and murmurs and lustrous gazes from thousands of people at once. But her heart bounded every time she allowed herself to think what Joachim might have said of the way she rendered this or that passage, and what he would have vouchsafed to let fall about her own little composition, which she had

had the conceit to play, and which had enchanted the *canaille*, who were glad of its distinct melody.

Seymour congratulated her very much as he would have done upon her having her usual good health. She felt the high praise of his taking her power over her hearers for granted. To be sure, he had seen her hugged and kissed with enthusiasm by people one shivers with admiration over — beautiful *prime donne* or fiery old players of piano and violin. She had exerted a spell over such necromancers as Patti and Liszt. But it had been a girlish spell of rainbow promise, far fainter than the sustained dignity of her public performance. This was a victory which it was incumbent upon no one to predict for her. Yet Seymour had made calm assertions that did not hedge, indicating precisely such an issue.

"I owe so much to you," said Sally, in answer to his cheerful words this morning. "I hardly know whether the success is mine or yours. Just think how you have helped me with belief and introduction and prestige and money! How you have been everything to me but the work I have put into my practising and wakeful nights of ardent thought! Ned, I do not know how a man can be so strong, so generous, as you are."

"You will soon think me an ogre of selfishness," he answered. "I am greedily full of something important enough to me. Those cards — they were to go out after the concert, you know. Our wedding-cards! It is, in my opinion, the most interesting subject that could be broached." He took her hand and kissed it over and over again.

"The wedding-cards?" Sally repeated, agitated for the first time since he had known her. "Oh, delay them for a while! I do not know how I could be married in so short a time! I do believe I am a new being since this success, though I may not seem so, and though it may seem such a trivial, unscientific success without the approval of some great authority. Still, it was a revelation to me, and I live at last in a delicious phase of life that was only hearsay a day ago. Ned, I must get my equilibrium again before I can be the docile, passive creature I was. I hope I have not been made foolish by a little applause; and, upon my word, I think it is only that art is so like cosmic force that contact with it to the full jostles our little individuality, as a tree bends in a thunder-storm. You will think me delirious, I fear, dear Ned—and oh, how precious such delirium is!—and you will concede that I must come to my senses before those cards can go out for the wedding!"

"I was 'colossally' stupid to mention that sort of thing now," Seymour answered, appearing to be content.

Sally was immediately beset with such a flood of social business and praise of a genuine, exciting sort, and such crowding requests for performances, that she rapidly grew tired of breathing. In a week or so she declared that she was going to disappear into her hidden music-room; and so she did. Seymour now had to get along without her for two or three days at a time. Finally she invited him to join her at her mysterious retreat. And while Alice Malone read and sewed at a distance, Sally played to him, and was very nice to him, and seemed more like herself than for a long time.

As she sat upon the edge of the platform, and kept up a Hungarian bee-buzzing of her violin while she talked, Seymour wondered whether her special purpose in inviting him had been to tell him that she would set the wedding-day, or that she wished to defer it still longer.

All at once she laid down her instrument, and said, as she followed with her eyes Alice's figure — who was withdrawing to some screens hiding a gas-stove, where the girls brewed coffee and tea at their fancy: "I have been an age away from Europe! I would like so much to amuse myself with Europe again!"

"If you have any such hankering," responded he, "I wish you would let me take you there." He noticed that in a trice she grew pale, looking motionlessly down at her hands, as she leaned forward in a negligent attitude that was fit for sculpture. "Of course," he went on, "I like to have you giving something to your native land; I am proud that you have come home to make your first public appearance. But you must not pine for anything that is possible, and you have already shown what you can do when put upon your mettle, and what you will condescend to do among little groups of connoisseurs. So I think your native land has been sufficiently recognized. Come, Sally, let me take you to the places we both love."

She did not look up, but she said: "I could not marry you yet, Ned."

He colored.

Suddenly she looked at him, and saw the angry flush, and her heart was melted; for she had never seen him show pain, and had not believed that he would ever be roused to indignation against *her*.

"I will not be put off," was all he answered.

"You must let me wait a year," she firmly said.

He drew back as if shrinking from a blow, looking at her with a sort of terror. Her proposition meant more than you might have judged. At last his eyes were opened to her real feeling for him. It could not have been harder to bear if she had said, point-blank, that she did not love him, and that their engagement must be broken. He would not have acceded if she had done so, and the situation would have been just the same. There had been no confusion about their intercourse. Its language was simple and clear, and a great deal could be said by a tone, and it could be unerringly comprehended.

His silence touched her to the soul.

"Then the worst is true," he ended by replying.

She became eagerly alarmed, and murmured, "The worst?"

"You care for—some one else."

She started to her feet. The change in the attitude of his mind was as if an embrace were to turn to a stab. "Take back those words, Edward Seymour!" she cried, as angry as he was himself.

"Oh, Sally," he answered, gentle on the instant, but despairing, "have I not watched the misery which Wayne is so obviously undergoing? You pity him much too well."

She rested her arm upon the pedestal of a bust of Pallas which stood near her, and then covered her face with her hands. He did not know from what source she received courage, but she soon recovered her self-control, and replied, looking down, but no longer crouching in shame, "I love him." After a pause she looked up and met Seymour's gaze. "But I know it is you who could satisfy love most genuinely. I should be too degraded in my own eyes if I believed that I could not live down a passion of young eyes and pulses, such as Wayne's, for a love like yours. Do not tell me that I am so little spiritual in your estimation as such an opinion would make me. I asked you for a year in which to kill my folly. You have my troth, and I mean to keep it to the letter, and in spirit, too."

He reached out his hands to embrace her, but let them fall again to his sides. "Old as I am," he faltered, "I will wait a year."

"Old?" She spoke the words as a breeze whispers on an August day. There was a long glance between them.

Alice Malone approached with a tray of fairylike tea things and a smile of superior calm.

Seymour set the tray on the platform for her, and Sally sat down and applied herself to filling the cups.

When she asked Seymour whether he would take one lump or two, she blushed; and Alice was secretly amused, as people always are at lovers' moods.

"Just think, Alice," Sally said, pouring cream into the cups as her last manœuvre in their preparation, "Ned wants to break our engagement!"

"Good gracious, what an idea!" exclaimed he, petrified.

"He says he is worth a great deal more than such a frivolous girl as I am. He says I am too young."

"What does all this nonsense amount to?" Alice Malone laughed, taking her cup.

"Ask him why he won't marry me," cried the girl, handing Seymour his tea as steadily as she had of late placed the bow upon her violin in the presence of a thousand or so of people.

"Well, if Ned is in a towering rage at your delays, I for one cannot blame him!" Alice retorted, faithlessly.

"*Delays?*" Sally said, stirring her tea. But she did not go on.

"Good heavens! Sally," blurted Seymour, regardless of consequences, "do you love me, after all?"

"A lovers' quarrel?" put in Alice. "Why, Ned, perhaps she does not know it, but she adores you. Don't you, you goose?" This to Sally.

"If a crude person *can* love," the girl replied, raising her eyes to the man before her with a smile that made his thoughts spin.

"Next month?" asked Alice Malone, concisely.

Seymour gave a little gasp of uncertainty, and then got his cue from a tender smile on Sally's lips, and said, "Yes."

CORFU AND THE IONIAN SEA.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

NOT long before Christmas, last year, I found myself travelling from Ancona down the Adriatic coast of Italy by the fast train called the Indian Mail. There was excitement in the very name, and more in the conversation of the people who sat beside me at the table of a queer little eating-house on the shore, before whose portal the Indian Mail stopped late in the evening. We all descended and went in. A dusky apartment was our discovery, and a table illuminated by guttering candles that flared in the strong currents of air. Roast chickens were stacked on this table in a high pile, and loaves of dark-colored bread were placed here and there, with portly straw-covered flasks of the wine of the country. No one came to serve us; we were expected to serve ourselves. A landlord who looked like an obese Don Juan was established behind a bench in a distant corner, where he made coffee with amiability and enthusiasm for those who desired it. It was supposed that we were to go to him, before we returned to the train, and pay for what we had consumed; and I hope that his trust in us was not misplaced, for with his objection to exercise, and his dim little lamp which illumined only his smiles, there was nothing for him but trust. The Indian Mail carries passengers who are outward-bound for Constantinople, Egypt, and India; his confidence rested perhaps in the belief that persons about to embark on such dangerous seas would hardly begin the enterprise by crime. To other minds, however, it might have seemed the very moment to perpetrate enormities. As we attacked the chickens, I perceived in the flickering glare that all my companions were English. Everybody talked, and the thrill of the one American increased as the names of the steamers waiting at Brindisi were mentioned—the *Hydaspes*, the *Coromandel*, the *Cathay*, the *Mirzapore:* toward what lands of sandal-wood, what pleasure-domes of Kubla-Khan, might not one sail on ships bearing those titles! The present voyagers, however, were all old travellers; they took a purely practical view of the Orient. Nevertheless, their careless "Cairo," "Port Said," "Bombay," "Ceylon," "Java," were as fascinating as the shining balls of a juggler when a dozen are in the air at the same moment. My right-hand neighbor, upon learning that my destination was Corfu, good-naturedly offered the information that the voyage was an easy one. "Corfu, however, is *not* what it has been!"

"But, Polly, it is looking up a little, now that the Empress of Austria is building a villa there," suggested a sister, correctively.

After this outburst of talk, we all climbed back into the waiting train, and went flying on toward the south, following the lonely, wild-looking coast, with the wind from the Adriatic crying over our heads like a banshee. It was midnight when we reached Brindisi. At present this, the ancient Brundusium, is the jumping-off place for the traveller on his way to the East; here he must leave the land and trust himself to an enigmatical deep. But if he wishes to have the sensation in full force, he must not

delay his journey; for, presently, the Indian Mail will rush through Greece and meet the steamers at Cape Colonna; and then, before long, there will be another spurt, and Pullman trains will go through to Calcutta, with a ferry over the Bosporus.

THE PALACE.

At Brindisi I became the prey of five barelegged boatmen, who, owing to the noise of the wind and the water, communicated with each other by yells. The Austrian-Lloyd steamer from Trieste, outward bound for Constantinople, which carried the friends I was expecting to meet, was said to be lying out in the stream, and I enjoyed the adventure of setting forth alone on the dark sea in search of her, in a small boat rowed by my Otranto crew.

SMALL TEMPLE, MEMORIAL TO SIR THOMAS MAITLAND.

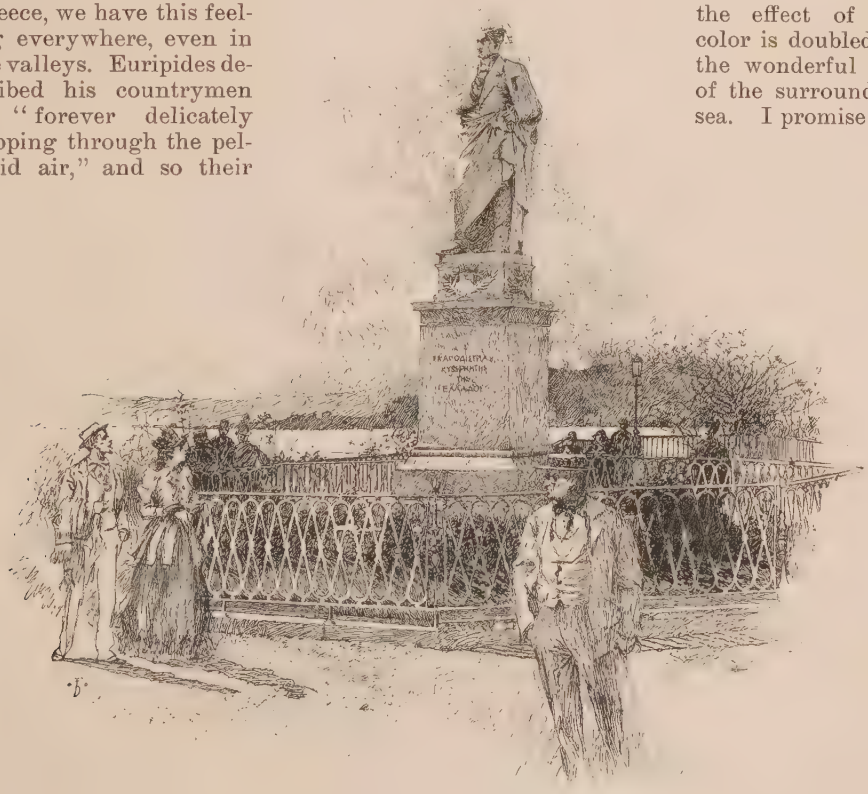
UNIVERSITY OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

Early the next morning, awakening on a shelf in a red velvet cupboard, I was explaining to myself vaguely that the cupboard was a dream, when there appeared through the port-hole a picture of such fairy-tale beauty that the dream became lyrical.

The sea which I saw was of a miraculously blue tint; in the distance the cliffs of a mountainous island rose boldly from the water, their color that of a violet pansy; a fishing-boat with red sails was crossing the foreground; over all glittered an atmosphere so golden that it was like that of sunset in other lands, though the sky, at the same time, had unmistakably the purity of early morning. Later, on the deck, during the broadly practical time of after breakfast, this view, instead of diminishing in attraction, grew constantly more fair. The French novelist of to-day, Paul Bourget, describes Corfu as "so lovely that one wants to take it in one's arms!" Another Frenchman, who was not given to the making of phrases, no less a personage than Napoleon Bonaparte, has left upon record his belief that Corfu has "the most beautiful situation in the world." What, then, is this beauty? What is this situation?

First, there is the long and charming approach, with the snow-capped mountains of Albania, in European Turkey, looming up against the sky at the end; then comes the landlocked harbor; then

the picturesque old town, its high stone houses, all of creamy hue, crowded together on the hill-side above the sea-wall, with here and there a bell tower shooting into the blue. Below is the busy, many-colored port. Above towers the dark double fortress on its rock. And finally, the dense, grovelike vegetation of the island encircles all, and its own mountain-peaks rise behind, one of them attaining a height of three thousand feet. There are other islands of which all this, or almost all, can be said—Capri, for instance. But at Corfu there are two attributes peculiar to the region; these are first, the color; second, the transparency. Although the voyage from Brindisi hardly occupies twelve hours, the atmosphere is utterly unlike that of Italy; there is no haze; all is clear. Greece (and Corfu is a Greek island) seemed to me all light—the lightest country in the world. In other lands, if we climb a high mountain and stand on its bald summit at noon, we feel as if we were taking a bath in light; in Greece, we have this feeling everywhere, even in the valleys. Euripides described his countrymen as "forever delicately tripping through the pellucid air," and so their modern descendants trip to this day. This dry atmosphere has an exciting effect upon the nervous energy, and the faces of the people show it. It has also, I believe, the defect of this good quality, namely, an over-stimulation, which sometimes produces neuralgia. In some respects Americans recognize this clearness of the atmosphere, and its influence, good and bad; the air of northern New England in the summer, and of California at the same season, is not unlike it. But in America the transparency is more white, more blank; we have little of the coloring that exists in Greece, tints whose intensity must be seen to be believed. The mountains, the hills, the fields, are sometimes bathed in lilac. Then comes violet for the plains, while the mountains are rose that deepens into crimson. At other times salmon, pink, and purple tinges are seen, and ochre, saffron, and cinnamon brown. This description applies to the whole of Greece, but among the Ionian Islands the effect of the color is doubled by the wonderful tint of the surrounding sea. I promise not



STATUE OF CAPO D'ISTRIA.

to mention this hue again; hereafter it can be taken for granted, for it is always present; but for this once I must say that you may imagine the bluest blue you know — the sky, lapis lazuli, sapphires, the eyes of some children, the Bay of Naples—and the Ionian Sea is bluer than any of these. And nowhere else have I seen such dear, queer little foam sprays. They are so small and so very white on the blue, and they curl over the surface of the water even when the sea is perfectly calm, which makes me call them queer. You meet them miles from land. And all the shores are whitened with their never-ceasing play. It is a pygmy surf.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when our steamer reached her anchorage before the island town. Immediately she was surrounded by small boats, whose crews were perfectly lawless, demanding from strangers whatever they thought they could get, and obtaining their demands, because there was no way to escape them except by building a raft. Upon reaching land, one forgets the extortion, for the windows of the hotel overlook the esplanade, and this open space amiably offers to persons who are interested in first impressions a panoramic history of two thousand five hundred years in a series of striking mementos. Let me premise that as regards any solid knowledge of these islands, only a contemptible smattering can be obtained in a stay so short as mine. Corfu and her sisters have borne a conspicuous part in what we used to call ancient history. Through the Roman days they appear and reappear. In the times of the Crusaders their position made them extremely important. Years of study could not exhaust their records, nor months of research their antiquities. To comprehend them rightfully, one must indeed be a historian, an archæologist, and a painter at one and the same time, and one must also be good-natured. Few of us can hope to unite all these. The next best thing, therefore, is to go and see them with whatever eyes and mind we happen to possess. Good-nature will perhaps return after the opening encounter with the boatmen is over.

From our windows, then, we could note, first, the citadel high on its rock, three hundred feet above the town. The oldest part of the present fortress was erected in 1550; but the site has always been the stronghold. Corinthians, Athenians, Spartans, Macedonians, and Romans have in turn held the island, and this rock is the obvious keep. Later came four hundred years of Venetian control, and I am ashamed to add that the tokens of this last-named period were to me more delightful than any of the other memorials. I say "ashamed," for why should one be haunted by Venice in Greece? With the Parthenon to look forward to, why should the lion of St. Mark, sculptured on Corfu façades, be a thing to greet with joy? Many of us are familiar with the disconsolate figures of some of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen in the galleries of Europe, tired and dejected tourists wandering from picture to picture, but finding nothing half so interesting as the memory of No. 4699 Columbus Avenue at home. I am afraid it is equally narrow to be scanning Corfu, Athens, Cairo, and the sands of the desert itself for something that reminds one of another place, even though that place be the enchanting pageant of a town at the head of the Adriatic. History, however, as related by the esplanade, pays no attention to these aberrations of the looker-on; its story goes steadily forward. The lions of St. Mark on the façades, and another memento of the Doges, namely, the statue of Count von Schulenburg, who commanded the Venetian forces in the great defence of Corfu in 1716—these memorials have as companions various tokens of the English occupation, which, following that of Venice, continued through forty-nine years, that is, from 1815 to 1863. Before this there had been a short period of French dominion. The souvenirs of the British rule are conspicuous. The first is the palace built for the English Governor, a functionary who bore the sonorous official name of Lord High Commissioner, a title which was soon shortened to the odd abbreviation, "the Lord High." This palace is an uninteresting construction stretching stiffly across the water side of the esplanade, and cutting off the view of the harbor. It is now the property of the King of Greece, but at present it is seldom occupied.

If the palace is ordinary, what shall be said of another memento which adorns the esplanade? This is a high, narrow building, so uncouth that it causes a smile. It looks raw, bare, and so primitive that if it had a pulley at the top it

PART OF THE TOWN OF CORFU.

might be taken for a warehouse erected on the bank of a canal in one of our Western towns; one sees in imagination canal-boats lying beneath, and bulging sacks going up or down. Yet this is nothing less than that University of the Ionian Islands which was founded by the Earl of Guildford early in this century, the epoch of English enthusiasm for Greece, the days of the Philhellenes. Lord Guildford, who was one of the distinguished North family, gave largely of his fortune and of his time to establish this university. The defunct academy now shelters a school where vigorous young Greeks sit on benches, opposite each other, in narrow doorless compartments which resemble the interior of a large omnibus.

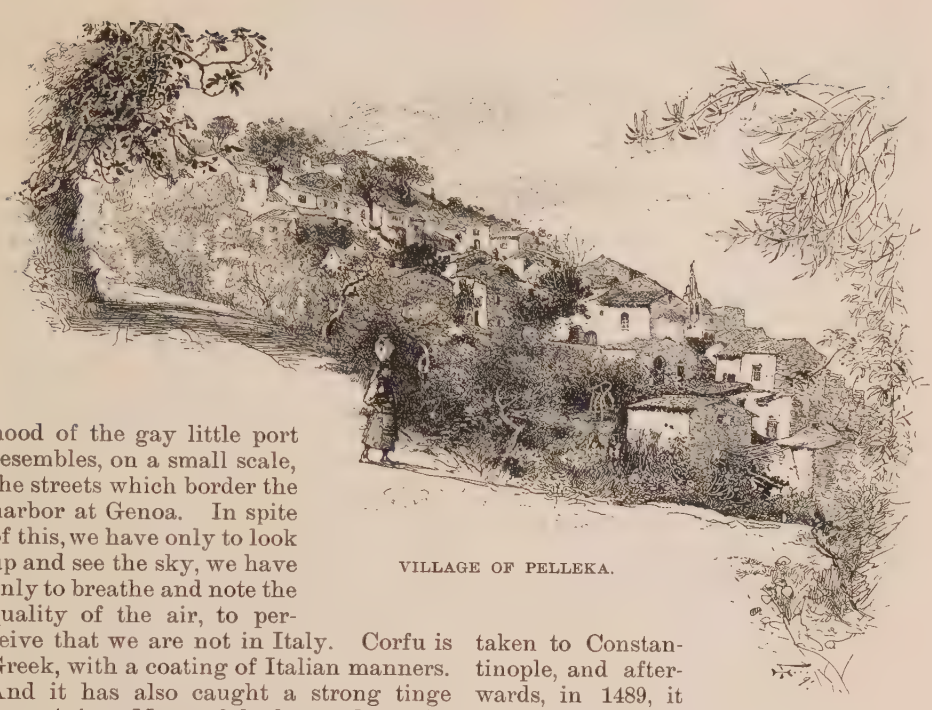
In the esplanade the period of English rule is further kept in mind by monuments to the memory of three of the Lords High—a statue, an obelisk, and (of all things in the world) an imitation of a Greek temple. This temple—it is so small that they might call it a templette—was erected in honor of Sir Thomas Maitland, a Governor whose arbitrary rule gained for him the title of King Tom. The three memorials are officially protected, an agreement to that effect having been made between the governments of Great Britain and Greece. They were never in danger, probably, as the English protection was a friendly one. In spite of its friendliness, the Corfiotes voted as follows with enthusiasm when an opportunity was offered to them: "The single and unanimous will of the Ionian people has been and is for their reunion with the Kingdom of Greece." England yielded to this wish and withdrew—a disinterested act which ought to have gained for her universal applause. Since 1864 Corfu and her sister islands, happily freed at last from foreign control, have filled with patriotic pride and contentment their proper place as part of the Hellenic kingdom.

The esplanade also contains the one modern monument erected by the Corfiotes themselves, a statue of Capo d'Istria.

John Capo d'Istria, a native of Corfu, was the political leader of Greece when she succeeded in freeing herself from the Turkish yoke. The story of his life is a part of the exciting tale of the Greek revolution. His measures, after he had attained supreme power, were thought to be high-handed, and he was accused also of looking too often toward that great empire in the North whose boundaries are stretching slowly towards Constantinople; he was resisted, disliked; finally he was assassinated. Time has softened the remembrance of his faults, whatever they were, and brought his services to the nation into the proper relief; hence this statue, erected in 1887, fifty-six years after his death, by young Greece. It is a sufficiently imposing figure of white marble, the face turned towards the bay with a musing expression. Capo d'Istria — a name which might have been invented for a Greek patriot! The Eastern question is a complicated one, and I have no knowledge of its intricacies. But a personal observation of the hatred of Turkey which exists in every Greek heart, and a glance at the map of Europe, lead an American mind toward one general idea or fancy, namely, that Capo d'Istria was merely in advance of his time, and that an alliance between Russia and Greece is now one of the probabilities of the near future. It is unexpected, at least to the non-political observer, that Hellas should be left to turn for help and comfort to the Muscovites, a race to whom, probably, her ancient art and literature appeal less strongly than they do to any other European people. But she has so turned. "Wait till *Russia* comes down here!" she appears to be saying, with deferred menace, to Turkey to-day.

These various monuments of the esplanade do not, however, make Corfu in the least modern. They are unimportant, they are inconspicuous, when compared with the old streets which meander over the slopes behind them, fringed with a network of stone lanes that lead down to the water's edge. It has been said that the general aspect of the place is Italian. It is true that there are arcades like those of Bologna and Padua; that some of the byways have the look of a Venetian calle, without its canal; and that the neighbor-

THE TOMB OF MENEKRATES.



VILLAGE OF PELLEKA.

hood of the gay little port resembles, on a small scale, the streets which border the harbor at Genoa. In spite of this, we have only to look up and see the sky, we have only to breathe and note the quality of the air, to perceive that we are not in Italy. Corfu is Greek, with a coating of Italian manners. And it has also caught a strong tinge from Asia. Many of the houses have the low door and masked entrance which are so characteristic of the East; at the top of the neglected stairway, as far as possible from public view, there may be handsome, richly furnished apartments; but if such rooms exist, the jealous love of privacy keeps them hidden. This inconspicuous entrance is as universal in the Orient as the high wall, shutting off all view of the garden or park, is universal in England.

The town of Corfu has 26,000 inhabitants. Among the population are Dalmatians, Maltese, Levantines, and others; but the Greeks are the dominant race. There is a Jews' quarter, and Jews abound, or did abound at the time of my visit. Since then, fanaticism has raised its head again, and there have been wild scenes at Corfu.

Ceremonial martyrdom for so-called religion's sake is, we may hope, at an end among the civilized nations; we have only its relics left. Corfu has one of these relics, a martyr who is sincerely honored, St. Spiridion, or, as he is called in loving diminutive, Spiro. Spiro, who died fifteen hundred years ago, was bishop of a see in Cyprus, I believe. He was tortured during the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian. His embalmed body was taken to Constantinople, and afterwards, in 1489, it was brought to Corfu by a man named George Colochieretry. Some authorities say that Colochieretry was a monk; in any case, what is certain is that the heirs of this man still own the saint—surely a strange piece of property—and derive large revenues from him. St. Spiro reposes in a small dim chapel of the church which is called by his name; his superb silver coffin is lighted by the rays from a hanging lamp which is suspended above it. When we paid our visit, people in an unbroken stream were pressing into this chapel, and kissing the sarcophagus repeatedly with passionate fervor. The nave, too, was thronged; families were seated on the pavement in groups, with an air of having been there all day: probably Christmas is one of the seasons set apart for an especial pilgrimage to the martyr. Three times a year the body is taken from its coffin and borne round the esplanade, followed by a long train of Greek clergy, and by the public officers of the town; upon these occasions the sick are brought forth and laid where the shadow of the saint can pass over them. "Yes, he's out to-day, I believe," said a resident, to whom we had mentioned this procession. He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone. After seeing it three times a year

for twenty years, the issuing forth of the old bishop into the brilliant sunshine to make a solemn circuit round the esplanade did not, I suppose, seem so remarkable to him as it seemed to us. There is another saint, a woman (her name I have forgotten), who also reposes in a silver coffin in one of the Corfu churches. At first we supposed that this was Spiro. But the absence of worshippers showed us our mistake. This lonely witness to the faith was also a martyr; she suffered decapitation. "They don't think much of *her*," said the same resident. Then, explanatorily, "You see—she has no head." This practically minded critic, however, was not a native of Corfu. The true Corfiotes are very reverent, and no doubt they honor their second martyr upon her appointed day. But Spiro is the one they love. The country people believe that he visits their fields once a year to bless their olives and grain, and the Corfu sailors are sure that he comes to them walking on the water in the darkness when a storm is approaching. Mr. Tuckerman, in his delightful volume, *The Greeks of To-Day*, says, in connection with this last legend, that it is believed by the devout that seaweed is often found about the legs of the good bishop in his silver coffin, after his return from these marine promenades. There is something charming in this story, and it recalls a shrine I know at Venice; it is far out on the lagoon, and its name is Our Lady of the Seaweed.

The name of the national religion of Greece is the Orthodox Church of the East, or, more briefly, the Orthodox Church. Western nations call it the Greek Church, but they have invented that name themselves. The Orthodox Church has rites and ceremonies which are striking and sometimes magnificent. I have many memories of the churches of Corfu. The temples are so numerous that they seem innumerable; one is always coming upon a fresh one; sometimes there is only a façade visible, and occasionally nothing but a door, the church being behind, masked by other buildings. My impressions are of a series of magnified jewel-boxes. There was not much daylight; no matter how radiant the sunshine outside, within all was richly dim, owing to the dark tints of the stained glass. The ornamentation was never paltry or tawdry. The soft light from the wax candles drew dull gleams from the singular metal-encrusted pictures. These pictures, or icons, are placed in large numbers along the walls and upon the screen which divides the nave from the apse. They are generally representations of the Madonna and Child in repoussé-work of silver, silvered copper, or gilt. Often the face and hands of the Madonna are painted on panel; in that case the portrait rises from metal shoulders, and the head is surrounded by metal hair. The painting is always of the stiff Byzantine school, following an ancient model, for any other style would be considered irreverent, and nothing can exceed the strange effect produced by these long-eyed, small-mouthed, rigid, sourly sweet virgin faces coming out from their silver-gilt necks, while below, painted taper fingers of unearthly length encircle a silver Child, who in His turn has a countenance of panel, often all out of drawing, but hauntingly sweet. These curious pictures have great dignity. The churches have no seats. I generally took my stand in one of the pewlike stalls which project from the wall, and here, unobserved, I could watch the people coming in and kissing the icons. This adoration, commemoration, reverence, or whatever the proper word for it may be, is much more conspicuous in the Greek places of worship than it is in Roman Catholic churches. Those who come in make the round of the walls, kissing every picture, and they do it fervently, not formally. The service is chanted by the priests very rapidly in a peculiar kind of intoning. The Corfu priests do not look as if they were learned men, but their faces have a natural and humane expression which is agreeable. In the street, with their flowing robes, long hair and beards, and high black caps, they are striking figures. The parish priest must be a married man, and he does not live apart from his people, but closely mingles with them upon all occasions.

In the suburb of Castrades is the oldest church of the island. It is dedicated to St. Jason, the kinsman of St. Paul. St. Jason's appeared to be deserted. Here, as elsewhere, it is not the church most interesting from the historical point of view which is the favorite of the people, or which they find, apparently, the most friendly. But when I paid my visit, there were so many vines and flowers

THE ISLET CALLED "THE SHIP OF ULYSSES."

outside, and such a blue sky above, that the little Byzantine temple had a cheerful, irresponsible air, as if it were saying: "It's not my fault that people won't come here. But if they won't, I'm not unhappy about it; the sunshine, the vines, and I—we do very well together." The interior was bare, flooded also with white daylight, so white that one blinked. And in this whiteness my mind suddenly returned to Hellas. For Hellas had been forgotten for the moment, owing to the haunting icons in the dark churches of the town. Those silver-encrusted images had brought up a vision of the uncounted millions today in Turkey, Greece, and Russia who bow before them, the Christians of whom we know and think comparatively so little. But now all these Eastern people vanished as silently as they had come, and the past returned—the past whose spell summons us to Greece. For conspicuous in the white daylight of St. Jason's were three antique columns, which, with other sculptured fragments set in the walls, had been taken from an earlier pagan temple to build this later church. And the spell does not break again in this part of the island. Not far from St. Jason's is the tomb of Menekrates. This monument was discovered in 1843, when one of the Venetian forts was demolished. Beneath the foundations the workmen came upon funeral vases, and upon digging deeper, an ancient Greek cemetery was uncovered, with many graves, various

"MON REPOS," SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF GREECE.

relics, and this tomb. It is circular, formed of large blocks of stone closely joined without cement, and at present one stands and looks down upon it, as though it were in a roofless cellar. It bears round its low dome a metrical inscription in Greek, to the effect that Menekrates, who was the representative at Corcyra (the old name for Corfu) of his native town Eanthus, lost his life accidentally by drowning; that this was a great sorrow to the community, for he was a friend of the people; that his brother came from Eanthus, and with the aid of the Corcyreans, erected the monument. There is something impressive to us in this simple memorial of grief set up before the days of Æschylus, before the battle of Marathon —the commemoration of a family sorrow in Corfu two thousand five hundred years ago. The following is a Latin translation of the inscription:

"Tlasiadis memor ecce Menecrates hoc monumentum,
Ortum Œantheus, populus statuebat at illi,
Quippe benignus erat populo patronus, in alto
Sed periit ponto, totam et dolor obruit urbem.
Praximenes autem patriis huc venit ab oris
Cum populo et fratris monumentum hoc struxit adempti."

At Corfu one is over one's head in the Odyssey. "The island is not what it has been," said the English lady of the Indian Mail. It is not, indeed! She referred to the days of the Lords High. But the rest of us refer to Nausicaa; for Corfu is the Scheria of the Odyssey, the home of King Alcinous. Not far beyond the tomb of Menekrates, at the point called Canone, we have a view of a deep bay. On the opposite shore of this bay enters the stream upon whose bank Ulysses first met the delightful little maiden—"the beautiful stream of the river, where were the pools unfailing, and clear and abundant the water." And also (but this is a work of supererogation, like feminine testimony in a court of justice) we have a view of the Phæacian ship which was turned into stone by Neptune: "Neptune s'en approcha, et, le frappant du plat de la main, le changea en un rocher qu'il enracina dans le sol," as my copy of the Odyssey, which happens rather absurdly

to be a French one, translates the passage. The ship, therefore, is now an island; its deck is a chapel; its masts are trees. Of late, the belief that Corfu is the Scheria of the Odyssey has been attacked. But any one who has seen the groves and gardens of this lovely isle, who has watched the crystalline water dash against the rocks at Palæokastrizza, who has strolled down the hill-side at Pelleka, or floated in a skiff off the coast at Ipso—any such person will say that Corfu is at least an ideal home for the charming girl who played ball, and washed the clothes on the shore, king's daughter though she was.

One wonders whether the princesses of to-day (who no longer dry clothes upon the shore) amuse their leisure hours with Homer's recitals concerning their predecessors. One of them, at any rate, has chosen Corfu as a place of sojourn; the Empress of Austria, after paying many visits to the island, has now built for herself a country residence, or villino, at a distance from the town, not far from Nausicaa's stream. The house is surrounded by gardens, and from the terrace there is a magnificent view in all directions; here she enjoys the solitude which she is said to love, and the Corfiotes see only the coming and going of her yacht. I don't know why there should be something so delightful, to one mind at least, in the selection of this distant Greek island as the resting-place of a queen, who takes the long journey down the Adriatic, year after year, to reach her retreat. The preference is perhaps due simply to fondness for a sea-voyage, and to the fact that a yacht lying at Trieste, lies practically at Vienna's door. Lovers of Corfu, however, will not be turned aside by any of these reasons; they will continue to believe that the choice is made for beauty's sake; they will extol this perfect appreciation, and will praise this modern Nausicaa.

The casino of the Empress is not the

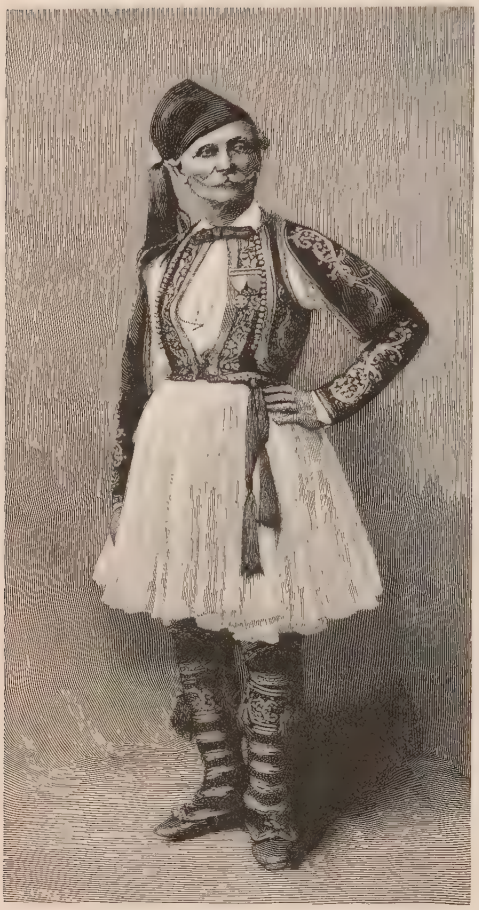
IN THE GROUNDS OF THE NEW VILLA OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

only royal residence at Corfu. About a mile from the town is the country house called "Mon Repos," the property of the King of Greece. King George and Queen Olga, with their children, have frequently spent summers here. The mansion is ordinary as regards its architecture—it was built by one of the Lords High; the situation is altogether admirable, with a view of the harbor and town. But the especial loveliness of Mon Repos is to be found in its gardens; their foliage is tropical, with superb magnolias, palms, bananas, aloes, and orange and lemon trees; there are flowers of all kinds, with roses clambering everywhere, and blossoming vines. The royal family who rule, or rather who preside over, the kingdom of the Hellenes are much respected and beloved at Corfu. The King, who was Prince William of Denmark, the brother of the Czarina of Russia and of the Princess of Wales, took the name of George when he ascended the throne in 1863. He was elected by the National Assembly. Now that he has been reigning nearly thirty years, and has a grandson as well as a son to succeed him, it is

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

amusing to turn back to the original candidates, and the votes; for it was an election (within certain limits) by the people, and all sorts of tastes were represented. Prince Alfred of England, the Duke of Edinburgh, was at the head of the list; but as it had been stipulated that no member of the reigning families of England, France, or Russia should have the crown, his name was struck off. There were votes for Prince Jerome Napoleon. There were votes for the Prince Imperial. There were even votes for "A Republic." But Greece, as she stands, is as near a republic as a country with a sovereign can be; suffrage is universal; there is no aristocracy; there are no hereditary titles, no entailed estates; the liberty of the press is untrammelled; education is free. Everywhere the people are ardently patriotic; they are actively, and one may say almost dangerously, interested in everything that pertains to the political condition of their country. This interest is quickened by their acute intellects. I have never seen faces more sharply intelligent than those of the Greek men of to-day. I speak of men who have had some advantages in the way of education. But as all are intensely eager to obtain these advantages, and as schools are now numerous, education to a certain extent is widely diffused. The men are, as a general rule, handsome. But they are not in the least after the manner of the Greek god, as he exists in art and fiction. This model has an ideal height and strength, massive shoulders, a statuesque head with closely curling hair, and an unruffled repose. The actual Greek possesses a meagre frame, a thin face, with high cheek-bones, a dry dark complexion, straight hair, small eyes, and as for repose, he has never heard of it; he is overwhelmingly, never-endingly restless. With this enumeration my statement that he is handsome may not appear to accord. Nevertheless he is a good-looking fellow; his spare form is often tall, the quickly turning eyes are wonderfully brilliant, the dark face is lighted by the gleam of white teeth, the gait is very graceful, the step light. The Albanian costume, which was adopted after the revolution as the national dress for the whole country, is amazing. We have all seen it in paintings and photographs, where it is merely picturesque. But when you meet it in the streets every day, when you see the wearer of it engaged in cooking his dinner, in cleaning fish, in driving a cart, in carrying a hod, or hanging out clothes

QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE.



ALBANIAN MALE COSTUME.

on a line, then it becomes perfectly fantastic. The climax of my impressions about it was reached, I think, a little later, at Athens, when I beheld the guards walking their beats before the King's palace, and before the simple house of the Crown Prince opposite; they are soldiers of the regular army, and they held their muskets with military precision as they marched to and fro, attired in ordinary overcoats (it happened to be a rainy day) over the puffed-out white skirts of a ballet-dancer. The Greek costume seems a bravado in whimsicality. One can describe it in detail; one can say that it consists of a cap with a long tassel, a full white shirt, an embroidered jacket with open sleeves, a tight girdle, the white kilt or fustanella, long leggings with bright-colored garters, and, usually, shoes with turned-up toes. The enumeration, however, does not do away with the one general impression of men striding about in short white ballet petticoats.

In spite of their skirts, the Greeks have as martial an air as possible; an old Greek who is vain, and they are all vain, is even a fierce-looking figure. All the men have small waists, and are proud of them; their belts are drawn as tightly as those of young girls in other countries. From this girdle, or from the embroidered pouch below it, comes a gleam which means probably a pistol, though sometimes it is only the long narrow inkhorn of brass or silver. Besides the Albanian, there are other costumes. One, which is frequently seen, is partly Turkish, with baggy trousers. The Greek men are vain, and with cause; if the women are vain, it must be without it; we did not see a single handsome face among them. It was not merely that we failed to find the beautiful low forehead, full temple, straight nose, and small head of classic days; we could not discover any marked type, good or bad; the features were those that pass unnoticed everywhere. I speak, of course, generally, and from a superficial observation, for I saw only the people one meets in the streets, in the churches, in the fields, olive groves, and vineyards, on the steamers, and at the house doors. But after noting this population for two weeks and more, the result remained the same—the men who came under our notice were handsome, and the women were not. The dress of the women varies greatly. The Albanian costume, which ranks with the fustanellas or petticoats of the men, is as flat, narrow, and elongated as the latter are short and protruding. It consists of a sheathlike skirt of a woollen material, and over this a long narrow white coat, which sometimes has black sleeves; the head is wrapped in loose folds of white. This was the attire worn by the girls who were at work in the fields. On Christmas day I met a number of Corfiote women walking about the esplanade arrayed in light-colored dresses, with large aprons of white lace or white muslin, and upon their heads white veils

with bunches of artificial flowers; in addition, they wore so many necklaces, pins, clasps, buckles, rings, lockets, bracelets, pendants, girdles, and other adornments of silver and silver-gilt that they clanked as they walked. This was a gala costume of some sort. We did not see it again.

The island of Corfu is about forty miles long. Its breadth in the widest part is twenty miles. The English, who have a genius for road-making which is almost equal to that of the Romans, have left excellent highways behind them; it is easy, therefore, to cross the island from end to end.

Seated in a berlin, or perhaps in a calash, one goes out at least to visit the olive groves, if not to cross the island. These groves are not the ranks of severely pruned, almost maimed, trees which greet the traveller in many parts of southern Europe—groves without shade, without luxuriance; viewed from a distance, their gray-green foliage forms a characteristic part of the landscape, but at close quarters they have but one expression, namely, how many coins are to be squeezed out of each poor tree, whose every bud appears to have been counted. At Corfu one strolls through miles of wood whose foliage is magnificent; it is possible to lounge in the shade, for there is shade, and to draw a free breath. No doubt the Corfiotes keep guard over their leafy domain; but the occasional visitor, at least, is not harassed by warnings to trespassers set up everywhere, by children following him with suspicious eyes, by patrols, dogs, stone walls, and sometimes by stones of another kind which do not stay in the walls, but come flying through the air to teach him to keep his distance. It is difficult, probably, for people from the New World to look upon a forest as something sacred, guarded, private; we have taken our pleasure "in the woods" all our lives whenever we have felt so inclined; we do not intend to do any harm there, but we do wish to be free. In the olive groves of Corfu the wish can be gratified. Their aisles are wonderful in every respect: in the size of the trees (some of them are sixty feet high), in the picturesque shapes of the gnarled trunks, in the extent of the long vistas where the light has the color which some of us know at home—that silvery green under the great live-oaks at the South, when their branches are veiled in the long moss.

But Athens was before us; we must leave the groves; we must leave Nausicaa's shore. We did so at last in the wake of a departing storm. For several days the wind had been tempestuous. The signal, which is displayed from the citadel, had become a riddle; it is an arrangement of flags by day, and of lanterns by night, and no two of us ever deciphered it alike. If the order was thus and so, it meant that something belonging to the Austrian-Lloyd company was in sight; if so and thus, it meant the Florio line; if neither of these, then it might possibly be our boat, that is, the Greek coasting steamer which we had decided to take because we had been told

ALBANIAN FEMALE COSTUME.

that it was the best. I have never fathomed the mystery as to why our informant told us this. If he had been a Greek, it would have been at least a patriotic misrepresentation. We were dismayed when we reached the rough tub. But, after all, in one sense she was the best, for she dawdled in and out among the islands, never in the least hurry, and stopping to gossip with them all; this gave us a good chance to see them, if it gave us nothing else. I have said "when we reached her," for there were several false starts. We rose in the morning in a mood of regretful good-by, expecting to be far away at night. And at night, with our good-by on our hands, we were still in our hotel. But it is only fair to add that with its garlands of flowers and myrtle for the Christmas season; with its queer assemblage of Levantines in the dining-room; with its bath-room in the depths of the earth, to which one descended by stairway after stairway leading down underground; with its group of petticoated Greeks in the hall, and, in its rooms of honor above, a young Austrian princess of historic name and extraordinary beauty—with all this and its cheerful lies, its smiling gay-hearted irresponsibility, the Corfu inn was an entertaining place. The Greek steamer came at last. She had been driven out of her course by the gale, so said the pirate, ostensibly retired from business, who superintended the embarkations from the hotel. This lithe freebooter had presented himself at frequent intervals during the baffling days when we watched the signal, and he always entered without knocking. He could not grasp the idea, probably, that ceremonies would be required by persons who intended to sail by the coaster. When we reached this bark ourselves, later, we forgave him—a little. Her deck was the most democratic place I have ever seen. We think that we approve of equality in the United States. But the Greeks carry their approval farther than we do. On this deck there were no reserved portions, no prohibitions; the persons who had paid for a first-class ticket had the same rights as those which were accorded to the steerage travellers, and no more; and as the latter were numerous, they obtained by far the larger share, eating the provisions which they had brought with them, sleeping on their coverlids, playing games, and smoking in the best places. There was no system, and little discipline; the sailors came up and washed the deck (a process which was very necessary) whenever and however they pleased, and we had to jump for our lives and mount a bench to escape the stream from the hose, as it suddenly appeared without warning from an unlooked-for quarter. The passengers, who came on board at various points during a cruise of several days, brought with them light personal luggage, which consisted of hens tied together by the legs, a live sheep, kitchen utensils, and bedding, all of which they placed everywhere and anywhere, according to their pleasure. A Greek dressed in the full national costume accompanied us all the way to Missolonghi so closely that he was closer than a brother; save when we were locked in our small sleeping-cabins below (the one extra possession which a

GALA COSTUME, CORFU.

OLIVE GROVE, CORFU.

first-class ticket bestows), we were literally elbow to elbow with him. And his elbows were a weapon, like the closed umbrella held under the arm in a crowded street—that pleasant habit of persons who are not Greeks.

Ten miles south of Corfu one meets the second of the Ionian Islands, Paxo, with the tiny severe Anti-Paxo lying off its southern point, like a summary period set to any romantic legend which the larger isle may wish to tell. As it happens, the legend is a striking one, and we all know it without going to Paxo. But it is impossible to pass the actual scene without relating it once more, and for the telling, no modern words can possibly approach those of the old annotator. "Here at the coast of Paxo, about the time that our Lord suffered His most bitter Passion, certain persons sailing from Italy at night, heard a voice calling aloud: 'Thamus?' 'Thamus?' Who, giving ear to the cry (for he was the pilot of the ship), was bidden when he came near to Portus Pelodes" (the Bay of Butrinto) "to tell that the great god Pan was dead. Which he doubting to do, yet when he came to Portus Pelodes there was such a calm of wind that the ship stood still in the sea, unmoored, and he was forced to cry aloud that Pan was dead. Whereupon there were such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking as hath not been the like. By the which Pan, of some is understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time by Christ conquered; for at that moment all oracles surceased, and enchanted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, henceforth held their peace."

Though I mention the Ionian group only, it must not be supposed that there were no other islands. Those of us who

like to turn over maps, to search out routes though we may never follow them except on paper — innocent stay-at-home geographers of this sort have supposed that it was a simple matter to learn the names of the islands which one meets in any well-known track across well-known seas. This is a mistake. From Corfu to Patras, and, later, on the way to Egypt and Syria, and back through the Strait of Messina to Genoa, I saw many small islands—it seemed to me that they could have been counted by hundreds—which are not indicated in the ordinary guide-books, and whose names no one on the steamers knew, not even the captains. The captains, the pilots, and all the officers were of course aware of the exact position in the sea of each one; that was part of their business. But as to names, these mariners, whether Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Turks, or Greeks (and we sailed with all), appeared to share the common opinion that they had none; their manner was that they deserved none.

Abreast of Paxo, on the mainland, is the small village of Parga. The place has its own tragic history connected with its cession to the Turks in 1815. But I am afraid that its principal association in my mind is the frivolous one of a roaring chorus, "Robbers all at Parga!" This song may be as much of a libel as that bold ballad concerning the beautiful town at the eastern end of Lake Erie; the ladies of that place are not in the habit of "coming out to-night, to dance by the light of the moon," and in the same way there may never have been any robbers worth speaking of at Parga. It is Hobhouse who tells the story. "In the evening preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. After eating, they began to dance round the fire to their own singing with an astonishing energy. One of their songs begins, 'When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us.' Then comes the chorus: 'Robbers all at Parga! Robbers all at Parga!' As they roared out this stave they whirled round the fire, dropped to and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round in a wild circle, chanting it at the top of their voices:

"'Robbers all at Parga!
Robbers all at Parga!'"

At Parga we met the Byronic legend, which from this point hangs over the whole Ionian Sea. Parga is not far from the Castle of Suli, and with the word "Suliote" we are launched aloft into the resplendent realm of Byron's poetry, which seems as beautiful and apparition-like as the Oberland peaks viewed from Berne — shining cliffs, so celestially and impossibly fair, far up in the sky. The country near Parga is described at length in the second canto of "Childe Harold."

The third island of the Ionian group is Santa Maura, the Leucadia of the ancients. It looks like a chain of mountains set in the sea. I see a long, lofty promontory ending in a silvery headland. I see it flushed with the rose tints of sunset, high above a violet sea. Of course I was looking for it; every one looks for the rock from which dark Sappho flung herself in her despair. But, even without Sappho, it is a striking cliff; it rises perpendicularly from deep water, and it is so white that one fancies that it must be visible even upon the darkest night. All day its towering opaline crest serves as a beacon from afar. The temple of Apollo which once crowned its summit can still be traced in sculptured fragments, though there are no marble columns, like those that gleam across the waves from Sunium.

As the steamer crossed from Santa Maura to Cephalonia we had a clear view of little Ithaca, the Ithaca which Ulysses loved, "not because it was broad, but because it was his own." Except Paxo, Ithaca is the smallest of the sister islands. Sir William Gell and Dr. Schliemann between them have discovered at Ithaca all the sites of the Odyssey, even to the stone looms of the nymphs. Other explorers, with colder minds, have decided that at least the author of the poem must have had an acquaintance with the island, for some of his descriptions are accurate.

The next island, Cephalonia, is the largest of the Ionian group. There is much to say about it. But I must not say it here. The truth is that one sails past these sisters as the slippery Ulysses sailed past the sirens; they are so beautiful that one must tie one's hands to the mast (or the table) to keep them from writing a volume on the subject.

At Zante, for some unexplained cause, the classic associations suddenly vanished: Homer faded, Theocritus followed him; Pliny and Strabo disappeared. We

were back in the present; we must have some Zante flowers and Zante trinkets; we thought of nothing but going ashore. We landed, and went roaming through the yellow town. Zante is the most cheerful-looking place I have ever seen. The bay ripples and smirks; it is so pretty that it knows it is pretty, and it smirks accordingly. The town, stretching, with its gayly tinted houses, round a level semicircle at the edge of the water, smiles, as one may say, from ear to ear. And this joyful expression is carried up the hill, by charming gardens, orange groves, and vineyards, to the Venetian fort at the top, which, as we saw it in the brilliant sunshine, with the birds flying about it, seemed to be throwing its cap into the sky with a huzza.

> "O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
> Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

sang Poe, borrowing his chimes this time, however, from an Italian song—"Zante, Zante, fior di Levante!" This flower of the Levant exports not flowers, but fruit. The currants, which had vaguely presented themselves at Santa Maura and Cephalonia, now came decisively to the front. One does not think of these little berrylettes as ponderous. But when one beholds tons of them, cargoes for ships, one regards them with a new respect. It was probably the brisk commercial aspect of the currants which made the port look so modern. All the Ionian Islands except Corfu export currants, but Zante throws them out to the world with both hands. I must confess that I have always blindly supposed (when I thought of it at all) that the currant of the plum-pudding was the same fruit as the currant of our gardens—that slightly acrid red berry which grows on bushes that follow the lines of back fences—bushes that have patches of weedy ground under them where hens congregate. I fancied that by some process unknown to me, at the hands of persons equally unknown (perhaps those who bring flattened raisins from grapes), these berries were dried, and that they then became the well-known ornament of the Christmas cake. It was at Zante that my shameful ignorance was made clear to me. Here I learned that the dried fruit of commerce is a dwarf grape, which has nothing in common with currant jelly. Its English name, currant, is taken from the French "raisin de Corinthe," or Corinth grape, a title bestowed because the fruit was first brought into notice at Corinth. We have stolen this name in the most unreasonable way for our red berry. Then, to make the confusion worse, as soon as we have put the genuine currants into our puddings and cakes, we turn round and call them "plums!" The real currant, the dwarf grape of Corinth, is about as large as a gooseberry when ripe, and its color is a deep violet-black; the vintage takes place in August. It is not a hardy vine. It attains luxuriance, I was told, only in Greece; and even there it is restricted to the northern Peloponnesus, the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, and the Ionian Islands.

Zante is the sixth of the islands, and as the steamer leaves her, still smiling gayly over her dimpling bay, it seems proper to cast at least a thought in the direction of the seventh sister, upon whom we are now turning our backs. Why Cerigo should have been included in the Ionian group, I do not know; it lies off the southernmost point of Greece, near Cape Malea, and might more reasonably be classed with the Cyclades, or with Crete. Birthplace of Aphrodite, Cythera of the ancients, though it is, I have never met any one who has landed there. People going by sea to Athens from Naples, or from Brindisi, pass it in their course.

The voyage northward to Missolonghi is beautiful. The sea was dotted with white wings. The Greeks are bold sailors; one never observes here the timidity, the haste to seek refuge anywhere and everywhere, which is so conspicuous along the Riviera and the western coast of Italy. Throughout the Ionian archipelago, and it was the same later among the islands of the Ægean, it was inspiring to note the smallest craft, far from land, dashing along under full sail, leaning far over as they flew.

Missolonghi is a small abortive Venice, without the gondolas; it is situated on a lagoon, and a causeway nearly two miles long leads to it, across the shallow water. Vague and unimportant as it is upon its muddy shore, it was the soul of the Greek revolution. It has been through terrible sieges. During one of these, Marcos Botzaris was in command, and his grave is outside the western gate. A few years ago, all the school-boys in America could chant his requiem; perhaps they chant it

still. Missolonghi is on the northern shore of the bay; to reach Patras, the steamer crosses to the Peloponnesus side, and here we leave the Ionian Sea.

There is now a railroad from Patras to Athens. On the morning when we made the transit there was given to us for our sole use a saloon on wheels, which was much larger than the compartments of an English railway carriage, and smaller than an American parlor car. In its centre was a long table, and a cushioned bench ran round its four sides; broad windows gave us a wide view of the landscape as we rolled (rather slowly) along. The track follows the gulf all the way, and we passed through miles of vineyards. But I did not think of currants here; they had been left behind at Zante. There is, indeed, only one thing to think of, and the heart beats quickly as Parnassus lifts its head above the other snow-clad summits. We ought to have been crossing the gulf in a Phæacian boat, which needs no pilot, or, at the very least, in a bark with an azure prow. But even upon an iron track through utilitarian currant fields, the spell descends again when the second peak becomes visible at the eastern end of the bay.

> "Not here, O Apollo,
> Are haunts meet for thee,
> But where Helicon breaks down
> In cliff to the sea—"

How many times, in lands far from here, had I read these lines for their mere beauty, without hope of more!

And now before my eyes was Helicon itself.

ICE AND ICE-MAKING.

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN.

IF one were to ask his friends what mineral we are most familiar with and most commonly used as food, the answers would probably be both varied and amusing. Salt would, I fancy, first suggest itself to many, and to those whose training in physiology and hygiene has not been neglected, no doubt the claims of lime and iron and carbon, which, in one form or another, we use with food to build up bone and brawn, would be amply urged. But, after all, it is water, for water is a mineral—a fused mineral. You will find it described as such, along with quartz and topaz and the diamond, in Dana's *Mineralogy*, or in other treatises on stones.

We usually think of minerals as solid things, such as metals and rocks and jewels and various chemical salts. But when we consider the matter a little we see that all these things if melted by strong heat are minerals still, only they are now in a fluid instead of in a solid state. The difference between these minerals and water is that water gets fluid at a lower temperature than they do, and, like quicksilver, stays melted at ordinary living heat. But in those old ice ages which, one after another, have swept now over the Northern and now over the Southern hemisphere, bringing ruin and desolation, the natural and common condition of water was that of a solid—ice—as it largely is to-day out-of-doors in winter when not kept fused by the stored-up heat of the soil and rocks, or melted by the sun.

Everybody knows that water can exist as a solid (ice), as a liquid, and as a gas (steam).

The remarkable differences in appearance which water presents when in these different conditions depend simply upon the amount of heat which it contains. But what is heat?

Every well-informed person knows nowadays that heat is not a material thing as it was once supposed to be, which could be stored away in one substance and forced out of another, or which could be conjured into being here and annihilated there at the will of man. Heat is a kind of motion of the ultimate particles of which matter is composed. It is one of the ways in which what the physicists call energy manifests itself. Water, like all other substances, is made up of exceedingly small ultimate structures called molecules. And when these molecules of water are left to themselves, they tend to become grouped in certain definite ways to form a solid mass which we call ice. This is their natural resting state. When the molecules are exposed to the kind of motion or undulation which we call heat, they lose their fixed and definite relation to one another, and become mobile or vi-

brant, and then we have the fluid—water. Increase this molecular motion by exposing them to further heat, and they shun one another in a frenzy of vibration, and this is steam. The curious thing about it is that the steam can only become water again, and the water ice, by giving up this heat to something else—that is, when the molecules can set a-swinging the molecules of some other thing.

If you put a lump of ice into a kettle of cold water and put it over a flame, the ice will gradually melt, but the temperature of the water will not rise above that of melting ice until all is fluid. A large amount of heat *seems* to have been lost. The force which this vanished heat represents seems to have been annihilated. It has not been lost, however, but has been simply transferred to the molecules which were still in the ice, but are now, in consequence of the heat transfer, swinging back and forth in the fluid water.

Heat the water still further, and the temperature will rise until it reaches the boiling-point—100° centigrade or 212° Fahrenheit—and there it stays until the whole of the water has been converted into steam. Make the fire as furious as you like, not one degree hotter does the water get. The heat here too seems to be lost. It is not; but, as before, is converted into molecular motion—a motion so intense that the molecules of the water fly apart, and thus make of the water a gas—steam. This heat, which disappears in melting the ice and in converting the water into steam, is called the *latent heat* of water and steam respectively, which means simply that it is being temporarily employed in inducing moderate or intense molecular motion.

We are told, and can intellectually grasp the fact, that the heat which makes our earth inhabitable, and directly or indirectly supplies nearly all the varied forms of power which are used in the world's work, comes from the sun. Of the heat which is poured down upon the earth in the daytime a large portion is stored temporarily in the rocks and soil and water; much is used up in the evaporation of the water to form the atmospheric moisture and the clouds; much is consumed in the building up of the bodies of animals and plants. But all the time the supra-atmospheric spaces claim a large share of the stored-up heat.

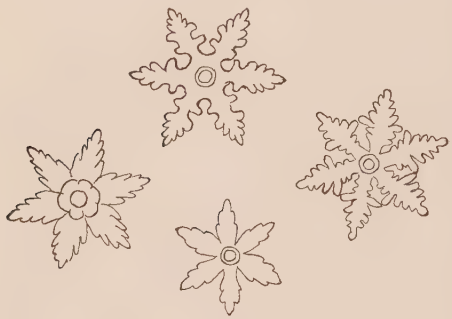
Heat is of an unrestful nature, and is readily communicated from one body to another by contact or by radiation.

We rarely realize, I think, how easily the earth parts with this heat, and how cold space is through which the earth sweeps in its orbit. Nor do we commonly appreciate how relentlessly space sucks away the heat which the earth has garnered from the sunbeams, out into its illimitable depths. 'Way out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 300 or 400 degrees below the freezing-point of water, some philosophers think, are the dark recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiate space is robbing us of our heat, and fighting with demoniac power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill. So, after all, our summer and winter temperatures are only maintained by the residue of the sun's heat which we have been able to store up and keep hold of in spite of the pitiless demands of space. Our margin sometimes gets so reduced on nights in winter that we can readily believe the astronomers and physicists when they tell us that a reduction of the sun's heat by seven per cent. and a slight increase in the number of winter days would suffice to bring again to our hemisphere a new Age of Ice, with its inevitable desolation. The balance is really a nice one between the heat we daily gather from the sun and the share of it which we lose in space.

This is most comprehensible on cold winter nights. The genial sunbeams have struck the earth aslant, and but for a few hours, so that the soil and rocks and atmosphere have gathered during the day but little store to last over the long night; and from every exposed surface on the earth out rushes the garnered heat of the day into this more than freezing void. You can fairly feel it tugging at your face and hands.

Water out-of-doors in winter feels it too, and little by little grows colder and colder. The clashing of its molecules against each other, which is all that has made it a fluid, becomes less and less vigorous. Their mutual attractions, which have been antagonized and held in check by the furious commotion which the sun's heat had wrought, come slowly into play, until finally the molecules rush together in those groups and masses which we call crystals, and for the first time perhaps in months or years sink into rest. The sym-

phonies of motion in the water which the heat had conjured into being as it struck molecule upon molecule fade softly into a simple harmony of form at the bidding of insatiate space. A pellicle of crystal ice, once formed over the surface of



ICE STARS.

the water, transmits out into the cold space the heat from the water below, which so, film by film, grows stark.

Most fluids shrink as they lose their heat, but water, curiously enough, just as it becomes solid in freezing, expands about $\frac{1}{11}$ of its volume, and thus becomes, bulk for bulk, lighter than water. And that is why ice forms a protecting cover to our streams and lakes and ponds; that is why icebergs swim so much above the surface instead of sinking in the sea; and that is why the mineral ice floats in the fused mineral, water, tinkling against the glass beside you as you dine. That, too, is why water-pipes burst in winter, and why those hoarse, uncanny boomings greet us in the night-time from freezing lakes and ponds.

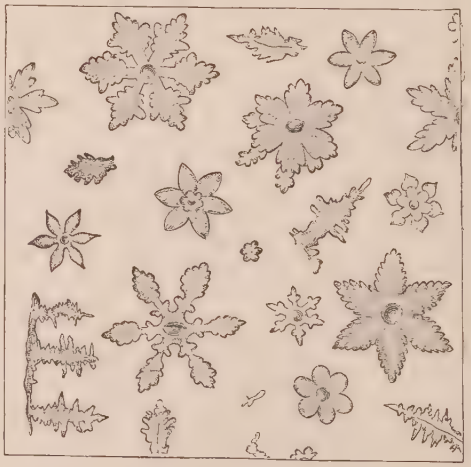
We have seen that when water loses a certain amount of its heat it becomes solid. But something more than that occurs; it becomes crystallized. Ice is not like glass, simply a transparent solid, although to the eye it looks much the same. Certain substances, and among them water, when they pass from the liquid to the solid state, assume regular geometrical forms, and these are crystals. The diamond is crystallized carbon. Quartz is a crystallized compound of silicon and oxygen, just as ice is a crystallized compound of hydrogen and oxygen.

The physicists explain crystallization by saying that the molecules of certain substances possess mutual attractions, in virtue of which, when not held in abeyance by external forces, such as heat, they arrange themselves in fixed and definite relationship to one another. These relationships of the molecules are revealed in crystals by the geometrical forms which they assume.

Although these forms of crystals vary endlessly, they are all readily grouped in a very few simple systems. Some are simple cubes or modifications of this form; some are six-sided prisms, like the common rock-crystal, and like ice. The crystals may be very minute, or they may be very large; their sides may be broad or narrow; but the angles which their sides or faces form with one another are fixed and invariable. Crystals can grow, too, by the deposit of new material over the surfaces of the old.

When crystals or masses of crystallized minerals are broken apart, they tend to separate along certain definite planes, determined by the crystalline form, and called *planes of cleavage.*

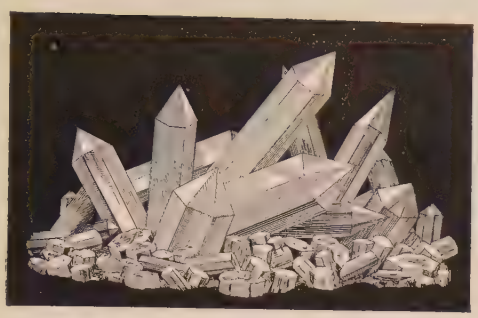
Common rock-crystals or quartz crystals, such as spectacle lenses are some-



ICE FLOWERS.

times made of, represent a crystalline group called, from their form, hexagonal prisms.

But we do not usually see the crystalline forms when we look at a lump of clear ice. It looks quite homogeneous and structureless, like glass, save that here and there bubbles of air may be



ROCK-CRYSTALS.

seen, which were caught and imprisoned when the water froze. The frost fronds on the window-panes in winter are frozen water, and although the crystals are very small and complex, they afford most readily seen examples of ice crystals.

The hoary coating seen on grass and twigs and fences on frosty autumn mornings, if looked at with a lens, will be found made up of tiny ice crystals, built out of the atmospheric moisture into forms so varied and fantastic as to defy description, and so delicate that at the lightest touch of an incautious breath they fade into dewdrops.

Snow-flakes are ice crystals formed of the frozen atmospheric moisture, and grouped in varied complex stellate forms of the rarest beauty. They may easily be observed when the snow is falling through still air if one catches them on a dark cloth, such as the coat sleeve. Varied and complex as are the forms which these six-rayed crystal snow-flake stars present, the angles which their rays form with one another are invariable, and if measured, will be found to be always sixty degrees, and every subsidiary ray makes precisely the same angle with the primary ray from which it shoots.

But what about solid ice? Where are the crystals here? Tyndall has shown us how we may reveal the crystalline structure of solid ice by passing a beam of sunlight through it. The heat which these beams carry with them into the solid ice liquefy it here and there in their track, and the liquid pools which are formed, if examined with a lens, will be found to have stellate and branching forms similar to and not less beautiful than the snow-flakes and the fronds upon the frosted window-pane. They are not indeed crystals, but "negatives" of the crystals flashing out at the dainty touch of the sunbeam in the forms in which they were laid together as the molecules of the water are released from their invisible bonds.

When ice commences to form out-of-doors in winter, the first crystals shoot out horizontally over the surfaces of the water in delicate pointed spiculæ. These soon grow larger, and often stretch away in long, graceful, fernlike sweeps, or dart out from twigs and bits of grass in stellate masses. Finally coalescing at their sides as they advance, they form a roughened solid film covered all over in low relief with a bold and ever-varied tracery of most enchanting beauty. But now the direction of crystallization changes, and the water freezes directly downward, losing its surface markings as the sun now and then strikes and melts the top. Black ice at first it is—that is, ice so clear that it permits free vision into the depths where, as through a water-telescope, one stilly observant may see the water denizens at their work or play. But presently air bubbles are caught here and there through the ice mass, and it so becomes whiter and less transparent.

There is another curious and significant thing about the formation of crystals, and that is that the molecules, as they group themselves at the behest of their mysterious mutual attractions, are very intolerant of any foreign material which may be dissolved or suspended in the fluids out of which they are separating themselves in an order fixed as fate.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

This tendency is well marked and important in the freezing of water, for as the ice crystals slowly form and crowd so closely together as to make a structureless transparent mass, foreign substances, such as dust and sticks, or even smaller things than these, like the pigment particles which make ink black, or even materials wholly in solution, may be rejected by the forming crystals. Thus one may find clear ice formed on a mud-puddle, colorless ice spiculæ in an ink-bottle, and comparatively fresh-water ice at the frozen borders of the sea. Even the air, which is held in invisible solution in considerable quantity in ordinary water, is forced out of it in bubbles as it crystallizes, and may be seen in streaks and layers in almost all natural ice.

On the top of natural ice blocks as they come to us in the market one usually sees a white layer, sometimes inconspicuous, sometimes occupying a considerable proportion of the thickness of the block. This is called *snow ice*, because it is usually formed by water soaking into the snow, which so often covers the ice in winter, and there freezing. This makes a solid mass, but it is thickly crowded with the little bubbles of air which were entangled among the snow-flakes as they lay together, and were caught by the water as it froze. These it is which make the so-called snow ice look white.

But aside from the snow layer on top, natural ice often presents layers or streaks of bubbles scattered through the block from top to bottom. These air bubbles are probably in part air which has risen from the bottom of the lake or pond or stream on which the ice was forming, and been caught beneath as the water was freezing downward. They are, however, largely bubbles of air which was in solution in the water, but which has been forced out by the purifying action of the act of freezing just described.

Ice which forms on some specially favored water may, however, be almost wholly without the snow covering, and almost bubbleless.

It is often interesting and sometimes profitable to stand apart a little from the rushing current of events, and trace the steps by which from time to time man has been led to hitch the forces of nature into new harnesses, and make them serve his needs and whims. The needs are often petty, the whims short-lived, as whims are wont to be, and the end achieved, looked at as a spectacle, is often wofully devoid of impressiveness when set in fancy beside the grand results which Nature furnishes when she wields her forces untrammelled. These natural forces have lost their demoniac possession in these later years, and familiarity has bred indifference to if not contempt for those servants which do our bidding at the touch of a button, and change from lions to lambs at the twirling of a valve. But they still are faithful slaves in the service of the utilities.

The chief reasons which have led to the making of artificial ice in regions where the natural product can be gathered or be brought without too great expense are twofold—first, the desirability of having this important industry freed from the uncertain vicissitudes of the weather; second, the rapidly increasing pollution by sewage of many of the waters from which ice is cut for household use, and the growing conviction that serious disease may be incurred from the use of sewage-polluted ice.

The principle on which the manufacture of ice is based is exemplified in what has already been said about the relation of heat to the conversion of water into a gas-steam. A certain amount of heat is required for the conversion of any fluid into a gas. This heat becomes, as we say, latent—that is, is being employed for the time in producing violent undulations of the gas molecules.

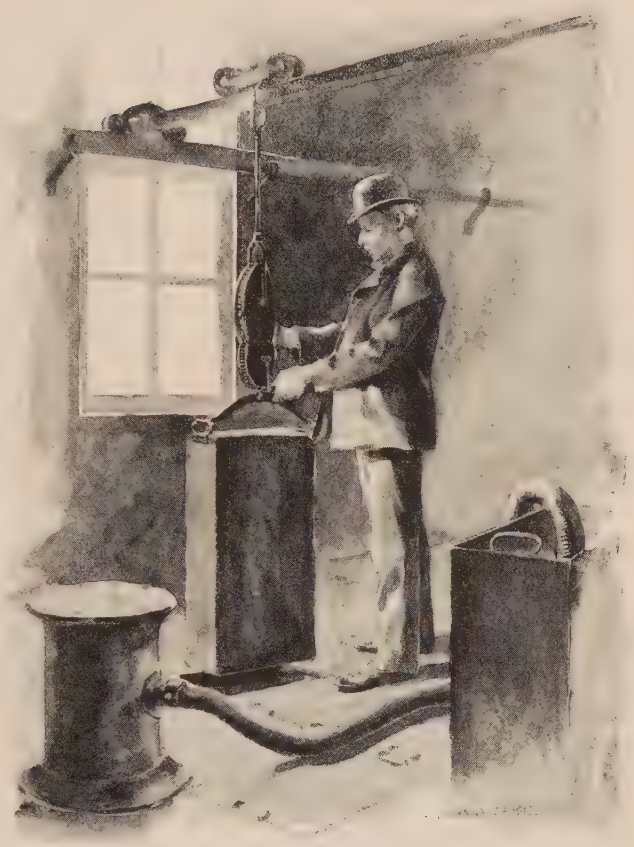
Whenever a liquid is converted into a gas, heat must come from somewhere. In the making of steam, it comes from the fire; in the ordinary evaporation of water out-of-doors, it comes from the sun. When there is no special heating arrangement, but the conditions are favorable for the gaseous change in the fluid, heat will be taken up from surrounding substances if they have any. If you dip your hand in water, and then wave it through the air, the water will evaporate—that is, be converted into gas—and you will appreciate by the cool sensation that heat has been abstracted from your hand. If you use instead of water some fluid which more readily passes into the gaseous state, such as alcohol or ether, the sensation of coolness will be more immediate and intense.

Now this is the principle which is applied in the manufacture of ice. Some

fluid which evaporates readily is forced to do so under such conditions that the heat which it must have and render latent in its vapor will be extracted from a limited quantity of water, and this process being made continuous, so much heat will finally be abstracted from the water that its molecules can no longer stay mobile, but fly together into crystals—the water freezes.

The evaporating fluid used in practice may be sulphuric ether or sulphurous acid or ammonia. The last is perhaps nowadays most often used. These fluids are kept in strong close pipes and receivers, and can under no conditions come into contact with the water to be frozen.

Suppose we consider the ammonia freezing machines very briefly only, for into the details of the process it is not necessary for us here to enter.



METHOD OF EXTRACTING THE CANS OF ARTIFICIAL ICE.

But in order to understand this operation one more physical principle must be stated, which is that the degree of pressure to which a substance is exposed has a great influence upon the temperature at which it passes from the fluid to the gaseous condition. Water at the ordinary altitudes boils—that is, is converted into vapor—at 100° centigrade (212° Fahrenheit). But on a high mountain it will boil at a lower temperature than this, because the atmospheric pressure is less there.

On the other hand, if you put a gas into a receiver, and expose it to a sufficiently heavy pressure by a powerful pump, or in some other way, it will in most cases become a fluid forthwith, and the heat which had been latent in it will be given out. Now this in a general way is what is done to the ammonia in getting it ready to freeze water. Pure liquid ammonia boils—that is, passes from the liquid into the gaseous state—at a temperature about 240° Fahrenheit lower than water does. Hence ammonia is a substance which at ordinary temperatures is a gas. That which we buy at the drug stores as ammonia is simply a solution of the gas in water, and from this, as every one knows, it is readily given off. It is volatile, that is, it tends under ordinary conditions to get into the gaseous form. Now in ice factories powerful engines are used to force the ammonia gas by pressure into the liquid state, and the heat which is thus set free is carried off by cool water pouring over the coils of stout iron pipe in which it is confined. This fluid ammonia—kept fluid by the pressure to which it is subjected, a pressure varying from 125 to 175 pounds to the square inch—is carried in pipes to coils in the freezing-tanks. These tanks are simply great vats filled

with brine, and covered over with a floor. Into this brine, cans filled with the water to be frozen are placed and carefully covered. These cans are usually between three and four feet deep, about one foot thick, and nearly two feet wide. Coils of pipe communicating with the ammonia pipes are immersed in the brine, which is kept in motion by paddle-wheels moved by machinery.

The brine acts as a carrier of the heat from the water in its tight metallic cans to the ammonia pipes. Brine is used because it does not as readily freeze as water does, and acts as a good conductor or distributer of the heat.

Now, when all is ready, the fluid ammonia under its great pressure is allowed to escape into the coils of pipe which pass about in the brine, and in which the pressure is so much less that the ammonia as it rushes in becomes at once a gas. But to do this it *must* have heat. *It must have it.* From the walls of the pipes into which it rushes, it seizes it first. These take it from the brine which bathes them until its temperature goes down, down, and it begins to draw through their iron walls upon the heat stock of the water in the cans. And so the mimic but relentless warfare goes on. The ammonia vapor is constantly pumped away from the cold pipes in which it had expanded to be used over again, while fresh liquid ammonia is as constantly forced in from behind.

Some hours pass, and the heat stock in the water is growing scantier and scantier. It can stand it in this way but little longer; it is down wellnigh to zero centigrade, and the wild insatiable vapor raging for heat in the pipes not far off is still sucking it away. The only thing which can be done now to furnish more is for the water to give up its latent heat, and that is to sign its own death-warrant as water; for, if one may use such a turn of phrase, without its latent heat water is ice.

Well, at last there is nothing for it, and that happens which is happening this clear winter night on which I write at the edge of every lake and pool and pond out-of-doors hereabouts—little transparent spiculæ shoot out from the cooled surfaces, and the water slowly, as if unwilling, yields itself into its crystal bonds.

The ice layers on all sides slowly thicken, and at last, in about sixty hours, all is solid. The watchful attendant raises with a crane the great beautiful ice block, still in its galvanized iron can, out of its cold bath, and trundles it off to make way for another molecular battle and another victory.

Water turns into ice out-of-doors in winter because it must give up the heat which it had slowly gathered from the sunbeams, at the demands of gelid space, as if an ice age in little and in brief had come again. But it is the sun's heat itself, lain dormant in the coal for ages, which, under man's directing finger and for his weal, sets free the molecular furies raging to suck from the water its motion and its simulate life.

When water freezes out-of-doors on still pools or on streams, the ice-forming does not usually go on steadily and without interruption. Warm currents in the water, sweeping under the thickening films, now and again undo the work which has been accomplished. In clear winter weather, and especially on clear winter nights, the freezing goes on best, because then space claims more eagerly its dole of heat. On cloudy nights freezing is not so rapid, since even so light and airy a blanket as a cloud keeps in the earth's heat in large measure. For the same reason a newspaper spread over a plant will often protect it from the early frosts. Snow on the ice makes, too, a blanket which retards ice-formation underneath. Warm days come when the top melts a little—and so altogether the formation of ice out-of-doors in winter in these latitudes is an irregular one, and the crystal-building is subject to many and varied vicissitudes.

Not so the artificial winter which man calls into being in his little separate iron-walled pools. Here the cooling and the freezing go steadily and relentlessly on, as regularly as the stroke of the piston in the great engines, for every one of whose throbs a myriad aqueous molecules sink into rest.

The result of this uniformity in the freezing and the regular shapes of the cans is that the artificial ice presents some interesting features in its crystalline structure to which we shall now devote some little attention.

As clearness and transparency are desirable qualities in ice designed for household use, a good deal of care and expense is requisite to free the water which is to

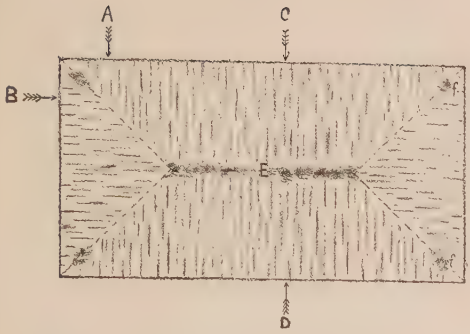


Fig. 1.—Diagram of a Cross-Section of an Artificial Ice Block, showing the Direction taken by forming Ice Crystals.

be frozen as much as possible from the air which it holds in solution before the freezing begins. If this were not done, the ice crystals would force it out in bubbles, which, caught here and there between them, would impair the clearness of the product. Although boiling will in large measure free water of the dissolved air, this is not as efficient as distillation, which is now commonly practised, not only for the purpose of removing air, but for the destruction and removal of any bacteria or other impurities which might be in the water.

The cans being filled with distilled water and covered, and the freezing begun, it will be found, if one watches the process, that the ice crystals shoot out at right angles to the cooling surfaces, that is, to the sides and bottom of the can. Just as in natural freezing, they form, except at first, at right angles to the surface of the water. But now a very curious thing is to be noticed in the can-freezing, which is, that as the can has four sides and a bottom, the ice crystals cannot grow out into the water very far without running afoul of other crystals which have grown out from adjacent sides at right angles to those from which they sprang. How this is may be seen in Fig. 1. Crystals shooting into the water from the surfaces A and B will soon meet at right angles, and their formation be interfered with, disturbed, and stopped along a line which runs from the corner to the line of the centre. Crystals forming from the surfaces C and D will go on inwards until they meet at the central line of the ice block, E.

Now the fact is that even distilled water does, in the manipulation to which it is subjected in getting distributed into the freezing-cans, absorb a certain amount of air and certain other gases due to the decomposition by heat of organic matter in the water, and this air and these gases are necessarily forced out again by the forming crystals. The points where this squeezed-out air shows itself in tiny bubbles is just where the ice crystals finally meet end to end, that is, most abundantly along the central meeting line, E, and along diagonals running from this line to the corners of the can, f, f, Fig. 1.

Great skill is required in freezing ice in the cans, and when the most perfect result is obtained, these lines of collision of the ice crystals are almost wholly invisible. But ordinarily one may see a whitish layer of small bubbles running lengthwise through the middle of the block. Frequently one sees, too, faint lines of bubbles just within each corner

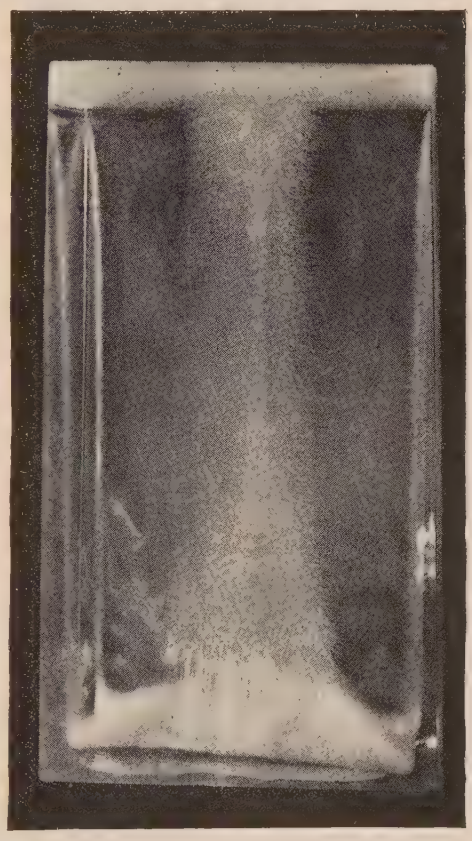


Fig. 2.—Artificial Ice Block, seen from the Side.

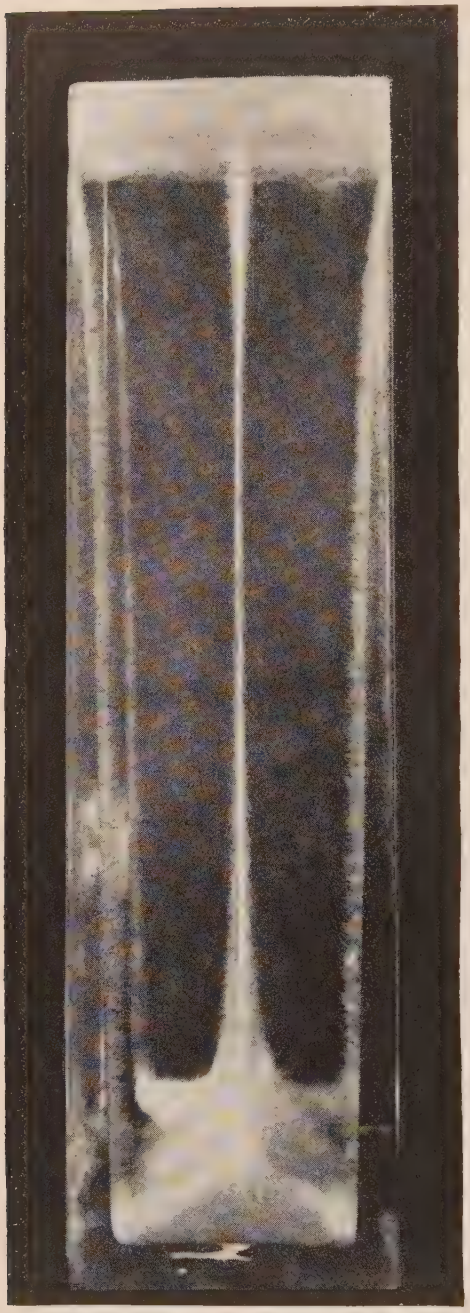


Fig. 3.—Artificial Ice Block, seen from the Side.

where the crystals meet. These may be seen in Fig. 2.*

* For these photographs of artificial ice I am indebted to Dr. Edward Leaming, whose well-known skill has been freely placed at my service in this most difficult phase of sun-painting.

The block is shown standing as it is frozen in the can, and in addition to the features which I have mentioned, one sees that at the bottom of the block a considerable number of squeezed-out bubbles have been caught on the points of the ice crystals, and form a wedge-shaped mass.

If one thinks for a moment of the condition of affairs as the ice is forming, the reason for this bottom bubble wedge will be plain. Here the ice crystals bearing the bubbles at their tips are coming not only inward from the four sides of the can, but also upward from the bottom. These five different sets of ice crystals meet in planes which correspond to the four-sided peaked roof of a square or oblong house, and here the bubbles are caught, making the wedge-shaped mass. It is said by expert manufacturers that this bottom bubbly mass may be avoided by distributing the cooled brine so that the freezing may not be too rapid at the bottom.

On the top of the block the conditions are different, the cooling brine does not cover the iron can, so that when the ice has formed at the sides and well up through the water, the very top layers are frozen by the cold ice below and in thin laminæ. We thus have the general structure of an artificial ice block outlined in bands and streaks of tiny air bubbles, which are caught in certain places as the crystals form and meet. How thin the central band of bubbles is may be seen in Fig. 3, where the block is looked at from the edge.

If you peep into an ice wagon which is distributing the artificial ice through our streets, you will find the ice blocks always standing top end up as they were formed, because if the top end, which bulges from the expanding as the water freezes, were down, the blocks would wobble, and perhaps fall over.

But the story of the crystals in an artificial ice cake cannot always be made out by simple inspection when the telltale air bubbles are not imprisoned in considerable numbers. We have, however, at command in the sunbeams a magician of such delicacy and power that at his lightest touch the primal forces which have held the molecules in leash yield their sceptre, and along cleavage lines and planes of the most exquisite delicacy and beauty the ice melts, and a whole block

of ice may be seen riven into prisms as sharp and distinct and delicate as any rock-crystal.

More than this, along every cleavage plane one may see with a lens the footprints of the sunbeams in bands of frond-like structures changing every instant, and at last flowing together as each crystal prism becomes separated from its neighbor by a sheet of water almost as delicate as the film of a bubble.

It is a very interesting and beautiful experiment to put a piece of artificial ice in a large pan, and setting it in the sun, watch its silent disintegration step by step. Much of interest and beauty can be seen with the unaided eye, but a hand magnifying-glass will reveal new and unexpected pictures.

One does well, in watching this experiment, to remember that under his very eyes Nature is working one of her most fascinating miracles. Here are the molecules of the ice fast locked in that rest which is crystallization, and clinging together with all the tenacity of their primal attractions. But at your will this placid state is invaded by the dancing sunbeams. By that vibratile witchery akin to music, but so hard to understand, they enter and permeate every recess of this crystal stillness. But the dance of the sunbeams in this austere domain is not for long a solitary sport. The dormant instinct of motion in the ice molecules soon awakes at the touch of this new Circe, heat, all-powerful dancing daughter of the sun, and one by one they spring into motion, and join the silent music which underlies all movements of the sea, all flow of streams, all pictures in the clouds. Of all this elemental music, the ear hears no strain. But the eye soon catches its record in faint and exquisite shining lines which flash out here and there, weaving in and out through the crystal mass, fine as a spider's thread, and stretching in long, graceful, and often interlacing sweeps, everywhere through the ice from its surfaces to its utmost depths.

As these lines grow slowly larger and more abundant, one can see that they are not scattered at random in the ice, but range inward from the surface of the block, sloping towards one another as they go, until they are lost in a mazy network at the centre of the block or along certain curious lines of junction which run inward from its corners. They are first formed along the lines and planes where the crystal masses join.

It is not easy to picture these early lines of sun-disintegration of artificial ice, owing to their extreme delicacy and fineness. But Dr. Leaming has photographed a corner of a little slab shaved out from near the bottom of an artificial ice block which had been exposed to the sunbeams for about an hour on a winter day. See Fig. 4. The direction of freezing is well shown here by the cleavage lines which the sunbeams have called forth. One sees also how along the line from the corners to the wedge of bubbles the crystals have met, and so squeezed one another in their struggle for room that they have been a little bent away from their line of contact and run in curves.

Fig. 5 is a photograph of another piece of ice cut across about the middle, showing the whole thickness of the block, and sun-dissected a little longer than the last. This is tilted a bit to show the outside surface of the ice block, and here we see the ice crystals not from their sides, but

Fig. 4.—Corner of an Artificial Ice Block, sun-dissected for an Hour.

from their ends; and one can see that they are, in a general way, hexagonal, like quartz crystals.

In Fig. 6 a stronger lens was used in the camera, which was focussed directly on to the ends of the crystals on the surface of the disintegrating ice block. The black spots at the angles of the rough hexagonal prisms are the ends of the lines of melting, which flash out in the clear ice at the first touch of the sunbeams, and grow steadily larger. The lines which join these tiny pools are the ends of the cleavage planes, and are covered with melting frost fronds of marvellous beauty. The lighter portions between are the bases of the ice crystals, now standing as sharply apart as the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway.

The melting still goes on, the channels and sluiceways grow steadily larger, and the water trickles out of them, leaving them here and there filled with air, and shining like tubes of quicksilver.

If at this time one pours over the outside ends of these sun-carven wandering channels through the ice some bright-colored fluid, such as red ink, it will run easily into them, giving an effect of red tracery in crystal, which for delicacy and brilliancy is almost unequalled by any fancy of nature or effort of art. A slice from an ice block well advanced in the sun-disintegration is shown in Fig. 7.

Thus the sunbeams of to-day pull to pieces the dainty structure which, under man's guiding finger through coal and steam and pliant gas, the sunbeams of other ages have built up.

Fig. 5.—Artificial Ice Block, sun-dissected for an Hour and a Quarter.

Nothing could well seem more incongruous than the expression "ice flora." And yet modern science has shown us that beyond the realm of the visible is a race of tiny plants so minute that they may cling unheeded among the ice crystals, exclusive as these are to nearly all foreign particles, both large and small. So hardy, too, are some of these invisible plants that neither the squeezing nor the freezing which they suffer in their crystal prison-house can extinguish their life spark. But when the ice melts and they find their chosen food and warmth, they may go swarming on in their various

ways, as active for man's weal or woe as before they became ice-bound.

A good many of the bacteria which are found in all natural surface waters are expelled or killed when the water freezes, but as many as ten per cent., and often more, may remain alive. A large number of studies on this subject have shown that the bubbly and snow ice is apt to contain many more bacteria than the clear ice does. These bacteria in ice have, as a rule, no influence whatsoever upon the health of the ice-consumer, if the ice has been formed on bodies of water which are clear and pure. But ice which is formed on sewage-polluted or otherwise filthy water may contain disease - producing bacteria, and hence be very dangerous for domestic use.

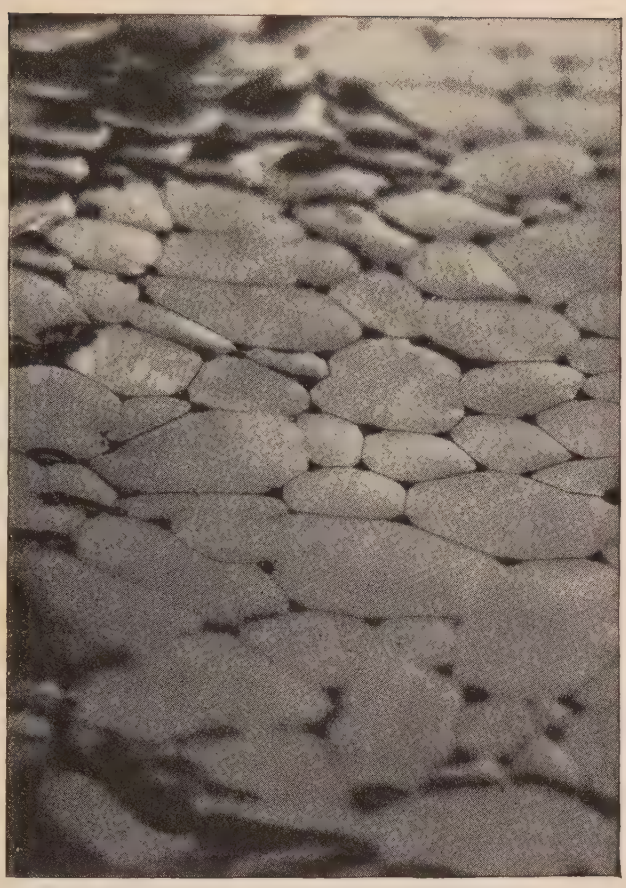


Fig. 6.—Surface of a Sun-dissected Artificial Ice Block, showing Cleavage Lines and Prisms.

It has thus come to be firmly established as a primary principle in sanitary science that sewage-polluted water should not be used for domestic purposes, either in its natural state or in its condition as ice. No water which is unfit to drink as water is fit to use for a similar purpose as ice. Its coldness may benumb the sense of taste, so that no warning of its nature comes to the consumer. Its intrinsic clearness and beauty may put him off his guard, but all ice cut from sewage-polluted waters is dangerous, and should by law be kept from the domestic market.

Ice manufactured from distilled water should, it would seem, be germ free. In fact, however, it is extremely difficult to prepare absolutely germ-free water on the large scale, and almost impossible to keep it so if once prepared, because every exposure to the air, or contact with utensils in common use, brings to it varying and often large numbers of germs which can live and grow in the water. But these small numbers of common bacteria are not of the slightest importance to the salubrity of the water.

Every one should understand that of all the myriads of bacteria about us in earth and air and water, the great majority are harmless. With very few exceptions, the bacteria which can do us harm are those, and those alone, which come from the bodies of men and animals afflicted with disease. So far as water is concerned—and the same applies to ice—it is only sewage pollution or stagnant filth which we have to fear and shun. Good, pure, uncontaminated water, and ice made from such water either by nature or by man, are entirely wholesome, and they are not made more wholesome by distillation or other purifying procedure—they are not more wholesome when germ free.

Fig. 7.—Slab from an Artificial Ice Block, on the Point of falling to Pieces from Sun-Disintegration.

So in the manufacture of ice, if the water which is used be contaminated and impure, the preliminary distillation is of primary importance for the salubrity of the ice; but if the water be pure, the distillation is only valuable for the technical purpose of removing the dissolved air.

In point of fact, most of the artificial ice which the writer has examined—and there have been many and abundant samples from various sources collected, and for a period of many months—do contain bacteria in varying numbers. The preliminary distillation, if carefully done, destroys any disease-producing germ forms which might be present in the water used. But a certain number of the more hardy harmless forms may be carried bodily over with the steam into the condensers.

In most of the ice-manufactories the distilled water is filtered through charcoal before it is run into the freezing-cans, for the purpose of removing certain organic compounds which have come in the process of distillation. But these charcoal beds afford breeding-places for such germs as may have escaped the ordeal of the heat. The writer has repeatedly found that while the distilled water before passing on to the filter beds was very nearly germ free, the number was increased a thousandfold on leaving them.

So far as the salubrity of the natural as compared with the artificial ice is concerned, we may rest assured that as regards bacteria, one is just as wholesome as the other, provided the water used is pure. If the water is impure from sewage or other unwholesome thing, then the natural ice is never fit for domestic use. If water is impure, the processes of artificial ice-making, if carefully performed, are capable of furnishing even from it a product which is harmless and wholesome, whether it be absolutely germ free or not; for absolute freedom from germs—if these are not disease-producing forms—is neither necessary nor especially desirable. *It is not bacteria, but disease-producing bacteria, which make of practical significance the invisible flora of either water or ice.*

The examinations of artificial ice made from the distilled Croton water have shown that when it does contain a few bacteria these are not of many different species, as is the case with the undistilled Croton, but they are almost all of one single species, and this a hardy, harmless form which multiplies readily and rapidly in pure water.

Innumerable analyses have shown that water does not purge itself wholly in the act of freezing, as was formerly believed, from disease germs which may have come into it with human waste. This has been specifically and repeatedly shown to be true for that most dreaded and fatal sewage germ, the bacillus of typhoid fever.

The process of oxidation and sedimentation, which aforetime was demonstrated by most exact chemical analyses to be capable of freeing water in lakes and running streams from organic compounds abundant in sewage, is still urged by belated scientists and frantic tradesmen here and there in justification of the use of ice cut on sewage-polluted waters. But these facts regarding the

organic products of decomposition have very little bearing, in the new light, upon the actual producers of disease—the germs themselves. For these are not subject to the same purifying agencies, are not demonstrable by chemical methods, and are not removed from sewage-polluted lakes and streams within the limits which chemical experiences have led us to regard as safe.

Sedimentation does remove many harmful germs from sewage-polluted waters. Dilution does diminish the chances to incur disease for every consumer. Many individuals are, at favored times, practically invulnerable to the incursions of these tiny foes. But, after all, it is safe to say that in thickly inhabited regions sewage-polluted water is not fit for men to drink without purification, no matter how fast and far the river runs, or how wide the lake into which the sewage drains. With the size of the lake and the volume of the river, the chances of harm decrease, of course, but they stay chances still where none need to be. As our country becomes more thickly settled and our cities larger, the problems involved in pure water and ice supplies are becoming more and more urgent and difficult.

The manufacture of ice and its marketing at prices which in many regions easily compete with those of the natural product have simplified this phase of the water question in the most marked way. Other things being equal, whether the householder decides to use the natural or the artificial ice will depend much upon the climate of his home and the market price of the ice. The natural ice is just as good as the artificial when it comes from pure sources. It is claimed by some that the natural ice melts more slowly than the artificial, and is in this way, other things being equal, cheaper. But similar claims are made for the artificial ice. The writer has tested the relative rapidity of melting of the natural and the artificial ice in New York under the greatest variety of conditions; in small pieces and in large, in the dark, in the light, in diffused light and in the sunshine, in hot places and in cool, and can find no absolute constant difference in the rapidity of melting. One seems to be just about as durable as the other.

New York city is one of the most striking examples of a great town which takes extraordinary pains, or at least spends enormous sums of money, in keeping its sanitary conditions good. It has an almost ideal water supply, which, if properly and efficiently protected, would long answer its growing needs. Its means for coping with outbreaks of serious epidemic disease are carefully planned. And yet this great, wealthy, and seemingly intelligent community goes on year after year polluting its own excellent water with the frozen filth of a great sewage-polluted river.

One may even sometimes see citizens of this metropolis, keenly alive to the advantages of cleanliness, and insisting upon the use of distilled water at their tables, yet calmly plump into their glasses of pure water the frozen sewage of the upper Hudson from the vicinage of Albany and Troy.

We know that typhoid fever is nearly always present in Troy and Albany during the ice-harvesting season. We know that the waste from these victims of disease is cast into the Hudson River. We know that the typhoid germ resists freezing and long-continued cold, and yet between seven and eight hundred thousand tons of ice are cut from the Hudson in average years within twelve miles of Albany, largely for the refreshment of New-Yorkers.

A good deal of the natural ice supplied to New York comes from other sources—many of them better, some unquestionably good. But, so far as I am aware, the householder cannot receive positive assurance that his supply will not be, at any rate during a part of the year, from the polluted Hudson.

In this condition of affairs it does not seem clear to the writer why any New York householder should long hesitate between the use of artificial ice made from the Croton water and the abundant chances for evil which lurk in the sewage ice of the Hudson River.

I have written thus at length of one great source of polluted ice supply, because it is typical of many in this country. And the indifference of the citizens of New York in this respect is not without analogy among the citizens of other towns, both small and large.

My readers will, I am sure, deplore with me the necessity for weaving the shadow of disease into so dainty a theme as ice and its manufacture.

JANE FIELD.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER V.

ELLIOT was only a little way from the coast, and sometimes seemed to be pervaded by the very spirit of the sea. The air would be full of salt vigor, the horizon sky take on the level, outreaching blue of a water distance, and the clouds stand one way like white sails.

The next morning Lois sat on the front door-step of the Maxwell house, between the pillars of the porch. She bent over, leaning her elbows on her knees, making a cup of her hands, in which she rested her little face. She could smell the sea, and also the pines in the yard. There were many old pine-trees, and their soft musical roar sounded high overhead. The spring air in Green River had been full of sweet moisture and earthiness from these steaming meadow-lands. Always in Green River, above the almond scent of the flowering trees and the live breath of the new grass, came that earthy, moist odor, like a reminder of the grave. Here in Elliot one smelled the spring above the earth.

The gate clicked, and a woman came up the curving path with a kind of clumsy dignity. She was tall and narrow-shouldered, but heavy-hipped; her black skirt flounced as she walked. She stopped in front of Lois, and looked at her hesitatingly. Lois arose.

"Good-mornin'," said the woman. Her voice was gentle; she cleared her throat a little after she spoke.

"Good-morning," returned Lois, faintly.

"Is Mis' Maxwell to home?"

Lois stared at her.

"Is Mis' Maxwell to home? I heard she'd come here to live," repeated the woman, in a deprecating way. She smoothed down the folds of her over-skirt.

Lois started; the color spread over her face and neck. "No, she isn't at home," she said, sharply.

"Do you know when she will be?"

"No, I don't."

The woman's face also was flushed. She turned about with a little flirt, when suddenly a door slammed somewhere in the house. The woman faced about, with a look of indignant surprise.

Lois said nothing. She opened the front door and went into the house, straight through to the kitchen, where her mother was preparing breakfast. "There's a woman out there," she said.

"Who is it?"

"I don't know. She wants to see—Mrs. Maxwell."

Lois looked full at her mother; her eyes were like an angel's before evil. Mrs. Field looked back at her. Then she turned toward the door.

Lois caught hold of her mother's dress. Mrs. Field twitched it away fiercely, and passed on into the sitting-room. The woman stood there waiting. She had followed Lois in.

"How do you do, Mis' Maxwell?" she said.

"I'm pretty well, thank you," replied Mrs. Field, looking at her with stiff inquiry.

The woman had a pale, pretty face, and stood with a sturdy set-back on her heels. "I guess you don't know me, Mis' Maxwell," said she, smiling deprecatingly.

Mrs. Field tried to smile, but her lips were too stiff. "I guess I—don't," she faltered.

The smile faded from the woman's face. She cast an anxious glance at her own face in the glass over the mantel-shelf: she had placed herself so she could see it. "I 'ain't got quite so much color as I used to have," she said, "but I 'ain't thought I'd changed much other ways. Some days I have more color. I know I 'ain't this mornin'. I 'ain't had very good health. Maybe that's the reason you don't know me."

Mrs. Field muttered a feeble assent.

"I'd known you anywhere, but you didn't have any color to lose to make a difference. You've always looked jest the way you do now since I've known you. I lived in this house a whole year with you once. I come here to live after Mr. Maxwell's wife died. My name is Jay."

Mrs. Field stood staring. The woman, who had been looking in the glass while she talked, gave her front hair a little

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shake, and turned towards her inquiringly.

"Won't you sit down in this rockin'-chair, Mis' Jay?" said Mrs. Field.

"No, thank you, I guess I won't set down; I'm in a little of a hurry. I jest wanted to see you a minute."

Mrs. Field waited.

"You know Mr. Maxwell's dyin' so sudden made a good deal of a change for me," Mrs. Jay continued. She took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes softly; then she glanced in the glass. "I'd had my home here a good many years, an' it seemed hard to lose it all in a minute so. There he came home that Sunday noon an' eat a hearty dinner, an' before sunset he had that shock, and never spoke afterward. I've thought maybe there were things he would have said if he could have spoke."

Mrs. Jay sighed heavily; her eyes reddened; she straightened her bonnet absently; her silvered fair hair was frizzed under it.

Mrs. Field stood opposite, her eyes downcast, her face rigid.

"I wanted to speak to you, Mis' Maxwell," the other woman went on. "I ain't obliged to go out anywheres to live; I've got property; but it's kind of lonesome at my sister's, where I'm livin'. It's a little out of the village, an' there ain't much passin'. I like to be where I can see passin', an' get out to meetin' easy if it's bad weather. I've been thinkin'—I didn't know but maybe you'd like to have me—I heard you had some trouble with your hands, an' your niece wa'n't well—that I might be willin' to come an' stay three or four weeks. I shouldn't want to promise to stay very long."

"I 'ain't never been in the habit of keepin' help," returned Mrs. Field. "I've always done my own work."

The other woman's face flushed deeply; she moved towards the door. "I don't know as anything was said about keepin' help," said she. "I 'ain't never considered myself help. There ain't any need of my goin' out to live. I've got enough to live on, an' I've got good clothes. I've got a black silk stiff enough to stand alone; cost three dollars a yard. I paid seven dollars to have it made up, and the lace on it cost a dollar a yard. I ain't obliged to be at anybody's beck an' call."

"I hope I 'ain't said anything to hurt your feelin's," said Mrs. Field, following her into the entry. "I've always done my own work, an'—"

"We won't speak of it again," said Mrs. Jay. "I'll bid you good-mornin', Mis' Maxwell." Her voice shook, she held up her black skirt, and never looked around as she went down the steps.

Mrs. Field returned to the kitchen. Lois sat beside the window, her head leaning against the sash, looking out. Her mother took some biscuits out of the stove oven and set them on the table with the coffee. "Breakfast is ready," said she.

She sat down at the table. Lois never stirred.

"You needn't worry," said Mrs. Field, in a sarcastic voice; "everything on this table is bought with your own money. I went out last night and got some flour. There's a whole barrelful in the buttery, but I didn't touch it."

Lois drew her chair up to the table, and ate a biscuit and drank a cup of coffee without saying a word. Her eyes were set straight ahead; all her pale features seemed to point out sharply; her whole face had the look of a wedge that could pierce fate. After breakfast she went out of the room, and returned shortly with her hat on.

"Mother," said she.

"What is it?"

"You'd better know what I'm going to do."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' down to that lawyer's office, and—tell him." Lois turned toward the door.

"I s'pose you know all you're goin' to do," said her mother, in a hard voice.

"I'm going to tell the truth," returned Lois, fiercely.

"You're goin' to put your mother in State's prison."

Lois stopped. "Mother, you can't make me believe that."

"It's true, whether you believe it or not. I don't know anything about law, but I'm sure enough of that."

Lois stood looking at her mother. "Then I'll put you there," said she, in a cruel voice. "That's where you ought to go, mother."

She went out of the room, and shut the door hard behind her; then she kept on through the house to the front porch, and sat down. She sat there all the morning huddled up against a pillar. Her mother worked about the house; Lois could hear

her now and then, and every time she shuddered. She had a feeling that the woman in the house was not her mother. Had she been familiar with the vampire superstition, she might have thought of that, and had a fancy that some fiend animated the sober rigid body of the old New England woman with evil and abnormal life.

At noon Lois went in and ate some dinner mechanically; then she returned. Presently, as she sat there, a bell began tolling, and a funeral procession passed along the road below. Lois watched it listlessly—the black-draped hearse, the slow-marching bearers, the close-covered wagons, and the nodding horses. She could see it plainly through the thin spring branches. It was quite a long procession; she watched it until it passed. The cemetery was only a little way below the house, on the same side of the street. By twisting her head a little, she could have seen the black throng at the gate.

After a while the hearse and the carriages went past on their homeward road at a lively pace, the gate clicked, and Mrs. Jane Maxwell and a young man came up the walk.

Lois stood up shrinkingly as they approached, the door behind her opened, and she heard her mother's voice.

"Good-afternoon," said Mrs. Field, with rigid ceremony, her mouth widened in a smile.

"Good-afternoon, Esther," returned Mrs. Maxwell. "I've been to the funeral, an' I thought I'd jest run in a minute on my way home. I wanted to ask you an' your niece to come over an' take tea to-morrow. Flora, she'd come, but she didn't get out to the funeral. This is my nephew, Francis Arms, my sister's son. I s'pose you remember him when he was a little boy."

Mrs. Field bowed primly to the young man. The old lady was eying Lois. "I s'pose this is your niece, Esther? I heard she'd come," she said, with sharp graciousness.

"This is Miss Lois Field; I'll make you acquainted, Mis' Maxwell," replied Mrs. Field.

Mrs. Maxwell reached out her hand, and Lois took it trembling; her little girlish figure drooped before them all.

"She don't look much like you, Esther. I s'pose she takes after her mother?" said Mrs. Maxwell.

"I think she rather favors her father's folks," said Mrs. Field.

"I heard she wa'n't very well, but seems to me she looks pretty smart."

"She 'ain't been well at all," returned Mrs. Field, in a quick, resentful manner.

"Well, I guess she'll pick up here; Elliot's a real healthy place. She must come over and see us real often. This is my nephew, Francis Arms, Lois. I shall have to get him to beau you around and show you the sights."

Lois glanced timidly up at the young man, and returned his bow slightly.

"Won't you walk in?" said Mrs. Field.

Lois went into the house with the party; the old lady still held her hand in her black-mitted one.

"I want you and my nephew to get acquainted," she whispered; "he's a real nice young man. I'm goin' to have you an' your aunt come over an' take tea to-morrow."

They all seated themselves in the south front room. Lois sat beside Mrs. Maxwell on the high black sofa; her feet swung clear from the floor. The young man, who was opposite, beside the chimney, glanced now and then kindly across at her.

"Francis didn't have to go to the bank this afternoon," said Mrs. Maxwell. "I don't know as I told you, Esther, but he's cashier in the bank; he's got a real good place. Francis 'ain't never had anything but a common-school education, but he's always been real smart an' steady. Lawyer Totten's son, that's been through college, wanted the place, but they gave it to Francis. Mr. Perry, whose mother was buried this afternoon, is president of the bank, an' that's why it's shut up. Francis felt as if he'd ought to go to the funeral, an' I told him he'd better come in here with me. I suppose you remember Francis when he was a little boy, Esther?"

"No, I guess I don't."

"Why, I should think you'd be likely to. He lived with me when you was here. He came right after his father died, an' that was before you come here. He was quite a big boy. I should think you'd remember him. You sure you don't, Esther?"

"Yes, I guess I don't."

"Seems to me it's dreadful queer; I guess your memory ain't as good as mine.

I s'pose you're beginnin' to feel kind of wonted here, Esther? It's a pretty big house, but then it ain't as if you hadn't been here before. I s'pose it seems kind of familiar to you, if you 'ain't seen it for so long; I s'pose it all comes back to you, don't it?"

There was a pause. "No, I'm afraid it don't," said Mrs. Field, her pale severe face fronting the other woman. Although fairly started forth in the slough of deceit, she still held up her Puritan skirts arduously.

"It's kind of queer it don't, ain't it?" returned Mrs. Maxwell. "The house 'ain't been altered any, an' the furniture's jest the same. Thomas, he wouldn't have a thing altered; the carpet in his bedroom is wore threadbare, but he wouldn't get a new one nohow. Mis' Jay, she wanted him to get a new cookin'-stove, but he wouldn't hear to it; much as ever he'd let her have a new broom. And it wa'n't because he was stingy; it was jest because he was kind of set, an' had got into the way of thinkin' nothin' had ought to be changed. It wa'n't never my way; I never believed in hangin' on to old shackly things because you've always had 'em. There ain't no use tryin' to set down tables an' chairs as solid as the everlastin' hills. There was Mis' Perry, she that was buried this afternoon, Mr. Perry's mother, when she come here to live after her husband died, she sold off every stick of her old furniture, an' got the handsomest marble-top set that money could buy for her room. She got some pictures in gilt frames too, and a tapestry carpet, and vases and images for her mantel-shelf. She said folks could talk about associations all they wanted to, she hadn't no associations with a lot of old worm-eaten furniture; she'd rather have some that was clean an' new. H'm, anybody to hear folks talk sometimes would think they were blood-relations to old secretaries and bureaus."

Mrs. Maxwell screwed her face contemptuously, as if the talking folk were before her, and there was a pause. The young man looked across at Lois, then turned to her mother, as if about to speak, but his aunt interposed.

"Esther," said she, "I jest wanted to ask you if there wa'n't two of them old swell-front bureaus in the north chamber upstairs."

"I guess there is," replied Mrs. Field. She sat leaning forward toward her callers, with her face fairly strained into hospitable attention.

"Well, I wanted to know. I 'ain't come beggin', an' I'd 'nough sight rather have a good clean new one, but I'm kind of short of bureau drawers, an' I'd kind of like to have it because 'twas Thomas's. I wonder if you wouldn't jest as soon I'd have one of them bureaus?"

Mrs. Field's face gleamed suddenly. "You can have it jest as well as not," said she.

"Well, there's another thing. I kind of hate to speak about it. Flora said I shouldn't; but I said I would, whether or no. I know you'd rather I would. There's a set of blue china dishes that Nancy, that's Thomas's wife, you know, always said Flora should have when she got done with them. Thomas, he never said anything about it after Nancy died. I didn't know but he might make mention of it in the will. But we all know how that was. I ain't findin' no fault, an' I ain't begrudgin' anything."

"You can have the dishes jest as well as not," returned Mrs. Field, eagerly.

"Well, I didn't know as you'd value them much. I s'posed you'd rather get some new ones. You can get real handsome ones now for ten dollars. Silsbee's got an elegant one in his window. Of course folks that can afford them would rather have them. But I s'pose Flora would think considerable of that old set because it belonged to her aunt Nancy. There's one or two other things I was thinkin' of, but it don't matter about those to-day. It's a beautiful day, ain't it?"

"What be they?" asked Mrs. Field. "If there's anything you want, you're welcome to it."

Mrs. Maxwell glanced at her nephew. He was looking out of the window, with his forehead knitted and his lips compressed. Lois had just thought how cross he looked.

"You 'ain't been out to see anything of the town, have you, Lois?" asked Mrs. Maxwell, sweetly.

Lois started. "No, ma'am," she said, faintly.

"You 'ain't been into the graveyard, I s'pose?"

"No, ma'am."

"You'd ought to go in there an' see the Mason monument. Francis, don't

you want to go over there with her an' show her the Mason monument?"

Francis arose promptly.

"I guess I'd rather not," Lois said, hurriedly.

"Oh, you run right along!" cried Mrs. Maxwell. "You'll want to see the flowers on Mis' Perry's grave, too. I never saw such handsome flowers as they had, an' they carried them all to the grave. Get your hat, and run right along, it 'll do you good."

"You'd better," said the young man, smiling pleasantly down at Lois.

She got up and left the room, and presently returned with her hat on.

"Don't sit down on the damp ground," Mrs. Field said as the two went out. And her voice sounded more like herself than it had done since she left Green River.

Lois walked gravely down the street beside Francis Arms. She had never had any masculine attention. This was the first time she had ever walked alone with a young man. She was full of that shy consciousness which comes to a young girl who has had more dreams than lovers, but her steady sober face quite concealed it.

Francis kept glancing down at her, trying to think of something to say. She never looked at him, and kept her shabby little shoes pointed straight ahead on the extreme inside of the walk, as intently as if she were walking on a line. Nobody would have dreamed how her heart, in spite of the terrible exigency in which she was placed, was panting insensibly with the sweet rhythm of youth. In the midst of all this trouble and bewilderment, she had not been able to help a strange feeling when she first looked into this young man's face. It was as if she were suddenly thrust off her old familiar places, like a young bird from its nest into space, and had to use a strange new motion of her soul to keep herself from falling.

But Francis guessed nothing of this. "It's a pleasant day," he remarked as they walked along.

"Yes, sir," she replied.

The graveyard gates had been left open after the funeral. They entered, and passed up the driveway along the wheel ruts of the funeral procession. Pink garlands of flowering-almond arched over the old graves, and bushes of bridal-wreath sent out white spikes. Weeping-willows swept over them in lines of gold-green light, and evergreen trees stood among them as they had stood all winter. In many of these were sunken vases and bottles of spring flowers, lilacs, and violets.

Lois and Francis Arms went on to the Mason monument.

"This is the one Aunt Jane was speaking about," he said, in a deferential tone.

Lois looked up at the four white marble women grouped around the central shaft, their Greek faces outlined against the New England sky.

"It was made by a famous sculptor," said Francis; "and it cost a great deal of money."

Lois nodded.

"They box it up in the winter, so it won't be injured by the weather," said Francis.

Lois nodded again. Presently they turned away, and went on to a new grave, covered with wreaths and floral devices. The fragrance of tuberoses and carnations came in their faces.

"This is the grave Aunt Jane wanted you to see," said Francis.

"Yes, sir," returned Lois.

They stood staring silently at the long mound covered with flowers. Francis turned.

"Suppose we go over this way," said he.

Lois followed him as he strode along the little grassy paths between the burial lots. On the farther side of the cemetery the ground sloped abruptly to a field of new grass. Francis stooped and felt of the short grass on the bank.

"It's dry," said he. "I don't think your aunt would mind. Suppose we sit down here and rest a few minutes?"

Lois looked at him hesitatingly.

"Oh, sit down just a few minutes," he said, with a pleasant laugh.

They both seated themselves on the bank, and looked down into the field.

"It's pleasant here, isn't it?" said Francis.

"Real pleasant."

The young man looked kindly, although a little constrainedly, down into his companion's face.

"I hear you haven't been very well," said he. "I hope you feel better since you came to Elliot?"

"Yes, thank you; I guess I do," replied Lois.

Francis still looked at her. Her little face bent, faintly rosy, under her hat. There was a grave pitifulness, like an old woman's, about her mouth, but her shoulders looked very young and slender.

"Suppose you take off your hat," said he, "and let the air come on your forehead. I've got mine off; it's more comfortable. You won't catch cold. It's warm as summer."

Lois took off her hat.

"That's better," said Francis, approvingly. "You're going to live right along here in Elliot with your aunt, aren't you?"

Lois looked up at him suddenly. She was very pale, and her eyes were full of terror.

"Why, what is the matter? What have I said?" he cried out, in bewilderment.

Lois bent over and hid her face; her back heaved with sobs.

Francis stared at her. "Why, what is the matter?" he cried again. "Have I done anything?" He hesitated. Then he put his hand on her little moist curly head. Lois's hair was not thick, but it curled softly. "Why, you poor little girl!" said he; "don't cry so;" and his voice was full of embarrassed tenderness.

Lois sobbed harder.

"Now see here," said Francis. "I haven't known you more than an hour, and I don't know what the matter is, and I don't know but you'll think I'm officious, but I'll do anything in the world to help you, if you'll only tell me."

Lois shook off his hand and sat up. "It isn't anything," said she, catching her breath, and setting her tear-stained face defiantly ahead.

"Don't you feel well?"

Lois nodded vaguely, keeping her quivering mouth firmly set. They were both silent for a moment, then Lois spoke without looking at him.

"Do you know if there's any school here that I could get?" said she.

"A school?"

"Yes. I want to get a chance to teach. I've been teaching, but I've lost my school."

"And you want to get one here?"

"Yes. Do you know of any?"

"Why, see here," said Francis. "It's none of my business, but I thought you hadn't been very well. Why don't you take a little vacation?"

"I can't," returned Lois, in a desperate tone. "I've got to do something."

"Why, won't your aunt—" He stopped short. The conviction that the stern old woman who had inherited the Maxwell property was too hard and close to support her little delicate orphan niece seized upon him. Lois's next words strengthened it.

"I lost my school," she went on, still keeping her face turned towards the meadow and speaking fast. "Ida Starr got it away from me. Her father is school-committee-man, and he said he didn't think I was able to teach, just because he brought me home in his buggy one day when I was a little faint. I had a note from him that morning mother—that morning she came down here. I was just going to school, and I was a good deal better, when Mr. Starr's boy brought it. He said he thought it was better for me to take a little vacation. I knew what that meant. I knew Ida had wanted the school right along. I told Amanda I was coming down here. She tried to stop me, but I had money enough. Mr. Starr sent me what was owing to me, and I came. I thought I might just as well. I thought mother— Amanda was dreadfully scared, but I told her I was going to come. I can't go back to Green River; I haven't got money enough." Lois's voice broke; she hid her face again.

"Oh, don't feel so," cried Francis. "You don't want to go back to Green River."

"Yes, I do. I want to get back. It's awful here, awful. I never knew anything so awful."

Francis stared at her pityingly. "Why, you poor little girl, are you as homesick as that?" he said.

Lois only sobbed in answer.

"Look here!" said Francis—he leaned over her, and his voice sank to a whisper—"it's none of my business, but I think you'd better tell me; it won't go any further—isn't your aunt good to you? Doesn't she treat you well?"

Lois shook her head vaguely. "I can't go back anyway," she moaned. "Ida's got my school. I haven't got anything to do there. Don't you think I can get a school here?"

"I am afraid you can't," said Francis. "You see, the schools have all begun

now. But you mustn't feel so bad. Don't." He touched her shoulder gently. "Poor little girl!" said he. "Perhaps I ought not to speak so to you, but you make me so sorry for you I can't help it. Now you must cheer up; you'll get along all right. You won't be homesick a bit after a little while; you'll like it here. There are some nice girls about your age. My cousin Flora will come and see you. She's older than you, but she's a real nice girl. She's feeling rather upset over something now too. Now come, let's get up and go and see some more of the monuments. You don't want a school. Your aunt can look out for you. I should laugh if she couldn't. She's a rich woman, and you're all she's got in the world. Now come, let's cheer up, and go look at some more gravestones."

"I guess I'd rather go home," said Lois, faintly.

"Too tired? Well, let's sit here a little while longer, then. You mustn't go home with your eyes red, your aunt will think I've been scolding you."

Francis looked down at her with smiling gentleness. He was a handsome young man with a pale straight profile, his face was very steady and grave when he was not animated, and his smile occasioned a certain pleasant surprise. He was tall, and there was a boyish clumsiness about his shoulders in his gray coat. He reached out with a sudden impulse, and took Lois's little thin hand in his own with a warm clasp.

"Now cheer up," said he. "See how pleasant it looks down in the field!"

They sat looking out over the field; the horizon sky stretched out infinitely in straight blue lines; one could imagine he saw it melt into the sea which lay beyond; the field itself, with its smooth level of young grass, was like a waveless green sea. A white road lay on the left, and a man was walking on it with a weary, halting gait; he carried a tin dinner pail, which dipped and caught the western sunlight at every step. A cow lowed, and a pair of white horns tossed over some bars at the right of the field; a boy crossed it with long loping strides and preliminary swishes of a birch stick. Then a whistle blew with a hoarse musical note, and a bell struck six times.

Lois freed her hand and got up. "I guess I must go," said she. Her cheeks were blushing softly as she put on her hat.

"Well, I should like to sit here an hour longer, but maybe your aunt will think it's growing damp for you to be out-of-doors," said Francis, standing up.

As they went between the graves, he caught her hand again, and led her softly along. When they reached the gate, he dropped it with a kindly pressure.

"Now remember, you are going to cheer up," he said, "and you're going to have real nice times here in Elliot."

When they reached the Maxwell house, his aunt was coming down the walk.

"Oh, there you are!" she called out. "I was jest goin' home. Well, what did you think of the Mason monument, Lois?"

"It's real handsome."

"Ain't it handsome? An' wasn't the flowers on Mis' Perry's grave elegant? Good-night. I'm goin' to have you an' your aunt come over an' take tea to-morrow, an' then you can get acquainted with Flora."

"Good-night," said Francis, smiling, and the aunt and nephew went on down the road. She carried something bulky under her shawl, and she walked with a curious sidewise motion, keeping the side next her nephew well forward.

"Don't you want me to carry your bundle, Aunt Jane?" Lois heard him say as they walked off.

"No," the old woman replied, hastily and peremptorily. "It ain't anything."

When Lois went into the house, her mother gave her a curious look of stern defiance and anxiety. She saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying, but she said nothing, and went about getting tea.

After tea the minister and his wife called. Green River was a conservative little New England village; it had always been the custom there when the minister called to invite him to offer a prayer. Mrs. Field felt it incumbent upon her now; if she had any reluctance, she did not yield to it. Just before the callers left she said, with the conventional solemn drop of the voice, "Mr. Wheeler, won't you offer a prayer before you go?"

The minister was an elderly man with a dull benignity of manner; he had not said much; his wife, who was portly and full of gracious volubility, had done most of the talking. Now she immediately

"'NOW CHEER UP,' SAID HE."

sank down upon her knees with a wide flare of her skirts, and her husband then twisted himself out of his chair, clearing his throat impressively. Mrs. Field stood up, and got down on her stiff knees with an effort. Lois slid down from the sofa and went out of the room. She stole through her mother's into her own bedroom, and locked herself in as usual, then she lay down on her bed. She could hear the low rumble of the minister's voice for some time; then it ceased. She heard the chairs pushed back; then the minister's wife's voice in the gracious crescendo of parting; then the closing of the front door. Shortly afterwards she heard a door open, and another voice, which she recognized as Mrs. Maxwell's. The voice talked on and on; once in a while she heard her mother's in brief reply. It grew dark; presently she heard heavy shuffling steps on the stairs, something knocked violently against the wall, the side door, which was near her room, was opened. Lois got up and peered out of the window, her mother and Mrs. Maxwell went slowly and painfully down the driveway, carrying a bureau between them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SALZBURGER EXILES IN GEORGIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THE colonial currents to the American continent were of great variety. The Spanish and Portuguese were ostentatious in the extreme. The English settlers, dividing between the Plymouth and the James River colonies, cared but little what the great world said about them or saw of them. They were intent on a permanent home, among new and more roomy conditions. The French colonists aspired for possession of the territory. But the missionaries who accompanied them were occupied solely in introducing the gospel among the native races. The Dutch, all aglow with their new independence at home and with their maritime successes on the Eastern seas, labored to open new lines of commerce by a firm occupation along the Atlantic coast of the Western hemisphere.

But apart from all these prominent colonial settlements in the newly discovered America, there were smaller deposits which attracted no general European notice. The general edict of Pedro Moya, of Contreras, dated Mexico, November 3, 1571, issued on the establishment of the Holy Inquisition in Mexico, condemns the Jews, the followers of Mohammed, and the sect of Martin Luther. We have, therefore, the remarkable fact that in the very body of the original Spanish conquerors there were those three classes of heretics. President Stiles, of Yale, in his sermon before the General Assembly of Connecticut in 1783, declares that there is a "Greek Church brought from Smyrna." But his statement is not definite as to its habitat. He says, "I think it falls below these States"—that is, south of the Middle States and Georgia. There was an important colony of Jews in the new province of Georgia. They came over directly from London. Governor Oglethorpe was importuned to protest against their welcome. But that wise and liberal founder of the province inquired into their character and purposes, and being satisfied, gave them a cordial welcome. These Jews justified his confidence, and became an important and valuable factor in the new population.

Among these minor colonial groups, whose purpose was simply a safe home for conscience and person, must be reckoned the Salzburger exiles. Their whole history had been a thrilling romance. Their real ancestors had been the Waldenses of the Piedmontese Alps. That little body of independent believers, whose history had been marked by ten persecutions, and whom the Dukes of Savoy had failed to repress, suffered an occasional thinning of its ranks. But whenever a scion was lopped off, it was only a transference of faith and stubborn existence. So, when one of these small bodies emigrated eastward, and settled in the quiet little Tyrolese nook of Tieffereck, a valley of the Salzburg principality, they thought that at last they were safe from the lash of persecution. But they no sooner became thrifty, and developed in numbers, and their Protestant principles became public, than they were summoned before the reigning bishop, and were ordered to renounce their Lutheran sentiments.

This they refused to do. A universal

CHURCH IN NEW EBENEZER.

persecution was ordered. But for the kindly intervention of the Elector of Brandenburg, the ancestor of the present ruling family of Prussia, and of other Protestant rulers, it is probable that the Salzburger Protestants would have been put to death. They were offered the opportunity of exile, and gladly embraced it. They set out on foot in search of friends and liberty. It was a pilgrimage of sublime faith. They were received with open arms in many towns. The farther north they went, the more pronounced was their welcome. Some reached Berlin, where, like the Huguenots from France, they were accorded a hearty reception.

That portion of the fugitive pilgrims which became the first Salzburger colony to Georgia followed the course of the Rhine down to Holland. Their journey was tedious, and the future uncertain. They enlivened their journey by the singing of hymns, born of their sorrows. One of the most familiar was the one commencing thus:

"I am a wretched exile here—
Thus must my name be given—
From native land and all that's dear,
For God's Word I am driven.

"Full well I know, Lord Jesus Christ,
Thy treatment was no better;
Thy follower I now will be;
To do Thy will I'm debtor.

"Henceforth a pilgrim I must be,
In foreign climes must wander;
O Lord, my prayer ascends to Thee,
That Thou my path wilt ponder."

Already in December, 1732, the invitation had been extended from the Trustees of the new colony of Georgia to fifty families of the Salzburger Protestants, to come to England and join the English colony to Georgia. On the 27th of November of the following year this first band reached Rotterdam. Here their future pastors, Rev. John M. Bolzius and Rev. Israel C. Gronau, met them. Both had been teachers in Francke's Orphan House at Halle, but resigned their positions for the purpose of casting in their lot with the emigrants to the wilds of America. The Trustees of the province of Georgia had ships in waiting. In these the exiles embarked and sailed to Dover, England. On reaching that port the Trustees met them, and were greatly pleased with them. An oath was administered to each Salzburger of "strict piety, loyalty, and fidelity." Solemn parting

services were held, after which the *Purisburg*, bearing the exiles, set sail for Georgia.*

The interest of the Trustees of the new colony in the persecuted Salzburgers was no new passion. It is probable that from the first moment when their sorrows became known to the British public, the humane Oglethorpe determined upon assisting them. Who knows but that when he was a brave soldier under Marlborough, and won his laurels in Germany, he came across some of the persecuted Protestants on the Bavarian plains, and hoped that when the peaceful days should come, he might succor them or their brothers? This at least is certain, that the Trustees of the colony of Georgia, who were simply Oglethorpe and a few helpers, regarded the Salzburgers as of special importance. Indeed, one of the real designs of the new colony, as named in the charter, was to furnish "a refuge for the distressed Salzburgers and other Protestants." The Salzburgers consisted at first of only fifty families.

Oglethorpe was already in Georgia when the *Purisburg*, with its precious freight of Salzburgers, arrived, on March 12, 1734. He gave them a cordial welcome, and assigned them a tract up the Savannah River, at a distance of twenty-four miles from his town of Savannah.

The land where the Salzburgers settled was not directly on the river, but on a creek connecting with it. They called their settlement Ebenezer. Here they constructed dwellings, a house of worship, a mill, and indeed all the buildings necessary for their new life in the wilderness. They were in the midst of an immense pine forest. Their joy knew no bounds. They were at last safe from persecution.

The Salzburgers at first breathed freely in their Ebenezer among the pines; but their life was one of long and patient trial. There were marshy places and stagnant pools, which produced malaria. The people were too remote from metropolitan Savannah, which only a few years before, in February, 1733, had been laid out by Oglethorpe, and consisted at first of only "a few tents under four pine-trees." The "river" on whose banks they had built their mill, and where they had gathered in the evenings to talk of the best means of getting far-off partners in language and faith to join them, was merely a lazy creek, which in a direct line to the Savannah River was only six miles, but was so tortuous that the distance to row a boat was twenty-four miles.

The settlers resolved to apply to Oglethorpe to give them another grant of land. Their request was complied with, and they were permitted to remove a few miles to the bank of the Savannah River. Here, at last, they were truly happy. They still adhered to the name of their first settlement, and called their second home New Ebenezer, the former settlement ever afterward retaining the name of Old Ebenezer. It is only in the locality itself that these distinctions of Old and New are known. Their stay at the first place being short, and the settlement on the bank of the Savannah permanent, the Ebenezer of history, the Mecca of the Salzburgers in America, has borne the general name of Ebenezer.

When the Salzburgers were at last established on the bank of the river, nothing was needed to complete their happiness but the companionship of their brethren whom they had left in sorrows at home. They applied to General Oglethorpe for direct aid in securing the passage to America of those with whom they had been in correspondence, and who wished to join their far-off companions in faith.

The life of the community at Ebenezer was one of Acadian simplicity. The herdsmen took their cattle out into the woods for grazing, and returned with them in the evening. There was no court of justice. Whenever differences occurred, the senior minister, the Rev. Mr. Bolzius, called three or four of the eldest together and settled the dispute. All parties submitted willingly to the decision. There was public worship every Wednesday evening, and twice on Sundays. The people very early built a church and an orphan-house. It was this orphan-house which so pleased Whitfield, when he visited the place, that he made it the model for his celebrated orphanage at Bethesda, for which he made collections along the Atlantic coast, and toward which the quiet Benjamin Franklin one day emptied his pockets of their contents of copper, silver, and gold. One of the most important departments of the Salzburger life was their industries. They paid special attention to the raising of

* Strobel, *The Salzburgers and their Descendants*, pp. 54ff.

cattle, and seem to have kept up a stock farm at Old Ebenezer long after their removal to the new settlement. They also had a bell-foundry, and in those days the fame of the sweet-toned Salzburger bell went far and wide, and, for aught we know, some of them are still heard in the pine groves of Georgia.

But the most distinctive industry of the Salzburgers was the culture of the silk-worm and the weaving of silk. Even as far north as Virginia much care was bestowed on silk. General Oglethorpe shared in this general enthusiasm, and encouraged the industry among the colonists. As far back as 1733 the Trustees of the province induced Nicolas Amatis, of Piedmont, to remove to Georgia. Besides his family, Amatis took with him his servant, Jaques Camuse, for the special purpose of rearing silk-worms and manufacturing silk. In 1736 the Salzburger pastor, the Rev. Mr. Bolzius, led in introducing the industry among his people. In 1742 five hundred mulberry-trees were sent to Ebenezer, and a machine was erected for preparing the silk. By the year 1750 nearly all the English had abandoned the silk industry. But the Salzburgers persevered, and in 1751 they sent over to England one thousand pounds of cocoons and seventy-four pounds of raw silk, which brought them a return of one hundred and ten pounds sterling. The Trustees of the province encouraged the industry by giving to each female who should learn the art of spinning a reeling-machine and two pounds sterling in money.

All about the old church at the present Ebenezer there are still mulberry-trees, no doubt the neglected descendants of the original planting a century and a half ago. Indeed, the present Salzburgers have not quite given up the working in silk. I stopped at the home of a venerable couple where I saw the plain and well-worn spinning-reels used for this purpose. There is, however, no longer any weaving of silk in all the region. The only article manufactured is fishing-lines. These are of the finest and strongest quality, and are in great demand in Savannah.

LUTHERAN SALZBURGER CHURCH IN SAVANNAH.

Some of the silk goods manufactured by Oglethorpe's colonists commanded a

high price in the markets of the Old World. The Queen of England on one occasion surprised her guests by wearing a dress made entirely of the silk woven by the Georgia weavers.

The colonists developed steadily. Their pastors were active in promoting both spiritual and temporal interests, and were the real leaders in all things. They had places of worship and separate societies in Savannah, Ebenezer, Zion, Bethany, and Goshen. They paid strict attention to establishing schools. Their life was in almost every respect a separate one from that of the English colonists, but on all public questions there was perfect harmony. When the disturbances occurred which led to the Revolution, it was not long a question on which side the Salzburgers would cast their lot. They espoused the cause of independence with great fervor. The few who adhered to the royal standard lost the sympathy of the great body of the community. In the Provincial Congress held at Savannah, July 4, 1774, to take measures for supporting the people of Boston in their opposition to the Stamp Act and other causes of offence, there were many Salzburger delegates. Among them were John Sterk, John A. Truetlen, Jacob Waldhaur, John Floerel, and Christopher Craemer.

A SALZBURGER HOUSE BUILT OF CYPRESS BLOCKS.

This early devotion to the cause of independence brought its severe penalty. Ebenezer lay on the highroad from Augusta to Savannah, and was frequently a stopping-place for marauders and regular troops. The British, apparently fully aware of the adverse sentiments of the people, spared nothing. The Salzburger church was at first used as a hospital, but was for a time converted into a stable. During the whole war the Salzburgers were in a condition of great distress. The settlement was threatened with total extinction. But with the achievement of national independence the people again gave proof of their original vitality, and organized their industries and their stately little institutions with all the old fervor and persistence. With the beginning of the present century we find them still adhering to their severe morality and their industrious habits. In 1824 they ceased to hold worship in the German language, and adopted the English. About the same time the financial support which had come from Germany and England was entirely cut off, and the Salzburgers were left to support their schools and worship entirely by their own contributions. Their pastors were as remarkable for their longevity as for their devotion to the spiritual and material interests of the people. Bolzius served thirty-two years, Rabenhorst twenty years, and the elder Bergmann thirty-six years.

One of the most curious parts of the life of the Salzburger colony during its entire history was the literary means employed to make known its fortunes to friends and lookers-on in Europe. The Rev. Samuel Urlsperger, pastor of St. Ann's Lutheran Church in Augsburg, continued his interest in them long after he had bidden farewell to them while on their foot journey from Salzburg to the sea. He arranged that correspondence be kept up with him after the arrival of the exiles in America. The principal correspondent was Pastor Bolzius. He kept a minute journal of the daily life of the community, and this, with all public matters relating to the English and the Indians, he reported regularly to his friend

in Augsburg. Urlsperger edited this vast mass of information with great care, and issued it from the Orphan-house Press of Halle, Germany. With the exception of Stevens's *Journal*, the *Ausführliche Nachrichten* is the most valuable storehouse of facts during this period of the history of the colony of Georgia. It was published in parts as they arrived from Georgia. The first part is ornamented with a map of Georgia and a portrait of Tomo Chachi Mico, the friendly Indian chief who gave Oglethorpe a cordial welcome, and afterward made a journey to England. The *Nachrichten* is now a very rare book. While the copy in my possession comprises over four thousand pages, small folio, it is far from complete.

The celebrated *Hallische Nachrichten*, while not dealing with the Salzburgers, is of equal importance with the Urlsperger *Nachrichten*, because of its minute treatment of the settlement and historical development of the Evangelical Lutherans of Pennsylvania. The correspondent was Muhlenburg, and his communications were received at Halle, and were published by the press of the celebrated Orphan-house of Francke. The *Hallische Nachrichten* is about as rare as the Urlsperger *Nachrichten*, but this want is now supplied by a new edition, which is now appearing in this country.

These two detailed reports of Germans in this country to their friends in the Old World occupy a unique place in the literature of the colonies. The disposition of the Puritans to sustain close relations with their brethren in England was manifested by separate treatises on church government, monographs on the Indians, and brief historical and biographical accounts. The Swedes, settling on the Delaware, reported descriptive accounts, such as the excellent works of Acrelius and Campanius. The Salzburgers, however, while one of the smallest of all the fugitive societies from Europe, stand before the world as the authors of the most circumstantial report ever sent from a Protestant religious body in colonial America to their helpful and loving co-religionists in Europe. It must not be forgotten, however, that for minute reporting to the authorities in Europe, the *Relations* of the Jesuit fathers from France excel all other accounts of missionary laborers in the New World.

Within the last half-century there has been no material increase in the Salzburger community. The mission of these humble people has not been to be ministered unto, but to minister. Their religious life has been an important factor in the development of Georgia, not alone as a colony, but as a State. Their spirit has penetrated all communions. Especially the Baptists and the Methodists have been strengthened by the accession of members from the Salzburger societies. Among the Methodists in Effingham County today are the Hineleys, Sherrans, Bergsteiners, Neidlingers, Zittraners, and Zettlers; while among the Baptists are the Rohns, Dashers, Waldhaurs, Wisenbakers, Bergsteiners, and others. The constant tendency on the part of the young is to affiliate with the churches distinctively American. I learned in Savannah that many of the most thriving citizens are direct descendants of the original Salzburgers. Their ancestry has been of such honorable character that it is not surprising that the present Salzburger generation should be held in especial esteem.

SECTIONAL VIEW OF A SALZBURGER HOUSE, SHOWING MANNER OF DOVETAILING.

The Salzburgers took great care to pro-

vide themselves with books. The present pastor, Austin, invited me to examine a box and a barrel, both of which were filled with remnants of books used by the exiles. Huge folio copies of Bibles had become dilapidated by much use, and later by neglect resulting from the use of more convenient copies. Arndt's *True Christianity* was a permanent book, and, indeed, is still in use by the Germans of America, as by their brethren in the fatherland. I saw a copy of *Spener's Selections from the Holy Scriptures*, published in Frankfurt-on-Main in 1713; Madai's *Brief Information on the Utility and Use of Medicines*, prepared in the Francke Orphan-house, published in Halle in 1779; Luther's *Smaller Catechism*, published by Carl Cist in Philadelphia in 1795; *Reading-book for Small Children*, also published by Cist in 1795; and Bachmair's *Complete German Grammar*, published by Henry Miller in Philadelphia in 1772. The most unaccountable of all the dead books in this mass of printed matter in Pastor Austin's barn was a fiery work in German bearing the title of *A Meditation on the Crime of Drunkenness*, published "in the year 1741." Neither place nor author is given. From the presence of many anglicized German words, and from the excellent paper, less flexible than the German printing-paper of the last century, I was of the opinion that the pamphlet was printed in this country, and was not without suspicion that it had come from the press of Benjamin Franklin. On consulting Mr. Charles R. Hildeburn, of Philadelphia, the author of *A Century of Printing: the Issues of the Press in Pennsylvania*, 1685–1748, he replied that he had little doubt that it was issued from the press of Christopher Saur. If this be the case it must be admitted that it is not found in Mr. Charles G. Sower's list of the *Publications of Christopher Sower*. Whoever was the publisher of this little work, it gives ample proof that while spirituous liquors were at that early date prohibited in the province of Georgia, the Salzburger exiles were so well satisfied with the regulation that they were determined that no change should be made in it.

The land of the Salzburgers is now most easily reached by taking the railroad from Savannah for the little station of Guyton. This rural village is in Effingham County, which takes its name from Lord Effingham, who was associated with Pitt, Burke, and others of the day in befriending the oppressed American colonies. I had telegraphed for a conveyance, and found one ready on my arrival. But the driver had little acquaintance with the territory, and no sympathy with its charming historical associations. So we soon parted. Mr. Mannette, a shopkeeper of Guyton, was good enough to serve me as both driver and guide for the long day through the calm pine forests. His French name awakened my curiosity, and I found him to be a descendant of both Huguenot and Salzburger ancestry. He knew every path over all the country, and was well acquainted with the humble and honest folk scattered here and there in the woods.

It is difficult to imagine a more weird and suggestive scene than is presented by a ride in early spring through the country made memorable by the exiles. The silence is almost painful. After leaving Guyton, I had not ridden a mile in our primitive wagon before the wilderness began. Now and then we passed a house which bore the unmistakable traces of the early period, or was modelled after the original houses. The mode of construction was various enough. The weather-boarding consisted of sawn logs, which were dovetailed at the corners of the house. A hole was bored through the logs at these corners, and a long wooden pin was driven through from top to bottom. For long stretches the pine forest cannot show a clearing. In one case a little school-house, quite dilapidated, relieves the monotony. But the wonder is where the children lived who ever attended it. The pines stand up in straight and tall shafts. They bear a large amount of wounding. To extract the turpentine, the axeman *boxes* them. His process is to make a deep incision, which is so shaped as to serve as a cup or box for receiving the turpentine. Hundreds of boxed pines are constantly in sight. The tree is afterward cut down if it is at all an advantage to convert it into lumber and haul it to market. There are large sections of burnt pines, which have been caught in a woods fire, and are charred and dead from trunk to the utmost branch. The road winds gracefully through this great forest, with no sound but that of the insects.

After going many miles through the

forest, in an atmosphere densely laden with the perfume of the pines, we turned abruptly to the left. Here we drove over an old road, now overgrown with shrubbery almost strong enough to arrest our progress. I was now on the site of Old Ebenezer, the first resting-place of the Salzburgers, whence they removed to the present settlement, or New Ebenezer. A careful examination resulted in finding no trace whatever of a building, or even of a place where it could be seen that one had stood. That historical sawmill, the first in all the region to convert the primeval pines into lumber, and which had cost fifteen hundred pounds sterling to establish, had entirely disappeared. Talifer says that it was already a ruin in 1740,* and it is not surprising that my hope to discover at least the place where it had stood and done its good work was without proper warrant. But the dull and narrow little creek was still there. This was the *river* on whose banks the exiles first settled, and where they remained until their removal to New Ebenezer.

We now returned to the main road, and proceeded on our way through the forest in a general course toward the permanent settlement on the Savannah River. The forest becomes less dense. Now and then a cottage comes into view, where a Salzburger family lives. We draw up before the home of the present senior pastor of the district, the Rev. Jacob Austin. He has an assistant, and these two perform the pastoral work for the four Salzburger churches of the entire region. Pastor Austin accompanied me to the present Ebenezer, and gave me much interesting information concerning his parishioners and their beautiful and simple life. On reaching the Savannah, I was for the first time in the presence of memorials of the first generation of the exiles. The most important of all is the church. It is a large structure, and bears evidence of long and faithful service. The present seats, although not over-comfortable, are newer than the building proper.

Along the river near the church one can easily see the fragments of rude masonry, now covered with luxuriant growths of underwood and creepers, which the British erected for protection during the Revolutionary war. The grounds about the church are ample. The graveyard is the same as was used in the early days, but has been enlarged and beautified in the later years. The graves of the pastors, who served the flock with great fidelity, are marked with appropriate stones. The inscriptions on the graves deal but little in praise, and are mostly confined to dates of birth and death. This whole God's-acre is a beautiful picture of simplicity, and is thoroughly German. As one strolls along its walks, and lingers beneath its trees, and reads the touching memorials to the beloved dead, he can easily imagine himself back in little Tyrolese Tieffereck, the cradle of the Salzburg exiles in Georgia.

* *Narrative of the Colony of Georgia in America*, London, 1740, p.102.

LOVE.

BY ADÈLE R. INGERSOLL.

MIND and Heart of God were wedded!
Unto them a child was given!
All the earth was dead with darkness,
But this child appeared from heaven,
And a flood of light came with him,
Bringing peace and sweet content
Unto all whose hearts were open
To the being God had sent.

Where he makes his habitation,
There he dwelleth evermore;
Faith, the bar upon the gateway.
Hope, the seal upon the door,
Keeping him a willing captive
From his erstwhile home above.
Mighty child of mighty parents,
Everlasting, perfect Love.

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXV.

"YOU see," Ray said, "it's merely a fragment." He wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Of course," the girl answered, with a sigh. "Isn't disappointment always fragmentary?" she asked, sadly.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, happiness is like something complete; and disappointment like something broken off, to me. A story that ends well seems rounded; and one that ends badly leaves you waiting, as you do just after some one dies."

"Is that why you didn't like my story?" Ray asked, imprudently. He added quickly, at an embarrassment which came into her face; "Oh, I didn't mean to add to my offence! I came here partly to excuse it. I was unjustifiably persistent the other night."

"Oh no!"

"Yes, I was! I had no right to insist on an opinion from you. I knew it at the time, but I couldn't help it. You were right to refuse. But you can tell me how my poem strikes you. It isn't offered for publication!"

He hoped that she would praise some passages that he thought fine; but she began to speak of the motive, and he saw that she had not missed anything, that she had perfectly seized his intention. She talked to him of it as if it were the work of some one else, and more and more he respected the lucid and serene quality of her mind.

He said, impulsively, "If I had you to criticise my actions beforehand, I should not be so apt to make a fool of myself."

Mrs. Denton came back. "I ran off toward the last. I didn't want to be here when Peace began to criticise. She's so severe."

"She hasn't been at all severe this time," said Ray.

"I don't see how she could be," Mrs. Denton returned, reckless of consistency. "All that I heard was splendid."

"It's merely a fragment," said Ray, with grave satisfaction in her flattery.

"You must finish it, and read us the rest of it."

Ray looked at Peace, and something in her face made him say, "I shall never finish it; it isn't worth it."

"Did Peace say that?"

"No."

Mrs. Denton laughed. "That's just like Peace. She makes other people say the disagreeable things she thinks about them."

"What a mysterious power!" said Ray. "Is it hypnotic suggestion?"

He spoke lightly toward Peace, but her sister answered: "Oh, we're full of mysteries in this house. Did you know that my husband had a Voice?"

"A voice! Is a voice mysterious?"

"This one is. It's an internal Voice. It tells him what to do."

"Oh, like the demon of Socrates!"

"I *hope* it isn't a demon!" said Mrs. Denton.

"That depends upon what it tells him to do," said Ray. "But in Socrates' day a familiar spirit could be a demon without being at all bad. How proud you must be to have a thing like that in the family!"

"I don't know. It has its inconveniences, sometimes. When it tells him to do what we don't want him to," said Mrs. Denton.

"Oh, but think of the compensations!" Ray urged. "Why, it's equal to a ghost."

"I suppose it is a kind of ghost," said Mrs. Denton, and Ray fancied she had the pride we all feel in any alliance, direct or indirect, with the supernatural. "Do you believe in dreams?" she asked abruptly.

"Bad ones, I do," said Ray. "We always expect bad dreams and dark presentiments to come true, don't we?"

"I don't know. My husband does. He has a Dream as well as a Voice."

"Oh, indeed!" said Ray; and he added: "I see. The Voice is the one he talks with in his sleep."

The flippant suggestion amused Mrs. Denton; but a shadow of pain came over Peace's face, that made Ray wish to get away from the mystery he had touched; she might be a believer in it, or ashamed of it.

"I wonder," he added, "why we never expect our day-dreams to come true?"

* Begun in March number, 1892.

"Perhaps because they're never bad ones—because we know we're just making them," said Mrs. Denton.

"It must be that! But, do we always make them? Sometimes my day-dreams seem to make themselves, and they keep on doing it so long that they tire me to death. They're perfect daymares."

"How awful! The only way would be to go to sleep, if you wanted to get rid of them."

"Yes; and that isn't so easy as waking up. Anybody can wake up; a man can wake up to go to execution; but it takes a very happy man to go to sleep."

The recognition of this fact reminded Ray that he was himself a very unhappy man; he had forgotten it for some time.

"He might go into society and get rid of them that way," Mrs. Denton suggested, with an obliquity which he was too simply masculine to perceive. "I suppose you go into society a good deal, Mr. Ray?"

Peace made a little movement as of remonstrance, but she did not speak, and Ray answered willingly: "*I* go into society? I have been inside of just one house—or flat—besides this, since I came to New York."

"Why!" said Mrs. Denton.

She seemed to be going to say something more, but she stopped at a look from her sister, and left Ray free to go on or not, as he chose. He told them it was Mr. Brandreth's flat he had been in; at some little hints of curiosity from Mrs. Denton, he described it to her.

"I have some letters from people in Midland, but I haven't presented them yet," he added at the end. "The Brandreths are all I know of society."

"They're much more than we know. Well, it seems like fairyland," said Mrs. Denton, in amiable self-derision. "I used to think that was the way *we* should live when we left the Family. I suppose there are people in New York that would think it was like fairyland to live like us, and not all in one room. Ansel is always preaching that when I grumble."

The cat sprang up into her lap, and she began to smooth its long flank, and turn her head from side to side, admiring its enjoyment.

"Well," Ray said, "whatever we do, we are pretty sure to be sorry we didn't do something else."

He was going to lead up to his own disappointments by this commonplace, but Mrs. Denton interposed.

"Oh, I'm not sorry we left the Family, if that's what you mean. There's some chance, here, and there everything went by rule; you had your share of the work, and you knew just what you had to expect every day. I used to say I wished something *wrong* would happen, just so as to have *something* happen. I believe it was more than half that that got father out, too," she said, with a look at her sister.

"I thought," said Ray, "but perhaps I didn't understand him, that your father wanted to make the world over on the image of your community."

"I guess he wanted to have the fun of chancing it, too," said Mrs. Denton. "Of course he wants to make the world over, but he has a pretty good time as it is; and I'm glad of all I did and said to get him into it. He had no chance to bring his ideas to bear on it in the Family."

"Then it was you who got him out of the community," said Ray.

"I did my best," said Mrs. Denton. "But I can't say I did it, altogether."

"Did you help?" he asked Peace.

"I wished father to do what he thought was right. He had been doubtful about the life there for a good while—whether it was really doing anything for humanity."

She used the word with no sense of cant in it; Ray could perceive that.

"And do you ever wish you were back in the Family?"

Mrs. Denton called out joyously: "Why there is no Family to be back in, I'm thankful to say! Didn't you know that?"

"I forgot." Ray smiled, as he pursued, "Well, if there was one to be back in, would you like to be there, Miss Hughes?"

"I can't tell," she answered, with a trouble in her voice. "When I'm not feeling very strong or well, I would. And when I see so many people struggling so hard, here, and failing after all they do, I wish they could be where there was no failure, and no danger of it. In the Family we were safe, and we hadn't any care."

"We hadn't any choice, either," said her sister.

"What choice has a man who doesn't know where the next day's work is coming from?"

Ray looked round to find that Denton

had entered behind them from the room where he had been, and was sitting beside the window apparently listening to their talk. There was something uncanny in the fact of his unknown presence, though neither of the sisters seemed to feel it.

"Oh, you're there," said Mrs. Denton, without turning from her cat. "Well, I suppose that's a question that must come home to you more and more. Did you ever hear of such a dreadful predicament as my husband's in, Mr. Ray? He's just hit on an invention that's going to make us rich, and throw all the few remaining engravers out of work, when he gets it finished." Her husband's face clouded, but she went on: "His only hope is that the invention will turn out a failure. You don't have any such complications in your work, do you, Mr. Ray?"

"No," said Ray, thinking what a good situation the predicament would be, in a story. "If they had taken my novel, and published an edition of fifty thousand, I don't see how it could have reduced a single author to penury. But I don't believe I could resist the advances of a publisher, even if I knew it might throw authors out of work right and left. I could support their families till they got something to do."

"Yes, you could do that, Ansel," his wife suggested, with a slanting look at him; and the notion apparently amused her more and more. "I only hope we may have the opportunity. But probably it will be as hard to get a process accepted as a book."

"That hasn't anything to do with the question," Denton broke out. "The question is whether a man ought not to kill his creative thought as he would a snake, if he sees that there is any danger of its taking away work another man lives by. That is what I look at."

"And father," said Mrs. Denton, whimsically, "is so high-principled that he won't let us urge on the millennium by having pandemonium first. If we were allowed to do that, Ansel might quiet his conscience by reflecting that the more men he threw out of work, the sooner the good time would come. *I* don't see why that isn't a good plan, and it would work in so nicely with what we want to do. Just make everything so bad people cannot bear it, and then they will rise up in their might and make it better for themselves. Don't you think so, Mr. Ray?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said.

All this kind of thinking and feeling, which was a part and parcel of these people's daily life, was alien to his habit of mind. He grasped it feebly and reluctantly, without the power or the wish to follow it to conclusions, whether it was presented ironically by Mrs. Denton, or with a fanatical sincerity by her husband.

"No, no! That won't do," Denton said. "I have tried to see that as a possible thoroughfare; but it isn't possible. If we were dealing with statistics it would do; but it's men we're dealing with: men like ourselves that have women and children dependent on them."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Ansel," Peace said, gently.

"Yes," he returned, bitterly, "whichever way I turn, the way is barred. My hands are tied, whatever I try to do. Some one must be responsible. Some one must atone. Who shall it be?"

"Well," said Mrs. Denton, with a look of comic resignation, "it seems to be a pretty personal thing, after all, in spite of father's philosophy. I always supposed that when we came into the world we should have an election, and vote down all these difficulties by an overwhelming majority."

Ray quoted, musingly:

> "The world is out of joint:—O cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

"Yes? Who says that?"

"Hamlet."

"Oh yes. Well, I feel just exactly as Ham does about it."

Denton laughed wildly out at her impudent drolling, and she said, as if his mirth somehow vexed her,

"I should think if you're so much troubled by that hard question of yours, you would get your Voice to say something."

Her husband rose, and stood looking down, while a knot gathered between his gloomy eyes. Then he turned and left the room without answering her.

She sent a laugh after him. "Sometimes," she said to the others, "the Voice doesn't know any better than the rest of us."

Peace remained looking gravely at her a moment. She said, "I will go and see if the children are all right," and followed Denton out of the room.

Mrs. Denton began to ask Ray about Mrs. Brandreth and Mrs. Chapley, pressing him with questions as to what kind of people they really were, and whether they were proud; she wondered why they had never come to call upon her. It would all have been a little vulgar if it had not been so childlike and simple. Ray was even touched by it when he thought that the chief concern of these ladies was to find out from him just what sort of crank her father was, and to measure his influence for evil on Mr. Chapley.

At the same time he heard Peace talking to Denton, in a tone of entreaty and pacification. She staid so long that Ray had risen to go when she came back. He had hoped for a moment alone with her at parting, so that he might renew in better form the excuses that he pretended he had come to make. But the presence of her sister took all the seriousness and delicacy from them; he had to make a kind of joke of them; and he could not tell her at all of the mysterious message from Mr. Brandreth about the friend to whom he wished to submit his book, and of the final pang of disappointment which its immediate return had given him. He had meant that she should say something to comfort him for this, but he had to forego his intended consolation.

XXVI.

Ray had no doubt that Kane was the court of final resort which the case against his novel had been appealed to, and he thought it hard that he should have refused to give it a last chance, or even to look at it again. Surely it was not so contemptible as that, so hopelessly bad that a man who seemed his friend could remember nothing in it that would make it valuable in a second reading. If the fault were not in the book, then it must be in the friend, and Ray renounced old Kane by every means he could command. He could not make it an open question; he could only treat him more and more coldly, and trust to Kane's latent sense of guilt for the justification of his behavior. But Kane was either so hardened, or else regarded his own action as so venial, or perhaps believed it so right, that he did not find Ray's coldness intelligible.

"My dear young friend," he frankly asked, "is there anything between us but our disparity of years? That existed from the first moment of our acquaintance. I have consoled myself at times with the notion of our continuing together in an exemplary friendship, you growing older and wiser, and I younger and less wise, if possible, like two Swedenborgian spirits in the final state. But evidently something has happened to tinge our amity with a grudge in your mind. Do you object to saying just what property in me has imparted this unpleasant discoloration to it?"

Ray was ashamed to say, or rather unable. He answered that nothing was the matter, and that he did not know what Kane meant. He was obliged to prove this by a show of cordiality, which he began perhaps to feel when he reasoned away his first resentment. Kane had acted quite within his rights, and if there was to be any such thing as honest criticism, the free censure of a friend must be suffered and even desired. He said this to himself quite heroically; he tried hard to be ruled by a truth so obvious.

In other things his adversity demoralized him, for a time. He ceased to live in the future, as youth does and should do; he lived carelessly and wastefully in the present. With nothing in prospect it was no longer important how his time or money went; he did not try to save either. He never finished his poem, and he did not attempt anything else.

In the midst of his listlessness and disoccupation, there came a letter from Hanks Brothers asking if he could not give a little more social gossip in his correspondence for the *Echo;* they reminded him that there was nothing people liked so much as personalities. Ray scornfully asked himself, How should he, who knew only the outsides of houses, supply social gossip, even if he had been willing? He made a sarcastic reply to Hanks Brothers, intimating his readiness to relinquish the correspondence if it were not to their taste, and they took him at his word, and wrote that they would hereafter make use of a syndicate letter.

It had needed this blow to rouse him from his reckless despair. If he were defeated now, it would be in the face of all the friends who had believed in him and expected success of him. The thought of what Mr. Richings had said in his praise goaded him into activity. His motive was not high; it was purely egoistic at the best; but he did not know this; he had a sense of virtue in sending his book off to

a Boston publisher without undoing the inner wrappings in which the last New York publisher had returned it.

Then he went round to ask Mr. Brandreth if he knew of any literary or clerical or manual work he could get to do. The industrial fury which has subdued a continent, and brought it under the hard American hand, wrought in him, according to his quality, and he was not only willing but eager to sacrifice the scruples of delicacy he had in appealing to a man whom he had sought first on such different terms. His only question was how to get his business quickly, clearly, and fully before him.

Mr. Brandreth received him with a gayety that put this quite out of his mind; and he thought the publisher was going to tell him that he had decided, after all, to accept his novel.

"Ah, Mr. Ray," Mr. Brandreth called out at sight of him, "I was just sending a note to you! Sit down a moment, won't you? The editor of *Every Evening* was in here just now, and he happened to say he wished he knew some one who could make him a synopsis of a rather important book he's had an advanced copy of from the other side. It's likely to be of particular interest in connection with Coquelin's visit; it's a study of French comic acting from Molière down; and I happened to think of you. You know French?"

"Why, yes, thank you—to read. You're very kind, Mr. Brandreth, to think of me."

"Oh, not at all! I didn't know whether you ever did the kind of thing the *Every Evening* wants, or whether you were not too busy, but I thought I'd drop an anchor to windward for you, on the chance that you might like to do it."

"I should like very much to do it; and—"

"I'll tell you why I did it," Mr. Brandreth interrupted, radiantly. "I happened to know they're making a change in the literary department of the *Every Evening*, and I thought that if this bit of work would let you show your hand— See?"

"Yes; and I'm everlastingly—"

"Not at all, not at all!" Mr. Brandreth opened the letter he had in his hand, and gave Ray a note that it enclosed. "That's an introduction to the editor of the *Every Evening*, and you'll strike him at the office about now, if you'd like to see him."

Ray caught with rapture the hand Mr. Brandreth offered him. "I don't know what to say to you, but I'm extremely obliged. I'll go at once." He started to the door, and turned. "I hope Mrs. Brandreth is well, and—and—the baby?"

"Splendidly. I shall want to have you up there again as soon as we can manage it. Why haven't you been at Mrs. Chapley's? Didn't you get her card?"

"Yes; but I haven't been very good company of late. I didn't want to have it generally known."

"I understand. Well, now you must cheer up. Good-by, and good luck to you!"

All the means of conveyance were too slow for Ray's eagerness, and he walked. On his way down to that roaring and seething maelstrom of business, whose fierce currents swept all round the *Every Evening* office, he painted his future as critic of the journal with minute detail; he had died chief owner and had his statue erected to his memory in Park Square before he crossed that space, and plunged into one of the streets beyond.

He was used to newspaper offices, and he was not surprised to find the editorial force of the *Every Evening* housed in a series of dens, opening one beyond the other till the last, with the chief in it, looked down on the street from which he climbed. He thought it all fit enough, for the present, but while he still dwelt in the future, and before the office-boy had taken his letter from him to the chief, he swiftly flung up a building for the *Every Evening* as lofty and as ugly as any of the many-storied towers that rose about the frantic neighborhood. He blundered upon two other writers before he reached the chief; one of them looked up from his desk, and roared at him in unintelligible affliction; the other simply wagged his head, without lifting it, in the direction of the final room, where Ray found himself sitting beside the editor-in-chief, without well knowing how he got there. The editor did not seem to know either, or to care that he was there, for some time; he kept on looking at this thing and that thing on the table before him; at everything but the letter Ray had sent in. When he did take that up, he did not look at Ray, and while he talked with him, he scarcely glanced at him; there were moments when he seemed to forget there was anybody there, and Ray's blood

began to burn with a sense of personal indignity. He wished to go away, and leave the editor to find him gone at his leisure; but he felt bound to Mr. Brandreth, and he staid. At last the editor took up a book from the litter of newspapers and manuscripts before him, and said:

"What we want is a rapid and attractive *résumé* of this book, with particular reference to Coquelin and his place on the stage and in art. No one else has the book yet, and we expect to use the article from it in our Saturday edition. See what you can do with it, and bring it here by ten to-morrow. You can run from one to two thousand words—not over two."

He handed Ray the book and turned so definitively to his papers and letters again that Ray had no choice but to go. He left with the editor a self-respectful parting salutation, which the editor evidently had no use for, and no one showed a consciousness of him, not even the office-boy, as he went out.

He ground his teeth in resentment, but he resolved to take his revenge by making literature of that *résumé*, and compelling the attention of the editor to him through his work. He lost no time in setting about it; he began to read the book at once, and he had planned his article from it before he reached his hotel. He finished it before he slept, and he went to bed as the first milkman sent his wail through the street below. His heart had worked itself free of its bitterness, and seemed to have imparted its lightness to the little paper, which he was not ashamed of even when he read it after he woke from the short rest he suffered himself. He was sure that the editor of *Every Evening* must feel the touch which he knew he had imparted to it, and he made his way to him with none of the perturbation, if none of the romantic interest of the day before.

The editor took the long slips which Ray had written his copy on, and struck them open with his right hand while he held them with his left.

"Why the devil," he demanded, "don't you write a better hand?" Before Ray could formulate an answer, he shouted again, "Why the devil don't you begin with a *fact*?"

He paid no heed to the defence which the hurt author-pride of the young fellow spurred him to make, but went on reading the article through. When he had finished he threw it down and drew toward him a narrow book like a check-book, and wrote in it, and then tore out the page, and gave it to Ray. It was an order on the counting-room for fifteen dollars.

Ray had a weak moment of rage in which he wished to tear it up and fling it in the editor's face. But he overcame himself and put the order in his pocket. He vowed never to use it, even to save himself from starving, but he kept it because he was ashamed to do otherwise. Even when the editor at the sound of his withdrawal called out, without looking round, "What is your address?" he told him; but this time he wasted no parting salutations upon him.

The hardest part was now to make his acknowledgments to Mr. Brandreth, without letting him know how little his personal interest in the matter had availed. He succeeded in keeping everything from him but the fact that his work had been accepted, and Mr. Brandreth was delighted.

"Well, that's first-rate, as far as it goes, and I believe it's going to lead to something permanent. You'll be the literary man of *Every Evening* yet; and I understand the paper's making its way. It's a good thing to be connected with; thoroughly clean and decent, and yet lively."

Though Ray hid his wrath from Mr. Brandreth, because it seemed due to his kindness, he let it break out before Kane, whom he found dining alone at his hotel that evening when he came down from his room.

"I don't know whether I ought to sit down with you," he began, when Kane begged him to share his table. "I've just been through the greatest humiliation I've had yet. It's so thick on me that I'm afraid some of it will come off. And it wasn't my fault, either; it was my misfortune."

"We can bear to suffer for our misfortunes," said Kane, dreamily. "To suffer for our faults would be intolerable, because then we couldn't preserve our self-respect. Don't you see? But the consciousness that our anguish is undeserved is consoling; it's even flattering."

"I'm sorry to deprive you of a *Hard Saying*, if that's one, but my facts are against you."

"Ah, but facts must always yield to reasons," Kane began.

Ray would not be stopped. But he suddenly caught the humorous aspect of his adventure with the editor of *Every Evening*, and gave it with artistic zest. He did not spare his ridiculous hopes or his ridiculous pangs.

From time to time Kane said, at some neat touch: "Oh, good!" "Very good!" "Capital!" "Charming, charming!" When Ray stopped, he drew a long breath, and sighed out: "Yes, I know the man. He's not a bad fellow. He's a very good fellow."

"A good fellow?" Ray demanded. "Why did he behave like a brute, then? He's the only man who's been rude to me in New York. Why couldn't he have shown me the same courtesy that all the publishers have? Every one of them has behaved decently, though none of them, confound them! wanted my book."

"Ah," said Kane, "his conditions were different. They had all some little grace of leisure, and according to your report he had none. I don't know a more pathetic picture than you've drawn of him, trying to grasp all those details of his work, and yet seize a new one. It's frightful. Don't you feel the pathos of it?"

"No man ought to place himself in conditions where he has to deny himself the amenities of life," Ray persisted, and he felt that he had made a point, and languaged it well. "He's to blame if he does."

"Oh, no man willingly places himself in hateful or injurious conditions," said Kane. "He is pushed into them, or they grow up about him through the social action. He's what they shape him to, and when he's taken his shape from circumstances, he knows instinctively that he won't fit into others. So he stays put. You would say that the editor of *Every Evening* ought to forsake his conditions at any cost, and go somewhere else and be a civilized man; but he couldn't do that without breaking himself in pieces and putting himself together again. Why did I never go back to my own past? I look over my life in New York, and it is chiefly tiresome and futile in the retrospect; I couldn't really say why I've staid here. I don't expect anything of it, and yet I can't leave it. The *Every Evening* man does expect a great deal of his conditions; he expects success, and I understand he's getting it. But he didn't place himself in his conditions in any dramatic way, and he couldn't dramatically break with them. They may be gradually detached from him and then he may slowly change. Of course there *are* signal cases of renunciation. People have abdicated thrones and turned monks; but they've not been common, and I dare say, if the whole truth could be known, they have never been half the men they were before, or become just the saints they intended to be. If you'll take the most extraordinary instance of modern times, or of all times—if you'll take Tolstoï himself, you'll see how impossible it is for a man to rid himself of his environment. Tolstoï believes unquestionably in a life of poverty and toil and trust; but he has not been able to give up his money; he is defended against want by the usual gentlemanly sources of income; and he lives a ghastly travesty of his unfulfilled design. He's a monumental warning of the futility of any individual attempt to escape from conditions. That's what I tell my dear old friend Chapley, who's quite Tolstoï mad, and wants to go into the country and simplify himself."

"Does he, really?" Ray asked, with a smile.

"Why not? Tolstoï convinces your reason and touches your heart. There's no flaw in his logic and no falsity in his sentiment. I think that if Tolstoï had not become a leader, he would have had a multitude of followers."

The perfection of his paradox afforded Kane the highest pleasure. He laughed out his joy in it, and clapped Ray on the shoulder, and provoked him to praise it, and was so frankly glad of having made it, that all Ray's love of him came back.

XXVII.

Ray took a hint from one phase of his experience with his story, and made bold to ask Mr. Brandreth if he could not give him some manuscripts to read; he had rather a fancy for playing the part of some other man's destiny since he could have so little to do with deciding his own. Chapley & Co. had not much work of that kind to give, but they turned over a number of novels to him, and he read them with a jealous interest; he wished first of all to find whether other people were writing better novels than his, and he hope to find that they were not. Mostly,

they really were not, and they cumulatively strengthened him against an impulse which he had more than once had to burn his manuscript. From certain of the novels he read he got instruction both of a positive and negative kind; for it was part of his business to look at their construction, and he never did this without mentally revising the weak points of his story, and considering how he could repair them.

There was not a great deal of money in this work, but Ray got ten or fifteen dollars for reading a manuscript and rendering an opinion of it, and kept himself from the depravation of waiting for the turn of the cards. He waited for nothing; he worked continually, and he filled up the intervals of the work that was given to him with work that he made for himself. He wrote all sorts of things, essays, stories, sketches, poems, and sent them about to the magazines, and the weekly newspapers, and the syndicates. When the editors were long in reporting upon them he went and asked for a decision; and in audacious moments he carried his manuscript to them, and tried to surprise an instant judgment from them. This, if it were in the case of a poem, or a very short sketch, he could sometimes get, and it was usually adverse, as it usually was in the case of the things he sent them by mail. They were nowhere unkindly; they were often sympathetic, and suggested that what was not exactly adapted to their publications might be adapted to the publication of a fellow-editor; they were willing to sacrifice one another in his behalf. They did not always refuse his contributions. Kane, who witnessed his struggles at this period with an interest which he declared truly paternal, was much struck by the fact that his failures and successes exactly corresponded to those of business men; that is, he failed ninety-five times out of a hundred to get his material printed. His effort was not of the vast range suggested by these numbers; he had a few manuscripts that were refused many times over, and made up the large sum of his rejections by the peculiar disfavor that followed them.

Besides these regular attacks on the literary periodicals, Ray carried on guerilla operations of several sorts. He sold jokes at two dollars apiece to the comic papers; it sometimes seemed low for jokes, but the papers paid as much for a poor joke as a good one, and the market was steady. He got rather more for jokes that were ordered of him, as when an editor found himself in possession of an extremely amusing illustration without obvious meaning. Ray developed a facility wholly unexpected to himself in supplying the meaning for a picture of this kind; if it were a cartoon, he had the courage to ask as much as five dollars for his point.

A mere accident opened up another field of industry to him, when one day a gentleman halted him at the foot of the stairway to an elevated station, and after begging his pardon for first mistaking him for a Grand Army man, professed himself a journalist in momentary difficulty.

"I usually sell my things to the *Sunday Planet;* but my last poem was too serious for their F. S., and I'm down on my luck. Of course I see *now,*" said the journalist in difficulty, "that you *couldn't* have been in the war; at first glance I took you for an old comrade of mine; but if you'll leave your address with me— Thank you, sir! Thank you!"

Ray had put a quarter in his hand, and he thought he had bought the right to ask him a question.

"I know that I look twice my age under some circumstances, when people happen to see double—"

"Capital!" said the veteran. "First-rate!" and he clapped Ray on the shoulder, and then clung to him long enough to recover his balance.

"But *would* you be good enough to tell me what the F. S. of the *Sunday Planet* is!"

"Why, the Funny Side—the page where they put the jokes and the comic poetry. F. S. for short. Brevity is the soul of wit, you know."

Ray got away from the journalist in difficulty. He hurried home and put together some of the verses that had come back to him from the comic papers, and mailed them to the *Sunday Planet.* He had learned not to respect his work the less for being rejected, and the *Planet* did not wane in his esteem because the editor of the F. S. accepted all his outcast verses. But the pay was deplorably little; and for the first time he was tempted to consider an offer of partnership

with a gentleman who wrote advertisements for a living, and who, in the falterings of his genius from overwork, had professed himself willing to share his honors and profits with a younger man; the profits, at any rate, were enormous.

But this temptation endured only for a moment of disheartenment. In all his straits, Ray not only did his best, but he kept true to a certain ideal of himself as an artist. There were some things he could not do even to make a living. He might sell anything he wrote, and he might write anything within the bounds of honesty that would sell, but he could not sell his pen, or let it for hire to be used as the lessee wished. It was not the loftiest grade of æsthetics or ethics, and perhaps the distinctions he made were largely imaginary. But he refused the partnership offered him, though it came with a most flattering recognition of his literary abilities, and of his peculiar fitness for the work proposed.

He came to know a good many young fellows who were struggling forward on the same lines with himself, and chancing it high and low with the great monthlies, where they offered their poems and short stories, and with the one-cent dailies, where they turned in their space-work. They had a courage in their risks which he came to share in its gayety, if not its irreverence, and he enjoyed the cheerful cynicism with which they philosophized the facts of the newspaper side of their trade: they had studied its average of successes and failures, and each of them had his secret for surprising the favor of the managing editor, as infallible as the gambler's plan for breaking the bank at Monaco.

"You don't want to be serious," one blithe spirit volunteered for Ray's instruction in a moment of defeat; "you want to give a light and cheerful cast to things. For instance, if a fireman loses his life in a burning building, you mustn't go straight for the reader's pity; you must appeal to his sense of the picturesque. You must call it, 'Knocked out in a Fight with Fire,' or something like that, and treat the incident with mingled pathos and humor. If you've got a case of suicide by drowning, all you've got to do is to call it 'Launch of one more Unfortunate,' and the editor is yours. Go round and make studies of our metropolitan civilization; write up the 'Leisure Moments of Surface-car Conductors,' or 'Talks with the Ticket-choppers.' Do the amateur scavenger, and describe the 'Mysteries of the average Ash-barrel.'"

As the time wore on, the circle of Ray's acquaintance widened so much that he no longer felt those pangs of homesickness which used to seize him whenever he got letters from Midland. He rather neglected his correspondence with Sanderson; the news of parties and sleigh-rides and engagements and marriages which his friend wrote affected him like echoes from some former life. He was beginning to experience the charm, the fascination of the mere city, where once he had a glimpse of the situation fleeting and impalpable as those dream-thoughts that haunt the consciousness on the brink of sleep. Then it was as if all were driving on together, no one knew why or whither; but some had embarked on the weird voyage to waste, and some to amass; their encounter formed the opportunity of both, and a sort of bewildered kindliness existed between them. Their common ignorance of what it was all for was like a bond, and they clung involuntarily together in their unwieldy multitude because of the want of meaning, and prospered on, suffered on through vast cyclones of excitement that whirled them round and round, and made a kind of pleasant drunkenness in their brains, and consoled them for never resting and never arriving.

The fantastic vision passed, and Ray again saw himself and those around him full of distinctly intended effort, each in his sort, and of relentless energy, which were self-sufficing and self-satisfying. Most of the people he knew were, like himself, bent upon getting a story, or a poem, or an essay, or an article, printed in some magazine or newspaper, or some book into the hands of a publisher. They were all, like himself, making their ninety-five failures out of a hundred endeavors; but they were all courageous, if they were not all gay, and if they thought the proportion of their failures disastrous, they said nothing to show it. They did not try to blink them, but they preferred to celebrate their successes; perhaps the rarity of these merited it more.

XXVIII.

As soon as Ray had pulled himself out of his slough of despond, and began to strug-

gle forward on such footing as he found firm, he felt the rise of the social instinct in him. He went about and delivered his letters; he appeared at one of Mrs. Chapley's Thursdays, and began to be passed from one afternoon tea to another. He met the Mayquaits at Mrs. Chapley's, those Gitchugumee people she had asked him about, and at their house he met a lady so securely his senior that she could let him see at once she had taken a great fancy to him. The Mayquaits have since bought a right of way into the heart of society, but they were then in the peripheral circles, and this lady seemed anxious to be accounted for in that strange company of rich outcasts. Something in Ray's intelligent young good looks must have appealed to her as a possible solvent. As soon as he was presented to her she began to ply him with subtle questions concerning their hostess and their fellow-guests, with whom she professed to find herself by a species of accident springing from their common interest in a certain charity: that particular tea was to promote it. Perhaps it was the steadfast good faith of the pretty boy in refusing to share in her light satire, while he could not help showing that he enjoyed it, which commended Ray more and more to her. He told her how he came to be there, not because she asked, for she did not ask, but because he perceived that she wished to know, and because it is always pleasant to speak about one's self upon any pretext, and he evinced a delicate sympathy with her misgiving, which interested him as that of a type and a class. It flattered him that she should single him out for her appeal as if he were of her sort, and he eagerly accepted an invitation she made him. Through her favor and patronage he began to go to lunches and dinners; he went to balls, and danced sometimes when his pockets were so empty that he walked one way to save his car fares. But his poverty was without care; it did not eat into his heart, for no one else shared it; and those spectres of want and shame which haunt the city's night, and will not always away at dawn, but remain present to eyes that have watched and wept, vanished in the joyous light that his youth shed about him as he hurried home with the waltz music beating in his blood. A remote sense, very remote and dim, of something all wrong attended him at moments in his pleasure; at moments it seemed even he who was wrong. But this fled before his analysis; he could not see what harm he was doing. To pass his leisure in the company of well-bred, well-dressed, prosperous, and handsome people was so obviously right and fit that it seemed absurd to suffer any question of it. He met mainly very refined persons, whose interests were all elevated, and whose tastes were often altruistic. He found himself in a set of young people who loved art and literature and music, and he talked to his heart's content with agreeable girls about pictures and books and theatres.

It surprised him that with all this opportunity and contiguity he did not fall in love; after the freest give and take of æsthetic sympathies he came away with a kindled fancy and a cold heart. There was one girl he thought would have let him be in love with her if he wished, but when he questioned his soul he found that he did not wish, or could not. He said to himself that it was her money, for she was rich as well as beautiful and wise; and he feigned that if it had not been for her money he might have been in love with her. Her people, an aunt and uncle whom she lived with, made much of him, and the way seemed clear. They began to tell each other about themselves, and once he interested her very much by the story of his adventures in first coming to New York.

"And did you never meet the two young women afterwards?" she asked.

"Yes. That was the curious part of it," he said, and piqued that she called them "two young women," he went on to tell her of the Hugheses, whom he set forth in all the picturesqueness he could command. She listened intensely, and even provoked him with some questions to go on; but at the end she said nothing; and after that she was the same and not the same to him. At first he thought it might be her objection to his knowing such queer people; she was very proud; but he was still made much of by her family, and there was nothing but this difference in her that marked with its delicate distinctness the loss of a chance.

He was not touched except in his vanity. Without the subtle willingness which she had subtly withdrawn, his life was still surpassingly rich on the side where it had been hopelessly poor; and in spite

of his personal poverty he was in the enjoyment of a social affluence beyond the magic of mere money. Sometimes he regarded it all as his due, and at all times he took it with simple ingratitude; but he had moments of passionate humility when he realized that he owed his good fortune to the caprice of a worldly old woman whom he did not respect very much.

When he began to go into society, he did not forget his earlier friends; he rather prided himself on his constancy; he thought it was uncommon, and he found it a consolation when other things failed him. It was even an amusement full of literary suggestion for him to turn from his own dream of what the world was to Hughes's dream of what the world should be; and it flattered him that the old man should have taken the sort of fancy to him that he had. Hughes consulted him as a person with a different outlook on life, and valued him as a practical mind, akin to his own in quality if not in direction. First and last he read him his whole book; he stormily disputed with him about the passages which Ray criticised as to their basal facts; but he adopted some changes Ray suggested.

The young fellow was a whole gay world to Mrs. Denton in his reproduction of his society career for her. She pursued him to the smallest details of dress and table and manner; he lived his society events over again for her with greater consciousness than he had known in their actual experience; and he suffered patiently the little splenetic resentment in which her satiety was apt finally to express itself. He decided that he must not take Mrs. Denton in any wise seriously; and he could see that Peace was grateful to him for his complaisance and forbearance. She used to listen too when he described the dinners and dances for her sister, and their interest gave the material a fascination for Ray himself: it emphasized the curious duality of his life, and lent the glamour of unreality to the regions where they could no more have hoped to follow him than to tread the realms of air. Sometimes their father hung about him—getting points for his morals, as Ray once accused him of doing.

"No, no!" Hughes protested. "I am interested to find how much better than their conditions men and women always are. The competitive conditions of our economic life characterize society as well as business. Yet business men and society women are all better and kinder than you would believe they could be. The system implies that the weak must always go to the wall, but in actual operation it isn't so."

"From Mr. Ray's account there seem to be a good many wall-flowers," Mrs. Denton suggested.

Hughes ignored her frivolity. "It shows what glorious beings men and women would be if they were rightly conditioned. There is a whole heaven of mercy and loving-kindness in human nature waiting to open itself: we know a little of what it may be when a man or woman rises superior to circumstance and risks a generous word or deed in a selfish world. Then for a moment we have a glimpse of the true life of the race."

"Well, I wish I had a glimpse of the untrue life of the race, myself," said Mrs. Denton, as her father turned away. "I would give a whole year of the millennium for a week in society."

"You don't know what you're talking about," said her husband. He had been listening in gloomy silence to Ray's talk, and he now turned on his wife. "I would rather see you dead than in such 'good society' as that."

"Oh, well," she answered, "you're much likelier to see me dead. If I understand Mr. Ray, it's a great deal easier to get into heaven than to get into good society." She dropped the cat out of her lap long enough to go up to her husband and push his hair back from his eyes. "If you wore it that way, people could see what a nice forehead you've got. You look twice as 'brainy' now, Ansel."

He caught her hand and flung it furiously away. She went back to her chair, and the cat jumped into her lap again. "Ansel," she said, "is beginning to feel the wear and tear of the job of setting the world right as much as I do. He never had as much faith in the millennium as father has; he thinks there's got to be some sort of sacrifice first; he hasn't made up his mind quite what it's to be, yet."

Denton left them abruptly, and after a while Ray heard him talking in the next room; he thought he must be talking to some one there, till his wife said, "Ansel doesn't say much in company, but he's pretty sociable when he gets by himself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEBSTER.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

IN my first lecture I spoke briefly of the deficiency in respect of Form which characterizes nearly all the dramatic literature of which we are taking a summary survey, till the example of Shakespeare and the precepts of Ben Jonson wrought their natural effect. Teleology, or the argument from means to end, the argument of adaptation, is not so much in fashion in some spheres of thought and speculation as it once was, but here it applies admirably. We have a piece of work, and we know the maker of it. The next question that we ask ourselves is the very natural one—how far it shows marks of intelligent design. In a play we not only expect a succession of scenes, but that each scene should lead, by a logic more or less stringent, if not to the next, at any rate to something that is to follow, and that all should contribute their fraction of impulse towards the inevitable catastrophe. That is to say, the structure should be organic, with a necessary and harmonious connection and relation of parts, and not merely mechanical, with an arbitrary or haphazard joining of one part to another. It is in the former sense alone that any production can be called a work of art.

And when we apply the word Form in this sense to some creation of the mind, we imply that there is a life, or, what is still better, a soul in it. That there is an intimate relation, or, at any rate, a close analogy, between Form in this its highest attribute and Imagination, is evident if we remember that the Imagination is the shaping faculty. This is, indeed, its pre-eminent function, to which all others are subsidiary. Shakespeare, with his usual depth of insight and the precision that comes of it, tells us that "imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown." In his maturer creations there is generally some central thought about which the action revolves like a moon, carried along with it in its appointed orbit, and permitted the gambol of a Ptolemaic epicycle now and then. But the word Form has also more limited applications, as, for example, when we use it to imply that nice sense of proportion and adaptation which results in Style. We may apply it even to the structure of a verse, or of a short poem in which every advantage has been taken of the material employed, as in Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn," which seems as perfect in its outline as the thing it so lovingly celebrates. In all these cases there often seems also to be something intuitive or instinctive in the working of certain faculties of the poet, and to this we unconsciously testify when we call it genius. But in the technic of this art, perfection can be reached only by long training, as was evident in the case of Coleridge. Of course without the genius all the training in the world will produce only a mechanical and lifeless result; but even if the genius is there, there is nothing too seemingly trifling to deserve its study. The "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" owes much of the charm that makes it precious, even with those who perhaps undervalue its sentiment, to Gray's exquisite sense of the value of vowel sounds.

Let us, however, come down to what is within the reach and under the control of talent and of a natural or acquired dexterity. And such a thing is the plot or arrangement of a play. In this part of their business our older playwrights are especially unskilled or negligent. They seem perfectly content if they have a story which they can divide at proper intervals by acts and scenes, and bring at last to a satisfactory end by marriage or murder, as the case may be. A certain variety of characters is necessary, but the motives that compel and control them are almost never sufficiently apparent. And this is especially true of the dramatic motives, as distinguished from the moral. The personages are brought in to do certain things and perform certain purposes of the author, but too often there seems to be no special reason why one of them should do this or that more than another. They are servants of all work, ready to be villains or fools at a moment's notice if required. The obliging simplicity with which they walk into traps which everybody can see but themselves, is sometimes almost delightful in its absurdity. Ben Jonson was

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perfectly familiar with the traditional principles of construction. He tells us that the fable of a drama (by which he means the plot or action) should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and that "as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the action, either in comedy or tragedy, without his fit bounds." But he goes on to say "that as every bound, for the nature of the subject, is esteemed the best that is largest, till it can increase no more; so it behoves the action in tragedy or comedy to be let grow till the necessity ask a conclusion; wherein two things are to be considered — first, that it exceed not the compass of one day; next, that there be place left for digression and art." The weakness of our earlier playwrights is that they esteemed those bounds best that were largest, and let their action grow till they had to stop it.

Many of Shakespeare's contemporary poets must have had every advantage that he had in practical experience of the stage, and all of them had probably as familiar an intercourse with the theatre as he. But what a difference between their manner of constructing a play and his! In all his dramatic works his skill in this is more or less apparent. In the best of them it is unrivalled. From the first scene of them he seems to have beheld as from a tower the end of all. In *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, he had his story before him, and he follows it closely enough; but how naturally one scene is linked to the next, and one event leads to another! If this play were meant to illustrate anything, it would seem to be that our lives were ruled by chance. Yet there is nothing left to chance in the action of the play, which advances with the unvacillating foot of destiny. And the characters are made to subordinate themselves to the interests of the play as to something in which they have all a common concern. With the greater part of the secondary dramatists, the characters seem like unpractised people trying to walk the deck of a ship in rough weather, who start for everywhere to bring up anywhere, and are hustled against each other in the most inconvenient way. It is only when the plot is very simple and straightforward that there is any chance of smooth water and of things going on without falling foul of each other. Was it only that Shakespeare, in choosing his themes, had a keener perception of the dramatic possibilities of a story? This is very likely, and it is certain that he preferred to take a story ready to his hand rather than invent one. All the good stories, indeed, seem to have invented themselves in the most obliging manner somewhere in the morning of the world, and to have been camp-followers when the famous march of mind set out from the farthest East. But where he invented his plot, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest*, he is careful to have it as little complicated with needless incident as possible.

These thoughts were suggested to me by the gratuitous miscellaneousness of plot (if I may so call it) in some of the plays of John Webster, concerning whose works I am to say something this evening, a complication made still more puzzling by the motiveless conduct of many of the characters. When he invented a plot of his own, as in his comedy of *The Devil's Law Case*, the improbabilities become insuperable, by which I mean that they are such as not merely the understanding but the imagination cannot get over. For mere common-sense has little to do with the affair. Shakespeare cared little for anachronisms, or whether there were seaports in Bohemia or not, any more than Calderon cared that gunpowder had not been invented centuries before the Christian era when he wanted an arquebus to be fired, because the noise of a shot would do for him what a silent arrow would not do. But, if possible, the understanding should have as few difficulties put in its way as possible. Shakespeare is careful to place his Ariel in the not yet wholly disenchanted Bermudas, near which Sir John Hawkins had seen a mermaid not many years before, and lays the scene for his Oberon and Titania in the dim remoteness of legendary Athens, though his clowns are unmistakably English, and though he knew as well as we do that Puck was a British goblin. In estimating material improbability as distinguished from moral, however, we should give our old dramatists the benefit of the fact that all the world was a great deal farther away in those days than in ours, when the electric telegraph puts our button into the grip of whatever commonplace our planet is capable of producing.

Moreover, in respect of Webster as of

his fellows, we must, in order to understand them, first naturalize our minds in *their* world. Chapman makes Byron say to Queen Elizabeth:

"These stars,
Whose influences for this latitude
Distilled, and wrought in with this temperate air,
And this division of the elements,
Have with your reign brought forth more worthy spirits
For counsel, valour, height of wit, and art,
Than any other region of the earth,
Or were brought forth to all your ancestors."

And this is apt to be the only view we take of that Golden Age, as we call it fairly enough in one, and that, perhaps, the most superficial, sense. But it was in many ways rude and savage, an age of great crimes and of the ever-brooding suspicion of great crimes. Queen Elizabeth herself was the daughter of a king as savagely cruel and irresponsible as the Grand Turk. It was an age that in Italy could breed a Cenci, and in France could tolerate the massacre of St. Bartholomew as a legitimate stroke of statecraft. But when we consider whether crime be a fit subject for tragedy, we must distinguish. Merely as crime, it is vulgar, as are the waxen images of murderers with the very rope round their necks with which they were hanged. Crime becomes, then, really tragic when it merely furnishes the theme for a profound psychological study of motive and character. The weakness of Webster's two greatest plays lies in this—that crime is presented as a spectacle, and not as a means of looking into our own hearts and fathoming our own consciousness.

The scene of *The Devil's Law Case* is Naples, then a viceroyalty of Spain, and our ancestors thought anything possible in Italy. Leonora, a widow, has a son and daughter, Romelio and Jolenta. Romelio is a rich and prosperous merchant. Jolenta is secretly betrothed to Contarino, an apparently rather spendthrift young nobleman, who has already borrowed large sums of money of Romelio on the security of his estates. Romelio is bitterly opposed to his marrying Jolenta, for reasons known only to himself, at least no reason appears for it, except that the play could not have gone on without it. The reason he assigns is that he has a grudge against the nobility, though it appears afterwards that he himself is of noble birth, and asserts his equality with them. When Contarino, at the opening of the play, comes to urge his suit, and asks him how he looks upon it, Romelio answers:

"Believe me, sir, as on the principal column
To advance our house; why, you bring honor with you,
Which is the soul of wealth. I shall be proud
To live to see my little nephews ride
O'the upper hand of their uncles, and the daughters
Be ranked by heralds at solemnities
Before the mother; and all this derived
From your nobility. Do not blame me, sir,
If I be taken with't exceedingly;
For this same honor with us citizens
Is a thing we are mainly fond of, especially
When it comes without money, which is very seldom.
But as you do perceive my present temper,
Be sure I'm yours."

And of this Contarino was sure, the irony of Romelio's speech having been so delicately conveyed that he was unable to perceive it.

A little earlier in this scene a speech is put into the mouth of Romelio so characteristic of Webster's more sententious style that I will read it:

"O, my lord, lie not idle:
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action. We should think
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds;
I'th' trenches for the soldiers, i'th' wakeful study
For the scholar, in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession, of all which
Arise and spring up honour."

This recalls to mind the speech of Ulysses to Achilles in *Troilus and Cressida*, a piece of eloquence which, for the impetuous charge of serried argument and poetic beauty of illustration, grows more marvellous with every reading. But it is hardly fair to any other poet to let him remind us of Shakespeare.

Contarino, on leaving Romelio, goes to Leonora, the mother, who immediately conceives a violent passion for him. He, by way of a pretty compliment, tells her that he has a suit to her, and that it is for her picture. By this he meant her daughter, but with the flattering implication that you would not know the parent from the child. Leonora, of course, takes him literally, is gracious accordingly, and Contarino is satisfied that he has won her consent also. This scene gives occasion for a good example of Webster's more playful style, which is perhaps worth

quoting. Still apropos of her portrait, Leonora says:

"You will enjoin me to a strange punishment.
With what a compelled face a woman sits
While she is drawing! I have noted divers
Either to feign smiles, or suck in the lips
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheeks
To have the dimple seen; and so disorder
The face with affectation, at next sitting
It has not been the same; I have known others
Have lost the entire fashion of their face
In half an hour's sitting. . . .
But indeed
If ever I would have mine drawn to th' life,
I'd have a painter steal it at such a time
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers;
There's then a heavenly beauty in't; the soul
Moves in the superficies."

The poet shows one of his habitual weaknesses here in being so far tempted by the chance of saying a pretty thing as to make somebody say it who naturally would not. There is really a worse waste than had it been thrown away. I am inclined to think men as vain about their portraits as Leonora makes women to be, or else the story of Cromwell's wart would not be so famous. However, Contarino goes away satisfied with the result of his embassy, saying to himself:

"She has got some intelligence how I intend to marry
Her daughter, and ingeniously perceived
That by her picture, which I begged of her,
I meant the fair Jolenta."

There is no possible reason why he should not have conveyed this intelligence to her himself, and Leonora must have been ingenious indeed to divine it, except that the plot would not allow it. Presently another match is found for Jolenta in Ercole, which Romelio favors for reasons again known only to himself, though he is a noble quite as much as Contarino. Ercole is the pattern of a chivalrous gentleman. Though he at once falls in love with Jolenta, according to Marlowe's rule that "he never loved that loved not at first sight," and though Romelio and the mother both urge the immediate signing of the contract, he refuses.

"Lady, I will do
A manly office for you; I will leave you
To th' freedom of your own soul; may it move
Whither Heaven and you please!
. . . . .
I'll leave you, excellent lady, and withal
Leave a heart with you so entirely yours
That I protest, had I the least of hope
To enjoy you, though I were to wait the time
That scholars do in taking their degree
In the noble arts, 'twere nothing; howsoe'er,
He parts from you, that will depart from life
To do you any service; and so humbly
I take my leave."

Never, I think, was more delicate compliment paid to a woman than in that fine touch which puts the service of her on a level with the "noble arts." On this ground of sentiment idealized by devotion, Webster always moves with the assured ease and dignified familiarity of a thorough gentleman.

Ercole's pretension to the hand of Jolenta leads, of course, to a duel with Contarino. They had been fellow-students together at Padua, and the scene in which the preliminaries of the duel are arranged is pitched on as nobly grave a key as can be conceived. Lamb very justly calls it "the model of a well-arranged and gentlemanlike difference." There is no swagger and no bravado in it, as is too commonly apt to be the case in the plays of that age. There is something Spanish in its dignity. To show what its tone is, I quote the opening. It is Contarino who first speaks.

Sir, my love to you has proclaimed you one
Whose word was still led by a noble thought,
And that thought followed by as fair a deed.
Deceive not that opinion. We were students
At Padua together, and have long
To th' world's eye shown like friends. Was it hearty
On your part to me?
Erc. Unfeigned.
Con. You are false
To the good thought I held of you, and now
Join the worst part of man to you, your malice,
To uphold that falsehood; sacred innocence
Is fled your bosom. Signior, I must tell you
To draw the picture of unkindness truly,
Is to express two that have dearly loved
And fall'n at variance; 'tis a wonder to me,
Knowing my interest in the fair Jolenta,
That you should love her.
Erc. Compare her beauty and my youth together
And you will find the fair effects of love
No miracle at all.

They fight, and both fall mortally wounded, as it is supposed. Ercole is reported dead, and Contarino dying, having first made a will in favor of Jolenta. Romelio, disguised as a Jew, to avenge the injury to himself in the death of Ercole, and to make sure that Contarino shall not survive to alter his will, gets admission to him by bribing his surgeons, and stabs him. This saves his life by reopening the old wound and letting forth its virus. Of course both he and Ercole recover, and both conceal themselves, though why, it is hard to say, except

that they are not wanted again till towards the end of the play. Romelio, unaware of his mother's passion for Contarino, tells her, as a piece of good news she will be glad to hear, of what he has done. She at once resolves on a most horrible and unnatural revenge. Her speech has a kind of savage grandeur in it which Webster was fond of showing, for he rightly felt that it was his strongest quality, though it often tempted him too far, till it became bestial in its ferocity. It is to be observed that he was on his guard here, and gives us a hint, as you will see, in a highly imaginative passage, that Leonora's brain was turning:

"I will make you chief mourner, believe it.
Never was woe like mine. O, that my care
And absolute study to preserve his life
Should be his absolute ruin! Is he gone, then?
There is no plague i'th' world can be compar'd
To impossible desire; for they are plagu'd
In the desire itself. Never, O, never
Shall I behold him living, in whose life
I liv'd far sweetlier than in mine own!
A precise curiosity has undone me: why did I not
Make my love known directly? 'T had not been
Beyond example for a matron
To affect i'th' honourable way of marriage
So youthful a person. O, I shall run mad!
For as we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most unresistible,
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,
Last merriment 'fore winter; and we widows,
As men report of our best picture-makers,
We love the piece we are in hand with better
Than all the excellent work we have done before.
And my son has depriv'd me of all this! Ha, my son!
I'll be a Fury to him; like an Amazon lady,
I'd cut off this right pap that gave him suck,
To shoot him dead. I'll no more tender him,
Than had a wolf stol'n to my teat i' the night
And robb'd me of my milk; nay, such a creature
I should love better far. Ha, ha! what say you?
I do talk to somewhat, methinks; it may be
My evil Genius. Do not the bells ring?
I have a strange noise in my head. O, fly in pieces!
Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy! Let me have
One property more than the devil of hell;
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily;
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill,
That have no good to hope for; let me die
In the distraction of that worthy princess
Who loathed food and sleep and ceremony
For thought of losing that brave gentleman
She would fain have sav'd, had not a false conveyance
Express'd him stubborn-hearted; let me sink
Where neither man nor memory may ever find me."

Webster forestalled Balzac by two hundred years in what he says of a woman's last passion. The revenge on which she fixes is, at the cost of her own honor, to declare Romelio illegitimate. She says that his true father was one Crispiano, a Spanish gentleman, the friend of her husband. Naturally when the trial comes on, Crispiano turns up in court as the very judge who is to preside over it. He first gets the year of the alleged adultery fixed by the oath of Leonora and her maid, and then remembers that Crispiano had told him of giving a portrait of himself to Leonora, has it sent for, and identifies himself by it, saying, prettily enough (those old dramatists have a way of stating dry facts so fancifully as to make them blossom, as it were),

"Behold, I am the shadow of this shadow."

He then proves an alibi at the date in question by his friend Ariosto, whom meanwhile he has just promoted to the bench in his own place by virtue of a convenient commission from the king of Spain, which he has in his pocket. At the end of the trial, the counsel for Leonora exclaimed:

"Ud's foot, we're spoiled.
Why, our client is proved an honest woman!"

Which I cite only because it reminds me to say that Webster has a sense of humor more delicate, and a way of showing it less coarse, than most of his brother dramatists. Meanwhile Webster saves Romelio from being hateful beyond possibility of condonation by making him perfectly fearless. He says finely:

"I cannot set myself so many fathom
Beneath the height of my true heart as fear.
Let me continue
An honest man, which I am very certain
A coward can never be."

The last words convey an important and even profound truth. And let me say now, once for all, that Webster abounds, more than any of his contemporaries except Chapman, in these metaphysical apothegms, and that he introduces them naturally, while Chapman is too apt to drag them in by the ears. Here is another as good, I am tempted to say, as many of Shakespeare's, save only in avarice of words. When Leonora is suborning Winifred, her maid, to aid her in the plot against her son, she says:

Come hither.
I have a weighty secret to impart,
But I would have thee first confirm to me
How I may trust that thou canst keep my counsel
Beyond death.

Win. Why, mistress, 'tis your only way
To enjoin me first that I reveal to you
The worst act I e'er did in all my life;
One secret so shall bind another.
Leon. Thou instruct'st me
Most ingeniously; for indeed it is not fit,
Where any act is plotted that is naught,
Any of counsel to it should be good;
And, in a thousand ills have happ'd i'th' world,
The intelligence of one another's shame
Hath wrought far more effectually than the tie
Of conscience or religion."

The plot has other involutions of so unpleasant a nature now through change of manners that I shall but allude to them. They are perhaps intended to darken Romelio's character to the proper Websterian sable, but they certainly rather make an eddy in the current of the action than hasten it as they should.

I have briefly analyzed this play because its plot is not a bad sample of a good many others, and because the play itself is less generally known than his deservedly more famous *Vittoria Corombona* and the *Duchess of Malfi*. Before coming to these, I will mention his *Appius and Virginia*, a spirited, well-constructed play (for here the simplicity of the incidents kept him within bounds), and, I think, as good as any other founded on a Roman story except Shakespeare's. It is of a truly Roman temper, and perhaps, therefore, incurs a suspicion of being cast iron.

The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona, produced in 1612, and the *Duchess of Malfi*, in 1616, are the two works by which Webster is remembered. In these plays there is almost something like a fascination of crime and horror. Our eyes dazzle with them. The imagination that conceived them is a ghastly imagination. Hell is naked before it. It is the imagination of nightmare, but of no vulgar nightmare. I would rather call it fantasy than imagination, for there is something fantastic in its creations, and the fantastic is dangerously near to the grotesque, while the imagination, where it is most authentic, is most serene. Even to elicit strong emotion, it is the still small voice that is most effective; nor is Webster unaware of this, as I shall show presently. Both these plays are full of horrors, yet they do move pity and terror strongly also. We feel that we are under the control of a usurped and illegitimate power, but it is power. I remember seeing a picture in some Belgian church where an angel makes a motion to arrest the hand of the Almighty just as it is stretched forth in the act of the creation. If the angel foresaw that the world to be created was to be such a one as Webster conceived, we can fully understand his impulse. Through both plays there is a vapor of fresh blood and a scent of church-yard mould in the air. They are what children call *creepy*. Ghosts are ready at any moment. They seem, indeed, to have formed a considerable part of the population in those days. As an instance of the almost ludicrous way in which they were employed, take this stage direction from Chapman's *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*. "Music, and the ghost of Bussy enters leading the ghosts of the Guise, Monsieur, Cardinal Guise, and Chatillon; they dance about the body and *exeunt*." It is fair to say that Webster's ghosts are far from comic.

Let me briefly analyze the two plays. Vittoria Corombona, a beautiful woman, is married to Camillo, whom she did not love. She becomes the paramour of the Duke of Brachiano, whose Duchess is the sister of Francesco de' Medici and of Cardinal Monticelso. One of the brothers of Vittoria, Flamineo, is secretary to Brachiano, and contrives to murder Camillo for them. Vittoria, as there is no sufficient proof to fix the charge of murder upon her, is tried for incontinency, and sent to a house of Convertites, whence Brachiano spirits her away, meaning to marry her. In the mean while Brachiano's Duchess is got out of the way by poison, the lips of his portrait, which she kisses every night before going to bed, having been smeared with a deadly drug to that end. There is a Count Ludovico, who had proffered an unholy love to the Duchess, but had been repulsed by her, and he gladly offers himself as the minister of vengeance. Just as Brachiano is arming for a tournament arranged for the purpose by his brother-in-law, the Duke of Florence, Ludovico poisons his helmet, so that he shortly dies in torture. Ludovico then murders Vittoria, Zanche, her Moorish maid, and Flamineo, and is himself shot by the guards of the young Duke Giovanni, son of Brachiano, who break in upon him just as he has completed his butchery. There are but four characters in the play unstained with crime—Cornelia, Vittoria's mother; Marcello, her younger son; the Duchess of

Brachiano; and her son, the young Duke. There are three scenes in the play remarkable for their effectiveness, or for their power in different ways—the trial scene of Vittoria, the death scene of Brachiano, and that of Vittoria. There is another—the burial of Marcello—which is pathetic as few men have known how to be so simply and with so little effort as Webster.

Fran. de' Med. Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies—
Such as old grandams watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with—that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharg'd with water.
Flam. I will see them.
Fran. de' Med. 'Twere much uncharity in you, for your sight
Will add unto their tears.
Flam. I will see them:
They are behind the traverse; I'll discover
Their superstitious howling.
[*Draws the curtain.* Cornelia, Zanche, *and three other* Ladies *discovered winding* Marcello's *corse. A song.*
Cor. This rosemary is wither'd. Pray, get fresh;
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays;
I'll tie a garland here about his head;
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty year, and every day
Hallow'd it with my prayers. I did not think
He should have wore it.
Zanche. Look you who are yonder.
Cor. O, reach me the flowers.
Zanche. Her ladyship's foolish.
Lady. Alas, her grief
Hath turn'd her child again!
Cor. You're very welcome:
There's rosemary for you; and rue for you;
[*To* Flamineo.
Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;
I have left more for myself.
Fran. de' Med. Lady, who's this?
Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.
Flam. So.
Zanche. 'Tis Flamineo.
Cor. Will you make me such a fool? Here's a white hand:
Can blood so soon be wash'd out? Let me see:
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket i' the oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon't, how 'tis speckled! Has handled a toad, sure.
Cowslip-water is good for the memory.
Pray, buy me three ounces of't.
Flam. I would I were from hence.
Cor. Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er
Unto her lute.
Flam. Do, an you will, do.
Cor. "Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
[Cornelia *doth this in several forms of distraction.*
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel;
But I have an answer for them:
"Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church-tithes truly."
His wealth is summ'd, and this is all his store;
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop.
Bless you all, good people!
[*Exeunt* Cornelia, Zanche, *and* Ladies.
Flam. I have a strange thing in me, to the which
I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion. I pray, leave me.
[*Exit* Francesco de' Medici.

In the trial scene the defiant haughtiness of Vittoria, entrenched in her illustrious birth, against the taunts of the Cardinal, making one think of Browning's Ottima, "magnificent in sin," excites a sympathy which must check itself if it would not become admiration. She dies with the same unconquerable spirit, not shaming in death at least the blood of the Vitelli that ran in her veins. As to Flamineo, I think it plain that but for Iago he would never have existed; and it has always interested me to find in Webster more obvious reminiscences of Shakespeare, without conscious imitation of him, than in any other dramatist of the time. Indeed the style of Shakespeare cannot be imitated, because it is the expression of his individual genius. Coleridge tells us that he thought he was copying it when writing the tragedy of *Remorse*, and found, when all was done, that he had reproduced Massinger instead. Iago seems to me one of Shakespeare's most extraordinary divinations. He has embodied in him the corrupt Italian intellect of the Renaissance. Flamineo is a more degraded example of the same type, but without Iago's motives of hate and revenge. He is a mere incarnation of selfish sensuality. These two tragedies of *Vittoria Corombona* and the *Duchess of Malfi* are, I should say, the most vivid pictures of that repulsively

fascinating period that we have in English. Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio* is, however, far more terrible, because there the horror is moral wholly, and never physical, as too often in Webster.

There is something in Webster that reminds me of Victor Hugo. There is the same confusion at times of what is big with what is great, the same fondness for the merely spectacular, the same insensibility to repulsive details, the same indifference to the probable or even to the natural, the same leaning toward the grotesque, the same love of effect at whatever cost; and there is also the same impressiveness of result. Whatever other effect Webster may produce upon us, he never leaves us indifferent. We may blame, we may criticise, as much as we will; we may say that all this ghastliness is only a trick of theatrical blue-light; we shudder, and admire nevertheless. We may say he is melodramatic, that his figures are magic-lantern pictures that waver and change shape with the curtain on which they are thrown; it matters not, he stirs us with an emotion deeper than any mere artifice could stir.

OUR ONLY DAY.

BY COATES KINNEY.

WERE this our only day,
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
How should we bear to live?

Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are to be,
Make up our life—the far days each a star,
The near days nebulæ.

At once would love forget
Its keen pursuits and coy delays of bliss,
And its delicious pangs of fond regret,
Were there no day but this.

And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart invite
A fellowship that should begin and end
Between a night and night?

Who, too, would pause to prate
Of insult, or remember slight or scorn,
Who would this night lie down to sleep with hate,
Were there to be no morn?

Who would take heed to wrong,
To misery's complaint or pity's call,
The long wail of the weak against the strong,
If this one day were all?

And what were wealth with shame,
The vanity of office, pride of caste,
The winy sparkle of the bubble fame,
If this day were the last?

Ay, what were all days worth,
Were there no looking backward or before—
If every human life that drops to earth
Were lost for evermore?

But each day is a link
Of days that pass and never pass away;
For memory and hope—to live, to think—
Each is our only day.

THE ITALIAN ARMY.

BY G. GOIRAN, GENERAL STAFF COLONEL.

ITALY, lying partly in the Mediterranean Sea, and with on one side France, a sister but rival nation, and on the other the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where so many interests of its Slavic, German, and Latin races mingle, seems by its very geographical position to be destined to participate more or less directly in any conflict in which other European powers may become involved.

The history of the Italian army connects itself not only with that of the Italian revolution, but also, and more especially, with the history of the army of the former kingdom of Sardinia.

It was, in fact, the kingdom of Sardinia that took the lead of the Italian movement for independence, and gave it the support of its arms in 1848 and 1849, and then again in 1859, carrying it to happy consummation through its diplomacy and the campaigns of 1859, '60, '61, '66, '70. It was during those campaigns that the Sardinian army, steadily increased by new accessions from all parts of Italy, became transformed into the Italian army.

In the time previous to the French invasion of 1796–7, and in that which followed from 1814 to 1859, all the principal states into which Italy was politically divided maintained, it is true, standing armies, but these were only partially recruited among the citizens, hired foreigners forming in most cases the principal bodies or the main nucleuses.

One state only, namely, the one governed by the house of Savoy, was an exception to this rule. That state always kept up a standing army, small but well trained and disciplined, in which the native element had the predominance. Ever since the time of Emmanuel Philibert, all the Dukes of Savoy, who became later on Kings of Sardinia, wisely made the army an object of their special attention and constant care. It was their solicitude for the army that, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, prevented Italy from becoming entirely a prey to Austria, Spain, or France. Victor Amadeus II., and more especially his son, Charles Emmanuel III., whose reign extended over forty-two years, saved Italy from such a fate. His successor, though for forty-four years—1748–92—undisturbed by war, did by no means neglect the army. So that when, in the time of the French revolution, the soldiers of the republic tried to pass the Alps, they met with the most stubborn resistance on the part of the small but valiant army, and after five years only succeeded in evading it through the strategy of the greatest general of modern times. Then, at the first blast of the Napoleonic tempest, the armies of all the states of Italy, including that of the republic of Venice, were scattered. However, some of the Sardinian regiments were allowed to keep up their traditions, even after their aggregation to the French army, in which they distinguished themselves on more than one battle-field. After 1814, Austria, then mistress of the provinces of Lombardy and Venetia, forced the inhabitants of those provinces to do military service in the interior territory of her empire, mingling them with the troops of her Slavic and German subjects. The minor Italian states had but poorly organized military establishments. Of the two more important states, viz., the kingdom of the Two Sicilies and that of Sardinia, the former maintained an army not indeed deficient in technical skill, but lacking military spirit, and its masters, the Bourbons, inflicted upon it, as well as upon the people, the shame of surrounding themselves with foreign troops as a kind of body-guard. The kingdom of Sardinia, on the contrary, following up, after 1814, the military traditions which had been interrupted by French invasion, reconstituted its army with elements entirely national, and organized and disciplined it so well that in the campaign of 1848–9 it fought with honor and valor worthy of better success.

It was natural and just, then, that in the history of the Italian revolution the honor of raising the flag of independence and unity in 1859, and of constituting the nucleus of the army of resurrected Italy, should have been reserved to the army of Savoy, which had generously shed its blood, first to save Italy from French invasion (1792–6), and then again in 1848–9 to free her from the yoke of Austria.

By the organization of 1862 the military establishment of the kingdom of Italy was

constituted thus: 80 regiments of infantry of 4 battalions each; 40 battalions of bersaglieri; 19 regiments of cavalry, each of 6 squadrons; and artillery and engineers in due proportion. This army, comprising in time of war about 250,000 men formed in 20 divisions, served in the campaign of 1866, the result of which was the accession to the kingdom of the Venetian provinces evacuated by the Austrians. Four years later it was partly mobilized for the military action which, directed by General Cadorna, ended in the capture of Rome and the overthrow of the temporal power of the Popes.

The time had now come for improvements in the organization and the system of mobilization of the army.

The experience of 1866 and 1870 had made it apparent to all that the principle theretofore followed of making the army division the normal organic unit for the three main arms, and then allowing army corps to be formed of almost any number of divisions, did not work satisfactorily. That unit was not in correspondence with the mode of division of the territory; on the other hand, some of the army corps were not army corps in the modern sense of the word, but veritable armies. Now, War-Minister Ricotti, following in this the system adopted by Germany, constituted the army normally on the basis of army corps, each of two or three divisions. It is true that the division of the territory did not yet exactly correspond with that of the forces, as the territory was divided into only 7 general commands, and 16 territorial commands of division, while the forces could be established in 10 army corps and 20 divisions; nevertheless, the great military units in time of peace were permanently formed nearly in the same way as they ought to be in time of war. In the event of mobilization it was provided that to every 2 divisions there should be added as supplementary troops at the disposal of the respective commands 1 regiment of 4 battalions of bersaglieri, and one or two regiments of cavalry, besides some field batteries. An aggregate of army corps was to constitute an army. The different armies might consist of two, three, four, or more army corps, according to the different tasks assigned to them severally.

The mobilization of the army had not proved satisfactory in either the campaign of 1866 or that of 1870; General Ricotti, therefore, to make it so, created the districts. The territory was first divided into 45 districts, and afterwards into 62, and at the head of each of them was placed a superior infantry officer, to be assisted by a smaller or greater number of subaltern officers, and disposing of one or two infantry companies to do the service of the district. To the district was assigned the whole business of enlisting and receiving the recruits, of mobilizing the men recalled from furlough, and of giving the instruction. By the creation of a new corps, that of the Alpine infantry, a very important addition was given to the infantry. Originally (1872) the Alpine comprised no more than 15 companies, but in 1873 they were increased to 24. They were distributed along the frontier mountains that separate the Italian Kingdom from France, Switzerland, and Austro-Hungary. Their contingents were and are recruited in the regions of the Alps, and the instruction so specialized as to fit them as well as possible for the defence of the Alpine passes.

Not less attention was given by Ricotti to the other arms. He increased the cavalry by creating a 20th regiment; reorganized the artillery into 10 field regiments of 10 batteries each, with 8 pieces to each battery; and the garrison artillery into 4 regiments of 15 companies each. The pontoniers and the sappers, who were included in the artillery, were instead attached to the engineer corps. The services of the artillery and of the engineers were, together with the service of forts, placed under the supervision of the general command of some artillery and of a few engineer corps. Finally, special corps were created for both the sanitary and the supply departments.

Ricotti's reorganization marked undoubtedly a great improvement over the preceding one. It increased to a notable degree the efficiency of the army in general for all war purposes; it better systematized all the special technical field services, secured a strong defence of the Alpine passes by the creation and organization of the Alpine troops, and lastly improved all the arrangements and services necessary to the quick and orderly mobilization of the army. Italy could now count on 300,000 combatants of the first line.

We have said combatants of the *first line*, for under Ricotti's administration there came into existence also a *second-line* army by the institution of the active militia ("Milizia Mobile"). In fact, provision was made, for the first time in Italy, to the effect that the military districts should have in readiness all the means and materials necessary for the formation of 108 battalions of infantry, 15 of bersaglieri, and of 24 companies of Alpine troops. So likewise each of the 10 field artillery, and each of the 4 garrison artillery regiments, as well as the engineer regiments, was furnished with all the elements required for the formation respectively of 3 field batteries, 3 garrison artillery companies, 1 pontonier and 8 engineer companies.

Of the local militia ("Milizia Territoriale") General Ricotti laid the foundation under the law June 7, 1875, which he obtained from the national parliament. By that law compulsory military service was extended to all able-bodied citizens, unless expressly excluded, up to the age of forty years. Under the same law General Ricotti instituted also a special militia for the defence of the island of Sardinia, forming it with those soldiers, native of the island, who, after three years' service in the regular army, were sent home on unlimited furlough.

Generals Lamarmora and Fanti were the founders and Ricotti the reorganizer of the Italian national army. Let us now see how this army, which was already considered one of the foremost in Europe, has been further improved since 1875.

The so-called *progressive* party having in 1876 obtained the ascendant in the Italian parliament, General Luigi Mezzacapo, a man of deep and broad mind, was called to succeed Ricotti as war minister. He accepted, in the main, the military organization adopted by his predecessor, and set about developing and perfecting it.

He increased the territorial army corps commands to 10, and the divisional commands to 20, corresponding to the 10 army corps to be formed in the event of war. The districts were established on a more solid basis, and their number raised to 88, whereby mobilization was rendered more rapid.

Through the modifications introduced by General Mezzacapo, the military establishment of Italy was put in better harmony with the fundamental principle of the systems of the principal modern armies, requiring that the troops of the first line, at least, be so organized in peace-time as to correspond exactly to the war foot establishment. Besides this, better facilities for mobilization were provided, the first defence of the frontiers was strengthened, and the organization on war foot of the second line secured.

But the political relations between France and Germany on one side, and between Austria and Russia on the other, the new colonial policy of the principal European powers, especially after the conditions prescribed by the Treaty of Berlin, and the changes of a protective character in the commercial policy, particularly of France, placed Italy in a position that appeared full of danger. Furthermore, the state of the land boundaries, the enormous extension of the seacoasts, the constant improvements in the means of attack, which rendered the defences of both the Alps and the coast precarious, the geographical configuration of the country, and the limited means of communication, which rendered the mobilization and concentration of troops slow —all these things together made it plain that the ten permanent first-line army corps were inadequate to the defence of the country. The necessity of increasing the first-line forces, then, became imperative, all the more as it was not certain that the second-line corps could be formed promptly enough to be ready to take the field at the needed time. These were the reasons for the new modifications of the military system in 1882 by the minister of war, General Ferrero.

Under this system the field army was increased by 2 active army corps; the Alpine and the cavalry arms were also both increased, and furnished, the former with mountain artillery, the latter with horse batteries. The first-line army on war foot comprised 400,000 combatants, perfectly armed and equipped. The active militia was also considerably augmented.

As to the local militia, efficient measures were taken which secured the formation in case of war of 320 battalions of infantry, 30 of Alpine troops, 100 companies of garrison artillery, 30 of engineers, 13 of sanitary and 13 of supply troops.

The division of the territory of 1887 was modified in accordance with the number

of the active army corps of the first line which could be formed; consequently there were instituted 12 territorial army corps and 24 territorial divisional commands, besides a military command in the island of Sardinia.

But the system of 1882–6 had one great fault, viz., the army corps were quite deficient in field batteries, and the regiments of the arm had a very slow and difficult task to perform, being charged with the mobilization of 10 permanent batteries of 8 pieces each, and of 3 active militia batteries, these also of 8 pieces. Indeed, if the field artillery, following the example of the other European armies, had been increased in each army corps, their task would have become altogether too slow and too difficult.

This was the principal reason which caused the constitution of the national army to be modified anew in 1887, making it what it has been ever since.

The royal Italian army, as at present organized, consists of the active or first-line army, the active militia ("Milizia Mobile"), and the local militia ("Milizia Territoriale"). The first-line army is composed of corps which are kept permanently in active service. The active militia is under arms in peace-time only during the period of instruction, and occasionally as the maintenance of public order and peace may require. In war-time it may be called out to co-operate with the permanent army in any military operations.

The local militia is likewise kept under arms in time of peace only temporarily, for the same purposes and under the same circumstances as the active militia. In time of war it has the special destination of defending the cities and fortified places of the kingdom; but in case of urgent need or foreign invasion it also may be called upon to aid in any field operation.

The organization of these three great sections of the military establishment is as follows:

Permanent army: I. A general staff of 163 general officers in peace-time, taking charge of the different permanent commands. II. A staff consisting of a commanding general, who is the chief of the army staff, of 2 assistant generals, of 68 colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors, and of 84 captains. To these are to be added 120 infantry captains, 6 clerks, and several other assistants. III. The royal carabineers. IV. The infantry. V. The cavalry. VI. The artillery. VII. The engineers; and lastly, the sanitary corps, the commissariat, the accountant, and the veterinary corps.

The staffs of all the various arms and corps of the permanent army are in peace-time composed of officers in permanent service, whose number in each arm or corps and whose rank are determined by special law. However, the distribution of the officers among the different services of one and the same arm, or any one corps, may be changed every year through the Budget law.

A hasty sketch of the constitution of the several arms and corps on both the peace and the war footing will suffice to show the degree of efficiency of the permanent army.

The carabineers were instituted in January, 1861, by bringing together into one body all the military corps which had charge of the public peace and order in the different provinces of the kingdom. This body was organized on the same plan as the one formerly existing in Piedmont, from which it received the largest contingent, the uniform, regulations, discipline, and the corps pride. It is formed of men chosen with the utmost care, and is greatly esteemed for its noble traditions. In time of peace it looks to the public order and peace, and during war it furnishes to the commands of the several armies, army corps, or mobilized divisions some sections of both its foot and horse men for police and guide services. A large portion of the carabineer corps, being replaced in the local service by carabineers recalled from furlough, is formed into battalions of picked infantry, and is mobilized for field operations. The carabineer corps comprises 1 general command, 11 local legions for police service, 1 school legion ("allievi carabinieri"), furnishing the instruction to the recruits of the arm. The entire force consists of 3 general officers, 58 superior officers, 532 inferior officers, 40 medical and accountant officers—total number of officers, 633; 21,000 foot carabineers, 3888 horse carabineers—total number of troops, 24,888. The troop horses number 3758, of which 3518 are the carabineers' own property. All the officers are mounted. The foot carabineers mobilized in battalions constitute a somewhat heavy but select and very solid infantry.

KING HUMBERT AS GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

The infantry is organized in 96 regiments, forming 48 brigades. The entire strength is: Officers for 48 brigade commands: generals, 48; adjutant field captains, 48. Officers for 96 regiments—superior officers, 480; inferior officers, 5376. Total number of officers, 5952; total number of troops, 124,704.

Each regiment comprises a staff, 3 battalions of 3 companies each, and a depot. Of the 96 regiments, 2 are recruited from the tallest men in the country, and form the brigade of grenadiers.

The infantry is excellently armed. The Wetterly repeating rifle, improved by the Vitali system, constitutes—more especially now, after the adoption of smokeless powder, which increases both the initial velocity and the exactness of the aim—a most effective fire-arm. At present, however, a new repeating gun of small calibre is being experimented. The private of infantry is well clothed and equipped. He carries a total weight of about 25.7 kilograms, including uniform, knapsack, gun, and 88 rounds of ammunition. He is supplied with poles and canvas for the erection of triangular tents capable of receiving three or six men. The Italian infantry stands long marches, moves briskly and with ease at parade, is agile and adroit in manœuvring. Whenever ably commanded, it has shown coolness under fire and resolution in attacking. It very properly forms a constant object of the special care of our war ministers, but, owing to its large numbers, its equipment still lacks some of the latest improvements. The staffs of the infantry are mostly men rather young in years. The superior officers and the captains are mounted, and the other regiment or company officers are of an average age which enables them to bear the fatigues of marches and manœuvres. Of the 48 brigades, that of the grenadiers and the first nine of infantry have a brilliant military history, dating from the sixteenth century. All the other brigades, with the exception of the last eight, which have never been in any war, took part in the campaigns of 1860–61 and of 1866.

The bersaglieri consist of 12 regiments, each having a staff, of 3 battalions, counting together 12 companies, and a depot. As there are 67 officers and 1270 men in each regiment, the entire strength of the 12 regiments is 804 officers and 15,240 men. The arms and equipment of the bersaglieri do not differ from those of the infantry. The bersaglieri are chosen from among the strongest and best-proportioned men in the country, and this, together with their uniform, their bearing, and special way of manœuvring, renders them the most picturesque and striking infantry of Europe.

In order to secure uniformity in their instruction, the bersaglieri are placed under the supervision of a general, who is assisted by a captain and a subaltern officer, and whose supervisory office ceases in time of war.

The mountain or Alpine infantry consists of 75 companies, formed into 22 battalions, and these into 7 regiments. Each regiment has a depot. The aggregate strength is represented by 487 officers and 9575 privates.

This corps, recruited solely from the population of the Alps, has special abilities for mountain service. It is armed like the infantry, but its uniform and equipment are suited to the mode of living and manœuvring in elevated and mountainous regions. Each company in time of peace is provided with mountain artillery carried by 8 pack-mules. The Alpine soldiers have not yet received the baptism of fire, but their bold manœuvres in the highest mountains, their hazardous and successful crossing of the most perilous passes, in spite of snow and storms, their daring ascents in the coldest winters, warrant the perfect trust that is placed in them.

The Alpine corps is also under the inspectorship of a general officer, who is assisted by a captain and a subaltern officer. It need hardly be said that these interesting troops, having in custody the gates of Italy, are naturally the most exposed to the attack of invaders, and the first to carry war outside the boundaries of their country.

The administration of the 87 military districts is assigned to the infantry. It is the business of the district in time of peace to prepare and carry out the annual recruitment, and forward to their respective regiments all the men recalled from furlough, who are to raise the infantry and the bersaglieri from peace to war footing. The districts in peace time have an adequate number of officers and privates for the keeping of matriculation books and the custody of the military storehouses containing the arms, accoutre-

BERSAGLIERI.

ments, etc., required for the mobilization of the infantry.

Eleven of the 87 districts have two permanent companies, the other 76 only one, and all together 98. These 98 companies in war time serve for the formation of as many presidiary companies.

The total force of the districts consists of 1286 officers and 8611 men. Twelve superior district commands, comprising 12 generals and 12 captains of infantry, exercise a strict supervision over the districts, and in war time, after the departure of the mobilized commands, take the place of the territorial army corps commanders. The commands of the districts have, furthermore, the charge of forming the cadres for the second and the third line —that is, the active and the local militia.

It will thus be seen that the districts impart to the military establishment a considerable strength; for, after furnishing the annual contingents of recruits and the cadres for the active and the local militia, they are still able, in case of protracted war, to organize other forces, until all the resources of the country are exhausted. In short, the districts constitute the sources which feed the army, and, if need be, they can even create the field organizations for the infantry.

The Italian army, as has been seen, is rich in infantry, but it cannot be said to be rich in cavalry. The increase brought to this arm by the reorganization of 1887 was limited to only 2 regiments, so that it numbers at present not more than 24 regiments of 6 squadrons each, and a depot. Of the 24 regiments, 10 are of lancers and 14 of light cavalry. The total aggregate is 1080 officers, 25,752 men, and 20,880 horses. The officers in this arm, like nearly every mounted officer in the other departments, have horses of their own. They are generally well mounted, and make bold and elegant riders. Every year the love for equestrian sport increases. The cavalry regiments form 9 brigades of 2 or 3 regiments each, and are subject to the supervision of an inspector-general of cavalry. The superior commands comprise 10 general officers, 1 superior officer, and 11 captains.

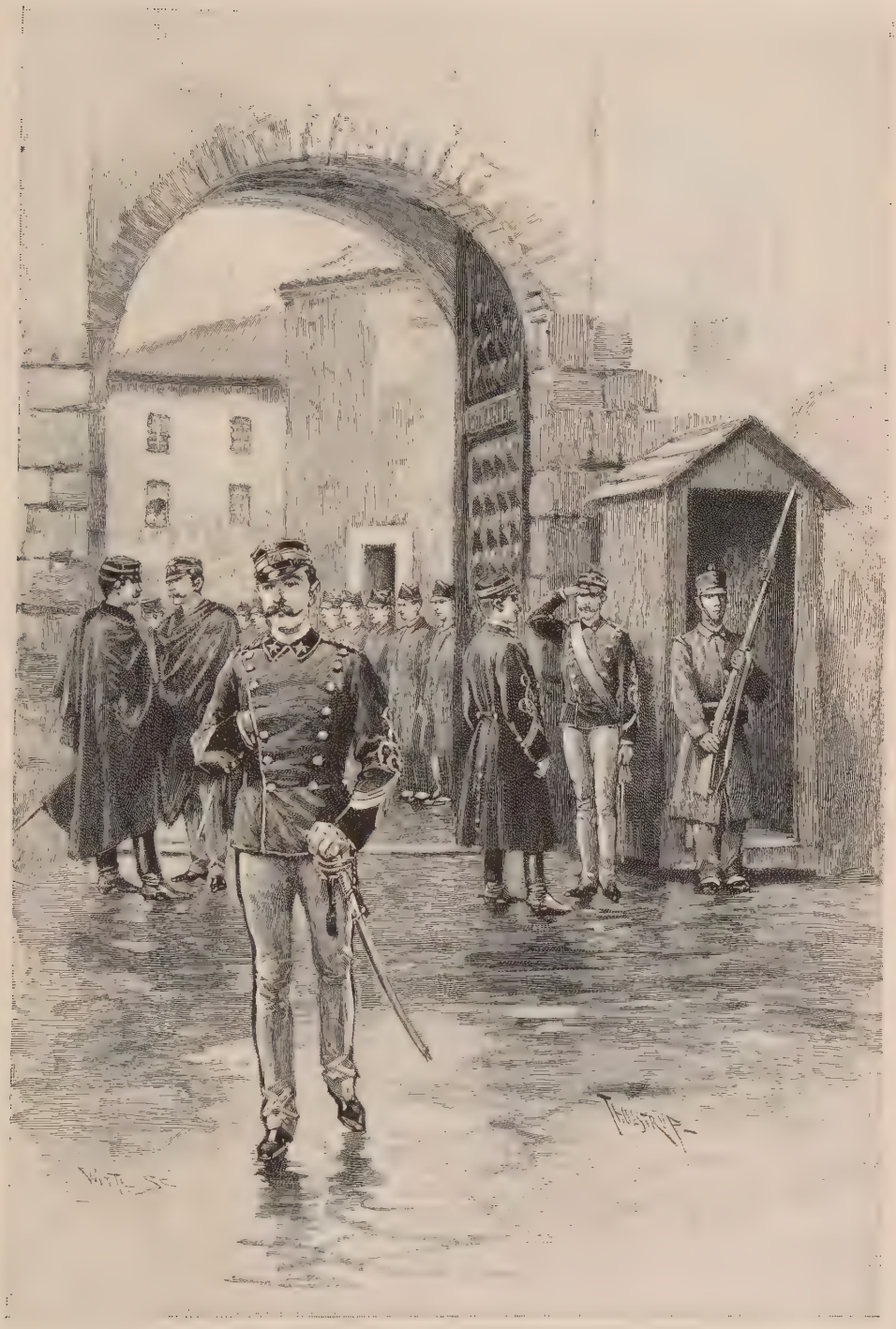
The artillery, which of late years has so wonderfully developed in every European army, was in 1887 considerably augmented also in Italy. The 12 regiments which, under Ferrero's administration, were to furnish the batteries, one regiment to each army corps in case of mobilization, had, as we have said, too difficult a task, especially as they were obliged to provide not only to the mobilization of the regular batteries, but also to the constitution of the batteries of the second and of the third line. Consequently, to increase the artillery in the army corps, it was necessary to lighten the burden of the regiments by increasing their number. This was done by the reorganization of 1887, so that at present the artillery consists of 24 field regiments, 12 of which are divisional, and are to furnish batteries of 9-centimetre calibre to the divisions, to the number of 4 for each division. These 12 divisional regiments comprise 564 officers and 10,848 men, with 5136 troop-horses. The organization consists of a staff, 8 batteries forming 2 brigades, 1 train company, and a depot. The other 12 regiments have likewise 8 batteries, 4 of which are of 9-centimetre calibre, 4 of 7-centimetre calibre, a depot, and 2 train companies instead of 1. Total strength, 636 officers, 11,964 men, 5496 horses. These regiments are called army corps regiments, as they have charge of the mobilization of the artillery of the army corps.

The organization of 1887 also increased the strength of the cavalry divisions by adding 2 new horse batteries to the 4 already in existence, and bringing all the 6 into one regiment, to which belong also 4 train companies and a depot. The total amounts to 64 officers, 1170 men, and 651 troop-horses. The horse batteries, all of 7-centimetre calibre, are perfectly mounted and really splendid.

An addition of 1 battery was made to the previous 8 mountain batteries, and a regiment was thus formed for mountain service with 9 batteries and a depot. These batteries have a 7-centimetre calibre. The regiment consists of 59 officers, 1198 soldiers, and 521 mules and horses.

The garrison artillery comprises 5 regiments, each of from 12 to 16 companies, making together 68 companies, and a depot. The officers of the corps are 293, and the privates 7266. To these must be added 5 artificer companies, aggregating 500 men and 15 officers.

The high direction of the instruction of the arm is intrusted to an inspectorate general, consisting of 6 generals, assisted by 12 captains. These oversee the various special departments of the arm and



INFANTRY OF THE LINE.

FOOT CARABINEER.

the manufacture of the materials for the artillery. There are, besides, 4 commands for the field artillery and 2 for the garrison artillery, directed by general officers.

The engineer corps is constituted as follows: 4 regiments with 43 companies of sappers, 6 of telegraphists, 10 of pontoniers, 4 of railroad men, 1 for balloon and photo-electric service, and 8 train companies. The 4 regiments number together 245 officers, 8018 privates, and 562 troop-horses.

The sanitary department is under the charge of a military medical inspector, and consists of 12 territorial sanitary directorates, 12 sanitary companies, and of military hospitals. The entire department comprises 205 medical officers, 91 pharmacists, 94 clerks, and 2295 men.

For the supply service there are 12 supply companies with 169 officers and 2238 privates, and a commissariat consisting of 12 territorial commissariat directorates, 3 central military storehouses, a factory of military accoutrements, and a "revision office" for the examination and verification of military accounts, with a total force of 366 officers.

The cartographic service is intrusted to the Geographical Military Institute. This is divided in two sections, the one having administrative and supervisory functions, the other executive. The former has 21 army officers under the high guidance of the chief of the general staff of the army, and the latter has 11 geographical engineers and 110 topographists. The Geographical Military Institute has done very important work in the geodetical field, has produced excellent topographical maps, among them the great one of Italy on a scale of $\frac{1}{50000}$ and of $\frac{1}{100000}$, besides many special works of military or scientific interest.

The present sketch of the Italian military organization would be incomplete without a mention of those institutions which are designed for the recruitment and instruction of officers.

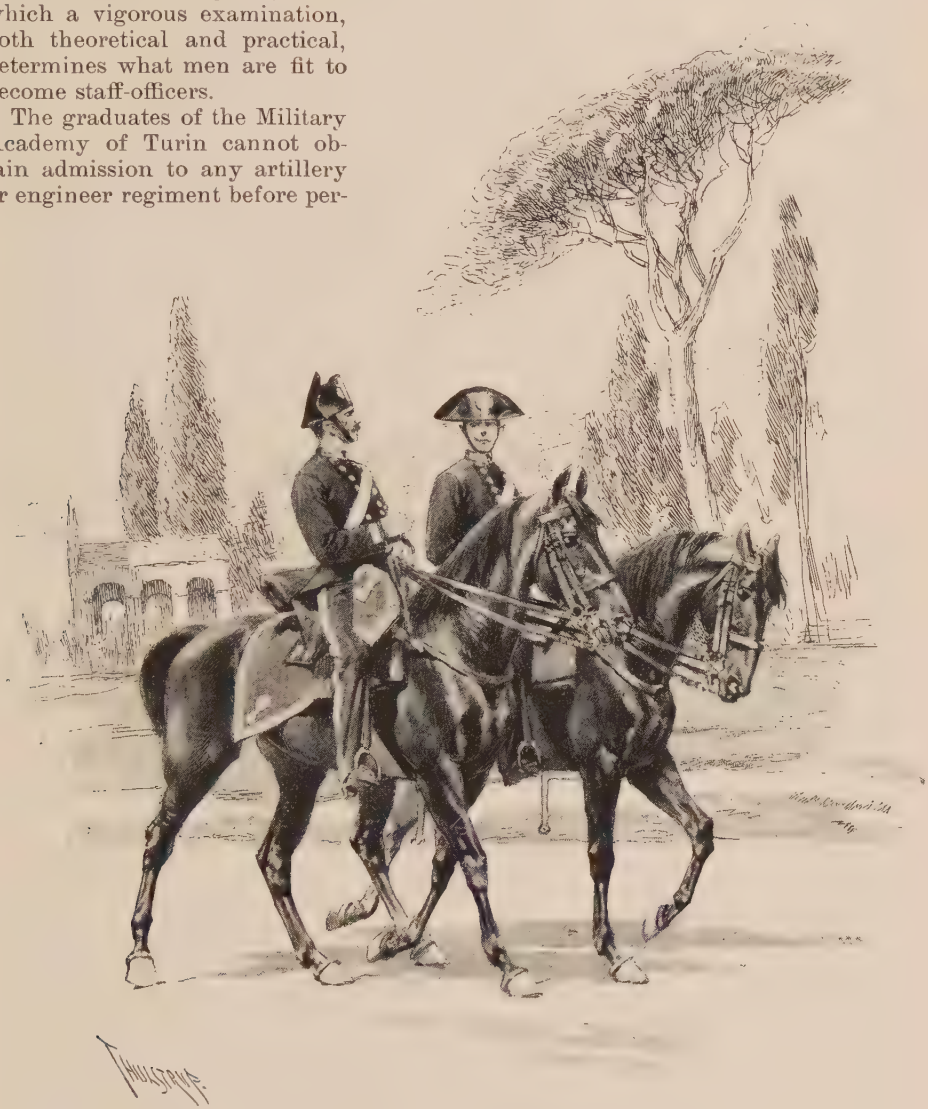
For sublieutenants there are some school platoons detailed by certain regiments of the several arms of infantry, bersaglieri, cavalry, and artillery, besides a school company for garrison artillery. A special academy at Caserta furnishes instruction to those sublieutenants who seek promotion to a lieutenancy in the field army or in its administration.

So likewise there are school platoons in some specified regiments of the several arms for the recruitment and instruction of officers. Then five military academies, at Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Messina, give college education to young men whose families wish them to be prepared to follow the military profession. The Military School of Modena prepares young men for sublieutenancies in the infantry, cavalry, or the commissariat, while the Military Academy of Turin does the same as to the arms of artillery and the engineers.

There are also staff colleges, among which the "Scuola di Guerra" of Turin is prominent. This school receives officers of any arm who pass successfully a competitive examination. The course lasts two years, after which a vigorous examination, both theoretical and practical, determines what men are fit to become staff-officers.

The graduates of the Military Academy of Turin cannot obtain admission to any artillery or engineer regiment before perfecting their education in the "Scuola d' Applicazione delle Armi speciali," also established in Turin.

The staffs for the sanitary department and the cavalry are recruited from the graduates of the Medical Military School of Florence and the Cavalry School of Pinerolo respectively. Two central schools, the one at Nettuno for the artillery, the other at Parma for the infantry, perfect the special education of officers in all matters pertaining to arms and the use of them.



HORSE CARABINEERS.

All the above-mentioned schools have given to the army numerous officers, whose thorough knowledge, both theoretical and practical, is a sure guarantee that the army and military science in

Italy will be kept in constant progress in every department.

Until the year 1885, Italy had no colonies, and consequently no colonial troops. For the military expedition to Massowah, which took place in the winter of 1884–5, the war administration organized a small army, mostly with furlough men drawn from the standing army. But in 1887 a special corps for the permanent occupation of Massowah and its dependencies was created under the special law of July 18, 1887.

This corps, which was to be considered as part of the national standing army, consisted originally of a colonial military command, a staff with all dependent services, 2 regiments of infantry, each of 3 battalions of 3 companies each, 1 squadron of horse chasseurs, 4 artillery companies, 1 supply and 1 train company.

These troops were recruited from among the men in active service who made special application, and also, in given proportions, from among furlough men of the first category. Their engagement was for a term of 4 years; rescindable, however, after 2 years, upon their demand. At the end of every two-years' term each soldier was entitled to a premium of 1000 francs. The officers were drawn from those of the standing army, either in actual service or on furlough.

The strength of the corps was 238 officers, 4762 men, 134 horses for the officers, and 322 horses and mules for the troops.

In June, 1889, a military corps of African natives was also instituted, which varied in size from time to time, as circumstances required, and which, under the command of Italian officers, has done excellent service.

The adaptability to the adverse climate shown thus far by the Italian troops encourages the hope that Italy may succeed in opening up to civilization that part of the Dark Continent which has come under her influence. At any rate, no such task would have been undertaken by Italy but for the existence of her army; and her army was also the starting-point of that triple alliance which has thus far secured to Europe the blessings of peace.

The condition of the Italian garrisons in Africa having become safer, especially in consequence of a treaty concluded by Italy with Abyssinia after the death of Negus John, the colonial army, already reduced by decree of June 20, 1889, was further diminished by decree of August 28, 1890, so that it at present consists of 2 battalions of chasseurs and 1 of bersaglieri, 1 mountain battery, 1 company of cannoneers, 1 of artillery artificers, 2 of engineers, 1 of the sanitary, 1 of the supply, and 1 of the train corps. The entire strength is 105 officers, 3208 men, 72 horses for officers, and 357 for troops. The mode of enlistment has not been changed.

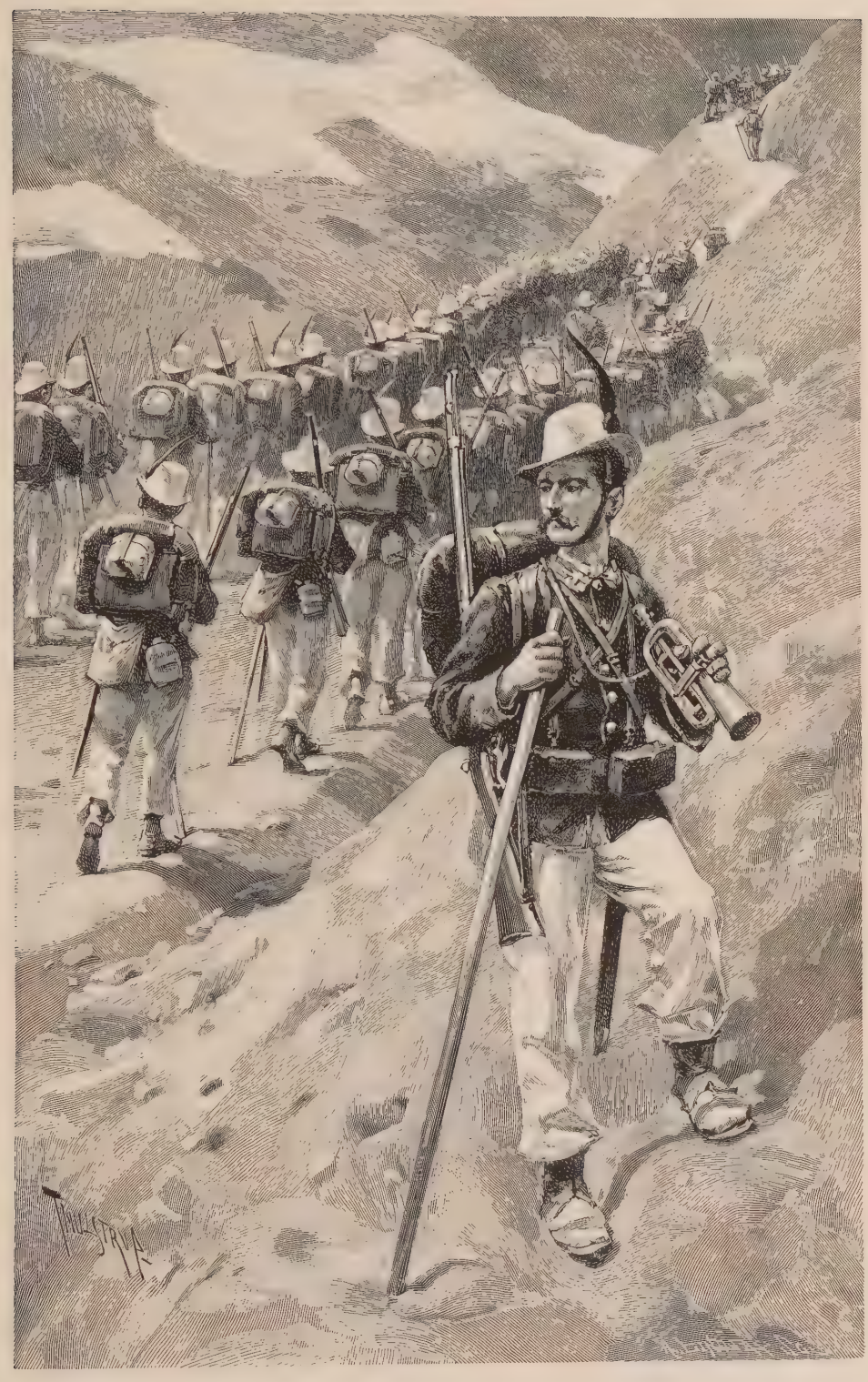
On June 30, 1889, the military corps of natives was thus organized: 4 battalions of infantry of 4 companies each, 1 squadron of scouts, 1 mountain battery, 2 "bolucks," 1 "orta" of several companies for service in the interior. Total strength, about 4000.

But by the reorganization decree of September 3, 1890, the same corps was formed into 6 battalions of infantry of 4 companies each, 2 squadrons of cavalry, and 1 field battery, making together 104 Italian and 48 native officers, 108 men from the Italian army, 5287 natives, 174 horses for officers, and 669 for the troops.

This colonial corps has been found to answer perfectly the ends of the occupation, and its troops being naturally used to the torrid climate, it is not unlikely that, if necessary, it may be sooner or later increased, thus allowing a further reduction in the Italian corps.

Having thus far described the military establishment of Italy in its constitution and elements, let us now locate it; or, in other words, let us see how it is distributed among the different provinces of the kingdom in time of peace.

The mode of distribution is determined partly by the exigencies of the home policy of the state and the existing facilities for the convenient quartering of troops; but, above all, by the needs of the defence of the country against foreign enemies. In this latter respect the geographical position of the kingdom in relation to its neighboring states, and the peculiar configuration of the territory, so narrow, and at the same time so excessively long, are circumstances of controlling importance. The land communications of Italy with the neighboring states all terminate in the valley of the Po. The area of that valley hardly exceeds one-third of that of the territory of the whole state, while the remaining two-thirds are surrounded by the sea. Hence the land forces are assigned in the in-



ALPINE INFANTRY.

OFFICER OF CUIRASSIERS.

verse ratio, that is, nearly two-thirds to northern Italy, and little more than one-third to the peninsula proper and the islands. So, likewise, of the 12 territorial army corps commands, not less than 6 are in the north, viz., at Turin, Alessandria, Milan, Piacenza, Verona, Bologna; 5 are scattered all over the rest of the country, viz., at Florence, Ancona, Rome, Naples, Bari, and the 12th is at Palermo.

Nature has clearly defined the principal zone of military stations in the event of war with any of the neighboring states, but it has at the same time, by the length and the mountainous structure of the peninsula, created many hinderances to the rapid transportation of troops from the south towards the north. Therefore the organizers of the Italian army acted wisely in stationing permanently in the northern part of Italy a military strength far superior to that which would have belonged to it in proportion to its territory alone.

The active militia is organized as follows: Infantry, 48 regiments of 3 battalions of 4 companies each; bersaglieri, 18 battalions, each of 4 companies; Alpine troops, 22 companies. The centres of formation for the infantry and the bersaglieri are the districts; for the Alpine troops, the respective battalions.

The artillery of the active militia consists of 52 field batteries of 6 pieces each; 9 mountain batteries, also of 6 pieces each; 36 garrison artillery companies; 14 train companies. The centres of formation for the various units of this artillery are the artillery regiments of the permanent army.

The active militia engineer corps is formed into 21 companies of sappers, 2 companies of railroad men, 3 companies of telegraphists, 5 companies of pontoniers, 4 companies of train. The centres of formation are those of the active army engineer regiments.

To the above corps must be added 12 sanitary service and 12 supply service companies.

The divisions that can be formed with the above elements, and that can be mobilized to re-enforce the 12 army corps of

the first line, are 12. They are composed of all the various arms and furnished with all the required services, and, if necessary, all or some of them can be united into army corps.

The island of Sardinia has a special active militia of its own, which is thus constituted: 3 regiments of infantry, each of 3 battalions of 4 companies each, 1 battalion of bersaglieri, 1 squadron of cavalry, 2 batteries of field artillery, and 1 train company, 4 batteries of garrison artillery, 1 company of engineers, 1 company of sanitary service troops, 1 company of supply service troops. The centres of formation for the Sardinian active militia are the two districts of Cagliari and Sassari.

The organization of the local militia was not changed in any notable degree, but the completion of its cadres was attended with great care, and thereby the conditions of its formation were improved.

CAVALRY—"ROYAL PIEDMONT REGIMENT."

The cadres for the local militia are, as a rule, constituted of officers of the same militia, chosen from among the citizens of all classes who are best fitted for the po-

sitions to which they are called, but occasionally, also, of furlough officers of the permanent army. The districts are the centres of formation for the active militia battalions, or companies of infantry, artillery, and engineers, while the Alpine battalions of the permanent army are the centres for the 22 Alpine battalions of the local militia.

LIGHT CAVALRY.

The various combatant units of the three arms which the Italian army is able to form in each of its three great sections may be summed up as follows:

	Battalions.	Squadrons.	Field batteries.	Horse batteries.	Mountain batteries.	Garrison artillery companies.	Engineer companies.	Supply companies.
Permanent Army	370	144	194	6	9	69	64	40
Active Militia...	177	25	54	..	9	36	31	18
Local Militia....	342	..	..	..	..	100	30	..
	889	169	248 ×6	6 ×6	18 ×6	205	125	58

Total..... 1488+36+108=1632 pieces.

A glance at this table will suffice to show that the national army of Italy is far from having the proportions of cavalry and horse batteries that the armies of Germany, France, and Austro-Hungary give to the same arms. This comparative deficiency, however, is accounted for and justified by the nature of the frontiers, as well as by the international position of the Italian Kingdom in respect to the neighboring states, excluding on its part any aggressive intention. The relative scarcity of cavalry in particular would in any case be justified by the actual scarcity of horses fit for military purposes (220,000 in all, fully one-half of which number would be required for the needs of a general mobilization), as well as by the state of the national finances, which hardly allows the maintenance of such an expensive arm on a large scale. Nevertheless, Italy is unquestionably able to check with her army any offensive movement from either the west or the east. The above table shows that no less than 12 active army corps, each 30,000 strong, can be formed, preceded by 36,000 Alpine infantry, and followed up by 12 divisions, each 120,000 strong, of active militia, giving a grand total of 540,000 men, all ready to take the field, the local militia amply sufficing for all garrison purposes.

The law of conscription makes every able-bodied Italian liable to military service from the age of 20 to 39. There are, consequently, 19 classes to feed the army. The men on the conscription lists found fit for service are enrolled, and divided by lot into three distinct categories, first, second, third. The first category contingent is determined annually by law. The men in excess of the first category contingent are assigned to the second cate-

gory; those who find themselves in such family circumstances as are stated by the law of conscription are passed into the third. In determining these circumstances the legislator has conciliated the needs of the military defence of the state with the other interests of civil society and the principles of humanity. In this respect, of the laws of conscription of all the great states of Europe, the Italian is the most liberal. The former, in fact, extend the period of liability to military service to 25 years, and restrict the cases of exemption within the narrowest limits.

Another feature of the Italian law is this: it allows all conscripts wishing to finish their studies to postpone military service till the age of 25, and grants clergymen the right to serve in the sanitary department.

CAVALRY OFFICERS.

The period of active service in the army is of 3 years for the first category men, if they are in the infantry, artillery, or engineer corps, and of 4 if they are in the cavalry. Sublieutenants must serve 5 years.

After 3 years spent with the colors, the great mass of the first category are sent home on unlimited furlough, remaining, however, liable to service for 6 years, at the expiration of which they pass for a term of 4 years to the active militia, and then for 6 years to the local militia.

The second category are, in peace time, liable to service in one of the several arms during a period of 9 years in the permanent army, another of 4 years in the active militia, and a third one of 6 years in the local militia; but they are considered as on furlough, and only subjected to some months' military training.

The furlough classes of the first category being sufficient to put the permanent army on the war footing, and the four classes of the active militia being sufficient to complete the cadres of the same militia, the second categories are really complementary troops serving to replace casualties in the field army.

The men of the third category are not in peace time called to service, except for a few weeks' training. All the third category classes concur with the six older classes of the first and the second categories to form the local militia. This is very numerous, and although its technical worth is of very little importance, except in that portion of it which is formed of first category men, it can, nevertheless, in case of protracted war, be used for garrison service and the maintenance of public peace, thereby affording means of resistance to the last extremity.

An institution peculiar to Italy is that of the town militia ("Milizia Comunale"), which the town authorities can by permission of the national government constitute with furlough men of any category, whether they belong to the permanent army, the active or the local militia. The town militia assist in case of need in the maintenance of the public peace and order.

The strength of the whole of the Italian military establishment is concisely given in the following table:

Permanent Army.				Active Militia.		Local Militia.		Total.	
Officers.		Troop.							
Officers, partly under arms, partly on furlough.	Horses in active service.	Men, partly under arms, partly on furlough.	Horses in active service.	Officers on furlough.	Troops on furlough.	Officers on furlough.	Troops on furlough.	Officers.	Troops.
19,453	9,554	804,801	38.949	6,096	369,998	9,925	1,543,533	35,474	2,718,332

To estimate correctly the real worth of this enormous number of men it is necessary to give some facts showing the amount and kind of instruction received by them. Of the permanent army about 250,000 are kept under arms 3 years, and their instruction and military training extend over the whole of that period. About 384,000 are on furlough, but have also received 3 years' instruction. The remaining 170,000 belong to the second category; that is, they have received 2 months' instruction, and constitute the complementary troops. Therefore the army of the first line consists of only 634,000 men. These, however, can be constantly kept to their full total, even during a protracted war.

Of the 370,000 men of the active militia, about 200,000 have received 3 years' instruction, and these, formed into cadres commanded by officers mostly from the active army, constitute a very solid body, available for any war operation, the other 170,000 men from the complementary troops being soldiers of the second category, with only a few weeks' instruction. Lastly, about 300,000 of the local militia are of the first category, with the regular 3 years' training, and have about 170,000 second category men as complement. Italy, therefore, is able to oppose against her enemies fully 1,444,000 men, perfectly trained, armed, and equipped. This number can be maintained by 500,000 complementary troops.

The districts provide for the receiving, equipping, and forwarding of these complementary troops to their respective corps.

We will not consider the third category, because, although it is formed of the imposing number of over 1,000,000 men, it only represents the broadness with which the Italian law of conscription has interpreted the interests of society.

A close observer will easily detect in the national unity of Italy an *ensemble* of many diversities, and a typical variety of interesting particulars which not even the uniformity of military life and discipline can cancel. Nothing is more interesting than the sight of the grave and exact Piedmontese, the serious and good-natured Lombard, the sceptical and alert Ligurian. Next to them one might see the witty and talkative Venetian or Tuscan, and the jovial Emilian or Romagnese, and contrast them with the proud and ardent Sicilian, or the melancholy and pensive Sardinian. Then he might be struck with the intellectual acuteness of the lazy native of Campania Felice or of sunny Puglia standing by the side of a stalwart comrade from Calabria, the Abruzzi, or Lucania. But he would probably notice, above all others, the sons of Rome, of the Sabina, of the Marches, and of Umbria, in whom are still reflected the manly beauty of the Italic type, and the genuine Italic spirit, which still shines in the artistic cities of those provinces.

If the recruitment were made on the principle of localization, this diversity of types and characters would become apparent only through a comparison of entire regiments from the several regions; but being on a national basis, men from all parts of the kingdom are brought together, and their special characteristics are observable in each and every regiment.

The existence of such diversities may at first appear as tending to hinder or weaken that harmony and cohesion of all elements which is essential to the efficiency of an army. But thirty years' experience has proved that there exists unity in the army, and that through it the union of all the provinces has been

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY.

FIELD ARTILLERY.

cemented. One and the same flag gathers under its folds willing and concordant men, whose hearts beat in unison in the intense love of their country, forever freed from foreign masters and the oppression of despotic rulers.

The national system of recruitment, discarding as it does the principle of localization, is altogether too expensive, complicated, and cumbersome, both in respect to the requirements of the peace and of the war establishment. On the other hand, it has had the inestimable advantage of doing away with one of the saddest legacies of ancient municipal rivalries, and more recent suspicious policies of petty rulers, namely, provincial diffidences, prejudices, and jealousies.

However, the remembrance of these and their evil effects on the political and military events of 1848–9 is still so vivid in the minds of many persons who witnessed those unfortunate events, and some of whom are now holding influential positions in the higher military spheres, that it actually prevents a radical change in the existing system. Those persons believe that the recruitment on a national basis must be continued for the advantage of a more intimate social and political fusion of all the elements of the nation. On the other hand, a reform is advocated with equal zeal and vigor by men not less competent, honorable, or anxious for the public good. These maintain that the time for the adoption of the simpler, more natural, and less expensive system of localization has come; that the experience of thirty years, as well as the straits of the financial and economical situation of the country, unmistakably calls for it.

That victory will finally be with the latter can admit of no doubt; it is only a question of time. But when that time will come no one can say. In the mean time the Italian army remains what it has always been, the most vivid expression of reconstructed Italy, and the most elevating and effective school of national unification.

THE PASSING OF THOMAS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

ALTHOUGH by profession a stock-broker, Mr. Harver was a man of humane and even amiable disposition. Excepting in a business way, he was very loath to cause pain to any of his fellow-creatures; and a like kindliness was manifested to a marked degree in his treatment of the lower orders of animals. Even when it came to that portion of the insect world in dealing with which mankind is accustomed to employ tongs and poisonous solutions and destructive powders, Mr. Harver still exhibited his natural goodness of heart by using these exterminating agents with a benevolent firmness. The obnoxious insect entities were bereft of life, but with that maximum of celerity which assured a minimum of pain. Had Mr. Harver been a tyrant—using the word in its older and better sense—he would have been first among tyrants to employ electricity in the execution of criminals; and if science had revealed any more genial means of getting rid of criminals—that is to say, any means quicker and less painful than electricity—he would have adopted it instantly. At times he regretted keenly that his station in life had not been that of a tyrant. Occupying such a position—aside from the obvious advantage that it would have given him in regard to manipulating the stock market by means of Edicts—he could have made effective many improved theories of government which he had himself devised, or which he had read about in the course of his quite extensive study of the works of political economists. One of the reforms which he most earnestly longed to realize was the adoption of a system of rational philanthropy, in accordance with which all malformed and constitutionally weakly persons—and of course all imbeciles, hopeless lunatics, and hereditary criminals—would be eliminated from the physically and morally sound portion of humanity by the least painful and most expeditious method that could be employed.

Being a person of this practically and resolutely benevolent sort, Mr. Harver's disposition was to offer to Thomas the choice, as it were, between bowls and bowstrings the very moment that Thomas, being then advanced to a great age, began to go blind. Owing to the entreaties of Mrs. Harver—who was not a student of political economy, and who was devotedly attached to Thomas—he consented to hold the decree of death in abeyance for a season, and even permitted Mrs. Harver to consult an oculist. But when the oculist had certified to the impossibility of a cure, and when Thomas's blindness had so increased that he could not walk across the room without bumping into chairs and tables, even Mrs. Harver admitted that the kindest thing to do to him would be to give him release from his affliction in death. And then Mr. Harver, in his practically kind-hearted way, said that there should be no bungling about it; that he himself would take Thomas down cellar and give him an overdose of ether on a sponge.

When Mrs. Harver held Thomas for the last time in her arms that fatal evening—the execution took place in the evening, because then Mr. Harver had ample time to attend to it—her feelings entirely overcame her. Thomas's disposition was most affectionate. On this painful occasion he turned tenderly toward her his poor blind eyes; he pushed his soft little paws alternately against her arm so vigorously as to set to tinkling the silver bell that he wore about his neck; and with all the strength that remained in his aged body he purred forth his love. The situation was heart-breaking. Even Mr. Harver, as he gently unclasped Mrs. Harver's arms from about Thomas, and gently enfolded him in his own, had such a lump in his throat that his words of attempted consolation were spoken with difficulty; and his emotion so overcame him that he was near to missing his footing and tumbling down the whole length of the cellar stairs. As for Mrs. Harver, when Thomas fairly was taken from her, she collapsed completely, and fell upon a sofa in an agony of tears. From the days of his very earliest kittenhood she had loved Thomas tenderly, and through all the fifteen years of their affectionate companionship her love for him steadily had increased. It was a most bitter blow that their parting had come at last, and in what seemed to be so cruel a way.

Half an hour or so later, Mr. Harver—bringing with him the odor of a dentist's office—returned to the library. Cobwebs stuck about him in various places, he was very pale, and beads of sweat stood thickly upon his brow. For a while he did not trust himself to speak: he simply sat down by Mrs. Harver's side and enfolded her in his arms. The silence was broken only by the sound of Mrs. Harver's sobs.

That both Mr. and Mrs. Harver should manifest such strong feeling was not, under the circumstances, at all surprising. They were without children, and for many years Thomas had filled the place of a child in their hearts and in their home. In his prime he had been one of the largest and finest Maltese cats ever seen in the city of Philadelphia (which city is famous for its Maltese cats of great size), and his moral and intellectual perfections had been in keeping with his physical beauty. Having been taken early in life and carefully educated, he had been trained to be a trick cat of rare parts; and his sweetness of temper was such that he always manifested a real pleasure in showing off his series of polite accomplishments. It had been his custom at meals, save on formal occasions, to sit beside Mrs. Harver on a high chair, eating with a decorous propriety from a small plate, and manifesting so keen a sense of the requirements of table etiquette that he never would begin his repast until his bib had been tied on. At night, the little silver bell about his neck tinkling to the time of his footsteps, it was his custom to precede Mr. and Mrs. Harver from the library—in which apartment their evenings usually were passed—to their bedchamber. With the utmost gravity he would walk up the half flight of stairs just in front of them; would bid them good-night by putting out his paws to be shaken; and then, of his own accord, would go to the basket in Mr. Harver's dressing-room in which he slept; and in the morning, at the very first sound of stirring in their apartment, he would come trotting in from the dressing-room, and would bid them good-day with a purr so shaking and gurgling as to bid fair to choke him. Being a cat of this most unusual sort, his loss, it will be perceived, was nothing short of a domestic calamity.

When the first violent outburst of their grief had passed and they had grown somewhat calmer, Mr. and Mrs. Harver talked for a while tenderly and lovingly about the late Thomas — his name never had been abbreviated either in addressing him or in speaking of him — and found a certain amount of sad comfort in recalling to each other's minds his many excellencies. From this they passed on to consideration of what disposition should be made of his remains. Mr. Harver, in his practical way, suggested the dustman; but Mrs. Harver would not hear of the dustman.

"How can you think of such a thing?" she asked with energy. "It is cruel. Thomas is much better entitled to a lot in Laurel Hill than a good many people who have one. He must be buried fittingly."

"Very well," said Mr. Harver; "let us bury him in the back yard."

"No," Mrs. Harver answered; "it would be painful to have him buried there; and it also would be an insult to his memory. Thomas never was a back-yard cat. That will not do at all."

"In the cellar, then," Mr. Harver suggested, but hesitatingly.

"Impossible!" replied Mrs. Harver. "It would be horrible to have him right under us, that way — and I am sure that if we buried him in the cellar his dear little ghost would haunt the house. No; I tell you what we'll do: we'll take him out to Germantown and bury him in John's garden. Any cat would be glad to be buried in that beautiful garden; and I'm sure that John will let us put up a little stone with Thomas's name on it, and how old he was, and how through the whole of his life he was the very best cat that ever lived. Yes, that is the best thing that possibly can be done. Come home early from the office, and we'll do it to-morrow afternoon."

"You forget. To-morrow I am going to New York; and if the syndicate people make another mess of it, as they probably will, I shall be detained through the evening, and will have to come home on the midnight train. There's a special meeting of the Girard directors on Thursday morning at 9.30, or I would stay all night."

Mrs. Harver was silent for a moment. When she spoke it was in firm tones. "I will take dear Thomas out myself," she said. "To-morrow morning, before you go down town, you can put him in the old silver-basket—now that we have the silver-

safe in the pantry we no longer need it, and it still is a very respectable-looking basket to carry about — and I will put a napkin on top to make it look like something that I am carrying to a sick friend. It will be a rather conspicuously large basket to carry through the streets, I know; but if people think anything about it at all, they only will think that it is very kind-hearted of me to take so much trouble. Don't you think that that is a very good plan, dear?"

Mr. Harver was not disposed to yield an unqualified assent to this project; but he ended by admitting that this was about the only way by which Mrs. Harver's amiable wishes in regard to the entombment of Thomas in her brother John's garden could be realized. And then, the matter being thus settled, they went up stairs together for the night.

It was a very dismal progress. No little gray figure trotted up the stairs ahead of them; there was no tinkling of a little silver bell; no little paws were extended to bid them good-night. Mrs. Harver broke down again completely. Mr. Harver had to give her ignatia before she could get to sleep.

II.

After lunch, the next day, Mrs. Harver set out upon her sorrowful journey to Germantown. Being a person of exceptionally pleasing appearance, and being always very well dressed, she was accustomed when she fared abroad to having people turn around and look at her; but she was not accustomed to being stared at as vigorously as she was stared at on this particular day.

That she should be an object of lively interest to every one who beheld her was not, on the whole, surprising. She was a little woman, and the old silver-basket which served for Thomas's catafalque was large. Moreover, there was a great deal of Thomas inside of it. One of their pet names for him (suggested by a naval relative) had been "The Eighteen-pounder"; which name had been justified by the actual facts. To carry eighteen pounds of dead cat in a large basket required more bodily strength, Mrs. Harver discovered, than she had readily at her disposal. Undeniably, the sight of this very small, very pretty, and very well dressed woman struggling with her load was quite enough to make people stare—and they did! If the interested observers of her far from triumphal progress entertained the thought that she was carrying food to a sick friend, some difficulty must have been experienced in reconciling the quantity of food carried with the appetite of any known variety of invalid.

Fortunately, Mrs. Harver had but half a square to walk in order to reach a street car. That distance was quite enough for her. When she got to the corner, her arms were very tired and her face was very red. She was beginning to think that the contract which she had taken was a dangerously large one. For years she had been exceedingly proud of Thomas's unusual size. Her feeling now was that for mortuary purposes a much smaller cat would have been more desirable. And she regretted keenly that the little silver bell which for so many years had tinkled in unison to Thomas's footsteps had not been removed from his neck as a preliminary to his sepulture. Her regret was not lessened by the fact that it had been left in place at her particular request. As she walked along it did jingle dreadfully!

When she boarded the street car the conductor took her basket from her and carried it to the front end. "Right up here, ma'am, out of the way," he said. He evidently was surprised by the jingling inside of the basket, and this queer little noise obviously aroused the interest of the passengers. Mrs. Harver felt that she was flushing desperately. It was very trying to be so persistently stared at. Moreover, the conductor's words, and his disposition of her property, made her feel as though she were a washer-woman taking home clean clothes. The appearance of the basket certainly tended to foster this belief. Mr. Harver had removed its central division and had stowed Thomas in it lengthwise, steadying him all around and covering him with wads of newspaper. Over this humpy surface—to give color to the food-for-a-sick-friend theory—a large napkin had been spread and had been tucked in snugly at the sides and ends. With the washer-woman possibilities of the situation so pointedly suggested to her, it seemed quite impossible that anybody would entertain the sick-friend postulate for a moment. Her one sustaining consolation was the absolute correctness of her attire. Wash-

er-women, she reflected, were not in the habit of wearing tailor-made gowns; nor did their gowns, hats, gloves, and fans, as a rule, belong to one harmonious scheme of color. Her gown was tailor-made, and her color effect was irreproachable.

Up at the forward end of the car the air was somewhat heavy; and it was made heavier by a curious odor which Mrs. Harver did not at first recognize, but which aroused in her mind a chain of uneasy thoughts vaguely associated with pain. Presently she perceived that the people about her perceptibly were sniffing; and then she heard some one say: "What a horrid smell of ether!"

These words went through Mrs. Harver like a knife. She started violently, and she knew by the way her face burned that she must be quite crimson. During the remaining ten minutes that she was in the car she sat rigidly, her face averted from her fellow-passengers, gazing out of the front window. She did not see anything clearly. The backs of the horses seemed to be bobbing about in a curious mist.

As she left the car she knew that everybody was staring at her; she knew that everybody sniffed suspiciously as the conductor carried out her jingling basket, and she was conscious of a most unpleasant whispering behind her as she followed it. She had expected to take another car. Fortunately an empty hansom was passing. She hailed it, lifted the basket into it with some difficulty, and drove directly to the station.

A porter took her basket, carried it through the waiting-room, and put it aboard the train. She observed that the porter bent down over the basket and smelled at it in a manner that betokened curiosity and surprise. That his curiosity was stimulated, rather than allayed, when she gave him a half-dollar for his trifling service was obvious. He looked at her for a moment searchingly as he received this gift, but he did not speak. He was a loyal porter. Believing that he had been paid to keep silence, he kept it. At the door of the car he turned and shot another penetrating look at her. As he passed down the platform he paused before the window beside which she was seated and looked at her again. While this inquisition was in progress, Mrs. Harver had the paradoxical sensation, as she subsequently expressed it, of being detected in the perpetration of an uncommitted crime.

As the train started she began to heave a sigh of relief—which ended abruptly in a smothered gasp of annoyance and alarm as she heard her name pronounced, and turning, beheld Mr. Hutchinson Port bowing to her. Of all the million or so of people dwelling in Philadelphia, Mr. Hutchinson Port—an elderly gentleman, of gluttonous tendencies, a bilious habit, and a most censorious disposition—was the very last whom Mrs. Harver would have desired to meet on that particular day. Rising sixty (though he did not admit it), Mr. Port was an itinerant encyclopædia of Philadelphia gossip and scandal of the preceding forty years. Moreover, his zest in adding to his stock of scandalous information was equalled only by his zeal in disseminating it; and, although normally dull and ponderous in his conversation, he manifested a considerable imaginative faculty in perverting minor lapses from social rectitude into downright social crimes, and even contrived to give to his misrepresentations of fact a humorous touch which sufficed to assure their general currency.

Being entirely familiar with these several facts, Mrs. Harver knew perfectly well that the discovery by Mr. Port of her odd venture in feline undertaking would result in the publication of the matter in such a way as to make a laughing-stock of her, and that she would be lucky if she got off without serious reflections being cast upon her moral character. Her promptly formed determination, therefore, was that he should *not* find out about it—even though, to compass this end, she should be compelled to shelter herself behind the fragments of the ninth commandment. She was a well-brought-up young woman, but she was of the opinion that when the suggestions of the Decalogue were at issue with the requirements of polite society, the Decalogue necessarily must go under every time. Acting upon this opinion, she said, with an admirable cordiality:

"I am so very sorry that I cannot offer you a share of this seat, Mr. Port. But you wouldn't be comfortable here; my basket would crowd you. It is such a very big basket, you see."

"It certainly is a big basket," Mr. Port responded, looking down at it with some surprise. And then he added, with what

was intended for sprightliness: "Really, Mrs. Harver, I am half disposed to believe that you contemplate turning burglar, and are getting your hand in by running away with your own plate."

"How droll and how clever you are!" Mrs. Harver answered, with a warmly appreciative smile. "No, I am not running away with the plate; I am only taking a basket of—of jelly to Mrs. Selwyn, my sister-in-law." And then, feeling that she was in for it, she went on: "I am rather famous for my jelly, you know."

It is only just to Mrs. Harver to state that upon uttering this plumper she shivered a little. Absolutely, she never had made so much as a teaspoonful of any sort of jelly in the whole course of her life. Her notions in regard to this housewifely office were to the last degree confused and vague; mere scraps of theory based upon memories of talk about jelly-making which she had happened to overhear.

Unfortunately for Mrs. Harver, Mr. Port knew a great deal about jellies; and —his keenest colloquial pleasure being the discussion of any matter relating to eating—his manner at once became attentive and grave.

"You interest me deeply," he said, at the same time settling himself on the arm of the seat, and leaning over toward Mrs. Harver. "Jellies are one of my hobbies. May I ask of what your jelly is made? My! what a strong smell of ether!"

"Currants," Mrs. Harver answered, promptly. She was horrified by the reference to ether, and at any cost she was determined to keep the conversation on less dangerous ground. Moreover, she knew that a jelly was made of currants: they had had some with their roast mutton only the night before.

"My interest lies chiefly in meat jellies," Mr. Port replied, with a slight intonation of regret in his voice. "But there is much," he went on more cheerfully, "in fruit jellies which deserves the most careful thought. It is very curious, this smell of ether. What are your proportions?"

"Proportions?" asked Mrs. Harver, nervously. "I do not quite understand."

"I mean, how much sugar do you allow to a pint of juice? And do you dilute the juice? I hope not. Upon my soul, it smells like a hospital!"

"Oh, never!" said Mrs. Harver, with great decision—feeling quite safe in following Mr. Port's lead. She would have waited for a leader in regard to the sugar had she been calmer, but the reference to the hospital was upsetting, and she dashed ahead. "As to the sugar, I usually allow about—about two pounds to the pint. That makes it about right, don't you think?"

"Why, no," Mr. Port replied, bluntly, "I don't. It must make it ruinously sweet." And Mr. Port stared so hard at Mrs. Harver, and his expression was so peculiar, that she knew that she must have made a very bad break.

"Oh, but, you know," she went on, hurriedly, "the lemon juice corrects that. Without the lemon juice it *would* be ruinously sweet, just as you say. And more of the sweetness is counteracted, you know, by the lemon-peel and the whites of the eggs and the nutmeg." Mrs. Harver spoke now with a good deal of assurance, for she remembered that Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith had mentioned all of these things in connection with jelly only a few nights before.

Mr. Port regarded her with obvious wonder, and also with a slight air of reproachful doubt. "Really," he said, "this is quite the most extraordinary currant jelly that I ever heard of! And you actually mix those things together?"

"Certainly," Mrs. Harver answered. "I mix them all together, and boil them." She remembered Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith's exact words, and went ahead swimmingly: "I boil them gently for about five hours and a half, and then I strain them and set them away overnight in the refrigerator in a large earthen pan. You shall taste some of my jelly the very next time that you dine with us, Mr. Port."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Port, fervently, as he rose from his somewhat uncomfortable seat, straightened himself to his full height, and looked at Mrs. Harver in a manner that betokened not doubt, but grave displeasure. And then he added, angrily, as his slow-moving mind arrived at what to him seemed to be the only reasonable explanation of Mrs. Harver's confusing utterances: "This is all nonsense; you are making game of me! Permit me to say that I do not find the same amusement in being rallied, and upon so serious a subject, as you evidently find in rallying me. I have the

honor, madam, to wish you a very good day."

Having uttered these caustic words, Mr. Port raised his hat in a manner coldly formal, and with a severe dignity—like a very correctly dressed Lot abandoning a culinary Sodom—walked away from Mrs. Harver's contaminating presence into another car. So deeply outraged were all his finer feelings that he gladly would have walked away from her into another hemisphere.

For some moments Mrs. Harver was at a loss to understand why she had been thus wrathfully forsaken; and then, of a sudden, she remembered that Mrs. Rittenhouse Smith had been talking about calves'-feet jelly, and so perceived the fatal error into which she had fallen, and understood the meaning of Mr. Port's indignant words. She visibly shuddered, partly in dread of the exceedingly unpleasant things which he certainly would say about her now that she had made him her enemy, and partly in horror of the thorough-going manner in which she had made a fool of herself. Chewing the cud of these bitter fancies was her cheerless occupation during the remainder of her short journey by rail. The silver lining to her cloud was the blessed knowledge that Mr. Port had not discovered that she was travelling in company with eighteen pounds of dead cat.

III.

At the Germantown station Mrs. Harver transferred herself and her burden—the latter with difficulty—to a carriage and drove directly to the house of her brother John. The house, which stood a little back from the street, had an unusually shut-up look; and a long time elapsed between her ring and the partial opening of the door—with the chain still up—by a very young and very dull house-maid. Through the narrow opening, from the house-maid's stand-point, the most conspicuous object in sight was the large basket which Mrs. Harver, after her tussle with it up the path from the gate, very thankfully had set down on the door-step. The girl gave one glance at the basket, said briefly, "Go ways wid ye—we don't want any," and began to close the door.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Harver, at the same time pushing against the closing door. "Is Mrs. Selwyn at home?"

"Sure an' she's not at home," the girl answered; and added: "An' now yous be afther lavin' to oncet."

Mrs. Harver, naturally, was angry; but she was cool enough to perceive that the girl was only stupid. Therefore she pushed hard against the door, which was coming to again, and asked: "Where are your master and mistress?"

"An' phwat is't t' you where they be, I'd like t' know? But it's t' Cape May they've wint in a drivin' hurry, along o' th' blessed baby bein' took sick in th' night."

"Where are the other servants? There must be somebody else in the house besides you."

"Indade an' there ain't, thin; an' there don't nade t' be. It's meself can take care of it an' kape out th' thaves. But don't yous be afther thinkin' I'm alone here nights," she continued hurriedly, "for it's a houseful there is 'f us—th' master a-comin' home t' slape, an' Robert in th' stable, an' cook an' me. All th' boorglurs in th' wurruld couldn't get in—an' whin they did get in it's shot dead would ivry mother's son of 'em be! An' now go away wid ye paceable, wid no more wurruds."

"Listen!" said Mrs. Harver impressively, "I am Mr. Selwyn's sister—"

"Phwat are ye's afther givin' me now?" the girl cut in sharply. "Th' master's sister, indade! An' yous wid a basket loike that!"

"I tell you," repeated Mrs. Harver, "I am Mr. Selwyn's sister, and that is the reason why I have brought this basket here. Now, what I want you to do is to take the basket and give it to Robert when he comes in, and to tell him that Mrs. Harver—he will know the name—that Mrs. Harver wants him to bury this poor little dead creature," her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled, "down by the summer-house, beneath the large oleander. Tell him to make a pretty little grave, and to leave a place where a little tombstone— Good heavens, girl! what is the matter with you?"

The abrupt break in Mrs. Harver's address was not without ample cause. Of a sudden the house-maid's stupid face had grown pale, her eyes had enlarged prodigiously, and her whole expression betrayed great horror and alarm. With a half-gasp she cried: "Oh, you bloody murtherin' woman! Be off wid yees an' your dead baby before iver I call th' perlace!" As she uttered these words she

closed the door with a bang; and before Mrs. Harver could make even an attempt to open it she heard the clatter of a bolt on the inside.

The situation was a very absurd one, Mrs. Harver decided; but it was even more annoying than it was absurd. The servant absolutely refused to open the door again; and in response to knocks only fired peremptory orders through the key-hole to depart. At the end of five minutes Mrs. Harver perceived that the wisest course open to her was to follow the advice conveyed to her through this channel in such urgent terms. Fortunately, the driver of the carriage, moved by curiosity to see what would become of his queer fare, had waited at the gate. Owing to this circumstance she was in a position to make an orderly retreat. Suddenly the happy thought occurred to her that she would hire this man to relieve her of the painful duty with which she had charged herself, but to perform which seemed to be beyond her powers. No doubt, for a dollar, he would be very glad to bury Thomas in some pleasant place; and so would she be rid of her dismal burden, and Thomas would rest in peace.

She was so full of this project that she did not perceive—when she picked up the basket and set off with it down the path to the gate—that the door was opened, and that the house-maid came out and followed her. As she approached the carriage she looked at the driver attentively, in order to form some estimate of his suitableness for the service which she desired him to perform. He did not strike her as an especially promising-looking specimen of humanity; and she was surprised by perceiving that he was looking at her quite as keenly as she was looking at him. Her obvious repulse from the house which she obviously desired to enter had deepened his interest in her considerably.

"You seem to be a kind man," said Mrs. Harver, thinking it well to propitiate him by attributing to him virtues which she was inclined to believe he did not possess. "Will you do something for me? And, of course, I shall be very glad to pay you for your trouble. I want you to bury for me a poor little—"

"Yous be afther kapin' your oies on that murtherin' faymale!" the house-maid called out from the other side of the gate. "It's a dead baby, sure, she's got in her big basket. Turrun her over t' th' perlace!"

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Harver. "The woman's a fool. What I have in here is a poor little dead cat. I want you to bury it for me. Will you? I will pay you handsomely."

To Mrs. Harver's astonishment, and also to her indignation, the man gave her an exceedingly knowing look, and then actually winked at her.

"It's all right, ma'am," he said, in a confidential tone. "If you're willin' t' put up enough t' pay me for th' risk, I'll fix things for you—all on the quiet, and as comfortable as you please. How does a hunderd dollars strike you? That's little enough, when you remember that it's a jailin' job if I'm caught."

Mrs. Harver fairly gasped. "One hundred dollars for burying a cat! Man, you have taken leave of your senses!"

"Oh, come now, ma'am, it's all right t' *call* it a dead cat; that sounds better. But what's th' good o' tryin' t' come your dead cats on me? Ladies like you don't carry dead cats round th' country in baskets just for th' fun o' th' thing; an' they don't offer t' pay han'some for havin' 'em buried. It's too thin. You know what you've got in there; an' I know too—even if that fool of a girl wasn't a-yellin' it out loud enough for th' folks t' hear her in Chestnut Hill. But let all that slide, an' let's call it cats, if you want to. Th' nubs o' this thing is that you've got somethin' you want mighty bad t' get shut of, an' that I'm willin' t' shut you of it for a hunderd dollars. That's all there is to it—an' what I want t' know is, will you or won't you trade?"

"Drive me to the station at once," said Mrs. Harver, with great indignation. "If you dare to say another word I will call a policeman and have you arrested."

The man waited until Mrs. Harver was fairly in the carriage, the door shut, and he himself upon the box. Then he turned and answered: "Police is a game that two can play at. I'll drive you t' th' station fast enough. There's always an officer in front o' th' station. If you don't get reasonable an' agree t' trade by th' time we get there, I'll turn you over t' him—dead baby an' all!"

Being delivered of this threat, the driver whipped up his horses and the carriage rattled down the street.

Mrs. Harver's irritation was so extreme

that even had opportunity been given her to reply to this insolent speech, she scarcely could have done so. Her anger fairly choked her. For a little while she was quite incapable even of coherent thought. As she drew near to the station, however, her brain cleared, and she determined upon an energetic line of action. She was quite sure that the driver was in earnest about turning her over to the police; and she perceived that the only way to counter was to turn herself over—that is to say, to call upon a policeman for protection. There was a strong probability, she knew, that the upshot of this move would be the parading of the whole affair in the newspapers; and before her mind floated a sickening vision of startling head-lines: "The Lady and the Dead Cat," "Broker Harver's Wife tries to bury her defunct Feline"—and stuff of that sort. But her strait was desperate, and desperation compelled her to go ahead. By a series of unavoidable mischances she had been, as it were, brought face to face with the devil. There was nothing for it but to fight him with fire.

The carriage stopped in front of the station. A few steps from the entrance was a policeman, who, after the manner of his kind, was swinging his club by its leather thong and looking ineffably bored. The driver got down from the box and came to the door. Leaning over it, with his hand on the knob, he asked, "Well, ma'am, is it a go?"

Mrs. Harver's metal was up. For answer she called sharply, "Officer!" The policeman stopped swinging his club, and was at the door of the carriage in an instant.

"This man is misbehaving himself, officer," she said. "He is either drunk or crazy. Please make him stand aside while I get out."

The driver was not prepared for this sudden turning of his guns, but he rallied his forces promptly. "She's got a dead baby in her basket, she has; an' she's been offerin' me a hunderd dollars t' take 't off an' bury 't on th' quiet. So I've brought her down here so 's t' give you a chance t' run her in. See?"

"What I've got in this basket is a dead cat," said Mrs. Harver, firmly. "Shall I open the basket and show it to you?"

"I guess mebbe you'd better, ma'am," replied the policeman, whose professional instinct led him to regard all large baskets with distrust.

Mrs. Harver was painfully aware of the fact that a crowd was forming, the members of which were staring at her over the policeman's and the driver's shoulders with a very lively curiosity. If the earth just then could have opened and swallowed her up, she would have been delighted. As cataclysmic relief of this sort was not available, she went ahead. Bending down over the basket, with trembling hands she drew back the napkin and removed the layer of newspapers. There lay Thomas, rigid, on his back, with his little gray paws crossed upon his gray breast. At sight of him she had much difficulty in keeping down a sob. Leaning forward, the policeman and the driver saw Thomas and were convinced.

"You're a blasted fool, you are," said the former politely to the latter.

"Well, it's her fault," replied the driver in an injured tone. "Who'd ever 'a' thought as a lady like her 'u'd be packin' round dead cats!"

"Pray, *pray* drive away the crowd and let me get to the train," Mrs. Harver said in a low beseeching tone. Her one great longing was to get back to the protection of her own home.

"If this grown-up idjit has been givin' you trouble, ma'am, you'd better give him in charge an' let me run him in. It won't take ten minutes t' go t' th' station an' fix him. Say th' word, an' I'll get on th' box an' down we goes."

"No, no!" answered Mrs. Harver. "Only help me to get away."

"Very good, ma'am. It's as *you* fixes it. Now then, all of you move on!"

The crowd opened a little at this order, and through the opening—escorted by the policeman, who politely carried her basket for her — Mrs. Harver passed across the sidewalk and into the station. Luckily, a train was just starting. In two minutes she was speeding homeward in it, the basket containing Thomas at her feet, communing with her own agonizing thoughts. Her dominant agonizing thought was that if ever she brought another dead cat out to Germantown to bury it, somebody would have to tell her the reason why!

It was six o'clock when she reached her home. Warned by experience, she

had given the street cars a wide berth and had driven from the station in a carriage — to the driver of which she did not make proposals in regard to the sepulchral disposition of Thomas's remains.

Getting home, even with her mission still unfulfilled and Thomas still upon her hands, was a great relief to her. There, at least, she was safe. She had hoped strongly that Mr. Harver would have returned—for she longed to pour the story of her misadventures into his sympathetic ears—and she was a good deal disappointed by finding a telegram on the hall table telling that the syndicate business had detained him, and that he would not be able to leave before the midnight train. But she was so profoundly thankful that her trials were ended, and that she was safe within the shelter of her own walls, that she was far from being cast down. Indeed, her feeling of restful security made her positively cheerful.

It seemed heartless to put Thomas for the night in either the cellar or the back yard. Notwithstanding the trouble which he had got her into, she still loved him very tenderly; and because of her love for him she decided that he should pass this last night in his accustomed quarters in Mr. Harver's dressing-room, close beside the bed-basket wherein he had been wont to take his innocent repose.

This matter being settled, Mrs. Harver very thankfully ate her dinner—after all that she had been through she stood in urgent need of solid food—and at the absurdly early hour of nine o'clock she decided to go to bed. The strain upon her nerves during that direful day had greatly wearied her; she really was tired out. Tired though she was, however, she remembered that when Mr. Harver came home at some unconscionable time in the early morning, he certainly would be hungry; and for his refreshment she placed a decanter of sherry and a plate of biscuits on the sideboard, and even put his box of cigars on the library table in readiness for him, should he care to smoke after partaking of this repast. Having performed these kindly offices, she went to bed and to sleep with great celerity. Her last conscious thought was of the rigid little gray figure lying in the next room; and as she passed softly into slumber tears filled her sleepy eyes.

IV.

Mrs. Harver woke suddenly, and with a curious feeling of waking in order to discharge immediately an important duty. So strong was this feeling that she found herself out of bed and in her slippers before her slowly arousing reason assured her that there was no important duty for her to discharge. It was very odd, she thought. A point of gas was burning in the bracket beside her dressing-table. She raised the flame and looked at her watch. It was a little after three o'clock. Outside, she heard the sound of rain falling heavily. By this time she was wide enough awake to perceive that wisdom dictated her immediate return to bed. She concluded that she must have been dreaming.

Following the dictates of wisdom, she was about to turn down the gas, when she became conscious of a strong smell of tobacco smoke. Then all was clear to her. Mr. Harver had returned—though she did not quite understand how he had managed to get back so soon — and the noise that he had made in closing the front door had wakened her, and at the same time had aroused in her mind the feeling that she had a duty to perform. What this duty was she now knew very well: it was to go down to the library and welcome him home, and while he finished his cigar she could tell him comfortably her tale of woe. She felt greatly refreshed by her five hours of sound sleep; she knew what surprise and pleasure would be caused by her unexpected appearance; and the prospect of so unconventional a *tête-à-tête* at three o'clock in the morning with her own husband had a spice of adventure about it that put her in a very sprightly mood.

Under the circumstances there was no need for elaborate dressing. She slipped on a blue cashmere wrapper which Mr. Harver especially approved of—Mrs. Harver was a pronounced blonde, with a great abundance of golden hair, and blue was very becoming to her — and a pair of Turkish blue morocco slippers, embroidered with silver, which set off to excellent advantage her small white feet. Being thus prepared, she very softly opened her bedroom door, and very softly stole down stairs. Noise was to be avoided because the success of her enterprise depended upon its being an entire surprise.

The Harver house was of the old-fashioned Philadelphia type—the most comfortable sort of city house that ever has been devised. In the deep back building, up a half-flight of stairs from the front hall, was the dining-room; and in the rear of this, practically a part of it when the intervening folding doors were open, was the library. Up a half-flight of stairs from the dining-room level was the first floor of the front building. The front room on this floor—reached by a long passage from the head of the stairs—was Mrs. Harver's bedroom; the back room, which also opened upon the passage, was Mr. Harver's dressing-room—where Thomas had been wont to sleep, and where he then was lying in the silver-basket wrapped in newspapers and in an eternal repose.

As Mrs. Harver tiptoed along the passage in her Turkish blue slippers the odor of tobacco smoke grew stronger, and when she came to the head of the half-flight of stairs she perceived through the open door of the dining-room that the gas in the library was burning brightly. She descended the stairs with the utmost caution, softly laughing to herself as she thought how surprised and how pleased Mr. Harver would be in a minute or two, and so came noiselessly to the dining-room door. From this point her view of the library was unobstructed. There he was, sure enough; at least there was one of his elbows and a part of one of his legs projecting at the side of the high-backed lounging-chair in which he was seated, and on the floor where he had dropped it lay his Gladstone bag. He seemed to be making himself exceedingly comfortable. Within easy reach, on the library table, was the decanter of sherry and a tumbler—it struck Mrs. Harver as odd that her husband, who was nice in such matters, should be drinking sherry out of a tumbler—and in close proximity to this liquid refreshment was the open box of cigars. The overhanging cloud showed that he was smoking vigorously.

Mrs. Harver's plan of campaign was to steal up behind Mr. Harver's chair and suddenly to put her two pretty little white hands in front of his eyes. This innocent pleasantry, she believed, would make him jump. She thought that it would be great fun to make him jump.

Her blue wrapper was of a soft, unrustling material, and her slippered feet moved over the carpet noiselessly; favored by which circumstances she reached her desired point of vantage unobserved, and was in the very act of sliding her hands over the back of the chair when she made a very startling discovery: the head against which she was making these strategic advances was not covered with an abundance of dark brown hair—as Mr. Harver's head was—but with so meagre a sandy thatch that all the top of it was bald! Upon perceiving these highly disconcerting cranial conditions, she most naturally started back with an "Oh!" expressive of great perturbation and surprise.

The effect upon the person in the chair of this abrupt revelation of her presence was to make him jump quite as energetically as Mrs. Harver had expected Mr. Harver to jump; but the situation now was so radically changed that Mrs. Harver did not see anything at all funny in his sudden exaltation. As he gained his feet and instantly faced about upon her, he uttered with great earnestness the Saxon name of the abode of departed sinful souls, and coupled with this exclamation the terse inquiry: "Who's that?"

For some seconds Mrs. Harver and the man contemplated each other over the back of the chair in silence, and in mutual surprise and alarm. The man, perceiving that Mrs. Harver was not at all a dangerous-looking person, was the first to recover composure sufficiently to speak.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, pleasantly. "I fear that my presence here has startled you. I am very sorry. Pray be seated—and permit me to offer you a glass of your own excellent sherry: it will do you good."

The tone in which these words were spoken was so entirely that of conventional society, and the words were so entirely those which any gentleman might have addressed under similar circumstances to any lady, that Mrs. Harver instantly felt relieved. The presence of this stranger in her house at this hour of the night certainly was peculiar, but his agreeable manner and assured air implied that the situation was susceptible of a commonplace and satisfactory explanation. The hypothesis that not unnaturally suggested itself to her mind was that he was somebody connected with the syndicate whom Mr. Harver had brought

home with him, and who had been left temporarily alone in the library while Mr. Harver had gone to the silver-safe in the pantry—in which he frequently kept valuable papers—for some document relating to the business in hand. Being thus assured, she accepted the offered sherry gratefully. The shock incident to what, at the moment, had seemed an alarming discovery had made her feel a little faint.

"Oh, thank you," she said as she seated herself. "You will find a glass on the sideboard in the other room."

The man rose with a polite alacrity; brought a wineglass from the sideboard; filled it, and handed it to Mrs. Harver with quite an air. As he crossed the room she had a good opportunity to look at him, and the result of her inspection was to make the existing situation still more confusing. He was very shabbily dressed, and in garments which had the look of having been shabby always; not the dress of a gentleman at all. Moreover, as he walked, his gait was so curiously unsteady that involuntarily she looked at the decanter. It was a quart decanter, and when she had left it on the sideboard it had been full. Now, it was nearly empty. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Harver again experienced sensations of alarm.

Having filled her glass and handed it to her, he emptied the remainder of the sherry into his tumbler, raised it to his lips with a bow, and said: "Madam, to your very good health!"

Involuntarily, in natural reply to this courtesy, Mrs. Harver bowed also, and smiled.

"It's a shocking night, isn't it?" said the man, with the evident intention of making conversation; and added: "I managed to get quite soaked through."

"Oh, I hope you haven't caught cold," Mrs. Harver replied, with a polite concern. The sherry had sent a genial glow through her body, and the man was treating her so obviously as his hostess, that —even if he had taken a little more wine than was good for him—she felt compelled to treat him as her guest.

"Thanks, you're very good," he answered. "I certainly should have caught a horrid cold but for your sherry. I was completely chilled when I came in; chilled all the way through, I assure you. You see, I had to come off in something of a hurry, and I missed my dinner. Getting drenched and chilled that way on an empty stomach is upsetting. It was Sydney Smith—wasn't it?—who objected to taking exercise on his own empty stomach, and wanted to take it on somebody else's. What a droll dog he was!"

He laughed pleasantly, and finished his sherry at a gulp. His manner of drinking wine certainly was not elegant, Mrs. Harver thought; and not at all in keeping with his agreeable manner and his easy reference to Sydney Smith. But Mr. Harver had told her that there were some very queer people in the syndicate—Western men with a good deal of the bark on, as he had expressed it—and she concluded that this must be one of them.

"And then, of course, the strain was all the harder on me," he went on, "because it came at the period of lowest vitality. The human system, you know, is at its ebb between the hours of one and three in the morning. That physiological fact handicaps men in my line of life badly—it is a heavy tax upon the nervous organization to be compelled to exert one's self most strenuously at the very season of approximate collapse—the season which nature has designed for recuperative repose. But all professions have their annoyances. I don't doubt that your husband suffers at times from nervous exhaustion. Stock-broking is a wearing business."

The tone of the man's voice was so entirely the tone of polite society, and his talk flowed on so naturally, that Mrs. Harver was set entirely at her ease. She leaned back comfortably in her chair, and at the same time placed her slippered feet upon a footstool. She was about to reply that Mr. Harver was at that very time a good deal run down by overwork in connection with the syndicate, and that she thought he ought to take a holiday. But she did not make these observations—for the quick glance that the man gave towards the footstool, and his instantly suppressed smile, brought suddenly to her mind the horrifying consciousness that she was without stockings!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in great confusion, blushing charmingly, and hastily tucking the skirt of her wrapper about her feet. "I quite forgot. You see—you see, when I came down I thought you were Mr. Harver."

"Pray do not apologize, madam. I

quite understand. I am married myself. And, I assure you, I cordially agree with Suckling about the charm of—I have forgotten precisely how the lines run, it is something about 'a sweet disorder in the dress,' and 'little feet like mice stole out,' and a 'tempestuous petticoat.' I rather think that I'm mixing my poets, part of that is Herrick, I'm sure—but never mind. I used to quote those lines to the first Mrs. Wilbraham—my wife, you know. She was very precise in matters of dress; really too precise, I used to tell her."

Mrs. Harver was very grateful for the delicacy shown in diverting the conversation so neatly from the embarrassing region of her bare feet; and she was glad to find out, though she did not recognize it, this polite gentleman's name.

"You are very kind indeed, Mr. Wilbraham—" she began.

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, "that is not my name."

"But you spoke of your wife as—"

"Ah, I see. The mistake is natural. No, it is not my name—but Mrs. Wilbraham always is the name of my wife." He paused for a moment for the evident purpose of enjoying Mrs. Harver's obvious inability to draw from this paradoxical statement any reasonable conclusion. "You can't make it out, can you?" he continued, smiling affably. "Well, I will explain: You see, whenever I am married, I call my wife Mrs. Wilbraham, and by the uniform use of that name I give a pleasing sense of continuity to what in fact—owing to the unavoidable intervention of extraneous circumstances—is a varying, I may almost say a spasmodic relation. Do I make myself clear?"

"No," answered Mrs. Harver, who could make neither head nor tail of this extraordinary utterance; "I am afraid that you don't—at least, not quite."

"Why, it's this way," he went on, in a carefully explanatory tone: "In our profession, you understand, frequent and sudden changes of residence are necessary. Sometimes I am able to take my wife with me; usually, however, I am forced to leave her behind—and, so far as I am concerned, that is the end of her."

"Oh!" interjected Mrs. Harver.

"Trying, isn't it?—and the more so because I am of an exceedingly domestic temperament, and never am entirely happy save in the peaceful retirement of my own home. It is because of this amiable weakness in my nature that almost my first act upon arriving in a new city is to marry a new wife—regularly marry her, you know, in ship-shape fashion, with a parson and a ring. And then, by the simple device of calling her, as usual, Mrs. Wilbraham—that name around which, in the course of years, have clustered tender memories so numerous and so varied—I scarcely notice, amidst my new surroundings, that the strict continuity of my domestic happiness has suffered a trifling temporary break. Will you pardon me if I take a fresh cigar?"

Being accustomed to reply to requests of this nature with a polite affirmative, Mrs. Harver was moved by association of ideas to smile and to say, "Certainly." Her response was purely automatic. She was oppressed by the effort, characteristic of a very bad variety of nightmare, to believe impossibilities possible. In itself, the system of geographically diffuse polygamy presented for her consideration was incredible; but, on the other hand, it was presented with a sincerity so obvious as to compel belief. A helpless confusion of ideas was unavoidable while thus the irresistible was colliding with the immovable in the troubled mazes of her mind.

Evidently unconscious of the effect which his words were producing, the man lighted a fresh cigar, smoked for a minute or two in silence, and then, in a tone of meditative retrospection, resumed: "The lady to whom I referred just now as being so precise in regard to her dress, the one I used to quote Herrick to, was what I may term the first chapter in my conjugal serial. She was a Bostonian—as I am myself"—there was a touch of natural pride in his voice as he made this self-ennobling statement—"and we were married within a year of my graduation from Harvard. It was the conventional marriage of conventional society, and—as I had not at that time taken up my profession—was intended to be permanent. How odd it all seems now, as I look back at it! Ah, me! I was young then—only just turned of two-and-twenty. And now, heigh-ho, I am turned of forty-five! I refrain from the hackneyed quotation in the original, but the Latin poet certainly cut painfully close to the truth when he said that time flies, didn't he?"

At the words "conjugal serial," Mrs. Harver had pinched herself furtively to make sure that she was awake. The

physiological response, in the shape of acute pain, to this simple psychological test having convinced her that she could not be dreaming, her mind had grown more and more numb in the fruitless effort to grasp and to co-ordinate the disorganized impossibilities which were offered to her by this singular person in the guise of the most commonplace facts. The one point at all clear to her was that in some unaccountable way—which she obviously was supposed to understand—his panoramic scheme of matrimony was the natural outgrowth of his profession; and, this thought being the only clear concept in her mind as he ceased speaking, she sought along the line thus indicated for further enlightenment.

"What *is* your profession?" she asked.

"Why, bless my soul!" the man exclaimed. "I thought you understood all along. I'm a burglar."

V.

So strained were Mrs. Harver's receptive faculties, and so pleasantly and naturally was this statement made, that some seconds elapsed before she at all grasped its horrifying import. When she did realize the situation, however, her suddenly aroused mind worked with a vigor that was all the more marked because it went off at a decided tangent with the facts.

"A burglar!" she shrieked—and instantly sprang upon the chair in which she had been seated and tucked her skirts in tight around her feet. The lucid explanation which she gave subsequently of this curious action was that rats were her greatest horror, and that it was like rats just then.

The burglar also sprang to his feet. "'S-s-s-s-h!" he exclaimed. "Don't make a row like that. You'll wake everybody up."

He was quite steady upon his legs now. Apparently the abrupt break in the conversation had had the effect of counteracting what remained of the mellowing influence of the sherry. This inference was encouraged by the business-like tone and tenor of his next utterance.

"Come," he said, "I can't afford to fool around here any longer. I must get to work. Where do you keep your silver?"

Without replying to this question, Mrs. Harver untucked her skirts from about her feet—realizing that the especial peril in which she found herself was not adequately met by this particular measure of defence—and stepped down from the chair. She was a plucky little woman, and, now that she had got over the first shock of alarm, she was not by any means badly frightened. She was quite cool enough to know that the best thing for her to do was to get to the district telegraph call, in Mr. Harver's dressing-room, and to ring for a policeman; and she was silent not because she was frightened, but because her wits were at work trying to devise some plan by which this intelligent flank movement could be executed.

Not unnaturally, however, the burglar attributed her silence to fear; and it was in a reassuring tone that he continued: "I say, I'm not going to hurt you—not if you behave yourself, that is. But I'm here on business, and I've got to get at it. I was so wet and cold and hungry when I came in that the sherry was too much for me. I'm all right now, and I mean to put this job through with a rush to make up for lost time. You take the silver up stairs nights, don't you? Whereabouts is it? And who's up there? Not your husband, I know, for he's in New York. Now, then, speak up lively. There's no time to lose."

Mrs. Harver would have been a good deal startled by this exhibition of accurate knowledge in regard to her husband's movements had not her mind suddenly become engrossed by consideration of what seemed to be a perfectly feasible plan—suggested to her by the question as to the whereabouts of the silver—for getting within reach of the district telegraph call. The emotional side of her nature rejected this plan, deeming it a close approach to sacrilege; but the intellectual side—urging that the claims of practical utility were superior to the claims of mere sentimentality — carried the day. Therefore she answered: "Excepting the servants in the attics, there is no one in the house besides myself. And the silver-basket," Mrs. Harver spoke with a nice precision that the burglar by no means appreciated, "is in Mr. Harver's dressing-room—the room just at the head of those stairs. If you are in a hurry, we had better go there at once."

"Now that's coolness, and it's also

sense," he answered, admiringly; and added: "Pardon me if I reverse the custom of good society and take your arm, instead of offering you mine."

"Certainly," Mrs. Harver replied; but her heart sank a little as she felt the burglar's hand settle upon her arm in a vigorous clasp.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, as they went up the stairs together. "Giving you this police grip seems brutal, I know. But, you see, I've got to keep on the safe side. If I gave you the chance, you might take it into your head to bolt and try to raise the servants. Is this the room?"

"Yes, but the door is locked on the inside. I must trouble you to come around through the front room. This way, please." In spite of herself, there was a slight touch of eagerness in Mrs. Harver's tone.

The burglar stopped short, and his clutch upon her arm perceptibly tightened. In a low but deeply earnest voice he said: "See here, you're a long ways too polite and obliging. You're up to some sort of mischief. Now just take my advice and, whatever it is, don't try it on—for as sure as you do I'll stick a knife into you! I've run this business in Beacon Street style so far, because you're a lady and I'm a gentleman. But I want you to understand that it *is* business, all the same, and that if you try to come any of your monkey shines on me you'll get hurt. If you've got a man up here, and mean to spring him on me, it 'll be the worse for you, for I swear to Heaven I'll make sure of killing you before the fight begins! The comic opera part of this performance is played out. We've got along to the cold facts. If there's anybody in there, say so. If there isn't, go ahead."

Standing in the dark, with a burglar grasping her arm and threatening in tones of obvious sincerity to murder her, Mrs. Harver naturally was exceedingly alarmed. The situation was a trying and an unusual one. But, fortunately, being a little woman—and therefore quick-tempered—her anger overcame her fear. The brazen impudence of the proposal to kill her in her own house, and especially on the part of a proposer who had not a shadow of right to be inside of it, irritated her to such an extent that her strongest desire was to push ahead with her plan for bringing up her would-be murderer with a very round turn. For a moment she set her teeth hard, and then she said: "I have told you already that there is no one on this floor. If you prefer to break in a locked door to opening a door that is not locked, I am sure that I have no objections. I really think, though, that you will save time by coming around through my room."

Mrs. Harver's composure was more apparent than real. Every nerve in her body was tense, and her heart was beating violently. She held her breath while she waited for the burglar's reply—and it was with a sigh of relief that she felt his grasp upon her arm relax and heard him say, in tones of deep conviction: "You certainly are the very coolest woman I ever came across. You'd chill a refrigerator! Come along"—and then they went on into the front room.

The gas was burning at a full head, as Mrs. Harver had left it. On her dressing-table was her watch and a tray in which were a pair of bracelets and some rings. The burglar's trained eye caught the glitter of these objects, and he stepped towards them.

Mrs. Harver restrained him gently. "Will it not be a more convenient arrangement to get the silver-basket first?" she asked. "My little things can go right in on top, you know."

The burglar looked at her admiringly. "There's sense in that," he said, and added: "You really are a wonderful woman. I used to think that the third Mrs. Wilbraham—no, it was the fourth, the Chicago one—was cool. But she was nothing to you. I should say that in summer you'd be useful as an ice-machine!"

Ignoring this compliment, though she highly appreciated it, Mrs. Harver suffered herself to be led into the dressing-room—where one of the gas brackets over the bureau, in readiness for Mr. Harver's coming, was lighted and turned low. The bureau stood against the rear wall between the windows. On a chair in front of one of these windows, directly beneath the lighted gas bracket, was the silver-basket containing Thomas's remains. Against the frame of the other window, concealed by the curtain, was the district telegraph call. Mrs. Harver's breath was coming in little gasps.

As the burglar turned the gas up full he gave a quick glance around him to make sure that he had not been led into some sort of a trap. But he saw no signs

of a trap—and there was the promised silver-basket. It was a large, satisfactory silver-basket, with the look of weighing many pounds. In his eagerness to test its weight he dropped Mrs. Harver's arm and poised the basket in his hand—and the slight jingling sound that came from within as he raised it fell very musically upon his ear. Mrs. Harver's fingers were upon the key of the call box at that moment and the jingling almost unnerved her for the task that she had in hand—so intimately was it associated with tender memories of a trotting little gray figure which nevermore would trot again! The feeling that in using Thomas as a decoy cat she was committing sacrilege again occurred to her. What indignity might not be put upon his remains should the burglar open the basket? This thought fortunately came to steady her. With a firm hand she moved the key back to the police call.

On the burglar's face was a sunny smile as he exclaimed: "Twenty pounds, if there's an ounce! This is what *I* call luck!"

B-z-z-z-z-z-z! A patter of feet on the carpet! The slamming of a door, followed instantly by the click of a lock!

These phenomena, although successive, occurred with such rapidity that to the burglar they seemed to be simultaneous. At their conclusion he found himself alone with the silver-basket, and momentarily stunned by the shock incident to a painful but ideally complete surprise.

As his shock subsided, acting less on reason than on impulse, he rushed to the closed door and lunged against it with his shoulder violently. The noise produced by this concussion was dangerously loud. He hesitated before repeating the blow. This unlooked-for demonstration alarmed Mrs. Harver—whose mental arrangement of the matter had been that he would try to run away, and would be caught by the policeman in the back alley; not that he would remain and murder her before the policeman arrived. She therefore felt called upon to counsel him, and, while he hesitated about continuing his battery against the door, addressed him in distinct tones from the other side:

"I don't think that you quite understand. Please listen for a moment," she said politely. "I have rung for a policeman. When we call a messenger, one usually comes within four minutes. The policeman probably will get here in about the same time. If you want to leave before his arrival you have very little time—three minutes, at the most. Of course I don't want to seem to hurry you—but, indeed, I think that you had better go."

Before Mrs. Harver had quite finished this deliverance of intelligent advice the burglar had begun to act upon it. She heard him unlock and open the door leading into the passage; she heard him dash down stairs, and she heard the slamming behind him of the spring door leading into the kitchen. An instant later there was the sound of hurrying footsteps on the front pavement, and then a sharp ring at the bell.

Mrs. Harver opened a window and saw a policeman standing on the steps. "Quick!" she cried. "There's a burglar getting away by the alley!"

The man was off around the corner like a flash.

Mrs. Harver still was leaning out of the window, looking in the direction in which the policeman had gone, when a cab drove up to the front door and Mr. Harver got out of it. He was a good deal surprised by finding his wife popping out at the front windows that way at four o'clock in the morning. In a moment the situation was explained to him—and then he was off around the corner like another flash to help the policeman.

Naturally, Mrs. Harver was desirous of seeing as much as possible of what was going on; and in the hope that some part of the scene of operations would be visible from the windows in Mr. Harver's dressing-room, she unlocked the door again and passed into that apartment. But she never got to the back windows. Midway in her passage across the room she stopped suddenly and stood with agonized wide-open eyes staring into ghastly nothingness—the silver-basket, with Thomas inside of it, was gone! With a deep groan she collapsed into a heap upon the floor and burst into tears.

There she sat, weeping bitterly, when, ten minutes later, Mr. Harver came back with the information that the burglar had got safe away.

"Then Thomas is lost to us forever!" she said in hollow tones of woe.

Mr. Harver pressed for an explanation, and in a voice broken with sobs she told the story of her too successful strategy that had led to this agonizing result. "Oh! Oh!" she cried, in the bitterness of her grief, while Mr. Harver clasped her to his breast and tried to soothe her. "Don't say that it don't matter, and that I'll get over it in time. It *does* matter, and I *never* will get over it. He was the best and the sweetest cat that ever lived —and I've gone and made a ca–cat's-paw of the wh–whole of him—and now we never can bury him at all!"

It is a fact to be noted that the burglar was no better pleased with the result of Mrs. Harver's strategic use of Thomas than she was herself. When, in the seclusion of his own home, he opened the basket, his indignation was so great that for some seconds he was unable to speak at all. When the use of his vocal apparatus was restored to him, his words were vigorous but few.

"A--dead—cat!" he said slowly, and with a most bitter contempt. And then, in exclamatory tones, he uttered the Saxon name of the abode of departed sinful souls.

FROM THE BLACK FOREST TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY F. D. MILLET.

VII.

THE Danube delta begins forty-five miles below Galatz, where the river divides into two branches, the left-hand one, the Kilia arm, taking a general northeasterly course, with many turns and subdivisions, past the Russian towns Ismail and Kilia, and, a short distance beyond the fishing village of Vilkoff, flows into the Black Sea through seven narrow channels. The right-hand branch, actually the main stream, divides again ten miles below the first fork, the Sulina arm running in a general easterly direction to the port of Sulina, on the Black Sea, and the St. George's arm winding sluggishly on toward the southeast under the extreme eastern spurs of the great range of Dobrudscha hills. Each side of the irregular equilateral triangle bounded by the Kilia and St. George's arms and the sea-coast measures about fifty miles in a straight line, and the larger part of the tract thus enclosed is marsh and swamp land, covered with a dense growth of tall reeds, interspersed with numerous lakes, and cut up into countless islands by narrow lagoons. In the whole of this great delta there are only a few square miles of ground higher than the general level of the marsh, and these are two broad ranges of sand dunes running northeast and southwest several miles inland, marking the line of the ancient sea-coast, where the waves and wind raised this barrier long before the memory of man. These sandy elevations are now covered with a forest of oak-trees, and support a sparse population. With this exception the delta is uncultivated, and the few natives who inhabit the great marsh are almost all engaged in fishing. They build themselves rude huts out of the tall reeds, make their beds and even their net floats out of the same useful plant, and during the summer months set their nets in every lake and lagoon, preserving their catch in salt or carrying it at convenient times to the distant markets. This great marsh is at all times most impressive, and in summer, when the reeds have grown to their full height and are in blossom, the landscape, although monotonous in the extreme, often has great elements of beauty. Narrow waterways, seldom more than a fathom broad, intersect the marsh in all directions, and only the natives familiar with the intricate windings of these natural canals can find their way from one point to another of this labyrinth. Some of these waterways are known to have been made use of in the period of Roman occupancy, and the race of fishermen who now make use of them have preserved their type, their dress, their boats, and their implements practically unchanged since the time when Ovid was exiled to the shores of the Euxine. Myriads of wild-fowl breed in the solitude of the broad morass, and many kinds of fish abound in its quiet waters. In the autumn, when the frost has killed the reeds, great tracts of the delta are often swept over by fires, consuming all the vegetation above the level of the mud, but clearing the way for a new and vigorous

GALATZ.

growth in the spring. Only during the winter months is the marsh passable for vehicles, or even for pedestrians, and when the whole region is frozen hard the mails and the few passengers who are obliged to travel are carried on sledges straight across from one station to another over the level surface of land and water.

Russia took possession of this region after the capture of Ismail, in the early part of the century, and in order to help commerce at home, put various restrictions on the Danube trade, which almost annihilated it for a time. The adoption of free trade by England naturally stimulated the export business in the corn-producing countries of the Danube, and great pressure was brought to bear to induce Russia to remove the hampering restrictions on the navigation of the river. International disputes arising from this cause finally culminated in the Crimean war, and it was not without reason, therefore, that the treaties of peace contained articles intended to place the navigation of the river in control of the countries most interested in the corn supply. One clause of the treaty created a Riverian Commission, whose duty was to regulate the general navigation of the river, and another clause established a European Commission of the Danube, "to clear the mouths of the river as well as the neighboring parts of the sea from the sand and other impediments which obstruct them." The first of these commissions found its task impossible on account of the conflicting interests of the small countries along the river, and has never done anything, although it is still recognized diplomatically. The powers represented in the active commission are Great Britain, Austro-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, Roumania, Russia, and Turkey.

Owing to a misunderstanding of the nature of the work to be done, the commission was established for a term of only two years. This period was extended at various times, and at last it was settled by the treaty of 1878 that the functions of this body should continue until it should be dissolved by the powers. It has been constantly at work since its first meeting in 1856. A few statistics will give an idea of the effect on English trade of the improvements to navigation brought about by the commission. Before 1847 from 3 to 52 English vessels entered the Danube annually. Between 1847 and 1860 2648 English ships entered the river, representing a net tonnage of 509,723. Between 1861 and 1889 these numbers were raised to 12,363 and 9,842,260 respectively. In 1861 214 English sailing vessels and 35

PEASANTS OF THE DELTA.

steamers came to the port of Sulina, and in 1889 842 steamers and not a single sailing vessel. In 1890 the total number of vessels of all nationalities entering the Danube was 1519, including many steamers of 1400 to 1600 tons. The commission began in 1860 to collect tolls to maintain the improvements, and in that year the revenue was 256,583 francs. In 1889 this sum was increased to 1,348,552 francs. British ships have paid from 71 to 82 per cent. of the whole dues levied during the past ten years. The exports from the river consist chiefly of wheat, barley, and Indian corn, but oats, rye, rape and linseed, petroleum, tallow, hides, salt fish, wines and spirits, cheese, lumber, and wool are also shipped in large quantities. Machinery, coal, bar and sheet iron, and articles of clothing form the bulk of the imports. In general terms, the work of the commission has consisted in the construction of groins and revetements, straightening the river-banks, shortening the channel by cuttings, and dredging the shallow places. The whole delta has been surveyed, and accurate maps made. A great part of the Sulina arm has been canalized, and the channel deepened from eight feet at extreme low water to over 16 feet, or to 20½ feet, at average low water.

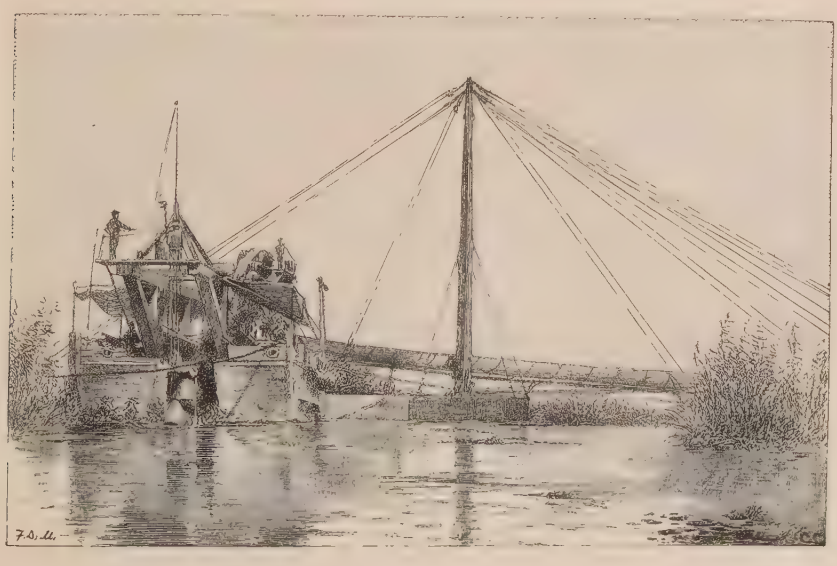
The largest cutting yet undertaken, which will shorten the channel by four and a quarter miles, is now in active progress, and the operation of cutting through the marsh is extremely interesting. Far out of sight of any human habitation, the black funnel and grimy frame-work of an immense dredger are seen rising high above the waving mass of reeds which stretches away on every side as far as the eye can reach. A chain of steel-shod iron buckets working on a movable arm, which projects in front of the dredger, cuts its way through the spongy mass of roots and mud of which the marsh is composed, and deposits the mass by means of a long trough on the side of the cutting. There the material is worked by hand into a dike, strengthened by the ingenious use of reeds and roots, and finally protected by a revetement of broken stones. This cutting will be five miles and a quarter in length, and 6,500,000 cubic yards will have to be dredged before the work is completed in 1895.

The headquarters of the commission are at Sulina, on the Black Sea. As early as the time of the Irish famine in 1847–8 hundreds of English sailing vessels came to the Black Sea for grain. Most of them anchored in the mouth of the Sulina branch, discharged ballast there, and loaded with corn to supply the urgent demand for breadstuffs at home. A squalid little settlement rapidly sprang up among the heaps of gravel deposited on the marshy banks, and, as years went on, the constantly accumulating ballast was spread further and further up along the stream and inland over the morass, and streets and houses followed the expanding area of solid ground. The establishment of the European Commission of the Danube gave a fresh impulse to

the growing place, and a busy commercial town soon covered the deposit of ballast, having its foundations literally on English soil. Commodious offices, large warehouses, and repair shops were built, churches were erected by followers of various creeds, a life-saving station was established, a fine stone quay was constructed on the south bank of the stream, and two jetties with light-houses were pushed far out into the shallow waters of the Black Sea. Few travellers ever visit Sulina, because the passenger boats usually touch there in the night, and leave before daybreak. Its cosmopolitan character and its peculiar situation in the marsh make it an interesting spot. Types of a score of nationalities may be studied on its quay, and there is a great deal of picturesqueness, of a squalid order, to be sure, in all its narrow streets. No long walks or drives are possible, for the wilderness of reeds crowds up to the very back doors of the town, but there is a unique fascination in its isolated position, and a special charm in the savage character of its surroundings. Allusion has been made to Sulina in anticipation because, although it was the goal of our journey, our arrival there was the climax of our adventures.

We set out from Galatz late one windy afternoon, and camped for the night on a low sandy flat nearly opposite the river Pruth, which forms the boundary between Roumania and Russia, planning to make a fair start by daybreak into the territory of the Czar.

We were rather late in getting afloat the next morning, for the wind had risen to a gale in the night, and had drifted the fine sand over everything, half burying the boats, and penetrating every crevice and cranny in them. This added a great deal to the labor of packing up, and the only way we succeeded in getting rid of this nuisance was by carrying everything down close to the water's edge, where the sand was wet and hard. The Pruth is a narrow, deep stream, winding under the western slopes of a range of low hills, which divert the course of the Danube sharply from the northeast to the southeast at this point. The first Russian town, Reni, with its turnip-shaped church spires and ugly warehouses, stands on a high bluff overlooking this bend of the river, and offers nothing of interest, not even at the water-front, where there is little or no activity, and few craft of any kind. The hills abruptly recede again just below the town limits, and the river sweeps majestically round toward the east, and takes an almost straight course to the first branching in the delta. Both shores are now quite flat and well cultivated, and on either side frequent picket stations are the only houses in sight. To the south and east, across a narrow strip of meadow-



DREDGING IN THE DELTA.

TOULTCHA.

land, the great hills of the Dobrudscha, dotted with ancient tumuli, extend far into the distance, where a range of mountains cuts sharply against the sky with bold, jagged outlines; to the north, the irregular base spurs of the line of low hills which touch the river at Reni are seen jutting out over the great marsh at intervals, until they vanish in the perspective. The wind veered round in the middle of the forenoon, and almost died away, and as we alternately sailed and paddled down the long straight reach toward the delta, past the red-roofed town of Isaktcha, on the Roumanian shore, half hidden behind a wooded island, and the great Russian monastery of St. Theraspont across the river, we heard not so much as a single hail from the soldiers on either bank, although we often passed close to their stations. In the early afternoon we saw before us a stone jetty with a spindle on the end, and soon found that this marked the place where the river divides and the delta actually begins. The fork is known as the Chatal d'Ismail, and the embankment was built by the Danube Commission, to divert the strength of the current from the Kilia arm into the main stream. Three or four miles to the south the white houses of Toultcha shone brightly among the dark green foliage of the trees, and numerous windmills were waving their arms on the rocky promontory below the town. A half-dozen miles further to the eastward is the Chatal St. George, where the stream divides into the Sulina and the St. George's arms.

We did not hesitate to follow the left-hand branch at the Chatal d'Ismail, and rounding a sharp bend to the north, we soon entered a great wilderness of reeds and willows. For some distance not even a picket station was visible on either shore; but as we paddled steadily along in the sluggish current we occasionally saw a Russian soldier in white uniform in the dense undergrowth among the willows. In a little more than an hour's time we came in sight of Ismail, picturesquely situated on a gentle slope of ground beyond pleasant meadows, where the ruins of a great Turkish fortress stand. Great cultivated fields on the same side of the river, where scores of peasants were at work, stretched far back to the distant hill-sides, yellow with corn fields and dotted with villages. A large Russian picket station on an open point tempted us to land and see what would happen, so we ran the bows of the canoes into the mud, and asked the soldiers assembled on the bank for a light for our cigarettes, at the same time preparing to go ashore. One of them went to the quarters for a live coal, while the others helped us out of the canoes in a very friendly manner, and we spent a sociable hour with them. We did not hurry away, because we planned to camp just above Ismail, and it was nearly sunset when we floated away toward the glittering domes rising above the dense masses of willow-trees in the distance. The peasants rattled across the fields in their farm wagons, leaving behind them a cloud of dust all golden in the evening light. A mounted officer cantered along the bank, paused a moment to look at us, gave a sharp command to a sentinel, and went on again. Now we noticed that a soldier was stationed at every furlong of the shore, and we began to be anxious about finding a secluded camp-ground. The Roumanian side was absolutely impossible, for the mud was not only of the blackest and most adhesive variety, but it extended so far out into the river that it was quite out of the question to try to effect a landing. We kept to that bank, however, examining every foot of ground at the water's edge until we came to the corner of the last bend above Ismail. It was not possible to camp at this place, and if we went further we should have to pass the town, a proceeding which might result in our being delayed there for the night. After some hesitation we made up our minds to paddle across the stream to a gravelly beach under a meadow bordered by a row of willows, and to land there in face of the sentinel whom we saw pacing

to and fro. The soldier challenged us as we came near, and we answered that we were travellers, and wanted to camp there for the night. A corporal speedily came up, and one of us, taking the passports, accompanied him to the officers' quarters, a half-mile or so across the fields. Our position was soon explained to the satisfaction of the lieutenant, who, although not a particularly intelligent specimen of the officers of the line, readily comprehended the fact that we had no hostile intentions, and ordered the corporal to see that we were not molested in our camp, and to send us for our passports in the morning. In a few minutes we had our camp in order, built a fire, and cooked our dinners, all to the great entertainment of the soldier on guard, who watched every operation with the most intense interest. Before we had finished eating, a number of officers came down from their quarters to look at our canoes, and when, a few minutes later, they saw us getting ready for bed, politely wished us good-night and went away.

Our bivouac was not far from a country road, and every passer met a prompt challenge from the soldier, who never deserted our fire except to perform this duty. Feeling very much as if we were within the lines of an army in war-time, we retired into the shelter of our tents, and left the soldier to whisper to himself and utter mournful sighs by the few remaining coals. Some time in the night he was relieved, and the new sentinel withdrew to the cover of the willow-trees, and did not disturb us in any way. In the early morning a boat-load of natives, rowing up stream past our camp, was immediately challenged by the guard and ordered to come ashore. One of the men landed and carried the passports up to the officers for the regulation *visé* before the boat was allowed to proceed. We then appreciated the fact that we were not treated any differently from the inhabitants themselves, but that, as far as the custom-house regulations went, the river-bank was practically in a state of siege.

After a short paddle from Ismail down a

CHATAL ST. GEORGE.

RUSSIAN PICKET POST.

pleasant reach under perpendicular bluffs on the Russian shore, past frequent irrigating machines ingeniously constructed to lift the water upon the high plateau, we came out into a perfectly flat country, partly wooded on either side. The strong northeast wind, which had been blowing almost continuously for days, gave us no rest, and raised a choppy sea which seriously checked our speed. About ten miles below Ismail the river divides into three parts, which join into one stream at Kilia, fifteen miles further on. We planned to camp somewhere above the latter town, and chose the central passage as probably the most direct one. For the rest of the afternoon we worked steadily, expecting to come in sight of Kilia long before sunset. A swampy wilderness surrounded us, and not a yard of solid earth did we see. The frontier runs along the northerly limit of the delta, on the banks of the smallest of the three arms just described, and we therefore did not even have the company of the picket stations. Indeed, the only human habitations we came across were at a fishing-camp, where several rude huts were scattered about among the reeds and willows, their mud floors scarcely a foot above the level of the water. It began to rain, and heavy storm clouds, driven by the rising gale, swept over the whole sky. The sun went down, and we had left the region of willows, and now saw nothing but reeds on all sides of us. Soon the gathering twilight drove us to seek a camp, although the domes of Kilia were not yet in sight. The only place we could find, after a long search, was a small clearing among the reeds on the left bank, where some fisherman had dried the stalks for floats to his nets. Here we hauled up the canoes, settled them firmly in the soft mud of the marsh at an acute angle with each other, bow to bow, and spreading a thick layer of freshly cut reeds over the triangular space between the canoes and the edge of the bank, put up our tents and built a fire. The latter operation was not so easy as it sounds, for all the wood we could find was the water-soaked branches of willow which we broke from

KILIA.

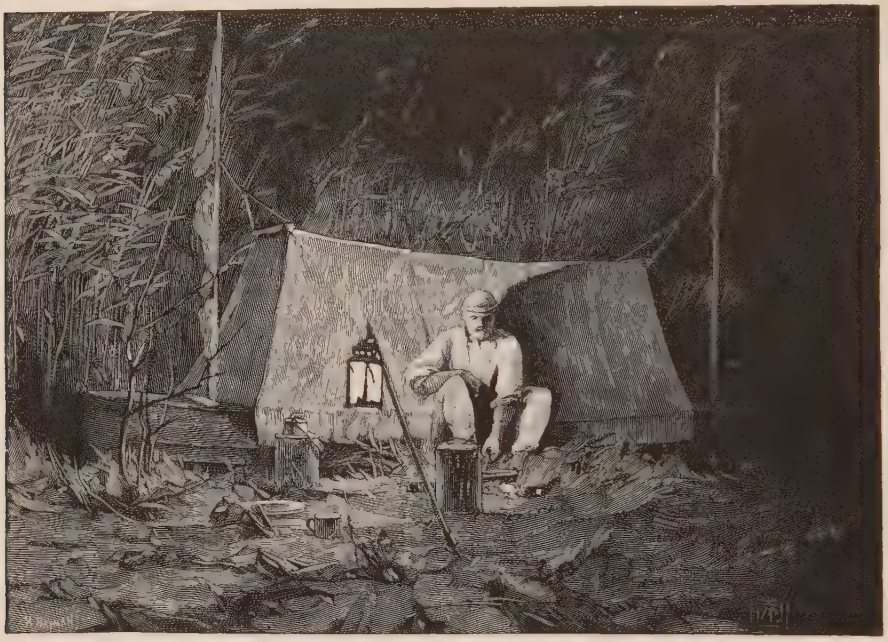
the snags, or pulled out of the ooze of the banks. We were, however, prepared for just such an emergency, and lighting an ordinary little wire-gauze spirit-lamp, arranged the smallest twigs over the flame, so they soon dried, then caught fire, and by their heat dried others, until we shortly had enough strength of flame to kindle the large pieces of sodden wood. Sheltered from the rain by our sketching umbrellas in the lee of the canoe tents, we cooked an elaborate dinner of several courses, and enjoyed as comfortable a meal as if our camp had been made on the sound turf of an English meadow. As for our snug beds, they were quite as dry and warm as at any other bivouac, notwithstanding the fact that the canoes had settled deep into a slough of black mire.

A prolonged struggle with the mud the next morning did not increase our courage to face the strong head-wind, but we got away at last, fairly free from the stains which defiled clothes, sails, and varnish, and after a short paddle came out into the main stream, which here runs toward the southeast for a short distance, and were soon scudding past the town of Kilia under full sail. The town stretches far inland, among groves of trees, and we could see the green-topped domes of several churches and the roofs of large houses.

After our first introduction to real mud, just below Belgrade, we had always looked forward to an ideal bivouac on a clean sandy beach on the shores of the Black Sea, where we should find drift-wood in abundance, firm smooth ground under our feet, and pure sweet air to breathe. As we passed Kilia, and saw before us a great flat, unbroken, reed-covered marsh, we felt a certain elation in the belief that within a few hours we should probably reach this ideal camp, and bid good-by to Danube mud and its accompanying annoyances. We stole along in the shelter of a fringe of large willows on the Russian bank for about five miles. Through the trees we could see great vineyards and cultivated fields and occasional farm-houses. Peasants were at work repairing the low dikes that protect the farms from the overflow of the river, or weaving fresh rods in the wattled fences. We occasionally checked our speed to watch these operations, and if we had attempted to land, would probably have been met with a prompt challenge, for all along, at regular intervals, the white uniforms of the sentinels could be distinguished among the undergrowth, and the glint of the bayonets often flashed in the foliage. At the end of this reach the river broadens out to a width of a mile or more, but only for a short distance, and then divides around a perfect maze of islands. About noon we came out into a stream at right angles with the one we had followed, and seeing the familiar figure of a Russian soldier among the willows, knew we were on the right road. A few minutes

WINDMILLS AT TOULTCHA.

later we saw a row of white sand dunes glistening in the sun beyond grassy meadows, and to the right and below the green domes of two churches. Rounding a low point, we were shortly off the village of Vilkoff, the last settlement on the Kilia arm. Very little of the place was visible from the river as we came down, for it extends some distance back, and only the roofs of two large fish warehouses and a few fishermen's huts are seen among the trees near the river. There was no landing-place, and not even a boat lying on the shore, so we pushed on against the wind, now blowing a gale, and shortly came to the mouth of a narrow inlet, forming the tiny harbor of the place. Along both sides of this passage we saw jumbled together in confusion many rambling wooden structures, quite like those at any remote fishing-village in New England, and a fleet of boats, large and small, moored to rotting, neglected landing-stages. We grounded once or twice on a mud bank on our way into the harbor, but presently were in sheltered waters, and following the directions of some fishermen, came alongside the steps in front of a low white building, which we found was the custom-house. With the exception of the lotkas, or native boats, all our surroundings, from the unpainted shanties and the shaky wharves to the rough boots and tarpaulings of the fishermen, suggested Cape Ann or Cape Cod; but the appearance on the quay of a very short and stout official with an extraordinary bottle-nose, and wearing the Russian uniform, located the place instantly.



A LATE CAMP.

This official was the most astonished man ever seen; his eyes fairly started out of their orbits; he looked first at us, then at the canoes, and then at the stars and stripes and union-jack flying from the masts, but seemed too much dazed to utter a word. At last he opened his mouth and asked, with a tremor in his speech, "Why are you landing here?"

"The wind is so heavy we can't go on," we replied.

"What is your business?" and we explained to the best of our ability, not forgetting to mention the profession of civil engineer we had adopted up the river.

"But you had better not land here," he urged.

FISHING-HUT AMONG THE REEDS.

"We must land; we can't go on until the wind drops."

"You certainly can't stay here, for there is no hotel, and you won't be able to get anything to eat."

"We don't want a hotel, and we have food in our boats."

"What did you come here for?" and we explained again that we were travelling to see the country.

"There is nothing to see here, and you had better not stop."

"But," we insisted, becoming a little weary of his obstinate and stupid repetitions, "we can't possibly go on until the wind moderates, and furthermore, we don't propose to try. Here are our passports, viséd by the representative of his Imperial Majesty the Czar."

The sight of two large documents, quite unlike anything called passports he had ever before seen, only added to his distress, and he looked at them with much the expression of a man who sees the warrant for his arrest in the hands of a sheriff. At this juncture two young men came up, introduced themselves to us as fish-merchants of the place, and interceded in our behalf, and succeeded in calming the old man's excitement, so that he looked at the *visés* on our passports and told us to come ashore. After further discussion he consented to register and stamp our papers, but refused to give them back to us, saying we could have them again when we went away. All the arguments we could invent were eloquently used in the hope of persuading him to let us land our

VILKOFF.

MOLDAVIAN PEASANTS—A WINDY DAY IN THE DELTA.

sketching materials, and our two young allies, who had been educated in Odessa, and understood our position, joined their voices to ours, but all in vain. Not an article must be removed from the canoes, not even a sketch-book, and, furthermore, we must promise not to sketch anything before we would be allowed to go into the village. Seeing the place even with this restriction was better than dangling our heels from the edge of the quay all the afternoon, and we accepted the invitation of one of the fish-merchants to drink tea with him, and strolled off into the village.

The houses are low and solidly built, and most of them have one peculiar feature—a row of columns in front supporting a projection of the roof. They stand closely together along straight thoroughfares, which are little better than canals of mud, being only a few inches above the level of the river. The foundations of the houses are raised a foot or two above these sloughs, and roughly hewn plank sidewalks supported by piles extend everywhere in front of the buildings, even into the narrow side alleys, where fishermen's huts are huddled together in the marsh among reeds and willows. Two great white churches, enclosed by neat palings, occupy the middle of wide, neglected squares, and look bleak and bare and uninviting. The house we visited was of one story, but long and deep, and comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished, and the drawing - room, where we took unlimited tea and sweets, after the Russian custom, might have been in Vienna or Bucharest, with its parquet floor and ornate furniture.

The young merchants, who frankly told us they were Hebrews, although their types of face did not betray this fact, gave us detailed information about the village, the life there, the character of the people, and the extent of the fish business. From them we learned that Vilkoff counts about 4000 inhabitants, of whom at least 1500 follow the hazardous occupation of fishing for sturgeon in the Black Sea. Five merchants, all of them Jews, divide the trade in fish and caviare between them, and practically own the place, and also the

people, body and soul. Each trader has his contingent of 300 or more fishermen, whom he supplies with their outfit, all the necessaries of life, and unlimited vodka—all on the credit system—and takes as payment the entire product of their toil. The natural consequence of this system is that the poor wretches of fishermen are always deeply in debt to the merchants, and pass their whole lives in as degrading a state of slavery as ever was endured by man. The only relief they have from the tyranny of their masters and the hardships of the occupation they follow is the all too frequent indulgence in the oblivion of inebriety.

The afternoon was fast passing, and we were getting impatient to be off, when luckily, at about four o'clock, the violence of the gale diminished somewhat, and we at once prepared to start. A ludicrous expression of relief came over the old man's face when we asked for our passports and told him we were going away.

FISHING STATION ON THE BLACK SEA.

TURKISH SAILING LOTKA, SULINA.

He became cheerful and amiable, and confided in us, as we bade him good-by, that he was a Pole, and had been in the service of the government for over forty years, and was very much afraid he would have lost his place if he had permitted us to pass the night in the village. We had a paddle of ten miles before us, and about two hours of daylight to do it in, and we set off in good spirits, looking forward with agreeable anticipations to our camp on the sea-shore. Soon after leaving Vilkoff we entered a maze of channels among low islands, where our horizon was limited by the rank of tall reeds along the shores. We met several lotkas with fishermen paddling up to the village from their summer huts near the sea-coast, and a large patrol-boat full of Roumanian soldiers near a large picket station, and judging from these indications that we were in the right passage, we paddled steadily on.

In an hour and a half the stream curved round to the southeast, and we were enabled to take advantage of the wind, and hoisted sail at once. Just as the sun was setting we came into a short reach scarcely wider than the Danube at Donaueschingen, and there in front of us was the straight line of the sea horizon stretching across between two low reed-covered points. In a few moments more we sailed out gayly into the Black Sea. The broad open expanse of the sea was before us, all yellow and glowing with the reflection of the gorgeous sunset sky, and the light on the jetty at Sulina glimmered brightly in the distance. But we could see neither beach nor sand dunes, and for a long distance in front of us and on either side, as far as we could distinguish in the dim light, stumps of trees, ugly snags, and bunches of reeds were sticking up out of the water. No possible camp-ground was visible anywhere, and for a moment we scarcely knew what to do or which way to turn our bows. The wind had risen again at sunset, the shallow water grew rougher every moment, and delay was fatal, unless we chose to pass the night moored to a snag, or in the shelter of the reeds on the shore. At first we thought of taking refuge at one of the fishermen's huts among the reeds at the mouth of the passage, but discovering a white building far across the bay, in the direction of Sulina, we headed our canoes for that, knowing we should find solid earth there, and paddled harder than we had done since we shot the rapids at the Iron Gates. Drenched with spray from the high cross-seas, we finally reached the other shore just as darkness was shutting down, and pushing through a great bed of reeds, came out into a little muddy pool, with a landing made of logs, close by the little white-washed house we had seen from a distance. A half-dozen sailors of the Roumanian navy welcomed us heartily as we landed, insisted on carrying up our canoes and luggage, and helped us pitch our camp on a dry sandy spot near their quarters. It was the evening of the 9th of September, and the journey from the Black Forest to the Black Sea had occupied us eleven weeks and one day, including twenty-eight days we had spent in excursions away from the river, and our delays at Vienna, Hainburg, and Buda-Pesth. We had paddled and sailed 1775 miles, through Germany, Austria, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Russia.

The following morning we were on our feet at dawn, eager to see what sort of country we had reached in the darkness.

We found that we were at the "cordon," or one of the Roumanian customs picket posts, on a point of land called Cape Masoura, and that we had come out into the Black Sea through that branch of the river called the Zaliv. The bay we had crossed in the twilight was an ancient mouth of the river, not navigable within the memory of man. Our camp was on the edge of a broad, rough meadow, bordered on the north by great shallows, where the sea is eating into the land, and extending for miles to the southward, where a range of sand dunes hides Sulina from view, and to the west toward dark masses of the great forest, on a low sandy elevation which marks the line of the ancient sea-coast. The whole tract, as far as we could see, was gay with wild flowers.

ROUMANIAN SAILORS AT THE "CORDON."

In Alfred Parsons's note-book are enumerated among the plants found on this sandy flat, the sea-lavender (*Stalice latifolia*), a small Michaelmas daisy just

coming into blossom, large-leaved meconopsis, mauve lactuca, and several yellow composite flowers. In the lakes of the delta, among the reeds, he found water-lilies; villarsia; frogbit, a floating plant like a yucca, with thorny edges to the leaves; a sort of duckweed, with rough primate leaves; and on the river-banks, loosestrife, hemp-agrimony, flowering-rush, and a thick undergrowth of marsh-fern.

We cooked a most elaborate breakfast, made our farewell camp toilet before the nickel-plated rudder, which served as a mirror, and then parted everything but our raiment among the sailors, who had been interested but shy spectators of all these operations. The wind was blowing half a gale, but with plenty of daylight before us we had no hesitation in tempting the dangers of the Black Sea, and, about the middle of the forenoon, left the cheery company happy in the possession of all our pots and pans, and set out in

THE LAST TOILET IN CAMP.

the direction of Sulina. The sailors assured us that for several days at least we would not be able to enter the river, on account of the high sea running at the bar, but we proposed to skirt the coast as far as we could go, and then see what would turn up.

We worked our way out of the tangle of reeds and across the shallows into the open water, and turned our bows to the southward, where a long sand beach stretched away in a graceful curve. A double line of breakers followed the shore, and one could see the white water on the bar beyond the light-house. We paddled on for several miles in the trough of the sea, dodging the waves and escaping capsize only by careful steering. We thought it useless to venture out into the roadstead, but kept along near the shore, and when we found the waves were rising to a height which made further advance foolhardy, we ran the canoes ashore through the surf, and hauled them up on the beach just under the sand dunes, the ideal campground of our imaginations. We were not in sight of any house, and as we could not paddle any further, it looked as if we might enjoy our sea-shore camp after all. However, on reconnoitring from the top of one of the dunes, we saw an ox-cart slowly moving across the meadow a half-mile or more away, and ran and overtook it. The driver was a fine tall young Roumanian farmer, with an intelligent, handsome face, and he consented to carry the canoes to the Sulina branch for us. He had an excellent cart and two yoke of oxen, and there was an easy road along the hard beach. On the firm white sand, under a brilliant noonday sun, and in full view of the great blue expanse of the Black Sea, we dismantled the canoes, and lashed them on the ox-cart, one above the other. After a couple of hours' walk along the beach, in the very wash of the waves, we came to the north bank of the Sulina arm opposite the town. Here we slid the canoes into the stream, took our last paddle across the Danube, and deposited them in the warehouse of a hospitable friend to await shipment to England.

BY THE BLACK SEA.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

MATER: "Papa dear—Do you know a halfpenny weekly paper called *Flipbutts?*"—PATER: "Never heard of it in my life!"
MATER: "Well—it offers ninepence a column for answering questions, and they *are* so difficult, and we *do* so want to make a little money! *Do* leave off your novel and help us a little!" (*Pater can only write two novels a year—but gets £10,000 for each of them.*)

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE sweet credulity of the nursery accepts Mother Goose without speculation or inquiry. When and where she lived, whether there were a Father Goose and little goslings, the rapt audience of her rhymes does not ask. They are the first verse, except some "now I lay me down to sleep," which the children hear, and they find in the rhymes nothing strange or extravagant. They do not laugh nor disbelieve. Little Jack Horner and little Miss Muffet are as authentic personages as their own companions Lucy and Mary Jane, and that the cow jumped over the moon is no more surprising than that she came in to be milked or chewed the cud.

From the domain of Mother Goose the child glides into the world of faery, and beholds Jack the Giant-killer and Tom Thumb and Cinderella and Jack of the Bean Stalk, and enters the lovely realm of the Sleeping Beauty and Graciosa and Percinet and Beauty and the Beast. It is a realm of endless charm. Reiteration does not tire, and the young mind teems with the fond fancies that outlast many a sober thought and serious purpose, and seem to the man a preliminary phantasmagoria of life and human character.

But the child is neither a humorist nor a moralist, and when, still later, he comes to read Pope's Homer and the mythologic tales, it is with the same uninquisitive wonder that he heard that the mouse ran up the clock, and the legend of the house that Jack built. Elia's protest against the moral tales that sought to supersede the lore of the nursery, and to transform that Barataria into an infant school, sprang from sympathetic instinct. "The children of Alice call Bartrum father," and although her quaint lover went unmated to his grave, his love of children made him their interpreter, and stirred his protest against the ruthless endeavor to despoil childhood's priceless possession —the world of faery.

The old question has been lately asked anew: why fill the infant mind with images of cruelty and horror? Why suggest to innocence the dreadful vision of ogres fattening captives like sheep for their table? Why torture it with that appalling cabalistic bloody invocation—Fee, faw, fum? Why permit the hoary murderer Blue Beard to terrify the young before in historical sequence they reach Henry the Eighth, in no extenuating page of Froude, but as the grisly murderer and defender of the faith of the older annals? And why perplex the callow pilgrim scarcely embarked on the journey of life, which the reverend and the wise describe as a moral warfare, by the rhyme which declares the greedy thief of a plum from the copious pudding a good boy? Why is a glutton who triumphs in his gluttony to be commended in honeyed measure as good, while nothing is said in praise—nay, he is not even mentioned—of the virtue of the unnamed comrade, who was undoubtedly present, and who restrained his desire to pull out plums, and who, so far as posterity knows, not only had no plum, but also forebore the sauce?

Is it upon such lessons, we are asked, that heroes are nurtured and the wise and humane are bred? Not only that, but why fill the young mind with ghastly figures, instead of reading those improving narratives, those early lessons which teach us of the exemplary maid that "she walked on her head, a little higher than usual"? The whole discussion is illuminated by the fact that the young person whose mental and moral improvement was sought by the substitution of moral tales for fairy-lore did not know until her adolescence was passed that the maid did not walk upon her head, but that a comma had been transposed, and that the correct version did not make her walk upon her head, but only walk with her head a little higher than usual. But during all those years the young pupil was not disturbed by the fact that the maid walked upon her head. She was perplexed only to know why, walking upon her head, she was higher than usual. And what wonder could be more reasonable?

This story illuminates the discussion because it shows that the world of imagination in which the child lives cannot be interpreted literally. Blue Beard and the wicked ogre do not terrify him, for the same reason that when he changes the nursery for the theatre he does not insist that Macbeth shall be handed over to the

police. He hears the fairy story as he sees the drama, ideally, and if Mr. Sleek insists upon the moral, let him say what can be more moral than the spurring of the two brothers at top speed in a cloud of dust beheld by sister Ann from the turret, and their arrival at the castle just in time to seize the wicked, blue-bearded wretch, and strike off his head with a single blow of the scimitar?

This is the very kind of morality that the Sleek kind of moralist seeks. But if the nursery must lose its literature of the imagination, why not the library and the drawing-room? If the child must spare Jack the Giant-killer, must his father also surrender Hercules? If the Fair One with Golden Locks wastes culpably the time that might be devoted to improving reading, shall *The Antiquary* and *The Newcomes* also be prohibited? Mother Goose's Melodies is a natural book, in the sense that it is the expression of the instinct from which baby talk springs. It is not an intellectual exercise, but it is an exercise of affection. It charms the nascent sense of rhythm, and suggests fantasies which to a hearer "trailing clouds of glory" are not nonsense. Those impressions are not readily recalled in later life, but the ancient tales and gayety of the nursery are as persistent as other great facts. The crusade against fairy lore is like the crusade against the stage.

THE Easy Chair once ventured some remarks upon possible good manners in politics, which were received by some eager critics as worthy of the lunar world. But last year, when the President went to the celebration of the completion of the Bennington Monument in Vermont, both he and the eloquent orator of the day, ex-Minister Phelps, his political opponent, exchanged the most courteous compliments, if the word may be applied to any expression of truth. On his way to Bennington, also, the President was received by Governor Hill, of New York, at the capital of the state and with friendly courtesy; and this year, when the President went to the celebration of Decoration day at Rochester, in New York, he was joined by the Democratic Governor of the state, and the friendly civilities of last year were renewed.

The English-speaking race boasts that political genius is its peculiar, if not its exclusive, possession. It prides itself also upon its love of fair play. How much fair play do the individuals of that race allow their political opponents? How fairly are the arguments of one party represented or stated by the other? Not that eminent men on all sides do not state honestly and argue candidly the views and reasoning of any other side. But it is the general principle, certainly the general practice, that all is fair in politics as in love, and while the fair-play-loving English race gravely talks of the result of an election as the deliberate expression of the popular will, it is only under very unusual circumstances that the assertion is true.

The appeal of the stump is not to reason, but to prejudice, ignorance, and party spirit. The popular stump-orator is the speaker who can turn the laugh against the foe, bombard him with satire, overwhelm him with ridicule, exaggerate his errors, make the most notorious of his party leaders stand for the whole party, caricature and belittle what has been well done, and sneer at the assumptions of virtue as if so conspicuous, exposed, and notorious an impostor as the other side could hope to deceive for a moment a great, an intelligent, a superior, a discerning people, who are the children of all the promises and the envy of the world!

This is the appeal of the stump to what is called the reason of the people, and the result of the appeal is announced as the honest verdict of intelligent and thoughtful citizens. A candidate is elected President, and his election is hailed as the popular mandate to do what his party announced as its principles. His party honestly fulfils the mandate, and puts its principles into law. But no sooner is it done than the same intelligent and thoughtful citizens, by an astounding majority, a hundredfold greater than that by which the mandate was issued, peremptorily dismiss those who have faithfully executed it.

The explanation is not that a great and intelligent people, true to their love of fair play, after careful consideration of a public policy, declaring, with the unerring wisdom of numbers, that it is a wise and beneficent policy for the country, suddenly change their minds and stigmatize it as a monstrous and disastrous policy, but

that the election campaign was not a candid consideration, but a tremendous carnival of fun and fireworks and enthusiastic hurrahs and music by the band, in which the other side was roasted with ridicule and basted with jokes, and vast processions of sober citizens paraded the streets, shouting in stentorian chorus of rhythmical contempt the delinquencies of the opposing candidate and the absurdity of the other side.

The love of fair play which springs eternal in the English-speaking breast meanwhile fills the columns of the fair-play-loving press with reports of the meetings of our side, of which the triumphant enthusiasm, the electric eloquence, the destructive broadsides of conclusive argument, and the tornadoes and cyclones of applause, the sure earnest of victory by unprecedented majorities all along the line, are duly set forth; and, on the other hand, in a few words, the wretched, miserable, torpid, stupid, melancholy, and plainly paralyzed and doomed baker's dozen of t'other side who held what they called a meeting, and made no pretence of listening (for who could listen to the dreary droning and drowsy platitudes of vapid talkers who had evidently lost all heart?), were depicted as becomes such a significant contrast to our glorious confidence and consciousness of right, and of the support of a magnanimous and freedom-loving people.

This is fair play and political courtesy as generally illustrated. The stranger from the moon, who observes the spectacle with interest and curiosity, if he ventures to remark upon it, or to ask for enlightenment, is answered with hilarity that he must be very fresh in his arrival if he supposes that the methods of the moon are in vogue here, or if he thinks that both sides will not do whatever is necessary to win. Politeness is very well, but politeness is not politics. If the lunatic traveller asks, "And truth?" he will be referred to the Sunday-school, for which, he will be told, the caucus cannot possibly be mistaken.

But our friend from the moon will also observe that, upon the whole, and in a rough and irregular way, the system that he criticises somehow secures a good result. If an election is not to be rigidly interpreted, and has as many meanings as there are interpreters, it secures the peaceful acquiescence of the defeated side, and a greater general well-being than any other system. All that the lunatic observer remarks is well-founded, but his remarks are not complete until they include the fact that we would not exchange our own for any other system in the world. Our question is only whether what is so good may not be made better, and whether they were the best friends of navigation upon the Hudson who insisted that nothing could be better than sloops, and that Fulton was a crank.

It was a wise newspaper that recently advised every American who could do so to see a national nominating convention. It is a spectacle visible in no other country, and the most exciting political spectacle in this. It is the arena in which the prolonged and passionate strife of countless ambitions, intrigues, interests, and conspiracies is decided; and it is the more exciting because with every effort to predetermine the result, the result is still at the mercy of chance. The action of the convention is a lottery. Suddenly, at the decisive moment, an unexpected combination, an impulse, a whim, like an overwhelming tidal wave, sweeps away all plans and calculations, and the result is as complete as it is unanticipated.

Even the device of a two-thirds vote to make a nomination valid does not avail to secure the real preference of the party which the convention represents. The two-thirds rule, as it is called, was designed to baffle the fundamental democratic principle, which is the rule of the majority. When that is abandoned, the proportion selected is purely arbitrary. It may as well be nine-tenths as two-thirds. But even such a dam will not resist the swelling waters of feeling in a convention. The French say that it is the unexpected that happens, but in a national convention it is the unforeseen which is anticipated. The palpitating multitude, which has been stimulating its own excitement, confronts every doubtful moment with an air which says, plainly, "Now it's coming."

There is always a preliminary contest of various cities before the national party committee to decide where the convention shall be held. Local orators with honeyed persuasion dazzle the committee

with statistics of the superior convenience, accommodation, beauty, healthfulness, resources, facilities, and whatever else their good genius may suggest, of the city for which each one of them contends. The convention is held in the largest hall, or in a building erected for the purpose, like the Wigwam in Chicago in 1860. The convention itself is composed of about nine hundred state delegates, their seats designated by a flag with the name of the state placed by the seat of the chairman of the delegation. The alternates are also seated.

Every convention is full of distinguished leaders and members of the party, and as any of them appear, either entering or rising to speak, they are greeted with great applause. If the temporary chairman be an eminent party chief or an eloquent popular orator, his address touches the springs of emotion and arouses hearty enthusiasm. But the friends of the leading candidates deprecate the mention of names until the candidates are presented by the chosen orator. The reason is that the applause of the convention is one of the counters in the game. There are hired *claques* in the conventions which keep up a humming cry which is a substitute for applause, and which is sometimes continued for a quarter of an hour. The longer the hum, the more popular the candidate.

Forgetfulness or ignorance of the value of applause under such circumstances reveals the comparative popularity of candidates in the eager mass of delegates and spectators. In one convention the permanent president in his address, but without any sinister purpose, or indeed any other purpose than kindling the convention, mentioned successively, and, of course, with impartial compliment, the name of every candidate who was known to be on the list. Involuntarily he thus tested the feeling of the convention. The galleries also swelled the acclaim, but in the galleries the *claque* is shrewdly distributed, and in critical moments the approval or disapproval of the turbulent galleries undoubtedly impresses the delegates, and recalls the galleries of the French convention a hundred years ago.

There are occasional skirmishes of debate upon motions or resolutions, but the first great interest of the regular proceedings is the report of the platform committee. It is a tradition of conventions that the platform should be accepted as reported, both to gain the prestige of perfect unanimity and to escape "tinkering," which may lead to endless discussion and discordant feeling. But when the motion is made to proceed to the nomination of candidates, the excitement is intense. The orators are usually carefully selected, not alone as eloquent speakers, but as men of weight and influence, and of what at the moment is more indispensable than everything else—tact. The speeches are made with the fundamental understanding that, however glowing and elaborate the praise of the candidate may be, there shall be an explicit assurance that whatever the merits of any candidate, the candidate who shall be nominated by the convention will receive the universal and enthusiastic support of the party.

On one occasion, when this fundamental rule was forgotten by an ardent orator, who, in the warmth of his devotion to his candidate, declared that no other man was so certain to draw out the whole party vote in the state for which he spoke, a hurricane of hisses from the convention and the galleries silenced him, and the friends of his candidate were instantly aware that a fatal injury had befallen him. In another convention the orator who nominated one of the candidates was so exasperated by what he felt to be the treachery to his candidate of a conspicuous friend of another that his denunciation of the traitor was held to be a covert assault upon the traitor's candidate, and again a tempest of universal hissing overwhelmed the luckless orator and his candidate.

The announcement by states of the first formal vote for candidates is made in impressive silence, followed by immense applause. But the second ballot is more significant; and whenever upon any ballot the announcement of a vote is seen by the tally to decide the nomination, the feeling culminates in an indescribable tumult of frenzied acclamation, and the convention generally adjourns to consider the Vice-Presidency. But the interest in its work is at an end, and it is astounding to see the happy-go-lucky Providence which presides over the selection of the officer who has thrice become the President of the United States.

In the history of national conventions

there is no more touching incident than that of Mr. Seward awaiting at his home in Auburn the result of the balloting at the convention of 1860, which nominated Mr. Lincoln. By what is called the logic of the situation, Mr. Seward's nomination was assured, and no disappointment could have been greater than the selection of another. How bitter it was was not suspected until his life was recently published! But he encountered the shock with his usual equanimity, and before the election he had made the most extraordinary series of speeches for his party which the annals of any campaign record.

The journal's advice was sound. See a national convention if you can.

NEW YORK has the indolence popularly attributed to generosity and a Dutch descent. But the Yankee has been heard to inquire whether Dutch descent explains the present character and prosperity of the metropolis — of the state of New York. The Easy Chair is precise because there are other cities which do not acknowledge New York as their metropolitan. But the true reply to the Yankee is his own favorite answer by counter-question. Does the history of Holland present the Dutchman as an indolent, unheroic, slumberous Wouter Van Twiller? If he answer affirmatively, he should be turned over to Mr. Douglas Campbell's history for meditation and repentance.

Yet even Mr. Campbell will concede that the popular tradition of the burgher of New Netherlands as a solid citizen of the figure seen in Rip Van Winkle's vision of Hudson's crew sitting placidly upon his stoop at evening and leisurely smoking his pipe has some basis of fact. It is not a derogatory figure, and in the history of the state and city there is a good-natured indifference to many things of which other communities are very proud and not at all reticent, which is a very pleasant quality to consider. "I will do," the placid Dutchman seems to say; "let others talk."

This temperament of New York, which in a sense sprang from New Netherlands, needs, however, an occasional fillip. New York with great sincerity lamented the death of General Grant, who had become its most famous citizen. With every sad splendor of funeral pomp, it laid him where he wished to lie, and resolved to build a monument worthy of the citizen and the city. It began, but it did not finish. The cities that do not defer to a metropolitan upon the Hudson smiled, and Chicago dedicated her monument, and looked with an inquisitive smile at New York. Congress saw the delay, and proposed to build his sepulchre on national ground. And New York, professing her unquestioned love and reverence, resisted the removal and did nothing.

A friend and comrade and officer of Grant, also a citizen of New York, howbeit not of Dutch descent, and confiding both in the will and the generosity of the city, stated the situation in a simple and earnest appeal, then thoroughly organized every interest, touched every chord that might respond, and in sixty days the good-natured city which, but for that masterful appeal, would have continued to wish well, gladly did well, and the work was done. Within that time General Horace Porter had raised three hundred and fifty thousand dollars by subscription in the city. It was a service not to patriotism only, but to New York. But for this prompt, intelligent, and persistent action it is not clear that New York, however liberal, however good-natured, would have redeemed its moral pledge that if the tomb of Grant were here, his fitting monument should be here also. One citizen has kept the word of the city.

There is a moral to this story, and a moral which is often in need of enforcement. When a distinguished citizen dies there is an effusion of grief, and an eloquent celebration of his merit and his services, and a proposal to build a statue or to raise a monument to commemorate his life and character and work is natural to the moment, and it is received with acclamation. But grief does not necessarily express itself in dollars; nor does respect always leave a monument as its symbol. If the feeling is of a kind immediately to hasten practically to secure a memorial, as after the death of General Sherman, it is a spontaneous tribute. But if the proposal involve the collection of a great sum of money, it will not prosper except by an organized and incessant appeal, as for the Washington Arch, or by the extraordinary activity of one trusted and intelligent man devoted to the purpose, as for the monument of Grant.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE modern literary note is Sincerity. We are all agreed on that. The artist who sits down before a copper basin to transfer its features to canvas takes himself and his attitude to nature as seriously as if he were painting a humming-bird. To the young man and the young woman of the period life has also this importance. One would hesitate to say there is any cant about this, for sincerity is in the air, just as frivolity was in the time of Charles II. It is a curious reflection of Carlyle's gospel that belief in something is the one thing necessary—the object of the belief is of less importance. Perhaps it is not putting it too strongly to say that if you are sincere you will be saved. It is easy to dismiss this as a fad of fashion, but the effect of this notion upon literature has to be studied more carefully. For the ingredient of sincerity mixed with Schopenhauer has produced the modern novel of so-called realism. And it has made over the short story into its own image. A misguided person recently, who was desirous of being cheerful, and seeking something that would raise his spirits, and who had, perhaps, in his soul a hankering after beauty, said that he could not find in any book-shop or news-stand a novel or short story of recent date that was not unpleasant in subject, and did not end either in despair or degradation. Even in the railway trains the same discouraging and altogether dyspeptic pabulum was offered to him; the train seemed to be run by Schopenhauer. Every day a shoal of fiction is issued, and it is nearly all of this character. All the young writers catch this note. We cannot deny their sincerity. They do not yet know by experience that it is not a cheerful world they have fallen into, but their attitude to life is that of sadness, investigating sadness aided by a microscope. The duty is laid upon them of studying life as it really is, of exposing its weakness and imperfection, its evil and its ugliness. This study is usually made without hope. And the study being always downwards, it comes to be felt that one cannot be altogether sincere without being sad and too often coarse.

II.

The genuine realist who seeks to escape out of a false and romantic view of life should not, of course, be held altogether responsible for the present downward tendency. It may be supposed that while he was impelled to attend to ugliness and to the inferior nature, he thought that plenty of people, as heretofore, would go on attending to beauty. He did not calculate on the fascination of imitation and the tendency to sensationalism. For a considerable quantity of the fiction of the day is not made on any theory of realism, but on the instinct to produce something that, regardless of appealing to a depraved taste, will sell. And in the deluge that has come, a flood that devastates but does not fertilize, we see here and there an original realist, whose digging impaired the levee, preparing to climb a tree; and there is something comical in his selection of the tree of psychological romance. The business, in fact, has been overdone. To use a figure that has no application in point of character, the criminal proceeds upon the supposition that society will keep its organization, that the majority of people will continue law-abiding, in order that he may thrive by crime. Even the successful and useful stock-operator would not relish life if there were no rural lambs. The purest realism cannot stand a universal running into the ground. But the late protest against the romantic and good-natured view of life differs from those that preceded it by reason of the introduction of a comparatively new element, that is, an element of discrimination. The writers of all schools are convinced that every human being is a mixed creation, that there is some good in everybody and some bad in everybody, and therefore the perfect villain and the perfect heroine have vanished from fiction. The distinction between the two schools of writers is that the one looks for the bad in human nature and the other looks for the good. And the results are often surprising. We have to associate a good deal in literature with persons we would not invite to our houses. Perhaps we ought to invite them to our houses, and perhaps we are wrong in having any houses of our own, for

the wide-spreading doctrine of humanity, mingled as it is with pessimism and the elevation of the commonplace, and the realistic refusal to label any action right or wrong, have made great confusion in the public mind. Is it love for our fellow-men that leads the literary artist to depict them as bad as they can be and their life as hopeless? Is it expected that when men see themselves as they really are, they will turn from themselves with loathing and seek better things?

III.

Evidently this expectation has been disappointed in France, where the use of the muck-rake has failed to elevate the raker or any longer to interest the spectators. In fact, some years ago there were those who said that this downward looking and contemplation of the vile had resulted in the degradation of thought. From the perception of this fact by such a quick-witted race and such felicitous inventors of phrases, it was only a step to the new movement which is now widely known as the Spiritualization of Thought in France. Some one made the discovery that we cannot be saved by facts, and it occurred to those tired of Things to ask what they signified. For instance, what was the meaning of that tremendous show of facts called the Great Exposition? What did it symbolize? This idea once grasped, the Ideal in life came again into view, and the symbolic school was born. Life then had a meaning, and it might have a purpose. All that was necessary was that the movement should crystallize in a phrase. At the fortunate moment it was proclaimed that "Voltaire had no soul." This phrase electrified France. It sent through it a thrill of conviction. At this phrase the whole soulless fabric of the eighteenth century tumbled into ruins. Over these ruins rose, like a star, the dictum of Tolstoï, till then unheeded, "It is necessary to have a soul." A new idea is nowhere more fruitful than in France. This discovery was an inspiration. It was a renaissance. It was an appeal to the new generation, and the young men responded with enthusiasm. They thronged the lecture-rooms of the apostles of the new light. Again we had the always hopeful spectacle of teachers and eager learners, of the prophets who spoke about the higher life, the Ideal, in fact about Poetry, to throngs of hungry souls faint from feeding on husks. There is nothing like the contact of mind with mind, the inspiration of the spoken word, the idea personified in a leader, the enthusiasm of discipleship when the aspiration is noble. Things without a soul decay; fiction began to smell of it, and the logical inference was quickly drawn that the current Realism had no soul. That is, it began to be recognized for what it was by its fruits. Realism was seen to be not anything in itself, but only a protest against conceit and artificiality. It had no creative vitality. A jocund cry went out, "Realism is dead in Paris." This is, no doubt, premature from the publishers' point of view, for the novels of degradation (a word descriptive of a great part of Paris fiction) still have a market, thanks to a vitiated public taste, partly innate, partly created. It is necessary that the public, as well as the writers, should have a soul, and that it should attach the same meaning that the lecturer does to his admonition, "You must live the life." That is, life is an aspiration, an ennobling of all the faculties in a new conception of beauty and also of virtue. For there is, after all, such a thing as virtue. That is another discovery. This is not to be confounded with conventional morality; it is rather a spiritualization of the nature. Spiritualization of thought in France, it is scarcely necessary to explain, has no relation to the McCaul mission, nor has it been stimulated by any pastoral encyclical from the Vatican. It is not a religious propaganda that is on foot. I adjure you, says the lecturer, to cultivate poetry and the ideal life. Of course, this is not a call to the verse-makers. It is not the art of rhyming that is to save us either in France or in America; it has come to pass that the poet also needs a soul. It is the poetic side of life that is to be cultivated; the newly enlisted army is to fight materialism, for it is seen how Realism, more and more sordid, has been playing into the hands of the materialistic age, killing poetry, killing aspiration, with its gospel of the equal value of all facts. But the new movement has learned of its adversary; it is not to be romantic in false creations; it is to deal with life, the spiritual as well as the material side of it; it is to study directness and simplicity, and its watchword also is Sincerity. But it adds to sincerity purity in intention.

IV.

Two of the prominent exponents of the present *réveil de l'âme* in France are professional men, Dr. Charles Ricket (under the signature of "Charles Epheyre"), whose psychological romances have the verity of the scientific expert, and M. de Beaurepaire (under the signature of "Jules de Glouvet"), Procureur Général of France, whose passion for idealism is regulated and brought to bear upon life by a passionate worship of law, and law applied to beings of the lowest, uncultured, and degraded type. A scientist and an enthusiast in his profession, M. de Beaurepaire is a firm believer in the superiority of mere goodness over mere intelligence. This is the key-note of the story of Jean Renaud in the romance of *The Foresters*. Southwest of Paris, and beyond Chartres, is a vast forest, uniting the departments of Maine and La Beauce. This immense wood is intersected by grassy paths, untouched by the hand of man, which have given this picturesque region the name of Chemins Verts. Here absolute solitude reigns, the villages are far off, scattered on the ridges, and a few detached cabins nestle in the furze on the slopes at the edge of the forest. This silent, almost impenetrable wood, mysterious, full of marvels, has a life of its own. The great trees are sentient characters, the bushes move with a sense of existence, the noises that one hears there are the language of nature. Wild flowers bloom, birds sing in the thickets, it is the haunt of the rabbit and the partridge, the deer come to drink in the pools, and the wild-boars make their lairs there. It is full of life, this repellent, mysterious forest. The inhabitants on its borders are as wild and untamed as the forest, and yet as the forest is not of America but of France, and lives under law that conserves every twig and trunk, so the people are under law and ancient usages, and, uncultured and ignorant, are not at all like the frontier hordes that extend American civilization into the wilderness. The people are poor and wretched and densely ignorant, but the forester and the game-keeper and the priest are there. They all draw their living from the forest—the wood-cutters, the sawyers, the bush-gatherers, the nut-hunters, the herb-searchers; it is their whole world; they know nothing beyond it, nothing beyond its mysteries and its legends. M. de Beaurepaire, not departing from scientific treatment, as if he were a naturalist and a woodsman, has made this forest live in the imagination of the reader. It is a wonderful picture. With the same skill he has depicted the natural, the ignorant, the cunning, the human peasants. Here you may see, as in the forest, the natural good and the natural evil. For there is wickedness and there is virtue, and they are never confounded, even when they exist in the same person. The most interesting character that fiction has given us in a long time is Jean Renaud. He is a child of the forest, which was his foster-mother and school-master. The child of an uncultivated mother, whose second husband was a forester as brutal as herself, a cripple, with one leg shorter than the other, his infancy was one of pitiful hardship. Left wholly to himself, he wandered in the forest. As he advanced in years he became wonderfully strong and agile, full of natural cunning. The forest had his passionate love, no lover's devotion to his mistress equalled that he felt for his trees and his forest haunts. Of other knowledge he was simply incapable. It was impossible for him to learn his letters; but in his world—the world of woods and singing-birds and blossoms and wild animals—he was wise. The forest was his sole teacher. He had no training in morals, in obligation, in duty. What would ministering nature do for a naked, defenceless soul which loves her and her only with a pure passion? Is there any sturdy uprightness for the human being to be got out of her simplicity and integrity? This is the problem of the novel. Jean became the most redoubtable woodsman of the district, the most skilful and daring "climber," and, alas, a poacher whose cunning and prowess and intimacy with the ways of the forest made him the most formidable ever known in that region. Deserted in his tender years, without social life, for all teaching his intellectual and moral nature almost a blank, he grew to the stature of a man without love, without sympathy. And behold, this natural man longed, with ever-increasing hunger, for love and sympathy. How he found both in a half-crazy old woman of the forest, for whom he cared, and a little orphan waif from the maelstrom of Paris, is told with touching simplicity. Jean has come to manhood; the world widens a little to his un-

tutored mind; he learns self-sacrifice; he has found a friend, whom he begins to recognize as a friend, in the keeper's daughter; perhaps he would have learned much more if the Prussians had not invaded his beloved forest. But here this evolution of the natural man stops. The beautiful idyl has a noble ending. The reader pauses, profoundly moved by this sweet story of a lowly life, which, however, is large enough to include the universal man, and muses on the problem of existence, while in the mysterious forest the trees bend their heads to the autumnal breeze and scatter their dead leaves. The wicked are not always punished, but immutable law reigns, and even in the gloom of an unsuccessful life good deeds shine like the stars over the forest.

V.

The question of the shifting of literary centres referred to last month suggests another. In order to have a literature, is it not necessary to have a public? Upon what is the belief based that New York is about to take the place of Boston in the production of literature? Why did the headship formerly pass from Philadelphia to Boston? Is there any doubt that it was because Boston had the public—the soil in which a literature can grow? Unless our reading of causes is at fault, the sudden outburst of the drama in Greece after Marathon, and of the drama in England towards the close of an era of discovery and adventure, was closely related to the fact that both Athens and London had a public capable of stimulating and keyed up to the appreciation of a great literature. In the days when Philadelphia enjoyed a leadership in business and politics, a number of men, some of them from New England, were attracted thither by its activity; the presses began to run, and the trade of publishing, having a start, was fed by the talent of the country. It became the pioneer in the reprinting of English books and the production of literary periodicals. It held its position for a long time when it was no longer the capital of the financial or the commercial world. But where is its indigenous literature? What sort of a public had it? The Quaker, who gathers about him material comforts in order that he may enjoy spiritual quiet, did very little to stimulate the intellectual life on the literary side. The town prospered in thrift; men became rich, interested in politics, in science, in scholarship of the professional and practical sort; the State grew in wealth with mining and manufacturing; and the aspiration of life was physical well-being. And physical enjoyment is not the handmaid of literature any more than refined materialism is. Even the canvas-back duck when he came in gave no more wings to the imagination than the terrapin. There is nothing more essential to the happiness of mankind than good cooking, but the relation of cooking to good literature is not that of cause and effect. It is no offence to Boston to say that people did not go there to eat. It had from the first an eager, inquiring, agitated, intellectual public. And when in time, after the theological camps became sicklied o'er with the pale cast of transcendentalism, the men appeared capable of producing a literature, there was a public hospitable to it, which cheered its successes and stimulated it to new excursions in the field of the imagination. Boston cooks better than it once did; it also is rich, and more than half its population is foreign. Is its literary publishing and production on the wane? And is it about to pass on the torch of literature to New York? Why not to Chicago? This is an imprudent question, for if the attention of Chicago is attracted to this opening—if it is convinced that literary supremacy is a good thing to have—it will snap it up in twenty-four hours. But while the attention of Chicago is otherwise engaged, there is a chance for New York. It already has the magazines and the majority of the great publishing houses. It receives and distributes literature with the automatic action of a grain-elevator. But has it a public of literary discrimination and of that keen enjoyment of good work that stimulates the artist in letters? It will be admitted that if it is to be the literary centre, it should have literary taste. Now what sort of reading is successful with the New York public? Is it that which is marked by literary character, or that which has the adventitious aid of a notorious subject or the society *cachet*? A literary centre without literary production will not be flattering to the pride, and is, in fact, a misnomer. Perhaps New York, in its commercial splendor, is indifferent to the dwelling in it of so unpretending a maiden as Literature. Per-

haps it rests in the hope that Literature must come there, for the reason given by the late nocturnal explorer for coming home—that all the other places are shut up. To New York talent gravitates, on account of its active and varied life and the chance of employment given by its press, its great publishing houses, and its periodicals. And yet, are not the conditions of modern life so changed that there can no longer be such a thing as a literary centre in the old meaning? A centre, and more than one, of publishing and distribution—yes. But the facilities of travel have distributed the workers. The literary producers do not all live in the great cities. They are scattered in a thousand little centres of intelligence. There are many stimulating local publics; there are great libraries in small cities and university towns. So the question remains. Is New York to be a literary centre?

VI.

There is no monument that a man can raise to himself so durable as a poem, or a sound, simple, original piece of prose. His literature will survive, and he will live in it when his own personality becomes vague. Nothing else seems to last. A reputation for doing something is very often shifted from the supposed actor to some one else, and time and the document-finding historians are always nibbling away reputations. Perhaps the New-Yorkers have been wise in their delay in contributing money for the Grant Monument, knowing that it is scarcely safe to raise one to anybody before the lapse of three centuries. Perhaps the friends of Thomas are justified in their expectation that the rolling years will assign to him his proper place in the civil war. Truth, considering its vitality, is often very slow in getting into line. These reflections will be likely to be made by the reader of John Fiske's fascinating *The Discovery of America*. For a long time scholars have been laboring to clear away the mists that obscure our origin, and to disentangle the contradictory evidence as to priority and honor of individuals. Professor Fiske has put this evidence in lucid order, and turned upon it the electric light of reading it by the knowledge that existed at the time of the various discoveries, and not by the knowledge we now have. The discovery of America was a gradual process, and the apprehension of what had been discovered took a long time to enter the mind of the world. In these late investigations the calumny that for four hundred years has rested upon the name of the accomplished Italian scholar and astronomer Americus Vespucius is dispelled. At last he has the honor that is due him. And this honor does not detract from or disturb that of the great Genoese navigator from whom we get the poetic name of the new continent, and through whom we are able to sing "Hail Columbia!" America is a good name, and we have thriven under it, but we have always had a resentful feeling that it was imposed upon us by a tricky sailor who was jealous of Columbus, and appropriated to himself his predecessor's discoveries. This suspicion is absolutely groundless. Both Columbus and Americus died before the magnitude of their discoveries was known, and in the belief that the lands beyond the Atlantic to which Columbus led the way were lying off the coast of Asia. The original source of the calumny against Americus was in the change in the Latin version of his letter in regard to his first voyage of the name *Lariab* to *Parias*. Now Lariab is in the Gulf of Mexico, near what is now Tampico, and Parias is on the north coast of South America, two thousand miles southeast. This verbal change, made by a translator who knew there was a place beyond the Atlantic called Parias, but had never heard of Lariab, led to a confounding of the first with the second voyage of Americus, and to the charge that he had antedated his discovery in order to rob Columbus of the credit of preceding him in finding the land that was afterwards called Brazil. The name of America, gradually covering the continent, got fixed upon the land known as Brazil (which was supposed to lie off the coast of Asia, and to be only a part of the dry land which the first voyage of Columbus had pointed out) by the map-makers in what may be called a series of accidents. With the naming, or any suggestion leading to it, Americus had nothing to do. If Columbus and Americus are now together, and in a position to look down upon this globe, which is now completely discovered and mapped, they must exchange interesting observations upon the mutations of reputation in this queer world, and upon the difficulty of satisfying its restless inhabitants.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 13th of June.—In Congress but little legislation of general importance was completed. The House, on the 6th of June, passed bills for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union.

On the 3d of June James G. Blaine resigned his position as Secretary of State in the cabinet of the United States.

The Governor of Virginia, on the 28th of May, appointed Eppa Hunton to represent that State in the United States Senate in place of John S. Barbour, deceased.

The Republican National Convention met at Minneapolis, Minnesota, on the 7th of June. In the platform, which was adopted on the 9th, the convention asserted the adhesion of the party to the doctrine of protection, and declared that the prosperous condition of the country was due to the revenue legislation of a Republican Congress; it approved the policy of reciprocity with foreign nations; demanded the maintenance of the parity of values of gold and silver and paper currency; declared itself in favor of the enactment and enforcement of such laws as would secure to every citizen of the United States one free and unrestricted ballot in all public elections; denounced the outrages "perpetrated upon American citizens for political reasons in certain Southern States of the Union"; asserted itself in favor of the extension of foreign commerce, the restoration of the mercantile marine by home-built ships, and the creation of a navy for national protection; affirmed its approval of the Monroe doctrine; called for the enactment of more stringent laws for the prevention of criminal, pauper, and contract immigration; expressed its sympathy with the cause of home-rule in Ireland and with the persecuted Jews in Russia; declared its devotion to the cause of education and religious freedom, and its opposition to any union of church and state; called for further legislation for the effective restriction of trusts and other combinations of capital; commended the enforcement of the existing laws for the regulation of the civil service; asserted that the Nicaragua Ship-canal should be controlled by the United States; expressed itself in favor of the early admission of the remaining Territories and of the selection of Territorial officers from *bona fide* residents; recommended the cession of arid public lands to the States and Territories embracing them; called for reasonable governmental aid to the World's Columbian Exposition; expressed its sympathy with all legitimate efforts in favor of temperance and morality; and commended the administration of President Harrison as "able, patriotic, and thoroughly American." On the 10th the convention nominated Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, for President of the United States, and Whitelaw Reid, of New York, for Vice-President.

A new Italian cabinet was organized May 15th, with Signor Giolitti as its President.

Labor riots of a serious character occurred in Barcelona, Spain, on the 10th of June, and the police were obliged to call for the aid of troops to suppress the disturbance. On the 12th a state of siege was declared throughout the province.

News from Cairo, Egypt, May 19th, reported that an epidemic of cholera was prevailing in Harrar, causing a hundred deaths daily.

A battle occurred early in May between a British force in West Africa and the native Jebus, near Magbore, in which 400 of the latter were killed. The British loss was but slight.

DISASTERS.

May 16th.—The British bark *Earl of Aberdeen* was wrecked on the coast of the county of Pembroke, England, and sixteen of her crew were drowned.

May 17th.—News was received of the foundering of the Caspian Sea steamer *Alexander Wolcow* in a hurricane March 29th; 250 lives were reported lost.

May 18th.—A great flood in the Floyd River, Sioux City, Iowa, caused the loss of more than twenty lives, destroyed property valued at $1,000,000, and made several thousand people homeless.

May 19th.—News was received from Mauritius stating that on the 29th of April a hurricane passed over that island killing more than 600 people, and destroying a large part of the town of Port Louis.

May 21st.—The Brazilian ship *Solimoes* was wrecked near the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and 120 of her crew were drowned.

May 26th.—The great floods which for several days prevailed throughout the Mississippi Valley reached their height. The losses were estimated as follows: Missouri—wheat and corn destroyed (500,000 acres), $10,000,000; homes ruined, $1,000,000; cattle drowned, $50,000; railroad property destroyed, $150,000: total, $11,200,000. Tennessee—cotton destroyed, $600,000; wheat destroyed, $1,200,000; homes and cattle, $100,000: total, $1,900,000. Arkansas—farms inundated, 9338; corn destroyed, $2,500,000; cotton destroyed, $5,000,000; other products, $2,500,000: total, $10,000,000. Mississippi's loss was $1,000,000. Louisiana's loss, $5,000,000. Kentucky's, $200,000. The total amount of damage caused by the high waters from Kansas City to New Orleans was estimated at $50,000,000. The loss of life was great, but not definitely ascertained.

May 27th.—A tornado passed through the towns of Wellington and Harper, Kansas, killing more than twenty persons, and doing great damage to property.

May 30th.—A fire at Srinagar, in the Vale of Cashmere, destroyed 2000 dwellings. In the same town, during the week just preceding, 1600 deaths had occurred from cholera.

June 1st.—In a fire which occurred in a silver mine near Przibram, Bohemia, more than 300 miners lost their lives.

June 5th.—Fire and flood in Oil City and Titusville, Pennsylvania, caused the death of no fewer than 125 persons, and destroyed much property.

June 13th.—Fourteen persons were killed in an explosion at Mare Island Navy-yard, California.

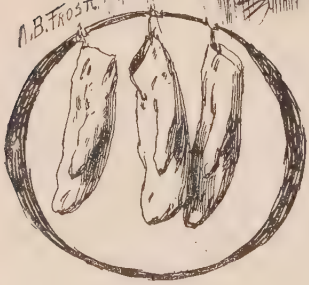
OBITUARY.

May 14th.—In Washington, D. C., Hon. John S. Barbour, United States Senator from Virginia, aged seventy-two years.

May 18th.—In London, England, James Ripley Osgood, publisher, aged fifty-six years.

June 10th.—In New York city, Sidney Dillon, ex-President of the Union Pacific Railroad, aged eighty years.

Editor's Drawer.



ONCE upon a time there was a lady who was young, beautiful, accomplished, and very rich. She was also very clever. But her most striking characteristic was that she was every atom a woman. She had three lovers, who had been college cronies. She always spoke of them as her "friends." There was a fourth gentleman whom she knew, but by no means so intimately, who was a friend of the other three.

One of the three friends was tall, handsome, athletic, had languishing eyes, a long mustache, and a fine figure; one was clever, almost brilliant, and what some women call "intellectual"; the third was rich, good-looking, and "successful." None of them had any drawback; the first was clever enough; the second was very good-looking, and, like the first, was comfortably off; and the third was neither a fool nor unread. All three were considered good catches by mammas who had marriageable daughters, and were popular.

The fourth gentleman was a silent man, who kept his own counsel, went his own gait, and was thought to be independent in his fortune as he was known to be in his views.

After a season in which the young lady had been greatly and generally admired, each of the three friends, having observed the growing attachment of the other two, discovered that he was in love with her; each teased the others about her to sound them; each denied the charge, hated the others warmly for the time, and each decided to get ahead of his friends. All three made the fourth gentleman their confidant.

The society beau was the first to declare himself. He had had the best opportunities; had danced with the lady all winter; had the finest figure; had been the best-dressed man in the set; had driven a good team; and had talked easily of Browning's poems and of Kipling's stories. The occasion which presented itself to him was auspicious. It was a spring afternoon in the grounds of a beautiful country place, where an entertainment was being given by a mutual friend. The spot was secluded; the air was balmy; the flowers were dazzling; the birds sang. He was arrayed faultlessly, and he and the lady were alone. He naturally began to talk love to her, and was about to reach the point where his voice should grow deep and his look intense. He had told her of her beauty; she had listened with a pleased smile and a changing color. He felt that he almost had her. They were at the end of a long flower bed blue with pansies, which just matched her eyes. He stooped and picked one. As he rose she said, "A race to the other end—you that side, I this," and dashed off. She

ran like a doe. He had a record, and could easily have beaten her, but as they approached the other end, he saw that her path divided there. One fork ran off from him, the other turned into his. It flashed on him in a second: he would let her run into his arms. He waited to let her choose. She chose; and when they returned to the house he had her answer. He resolved to say nothing of it.

Just afterwards the second gentleman found his opportunity. It was after the intellectual entertainment. He had easily outshone all others. She had applauded him warmly, and had afterwards congratulated him. He took her into the library. Old books were about them; beautiful pictures were on the walls; the light fell tempered to the softest glow. He recognized his opportunity. He felt his intellect strong within him. He approached her skilfully; he hinted at the delights of the union of two minds perfectly attuned; he illustrated aptly by a reference to the harmony just heard and to numerous instances in literature. He talked of the charm of culture; spoke confidently of his preferment; suggested, without appearing to do so, his fortunate advantages over others, and referred, with some contempt, to commonplace men like the fourth gentleman. He praised her intellect. Her eye kindled; her form trembled; he felt his influence over her. He repeated a poem he had written her. It was good enough to have been published in a magazine. Her face glowed. He glanced up, caught her eyes, and held his hand ready to receive her. She lifted her hand, looked into his eyes, and he had his answer. They strolled back, and he determined to keep it all a secret. Passing, they happened upon the third gentleman, who spoke to her; and No. 2 a moment later left her with him.

He led the way into a little apartment just by. It seemed to have escaped the notice of the guests. It was sumptuously fitted up for a *tête-à-tête.* Wealth and taste had combined to make it perfect. She exclaimed with pleasure at its beauty. After handing her a chair as luxurious as art could make it, the gentleman began. He told of his home; of his enterprise; of his success; of his wealth. It had doubled year after year. It was hers. He laid before her his plans. They were large enough to be bewildering. She would be the richest woman in her acquaintance. She could be an angel with it. With mantling cheek and glowing face she bent towards him. "It is yours," he said; "all yours. You will be worth—". He paused, then stated the sum. She leaned towards him with an earnest gesture, her voice trembling. He had his answer. As they passed out through the corridor they met the fourth gentleman. He did not speak. He stood aside to let them pass. He glanced at her lover, but if he looked at her, she did not see it. He was evidently leaving.

"Are you going?" she said casually as she passed.

"Yes."

"Is it late?"

"I do not know."

She paused, and her lover politely passed on.

"Why are you going, then?"

"Because I wish to go."

"Will you take me to my chaperon?"

"With pleasure."

"With pleasure?"

"With great pleasure."

"You are not very civil."

"I had not intended to be."

"Do you think—"

"Sometimes. This evening, for instance. There is your chaperon."

"I did not think you—"

"So I supposed. You made a mistake. Good-by."

"Good-by?"

"Yes. Good-by."

The wedding-cards of the young lady were issued within a few weeks, and ten days later she was married. In the press accounts of the wedding the bride was spoken of as "beautiful, accomplished, clever, wise, and good." And the groom was described as "handsome, stylish, intellectual, and wealthy."

Some people said they always thought she would have married differently; some said they always knew she would marry just as she did. (These were mostly women.) She herself said that she made up her mind that evening.* THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

* With acknowledgments to F. R. S.

WHERE ARE THEY?

WHAT has become of the cast-off coats
  That covered Will Shakespeare's back?
What has become of the old row-boats
  Of Kidd and his pirate pack?

What has become of the mutton bones
  That came with Sam Johnson's meat?
What has become of the cobble-stones
  That must have bruised Milton's feet?

Where are the scarfs that Lord Byron wore?
  Where are poor Shelley's cuffs?
What has become of that wondrous store
  Of Queen Elizabeth's ruffs?

Where are the slippers of Ferdinand?
  Where are Marc Antony's clothes?
Where are the gloves from Antoinette's hand?
  Where Oliver Goldsmith's hose?

I do not search for the ships of Tyre—
  The grave of Whittington's cat
Would sooner set my spirit on fire—
  Or even Beau Brummel's hat.

And when I think that there are spots
  In the world which I can't find,
Where lie these same identical lots,
  And many of this same kind,

I'm tempted to give a store of gold
  To him that will bring to me
A glass Earth's mysteries to unfold,
  And show me where these things be.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

NOT HIMSELF.

MANY a Scot has laughed at the tale of that heavy-headed Scottish carrier who, falling asleep one night in the straw at the bottom of his cart, slumbered till the well-trained horse stopped at his own door, when his wife, seeing nothing of her husband, unhitched and led away the horse, leaving the cart in the road. Sandy awoke a few moments later, and sitting up, began to soliloquize:

"Noo, is this me, or is it no me? If it's me, I hae lost a horse; and if it's no me, I hae found a cairt!"

But among the legends of the Russian peasantry occurs a similar tale, recording a confusion of identity even more hopeless than this. A Cossack villager, having gone to the nearest town to buy himself a pair of new boots, celebrated the acquisition with a hearty dinner, the result of which was that on his way home he lay down in the middle of the road and fell fast asleep; and while he slept, some enterprising "conveyancer of property" pulled off his new boots and ran away with them.

Presently a teamster came jogging along the road where the sleeper was lying, and catching sight of him barely in time, pulled up and shouted:

"Hey, brother! take your legs out of the way, or you'll be run over!"

The prostrate man awoke, and seeing his bare feet glistening in the moonlight, replied, in a tone of perfect conviction,

"Those are *not* my legs; mine had boots on!" DAVID KER.

A FISH-STORY.

MR. JAMES BABSON was a famous fisherman. He returned from every fishing excursion with a longer string of fish and a longer story of his exploits than any other man in Skowhegan; and if there were any doubts about his stories, there were the fish to prove his skill, if not his truthfulness.

When the river froze over, James started off after frost-fish. He took an abundant lunch, the necessary lines, hooks, and bait; but upon arriving at his favorite fishing-ground he found he had forgotten the chisel with which to cut holes in the ice.

"I declare to man," said Mr. Babson, as he told the story in the grocery store that evening, "I was put to it to know what I was goin' to do. It was too far from home to come back, an' I didn't lack nothin' but jest that pesky chisel. I eat my lunch an' went further up the stream; but 'twa'n't no use; I sorter drifted back to where I knew there was fish; and then, after I'd wasted most of the day, I jest happened to think about the holes I'd cut in that very spot last year.

"I remembered jest where they were, an' so I went right round, an' I found every pesky one of 'em. Yes, sir, froze over, of course, but I jest hammered at 'em with my boot-heel, and 'twa'n't long 'fore I had 'em open jest as good as they were last winter. Kinder spoiled my day's fishin,' though, foolin' round so long an' not thinkin' of it."

A WELL-MANAGED HOTEL.

A RETIRED humorist who runs a hotel in the northern part of New York has issued a circular announcing the advantages of his establishment, among which are found the following items:

I. Meals every minute, if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French, and German dictionaries furnished each guest to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to bill of fare afterwards at the office.

II. Every boarder will have the best seat in the dining-room and the best waiter in the house.

III. Any guest not getting his breakfast red-hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please mention the fact at the manager's office, and the cooks and waiters will be blown from the mouth of the cannon in front of the hotel at once.

IV. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoop sticks to bang the carved rosewood furniture especially provided for that purpose, and peg-tops to spin on the velvet carpets. They will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, fall down stairs, carry away dessert enough for a small family in their pockets at dinner, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire.

V. The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can match worsted in the village store, play billiards, is a good waltzer, can dance the German, make a fourth at euchre, amuse the children, is a good judge of horses, as a railroad or steamboat reference is far superior to any guide ever published, will flirt with any young lady and not mind being cut to death when "Pa comes down," and can answer questions in Greek, Hebrew, Choctaw, Irish, or any other polite language at the same moment without turning a hair.

VI. The landlord will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is the best house in the country.

With this announcement of the Eden-like qualities of the house is given a sample bill of fare, which contains among other dainties the following toothsome delicacies:

COLD DISHES: Broken Ice, Baked Ice, Raw Iceberg, Fried, Broiled, and Stewed Iceberg.

ROASTS: Buffalo, a la Robe sauce. Chickens, forty-eight years old.

GAME: Dom Pedro, Old Sledge, Euchre, Casino, Old Maid, Whist, Pool, and Billiards.

Surely a summer in a place like this must approximate the purest bliss.

A SUGGESTION.

HE. "I expect to spend the next three years in travelling abroad."
SHE. "Wouldn't that make simply an elegant wedding-tour!"

A TRIBUTE.

THE vernacular of the tennis court is sometimes responsible for seemingly startling statements. At a recent tournament in which one of the contestants gained several points by his "lobbing," a spectator observed that the player was weak in volleying.

"Yes," returned a young woman at his side, "but he is a perfect lobster."

AN EXPERIMENT WANTED

A WESTERN politician has announced himself as heartily in favor of a Prohibition government, merely as an experiment.

"It would be worth while to try it," he says, "just to see if under its rule money could get as tight as it has been under the other parties."

FOR PARENTS ONLY.

I HAVE just returned home from an evening at the play, or rather from visiting my friends the Robinsons, which is much the same thing. If you don't mind my pipe, I will picture you the drama.

Robinson, an amiable man save when his shoe-lace breaks, sat alone and glum in the study. His teeth were clinched, his face was pale, and he stared hard at the fire. He welcomed me with an effort, and then forgot me. He is a business man, and I am not; so I concluded that stocks or debentures had fallen or risen (or whatever it is these things do to plunge those who know what they are in despair). I tried the drawing-room, and there found the two little girls crying, and Mrs. Robinson on the couch with her face to the wall. This was serious, and seemed to me to mean, at the least, a "corner" in stocks.

It was not stocks, however, my hostess told me from behind a handkerchief, it was Bobby. Had not her husband shown me "the letter"?

Bobby is the heir, aged seven, and I concluded from his mother's tragic tones that he had run off to be a pirate or an engine-driver, leaving a written statement to that effect on

his dressing-table. I softly withdrew from the drawing-room, and returned to Robinson, who, with trembling arm, handed me "the letter." It was from the master of a school to which Bobby goes by train daily, except during the birdnesting season, when other matters claim his attention. The letter read thus:

"DEAR SIR,—I regret to have to apprise you of the fact that I had to-day to cane your son severely. He is the youngest boy I have ever caned, but his delinquencies have of late been so frequent that no other course was open to me. This communication will doubtless cause you pain, but the punishment will have a beneficial effect not only on him, but on the other boys of his age whose leader in mischief he has been. They will no longer make a hero of one whom they have seen publicly chastised. The disgrace of the punishment, indeed, is greater than the punishment itself. That Robert may feel his shame more keenly I have read this letter to him, and he shall be the bearer of it to you."

"And where is Bobby at present?" I asked, when I had read this terrible letter.

"Crying his eyes out in the nursery, no doubt," answered Robinson. "Of course I should have him here, but I can't face him—I can't face him. I don't blame his master, but—My dear friend, think of it! The youngest boy ever caned in the school! The marks won't wear off his hands for a week, and think of his agony of mind every time he looks at them! Bobby is a sensitive boy, otherwise I should not take it so much to heart."

"Why not bring him here," I said, "and tell him that if he turns over a new leaf all will be forgotten?"

"Forgotten! How can I expect him to believe that? I know that if I had ever been caned in my school-days I could not have got over the shame for years. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I must not seem to take his part against his master, who is, I know, a most conscientious man. No, Bobby must bear the disgrace. But that does not make me feel less keenly for him. My hands, I assure you, are tingling as if I had been caned myself."

I found the two little girls still moaning at the drawing-room window—the younger lest Bobby should die, and the other because his friends would tell their sisters, who could never again be expected to esteem the name of Robinson.

Mrs. Robinson was for the moment not on speaking terms with Robinson, because he seemed to think that Bobby should continue to go to "such a school." If Bobby had misconducted himself, surely the blame lay with a master who did not understand that he was a boy who could best be ruled by kindness. She had never had the least trouble with Bobby. No, he was not in the house. He had run out immediately after delivering the letter, and she had searched for him everywhere in vain. His pride had been broken. He would never be the same boy again. He was afraid to be looked at. He was no doubt hiding somewhere in the cold night; and he had not even on his great-coat, and he would catch his death of cold.

"If he does, mamma," asked the older girl, brightening, "will the master be hanged? And, oh, do you think we could get tickets?"

The night was dark, so we lit a lantern, and set off to look for the unhappy Bobby. At last we found him—in Mr. Mackinnon's stable. We looked through crevices in the wood-work, and this is what we saw:

Bobby, in tremendous spirits, was the centre of a group of envious and admiring youths, some of them school-fellows, others ragged lads of the village. If they began to brag, Bobby stopped them short with, "That isn't nothing; you didn't never get caned."

"Yes, I did, though," insisted one.

"Let me see your hand," retorted Bobby. "Oh ho! he won't; and 'cause there's not no marks on it."

"Let us see your hands again, Bobby."

Bobby held out his hands as proudly as if they contained a diamond.

"By gum! I say, Bobby, come and play with me to-morrow."

"Let me walk beside you, Bobby, and I'll give you my crossbow. It's broke, but—"

"Bobby, I'm the one you like best, ain't I?"

"I'm the youngest he ever licked!" cried Bobby, in a transport of delight. He began to strut up and down the stable.

"Well, then, you needn't bounce about it like that."

"So would you bounce if it had been you."

"I'll be caned to-morrow."

"So will I, and then I'll be as good as Bobby."

"No, you won't," thundered Bobby. "Though you was all caned twelve times twelve is a hundred and forty-four, I would always be the first, I would. I'm the youngest he ever caned! So would you bounce if you was the youngest he ever caned."

"But, Bobby—"

"Look here, you chaps," broke in the hero of the day, "I amn't not to be called Bobby any more. You'll have to call me Robinson now. He called me Robinson when he caned me."

"Gum!"

"And, what's more, I'm the youngest he ever—"

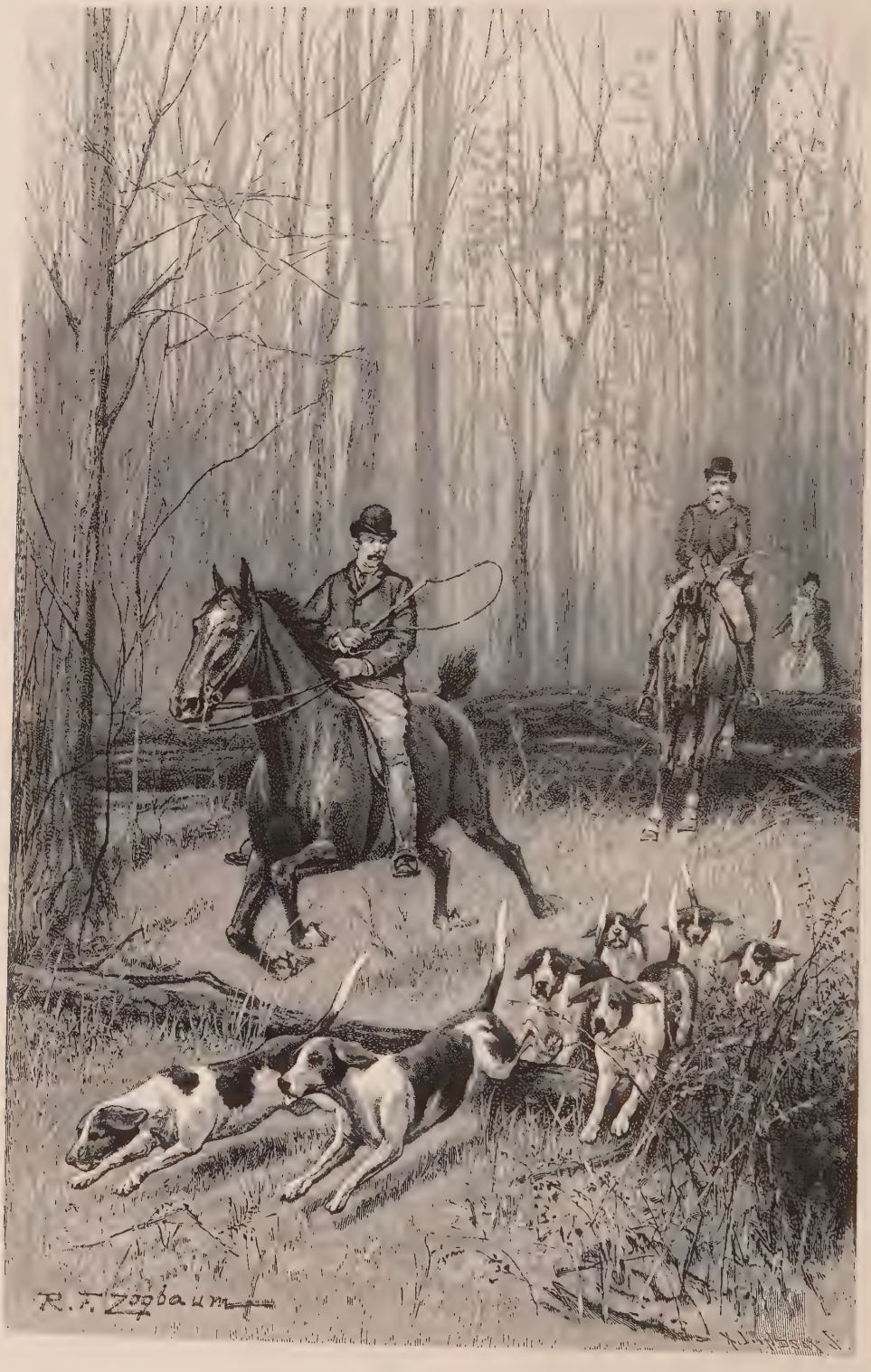
The other Robinson here retired with a hopeless look on his face. Mrs. Robinson seemed less humbled. I came home reflecting.

J. M. BARRIE.

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

APROPOS of the recently adopted scheme in certain London Clubs not to expel members for cause, but to "erase their names," a member of one of the clubs in question was asked why the disciplinary change was made.

"For humane reasons only," said he. "It is much less painful to be rubbed out than kicked out of anything."



"IN FULL CRY."

See "Fox-Hunting in the Genesee Valley."

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LITERARY PARIS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

Second Paper.

VII.—THE RELIGION OF EGOTISM.

I REMEMBER one summer's day in 1888 being accosted in the Latin Quarter by a long-haired literary *débutant*, who asked me in a cavernous voice if I had read *Sous l'Œil des Barbares*, by Maurice Barrès. "Read *Sous l'Œil des Barbares*," said the cavernous voice, and I read it. In 1889, by order of the same long-haired *débutant*, mouth-piece of the rising generation, I read *Un Homme Libre*, by Maurice Barrès. Finally, in 1891, I read *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, by Maurice Barrès, who meanwhile had become famous, thanks to an ironical participation in the Boulangist campaign, which had accidentally carried him to the Chamber of Deputies. It is, however, only just to say that M. Barrès owes his fame not to the fact of being Deputy for Nancy, but to having invented a sort of religion of egotism, an intellectual attitude, *la religion du moi*, which he has analyzed in the three volumes above mentioned, of which the last is the best both in matter and in style.

M. Barrès, born in 1861, is a product of Renanism. "Mademoiselle Renan" is the sobriquet that a literary wit suggested for him. He is a clever and delicate writer, a sort of perverse idealist, subtilized and devoured by a perpetual irony. In his *Jardin de Bérénice* there are exquisite pages; it is the work of a delicate artist, and will be read with delight and even reverence by sympathetic souls. But of what temper are such souls? This question we do not dare to answer. We can only say that M. Maurice Barrès has a mind that is wanting neither in wealth nor in grace; that his work is distinguished in form and indicative of intellectual elegance; that he has presented in his books an artistic analysis of curious, youthful, moral distress which has won for him the sympathies and admiration of many contemporary young men of artistic tendencies. M. Barrès certainly exercises very considerable influence on the *jeunesse*, an influence which M. Le Goffic, a young critic and poet, contemporary of M. Barrès, has explained by the fact that these "sickly books of art and passion reveal in the strongest light the moral habits of certain extremely civilized young men, few and far between in the great crowd, it is true, but who would prove to be more numerous than people think if the scattered representatives could be assembled together."

To stir up the greatest possible number of ideas is the ambition of M. Maurice Barrès in his theory of individualism, or of the *culture du moi*. In every man there is a superior being that seeks realization—the "Moi," the "Ego"—which M. Barrès would develop by careful and respectful culture. In other words, M. Barrès elaborates a system out of the Renanist theories of dilettanteism; he sees in men and things emotions which are to be assimilated for the augmentation of his Ego; and thus he makes the object of life to be comprehension, and the cultivation of individualism in conditions of material independence. According to the theories of M. Barrès, the first thing for a man to do is to defend his personality against the "barbarians," or, as we should say, the "Philistines." Therefore, in his first volume, *Sous l'Œil des Barbares*, the author has described the awakening to conscious life of a young man of to-day in the midst of the brutal realities of Paris. The next stage—the right of personality having been won by con-

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MAURICE BARRÈS.

However that may be, if we are to judge from the literature of the day, the French soul is undergoing a transformation so great that the like has not been seen since the Renaissance, and a transformation that implies withal the disappearance of those qualities which gave to France her intellectual supremacy of old. Amongst the chief symptoms may be noted the tendency of contemporary fiction towards the systematic blackening of society and the world; the disposition to dreaminess and perverse meditation over the past; the bitter sadness that comes from the loss of illusions of all kinds; the ironical impatience of the thoroughly French and Latin habit of considering art from a moral point of view; the fantastic conceptions of some of the Decadents as to the sounds of words and the effects to be obtained by their combinations; the definition of an artist as "a machine to record sensations and to comment upon mysteries"; the negative and non-creative mental attitudes which we have noticed in MM. Bourget, Lemaître, France, and Barrès, in the psychologists and in the symbolists, and in all who have been inoculated with the subtle and amusing poison of Renanism.

And who have escaped the contagion? Very few, indeed, of the brilliant and active minds. In the press, from the grave *Journal des Débats* down to the frivolous *Vie Parisienne*, Renanism reigns supreme in the various forms of professed scepticism and flippant indifference, in the *blague* of Millaud, and in the five-o'clock tea gossip of Madame la Comtesse de Riquetti de Mirabeau de Martel de Janville, better known as "Gyp." As a sign of the times, too, we must remember that "Gyp" has been admitted to the honor of writing in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* —"Gyp," the creator of Paulette, of Loulou, and of Bob, that precociously corrupt and somewhat snobbish young gentleman, irreverent, irrespectful, a scoffing and sceptical judge of his elders—"Gyp,"

quest—is to become a free man by the careful cultivation of that personality, as set forth in *Un Homme Libre.* Thirdly, in the *Jardin de Bérénice* we find a theory of love and of the conciliation of the practices of the inner life with the necessities of active life. Finally, be it said that from the point of view of M. Barrès the personality, the Ego, the Moi, which is the object of all his thought and attention, is not a mere paltry individual composed of vanities and wants. M. Barrès looks upon the individual in his truest and essential being as one instant of an immortal thing, and as a creature capable of becoming the very conscience and collective soul of his race. The aspirations of M. Barrès are elevated, delicate, and noble.

Such theories as those of M. Barrès could only be professed and gain a hearing in a country of very ancient civilization, like France, where all the formulæ of life, of thought, and of art have been used over and over again until they are quite worn out. The precedent of Byzantium has been quoted in illustration of the ardent desire for unconditional, intellectual, and artistic refinement, which characterizes the élite of young France.

that dangerous and sprightly lady who depicts with unfailing grace and good-humor the elegant, moderate, and tranquil corruption of the people of her own sphere in society.

Take again another brilliant writer of *La Vie Parisienne*, M. Henri Lavedan, who signs "Manchecourt." Can one conceive more ferocious irony veiled in finer humor, grace, and lightness of touch? Take the newspaper humorists, M. Étienne Groselaude, who belongs to the young generation, or the song-writers like Xanrof, Meusy, Jules Jouy; the basis of their wit is universal irreverence; their philosophy is absolute nihilism; their *blague* respects nothing, neither grief nor love, neither virtue nor the grave; and their elixir of laughter—a laughter that is never ingenuous and truly hearty—seems to be extracted in most cases from the application to particular cases of M. Renan's pet idea that the world is perhaps, after all, not a very serious thing.

MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.

As for the journalists, the social essayists, the writers of *chroniques*, it is difficult to name one who has chosen deliberately a direction, and thought out the problems of any of the subjects which he discusses so airily. On the other hand, they are all artists, full of talent, interesting and amusing writers, but not provokers

of action. In contemporary French literature and journalism we find nothing equivalent to that aggressive virtue which in Anglo-Saxon countries issues from mouths puckered by generations of Puritanism, and is a mighty force helping in the accomplishment of great things. French artistic superiority does not condescend to work deliberately for good and to fight against evil. Even Taine has termed "moral literature" that literature of civilization and amelioration the aim of which is to increase the personal force of man and the collective force of nations. In spite of momentary distractions, and in spite of the noise that ephemeral reformers make with vain systems, the moral conception of life is that which predominates and persists in the active nations of the world; and the ideal remains as it always has been, the amelioration of the physical globe, of the spiritual world and of the social world. Human societies always contain vestiges of barbarism. To be the consoler and improver of humanity is the mission and duty of noble literature; therefore a virile nation will not tolerate literature that neither civilizes nor improves nor enlightens. These views, we hasten to say, are not shared by all the eminent French littérateurs of the present day; among the artists more especially there is, as we have already had occasion to remark, a strong tendency to scorn the power and privilege of influencing the public by the written word. And so it is with all the more interest and sympathy that we note among the younger men the growing talent of M. J. H. Rosny, who has already shown in his novels *Nell Horn*, *Le Bilatéral*, *Marc Fane*, etc., a puissant intellect, a capacity of thought, a moral elevation, and a literary talent that make him one of the strongest candidates for fame and power. M. Rosny is one of the few young literary artists who have a sense of the duties of literature; he has in a high degree the ambition of exerting moral influence on his contemporaries, and the desire to play a rôle in that restoration of moral literature, or of literature with a purpose, which seems inevitable sooner or later, given the excesses of the theory of art for art's sake.

VIII.—NEO-CHRISTIANITY.

In connection with the guidance of youth we must mention the great influence exercised by M. le Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, the introducer of the Russian novel into France, the great champion of action in the combat against pessimism, and an opener of unexplored paths of intellectual and moral edification. Like Châteaubriand, whom he resembles in the dignity and splendor of his style, M. de Vogüé loves travel; he goes to the East and to the West for colors and ideas; his interests are as wide as the universe; his ambition, to use a word of his own, is to be "global." A brilliant and striking writer, M. de Vogüé possesses in a very high degree the sense of life and the sense of art—a most rare combination in literature.

At the risk of seeming to fall into repetition, we must once more call attention to the narrowing influence exercised upon contemporary French literature by the malady of style, the excess of purely artistic talent, the contempt of the matter of literature, the inattention which comes from the incapacity to think. How many writers are there in France who have carried literary mandarinism so far that they care for nothing except the enchantments of style? How many artists of admirable talent we might mention who do not deign to think what results their writings may have, or what germs of corruption their stories may disseminate, their pretension being to remain indifferent to the vile crowd, indifferent to their epoch and its events, heedless of purity, of honesty, and of justice, uncompromising artists who write for their own pleasure—when they are not simply sacrilegious priests of the Muses who prostitute brilliant gifts to base ends. But, whether sincere or insincere, the writer may plead, if he deign to plead, the doctrine of *l'Art pour l'Art*, and quote Flaubert and Buffon. "Art," says Flaubert, "having its reason in itself, ought not to be considered as a means." "All the intellectual beauties," says Buffon, "that are found in a fine style, all the relations of which it is composed, are so many truths as useful and perhaps more precious to the public mind than those which form the matter of the subject." The artist, according to Flaubert, must not write a single line with a view to the demonstration of a truth, or intervene in a narrative where he can have no business, "inasmuch as the beautiful and the useful have no contact with one another," and inasmuch as "a novelist ought to abstain

from expressing his opinion on the things of this world." As for the malady of style, the refinements of what has lately been called with a certain affectation *l'écriture*, we have only to read the correspondence of Flaubert in order to comprehend the intensity of the tortures which its victims undergo. To judge from these letters, full of cries of pain and despair, we might imagine *le mal d'écrire* to be one of the dolorous circles forgotten by Dante in his Inferno, and discovered by the author of *Madame Bovary* in the course of the years he passed struggling with phrases, wrestling with perfection, and writhing month after month in the tortures of voluntary infecundity. Certainly the career and the artistic aspirations of men like Flaubert and the Goncourts are noble and fascinating; but the development of their dogmas and the continued refinement of their theories can only end, as we have already seen, in making literature into a sort of mandarinism, unintelligible to all except the initiated, utterly inaccessible even to people of average culture, and mere gibberish to humanity in general.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Russian fiction, the presentation of which is artistic to a very limited extent, but the matter of which is intensely human, moralizing, and even sermonizing, had immense success a few years ago in France among readers of all kinds, among the literary men and even among the lower middle classes. Russian novels became the fashion; and then, in due time, they passed out of fashion, but left germs of reaction against the sterile theories of art for art's sake, and provoked intentions of moral and social reform, of which M. de Vogüé is, in a way, the exponent and representative. "The reproduction of things," writes M. de Vogüé, "with the sole aim of charming, seems to me excellent, if it charms me indeed; on the other hand, I hold that each one has the right to use the tools which he knows how to handle, whether pen, brush, or chisel, in order to defend a moral idea." Global, with the faculties and tastes of a historian, M. de Vogüé directs his thoughts by preference to man, his life and his destinies, and particularly to humanity considered in masses, peoples, and races. He is broadly human; he loves the epoch in which he lives; he believes in its greatness and in the greatness of the future.

A sincere democrat, M. de Vogüé hopes for a conciliation of Christianity and democracy, and it is as the apostle of a neo-Christianity and of the doctrine of the dignity of the human soul that he is listened to by the young men, and that the gentle austerity of his books and his essays is appreciated and assimilated in the

studious environs of the Sorbonne. M. de Vogüé's Christianity is essentially practical rather than mystic; it is a Christianity of energy and action, ready to employ the latest inventions of the sciences of war and of peace in carrying out the order and secret of God, which, according to his ideas, is creation by means of sacrifice. M. de Vogüé has the rare privilege of being in communion of heart and mind with a large section of the younger generations, who look towards him, and would gladly accept a new evangel from this Stoic, in whose books we find repeated in more than one form this strong thought: "The order of the world does not seem instituted for the increase of human happiness, but for human greatness, which is a very different thing. To develop more life with more labor, such is our law, the law that distinguishes the man from the child, and the civilized being from the savage."

Before leaving this order of ideas, we would recall an idea expressed by M. Renan in an interview on the occasion of a famous crime of passion in 1889. "I regret," said M. Renan, "that no religious sentiments are imparted to the young men of to-day. Of course they cannot be asked to go to mass, but, to make up for it, great voices ought to be heard in the Sorbonne and in all our large schools, so that their souls might be lifted up." This lay religion recommended by M. Renan has become an object of desire, and the desire is perhaps intense enough to work out its own realization.

IX.—ROBUST PESSIMISM.

In strong contrast with M. de Vogüé and his friends, M. Guy de Maupassant has contented himself with being an impersonal artist, according to the theory of Flaubert. His action has never been in the slightest degree moralizing, and his career has been exclusively that of a robust pessimist seeking success with artistic dignity, but at the same time with unmistakable egotism.

Born in 1850, M. de Maupassant did not publish his first tale until 1880. But he was not an ordinary débutant. During the eight years that he had spent in the Navy Department and in the Ministry of Public Instruction he had divided his leisure between athletics and literary study, and in the latter his counsellor and master had been Flaubert himself. Thus he appeared before the world for the first time at the age of thirty as a carefully trained artist having originality, temperament, and talent. Since then, within ten years — 1880 to 1891 — M. de Maupassant published more than three hundred short tales, and more than twenty volumes, of which six are long novels, namely, *Bel Ami*, *Pierre et Jean*, *Une Vie*, *Mont-Oriol*, *Fort comme la Mort*, and *Notre Cœur*. Add to this baggage a play, *Musotte*, produced at the Gymnase in 1891. Let it be remembered, finally, that the abundant results of these ten years of labor are sufficiently literary to win the respect of the most exacting of the artistic critics, and sufficiently human, living, and simple to move and interest a very large public.

M. de Maupassant belonged to no literary chapel or coterie. For a while before his début he frequented Zola's literary Thursdays, in the Rue de Boulogne, in the old days of the formation of the Naturalist battalions; but as soon as he began to be an active literary man he quietly abandoned the company of *gens de lettres*, and avoided the chapel of the Rue de Boulogne as earnestly as he scouted the *grenier* of Auteuil, where M. Edmond de Goncourt continues the traditions of Flaubert's Sunday receptions. In point of fact, he had none of the habits or tastes of the regular French man of letters. According to his own account, M. de Maupassant was not born to write rather than to follow any other pursuit. "With my obstinacy," he has said, "and my method of working, I could have become a painter just as well as a literary man; in fact, I could have become almost anything except a mathematician. And this is so true that never in my life, no more now than formerly, have I found any joy in working. For me literature has never been anything but a means of emancipation."

In this respect M. de Maupassant was unlike his master, Flaubert, for whom literature was the only object in life. For M. de Maupassant the only object in life was pleasure and comfort. His conversation, his habits, his physique, his mental attitude, were not those of a regular literary man, but rather of an epicurean philosopher. In his earlier tales he seemed to seek pleasure with the impudency of a splendidly healthy young faun. In his

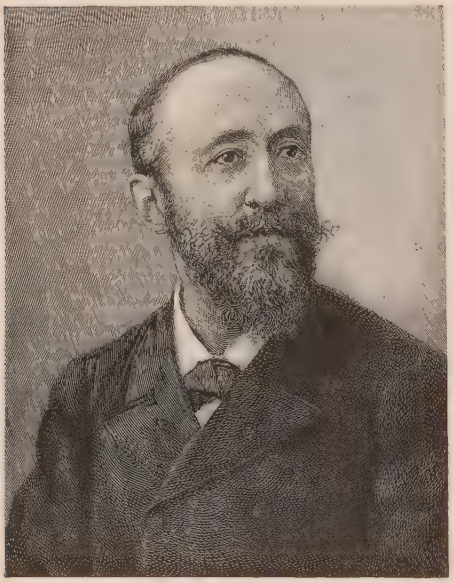
books, as in his life, desire and carnality occupy a large place. His blood was young and ardent; his acts were those of an innocently sensual pagan; his philosophy was simple and negative. Life, he thought, is bad, and has, besides, no sense. We know nothing, and cannot know anything; in spite of ourselves, we go where fatality and our desires lead us, until death puts an end to everything. This philosophy, which the author formulated in one of his later volumes, *Sur l'Eau*, is perhaps the source from which most of his short stories derive their special acrid savor, for in all his work M. de Maupassant was much concerned with death; and therein he was a true epicurean. Without ideal, he described life as he saw it, in all the sadness of reality, in all the horror of its inevitable fatality, or sometimes in the ferocious comicality of its grossness or its weakness.

Having exhausted, or at least worn off the keen edge of physical pleasure, M. de Maupassant indulged more and more in intellectual exercises in his recent books. Having strengthened his epicureanism by the study of accessible scientific phenomena, he became more deeply convinced of the miserable lot of humanity, of the blind cruelty of nature, and of the absurdity of man's pride in his own supposed superiority. With this increased experience he grew less indifferent. Sentiments of pity, of tenderness, and of sympathy manifested themselves in his work, and he no longer triumphed vehemently over the stupidity of man and the brutality of his instincts. In his novel *Fort comme la Mort* and in the short story called *Inutile Beauté* his descriptions of the sufferings of man and of woman show a spirit of fraternity, and even of compassion, that is not far from the wellspring of human tears. In his latest books, and in his début as a dramatist—the piece called *Musotte*—this spirit of compassion and of tenderness, and this emotion in presence of the brutality of life, are very striking. The healthy young faun, the Maupassant of thirty, gave place to a more calm, a more profoundly sad, and a more widely experienced epicurean, the Maupassant of forty, a pessimist and a sceptic still, but already in full evolution towards kindness and humanity.

The strong personality of M. de Maupassant is to be remarked in the way in which he, so to speak, administrated his genius. Literature, he has told us, has been for him a means and not an end. With Norman good sense and foresight, the débutant Maupassant determined to win the big profits of journalism, and at the same time to avoid the sterility and Sisyphean labor of the article that lives but a day. Therefore he invented the

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE.

nouvelle, the short story, that fills two columns or two columns and a half, the story that comes under the category of journalism, and which at the same time is not journalism, for at the year's end these studies or stories, these dramatic articles, so to speak, can be collected and sold in the form of a volume. Maupassant's first tales were first published in the *Gaulois*, and the invention proved to be excellent and most successful, insomuch that a new journal, *Gil Blas*, was founded to work out the idea, and everybody began to write short tales and stories. *Gil Blas* obtained great success, and in its turn gave birth to a now greater rival, the *Echo de Paris*, likewise making the multitude of short stories its main feature. Thus Maupassant may be called



JULES CLARETIE.

the father of the contemporary French *conteurs*, of whom the name is now legion.

M. de Maupassant, however, was easily the first of these story-tellers. In matter, form, and style none can be put on a level with him. His lucidity is unfailing; his faculty of seizing and rendering the most significant traits, and those alone, is incomparable. He is free from affectation, either romantic or realist. He does not delight in psychological puzzles; he is chary of commentary upon actions; his limpid prose reflects reality with the fidelity and the simplicity of a mirror; robust and faultless, he tells stories, it would seem, as naturally as he walks or breathes. His sureness of observation is so complete that he needs neither to judge, to condemn, nor even to intervene, but only to look and to narrate. In his early tales he contemplates reality with indifference; in his later creations his vision is not unfrequently colored by indignation or veiled by pity; but in his first and his last tales the style remains the same strong, limpid, and natural prose, proof against all the caprices of fashion in phrase or epithet, without artifice, simply forceful and precise, conveying exactly what the author wants to tell us and nothing more. And herein Maupassant once more showed his Norman good sense; he never wished to be a mandarin, and never wrote to please the mandarins; he wrote for humanity about humanity.

X.—VETERANS OF GLORY.

After having resumed the new tendencies and the aspirations of young genius, we have now to enumerate briefly the veterans of glory, the second-rate artists, and even the distinguished manufacturers who occupy prominent positions in literary Paris.

Most of the eminent veterans will be found at the Académie Française, where even the ardent revolutionists are generally only too glad to end their lives. There we shall find M. Taine (born 1828), famous of old for his fatalist and materialist doctrines, and for that *History of English Literature* which caused him to be accused of atheism by the Bishop of Orléans, together with Littré and Renan. In these latter days M. Taine has been writing a vast work on the *Origines de la France Contemporaine.* Thirty years he was one of the pillars of modern materialism, and he greatly scandalized pious souls by declaring that "vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar." On the other hand, when he published his first volume about the Revolution, in the year 1878, he was denounced as a cross reactionary. In a later volume, however, he characterized Bonaparte as "an Italian condottiere of

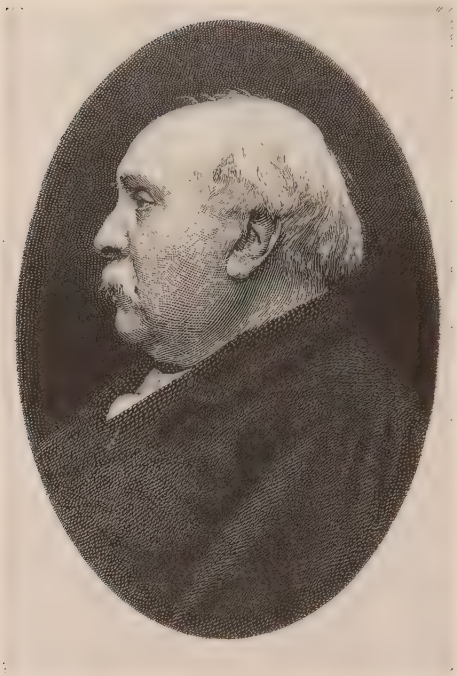
the sixteenth century," which was scarcely a reactionary opinion. For that matter it is perhaps vain to seek to specify the man's opinions. M. Taine is an intellect; he is a realist in the spirit of Flaubert and Goncourt—a documentary analyzer who seems to consider that what is most truly existent is the visible and tangible man, with his flesh, nerves, and blood, his senses and his appetites. M. Taine is now the emeritus constructor of a vast philosophical system from which the tide of contemporary thought has retired, leaving it high and dry, but imposing still. And so he continues, far from the hubbub of contemporary interests and ideas, building new wings and massive towers to magnify the volume of his work, and on Thursdays the curious loungers may recognize him as he passes, with small steps, on his way to the Institute, a man of mediocre aspect, with blurred and fugacious features, in which we distinguish two eyes of prodigious clearness and pronounced obliquity, blinking and squinting behind spectacles. M. Taine is one of the few famous Frenchmen who resist all the snares and assaults of interviewers, and who persist in refusing to allow their portraits to be sold or published.

At the Academy, too, we find M. Victor Cherbuliez (born 1830), who represents Geneva and its virtues, and writes romantic and cosmopolitan novels calculated to charm the tender souls of women. In these gently moving narratives, whose heroes are Poles, Russians, Germans, or English, and very rarely French, M. Cherbuliez appears as a sort of continuator of Georges Sand, with more correctness of style and less eloquence. Since 1874 M. Cherbuliez has lived in Paris, gently, peacefully, unrobustly; and, under the pseudonyme of G. Valbert, he has written admirably well-informed articles on foreign politics in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

It is at the Academy, likewise, that we shall find M. Jules Claretie (born 1840), M. Ludovic Halévy (born 1834), and the poets Leconte de Lisle (born 1815), Sully-Prudhomme (born 1839), and François Coppée (born 1842). M. Claretie, at present administrator of the Comédie Française, has achieved success in various branches of literature; historian, novelist, dramatist, and journalist, he has excelled in everything that he has attempted; but, being above all things an admirable journalist, an assimilator of ideas rather than an originator, he has not been an opener of new and truly personal

JEAN RICHEPIN.

paths in any of the branches that he has cultivated. His literary industry has been immense, and his career as rapid as it was brilliant. M. Halévy rests on the laurels of the *Abbé Constantin*, and remains famous chiefly as the joint author with M. Meilhac, of the librettos of Offenbach's operas, and as the incomparable historiographer of the "Famille Cardinal." M. François Coppée, the author, of the volumes of verse called *Les Humbles* and *Les Intimités*, of the dramatic pieces in verse *Le Passant*, *Le Luthier de Crémone*, *Severo Torrelli*, and *Les Jacobites*, and of various short tales in prose, is an eminent and amiable mediocrity, whose reputation has been made by the admiration of women. Compared with the perfection of the Parnassians, of



FERDINAND FABRE.

whom he is an unworthy pupil, M. Coppée's verse is wanting in fine form and sonority; as for his thought, it is never excessive or startling; the vision of his pale blue vitreous eye is commonplace and sincere; his soul is full of tenderness, pity, and femininity; he is, in short, a sort of French Cowper, the poet of old maids and oppressed seamstresses, *mais si peu poëte!*

M. Sully-Prudhomme, whose contemplative mind inclines him to meditation upon psychological and social curiosities, has never awakened the enthusiasm of a large public any more than M. Leconte de Lisle. Both of these honored veterans are impeccable, and impassible poets whose history is wrapped up with that of the Parnassian school and of literary Paris of thirty years ago.

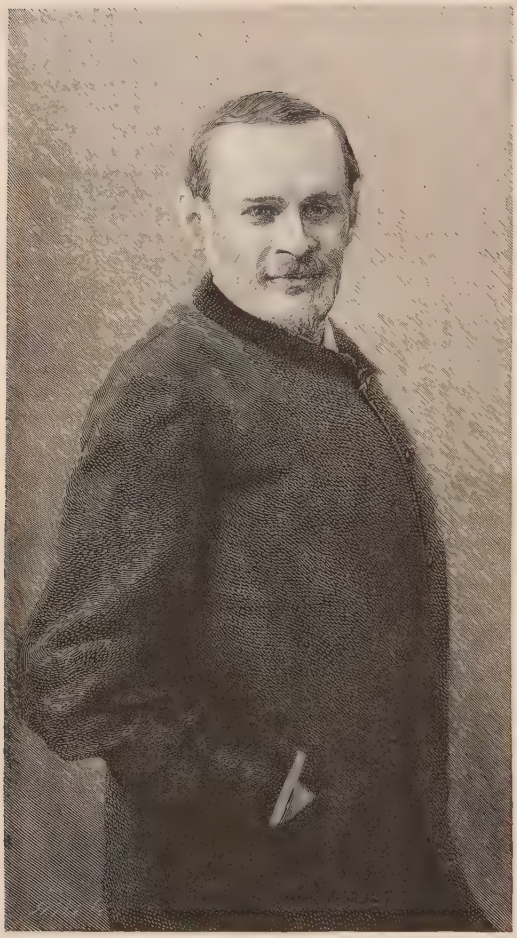
Among the modern poets of established reputation, the most distinguished is M. Jean Richepin (born 1849), author of *La Chanson des Gueux*, *Les Caresses*, a drama in verse, *Nana Sahib*, and of several prose novels. M. Richepin is an admirable artist in verse, affiliated to no school or chapel, independent, robust, and personal. Most of his work, however, is of a form and a conception such that Anglo-Saxon readers will with difficulty appreciate it. Let us therefore pass to the purveyors of ideal in prose, in other words, to the novelists. At the head of the list Alphonse Daudet (born 1840) figures as one of the great public favorites. His amiable and ingenious talent is so well known and so thoroughly and universally esteemed that we need not dwell upon it here, the more so as M. Daudet's first success dates from more than fifteen years ago. M. Ferdinand Fabre (born 1830) is also a veteran. His first novel was published in 1862, but it is only within the past eight or ten years that he has won the public recognition which his vigorous and sincere talent deserves. An ex-seminarist, destined for the priesthood, M. Fabre never took orders, but he has made use of the memories of his youth to make a curious and to many readers fascinating study of clerical life. His novels *Les Courbezon*, *L'Abbé Tigrane*, *Lucifer*, and *Mon Oncle Célestin* have won for him the appellation of the Balzac of the Catholic clergy. In most of M. Fabre's books the personages are priests or primitive peasants; the scenes are laid in the solitudes of the mountainous and distant district of the Cévennes; the narrative is grave and monotonous, but relieved by occasional flashes of emotion and tenderness, and by a little gayety and humor too. M. André Theuriet (born 1833) is, like M. Fabre, a writer of austere morality; he is the painter *par excellence* of provincial France, with its villages, its woods, its rivers, and its orchards, and the exact and cordial limner of the *petite bourgeoisie*, half town-folk and half peasants, who form the reserve of the French nation in virtue and energy.

M. Pierre Loti, whose real name is Julien Viaud, and whose profession is that of an officer in the French navy, is a distinct and curious personality in literature. He never penetrated the arcana of the "rare epithet," or of the processes and refinements of style and composition perfected by Flaubert and the brothers De Goncourt. He has nothing of the mandarin of letters. When he made his début he was ignorant of contemporary literature and ignorant of literary tech-

nique; he seems to have written because his nature prompted him to write; he was a spontaneous descriptive artist. His first volume, *Aziyadé*, dates from 1879, and contains descriptions of Constantinople that are not very remarkable; but *Le Mariage de Loti*, published in 1880, attracted attention, and the author's fame increased year by year as he published *Le Roman d'un Spahi*, *Mon Frère Yves*, *Propos d'Exil*, *Les Trois Dames de la Kasbah*, *Fleurs d'Ennui*, *Pêcheur d'Islande*, *Madame Chrysanthème*, *Japoneries d'Automne*. In these books Loti has described almost all the parts of the globe that a naval officer can visit; and for the simple reader who does not break his toys to see what is inside them, these strange stories of exotic emotion are full of charm, and at the same time of a peculiar, caressing, and enveloping sadness, proceeding, as it were, from a sentiment of the melancholy of things. Pierre Loti describes the aspects of nature and the characters and emotions of men; he is the interpreter of simple and touching feelings; he is an interesting artist, not by dint of literary skill, but by dint of sincerity and spontaneity, and by the genuine originality of his nature. Doubtless his descriptions are incomplete, his vocabulary of epithets rather meagre, his evocations vague and ill-defined. And yet one wonders what the descriptive novel can give after all that Loti has written.

PIERRE LOTI.

M. Georges Ohnet has played in literary Paris the rôle of scapegoat. From the points of view of conception, form, thought, and style, his novels are held up as models of all that is bad and non-literary. The author's name is a byword among the mandarins of letters, and no words are strong enough to express the disdain which the stylists, the analysts, and the artists feel for those world-famous works *Serge Panine*, *Le Maître de Forges*, *Le Docteur Rameau*, *La Comtesse Sarah*, *Lise Fleuron*, *La Grande Marnière*, *Les Dames de Croix-Mort*, *Rose et Noir*, *Volonté*, and *Dernier Amour*. It was by a ferocious article about M. Georges Ohnet that M. Jules Lemaître began his Parisian fame; M. Lemaître had an easy task in demonstrating the threadbareness of M. Ohnet's plots, the wretched conventionality of his characters, his utter want of direct and sincere observation, the com-



GEORGES OHNET.

monplaceness and vulgarity of his execution, forming altogether a whole which M. Lemaître characterized as *triple essence de banalité.* Nevertheless, M. Lemaître is obliged to admit that these novels have their reason to be, and that they supply a want. The novelists who are artists pay less and less heed to the tastes of the public, and even affect to despise the public; their literature tends to become more and more esoteric; their boldness and their Byzantine refinements alienate a large class of simple-minded readers of the middle classes, who want to read romances a little superior to those of the feuilleton of the *Petit Journal*—romances that seem to be literature, but which in reality stand in the same relation to literature as a chromolithograph to a work of art. M. Georges Ohnet's *raison d'être* is that he is the worthy successor of Feuillet, and that he provides the French middle classes with the finest simili-literature that there is in the market. He knows how to interest women by romantic stories full of movement, in which the heroes are always noble either by birth or sentiment; while the heroines are beautiful and accomplished, and generally serve as a connecting link between the aristocracy and the middle classes, or *vice versa.* All this is as it should be. M. Ohnet is a force which cannot be denied. He has the success and the public that he deserves. He is a purveyor of ideal, an educator, a consoler, and an enlightener of mediocre souls. In his heroes and heroines the reader discovers some of his or her own peculiarities, sentiments, or aspirations; only, thanks to M. Ohnet's commonplace but clearly intelligible prose, these peculiarities, sentiments, or aspirations are seen distinctly and sharply. So the young counter-jumper who reads Byron derives from the poet's verse, as it were, the formula and clear impression of the unexpressed ardor, the enchantment, or the jealousy that filled his bosom the last time he walked with his middle-class sweetheart.

To scoff at M. Georges Ohnet and disdain his work with cruel sarcasms is vain and foolish. The reading public is not wholly composed of literary connoisseurs, but mainly of commonplace, mediocre, and unæsthetic people. For these M. Ohnet writes; by these he is applauded and cherished; and as his work betrays a commonplace and mediocre mind devoid of artistic aspirations, we may be sure that he is perfectly satisfied with the approbation of his peers. For that matter, fortune has done everything to smooth his path. Born at Paris in 1848 of wealthy parents, he has himself gained great wealth, and so he lives gayly and happily in the lap of luxury, with a town house at Paris and a country house in the Seine-et-Marne. In appearance

M. Georges Ohnet is short, square-built, slightly hunchbacked, with a bright intelligent face, dark, sceptical eyes, brown mustache, and scanty beard.

Of the other conventional novelists, the weavers of romantic tales, the disciples and successors of Octave Feuillet, the most distinguished, besides M. Ohnet, are MM. Albert Delpit, George Duruy, Henry Rabusson, and Léon de Tinseau, of whom there is nothing special to be said. The regular feuilleton novelists are to be counted by dozens; they are methodical laborers whose existence is generally obscure; some of them, however, achiève veritable popularity and exercise indisputable influence over the sales of newspapers which enjoy their collaboration; at any rate, they are the direct successors of Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, Ponson du Terrail, and Gaboriau, and the immediate followers of the now venerable Xavier de Montépin, whose works have been translated into all the languages of the earth. The most eminent feuilleton novelists of the present day are MM. Émile Richebourg, Jules Mary, and Alexis Bouvier, who deal with sentiment and complex adventure, and of whom we may truly say, quoting the words of Flaubert: "Happy those who have no doubts of themselves, and who spin out, as the pen runs, all that flows forth from their brains."

We may note also among the disciples of Hoffman and Edgar Poe, who produce fantastic stories, M. Jules Verne (born 1828), the friend of boys all the world over, and the inventor of an ingenious method of composition, which consists in pushing the discoveries of science to an imaginary extreme point, and then, in a narrative formula, using the apparently possible results or desiderata as if they were accomplished facts. M. Verne's works have, of course, nothing in common with artistic literature.

Here we must bring our catalogue to an end, not for the want of names, but because there are so many writers of a certain amount of talent that there is no reason for mentioning one and not mentioning another. The reader will therefore be good enough to consult the booksellers' catalogues if he wishes to learn the names of the innumerable second-rate French novelists; and as for the younger men whose incontestable talent has already made them competitors for wider literary glory, let us mention MM. Léon Hennique, Paul Hervieu, Paul Margueritte, Édouard Rod, and that exasperated but morally untidy artist J. K. Huysmans.

LÉON HENNIQUE.

XI.—THE DRAMATISTS.

The contemporary French stage, like the novel, is awaiting the appearance of some new leader, who will give the formula that is vaguely desired by the literary artists, and perhaps by the public as well. Since the beginning of the century the dramatic production of Paris has been so immense that all the known formulæ of pieces have been used and used again, until everything has been strained out of them and into them, and now they remain blurred, blunted, limp, and shapeless, like a pair of shoes that have been worn by many feet. Imagine the vastness of accomplishment and the variety of situations and effects realized in the dramatic writings of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Ferdinand Dugué, D'Ennery, Monsieur Scribe, and their imitators, all proceeding from the Romantic

movement, with its idealist and chivalrous themes. Then consider the work of the positive and materialist movement of the second empire—the plays of the younger Dumas, Augier, and Sardou, the comedies of Labiche, the fantastic and universal irreverence of Meilhac and Halévy in their operettes and Palais Royal pieces, the untiring inventiveness of innumerable vaudevillists. What, indeed, can have been left undone or untried by these genial or industrious playwrights of the past? What can the young men and the innovators yet find in order to tickle the jaded appetites of a public that has seen everything?

Of the veterans, two alone continue in the field, MM. Dumas and Sardou. A consummate master of all the processes of the playwright's art, ingenious and fertile in resource as Monsieur Scribe himself, M. Sardou writes anecdotic pieces that are admirably adapted for exportation. His personages are conventional; their movements, language, and actions depart more widely from observed nature than contemporary notions of art would approve; the whole construction of the play is ingenious rather than logically synthetic; in short, the object of the author is to amuse the public and achieve material success rather than to produce a work of art. M. Sardou is not esteemed by the literary artists of Paris, and he is neither an enlightener of men nor a leader of youth. M. Alexandre Dumas the younger remains, on the contrary, one of the great and most respected figures of Paris—an artist, a moralist, and a mover of men. What man of letters has had a deeper influence on his epoch than M. Dumas? On how many social questions has he spoken independently and luminously? How many memorable and immediately popular types has he created in his novels and plays? Who has transformed the old formulæ of the stage more boldly than he? M. Dumas does not look upon the dramatic art as an amusement. His serious, poetical, and even idealist mind regards the stage as a pulpit for the moralist; his pieces pose and solve behind the foot-lights the problems of life, and more especially those resulting from the relations of man and woman. Thus we may say in a general way that M. Dumas does not start from particular facts, like M. Sardou, nor from types, like Augier, but from a social idea, so that the *pièces à thèse* of M. Dumas are to a certain extent abstract literature.

As might have been expected, the Naturalists have theorized about the stage, and M. Zola has proclaimed in years now gone by that "*le théâtre sera naturaliste ou il ne sera pas.*" The practical dramatic essays of the Naturalists have not, however, been successful up to the present, so far as concerns the great public, which is the only public that can be counted in the particular matter. Nevertheless, there has been of late years a growing tendency towards greater truth and artistic realism on the stage, and, in spite of violent condemnation and of the furious protestation of conservative critics, the performances of pieces like M. Edmond de Goncourt's *Germinie Lacerteux* at the Odéon, and of M. Léon Hennique's *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien* at the Théâtre Libre, have marked the beginning of a new era.

The Théâtre Libre, founded in 1887 by M. André Antoine, a young employé of the Gas Company, who had an incurable passion for the stage, is supported by subscription; it gives eight performances a year, to which the public is not admitted, so that the censorship does not have to intervene; its motto is "*Par l'Art et pour l'Art*"; its object is to give to young authors a chance of trying their strength, and to authors who are not young an opportunity of protesting practically against the prejudices of managers who are afraid of novelty, and who consequently allow their theatres to become the fief of a band of monopolists.

The Théâtre Libre has become at once a Parisian institution and a sort of nursery of authors and actors, a practical conservatory free from the traditions and prejudices of official discipline, a focus of art, of enthusiasm, and of reform.

Simultaneously with the creation and success of the Théâtre Libre, an isolated reformer, M. Henri Becque, has been brought persistently before the public by the advanced critics and *chroniqueurs*. M. Becque belongs to the young generation by right of oppression rather than of age; he has been for years a victim of the scepticism of managers and of the unappreciativeness of the public; in other words, he is a "young" author of fifty years of age, but still "*un jeune*" in the eyes of the opposition. In Paris, it may be remarked, "*les jeunes*," who make so

much noise about their wrongs and grievances in the great and small newspapers, are not unfrequently men between forty and fifty, who might be more fitly called *ratés* than *jeunes*. Such, however, is not the case with M. Becque. Admired and ardently supported by friends in the press, adored in certain blue-stocking salons on account of his cruel wit—a sort of Alceste, who, like his prototype, pretends that his pessimism is only exaggerated optimism—M. Becque has had his best plays, *Les Corbeaux* and *La Parisienne*, produced at the Comédie Française, and his views of art are the frequent concern of the critics. In a few words we may say that in his most personal work M. Becque aims at humanity and realism; he is the continuator of Dumas and of Molière, that is to say, of the two dramatists who subordinate action to the painting of manners and character, and who are at once analytic and synthetic.

HENRI BECQUE.

Of late years a ferment of dramatic revolution has manifested itself in Paris; special journals have been founded to preach the new gospel; the established critics have been hauled over the coals and summoned imperiously to show justice if not sympathy towards the innovators; in a word, there are many symptoms of a crisis and of an approaching transformation. But what shall the new formula be? This question cannot be answered for the moment. We have at present only vague indications from which to judge. Evidently, if we neglect for the moment the dramatic pretensions of the "symbolists," the great question, a question of degree, is and always will be: shall a play be a portrait of real life or not? Shall convention or truth reign? It is equally evident that what is ephemeral in art is the part that is based upon convention, prejudice, and habits of style that are transitory. We can thus comprehend the aspirations of those who wish to connect the modern stage with the analytic traditions of the seventeenth century, and therefore to reject the sentimental conventionalities which grew up with Rousseau's influence at the end of the eighteenth century, and at the same time to abolish the tricks and processes of the romantic melodrama. A dramatic literature dependent upon observation and analysis, and seeking to produce the illusion of truth and reality—such would appear to be the ideal. In the best comedies of the past five or six years there has certainly been a marked effort to bring the stage nearer to the truth of real life. As for new formulæ, the only one to be distinguished is that of M. Hennique's *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien*, which has come to be identified with the Théâtre Libre. In pieces constructed on this model there is no carefully elaborated plot, with its exposition, development, and dénouement, the whole logically deduced with explanatory incidents and inevitable scenes which an experienced play-goer can foresee at the end of the first act. The new formula takes a fact, unexplained, just as reality presents it. This fact is developed in a certain milieu and traverses certain phases. Each phase is, so to speak, a dramatic moment which the author reproduces with photographic fidelity. If these moments are well chosen, and if the surroundings of the fact are picturesque or otherwise eloquent, the spectator will be amused, charmed, or touched by the succession of tableaux that pass before his eyes, and give him the illusion of more or less complete visions of people

living, speaking, and acting in real life. Certainly effects of singular intensity of material truth have been obtained by such visions of moments of life, and it is interesting to note that M. Guy de Maupassant made his début as a play-writer in 1891, with a piece called *Musotte*, constructed according to this new formula.

In speaking of the Parisian stage we must say a word about the critics, or at least about the one critic whose reputation is even more than European, M. Francisque Sarcey. Born in 1828, M. Sarcey was introduced into the journalistic world by his friend Edmond About, of whom he was a contemporary at the École Normale. In 1867 he became the theatrical critic of the newspaper *Le Temps*, and for nearly twenty-five years he has been going to the theatre every night of his life, except on Good-Friday, and composing his feuilleton with the exactness of an employé and the conviction of a school-teacher. Meanwhile he has become also a most prolific writer in the Parisian and provincial press, creating for himself a monopoly of common-sense views on men and things of the day. No French journalist is supposed to have so much common-sense as M. Sarcey. At least, such is his reputation among the French middle classes, both in Paris and more especially in the provinces; and it is the admiration of the middle classes that gives him his authority and his power. M. Sarcey is a power in the press. When a new piece is produced, author, manager, actors, and public ask, "*Qu'en dira Sarcey?*" and on Sunday they read *Le Temps*. If the piece is a stupid vaudeville or a Palais Royal farce, M. Sarcey will invariably speak favorably and analyze the production at length, noting the passages where he laughed *à ventre déboutonné*, for he delights in the grossest forms of the dramatic art. If the piece is a drama or a comedy constructed after the conventional method of Scribe, or the perfected methods of Sardou and Pailleron, M. Sarcey will be joyous. "*C'est du théâtre,*" he will exclaim; "*cela fera de l'argent.*" On the other hand, if the piece is not cast in a common mould, if there is an attempt at greater truth of presentation than is usual in the conventional pieces, M. Sarcey will be alarmed; he will fail to understand; and in the end he will probably exclaim: "*Ce n'est pas du théâtre. Ça ne fera pas d'argent.*" From this the reader will justly conclude that M. Sarcey is a moderate man, respectful of traditions and of the established order of things. A professor by training and temperament, M. Sarcey began writing about the modern stage simply, sincerely, ponderously, like a good and loyal pedagogue, and his system seemed at once prodigiously original. Gradually, by dint of persistently going to the theatre and writing about plays, he acquired a complete set of æsthetic ideas on the subject of dramatic art, based solely upon observation and experience. The few generalizations that seem to govern his method of criticism are rules that he has verified by the examination of countless pieces, and the basis and ultimate criterion of all his judgments is the principle that plays are written to be performed not before a refined few, but before great masses of men and women. This being the case, it is not astonishing that M. Sarcey never anticipates the impressions and the judgment of the public, but explains and flatters its tastes by approving with enthusiasm and conviction only that which the average middle-class spectator would himself instinctively applaud. It is also natural enough that M. Sarcey, being unable to class novel efforts in any of the categories of his experience, should tend to be hostile to everything that is without precedent. By his own confession it took him twenty years to learn to appreciate Hugo. How many years will he require in order to comprehend the dramatic aspirations of M. de Goncourt? Certainly the career of M. Sarcey has been curious and generally respectable, so far as persistency, conviction, and virtual loyalty entitle a man to respect. His mind is obviously not of the finest fibre, nor his massive and ventripotent person either. But what can be done? The veteran critic has not acquired the position he occupies without having well deserved it; on the whole, he does not abuse his great influence, and if he does not make it a point of honor to comprehend every new manifestation of art, like M. Paul Bourget, his cultured provincial readers esteem him none the less on that account, and their admiration is doubtless still further increased when from time to time he speaks of himself, with singular felicity of expression and truly legitimate pride, as having an experience of forty

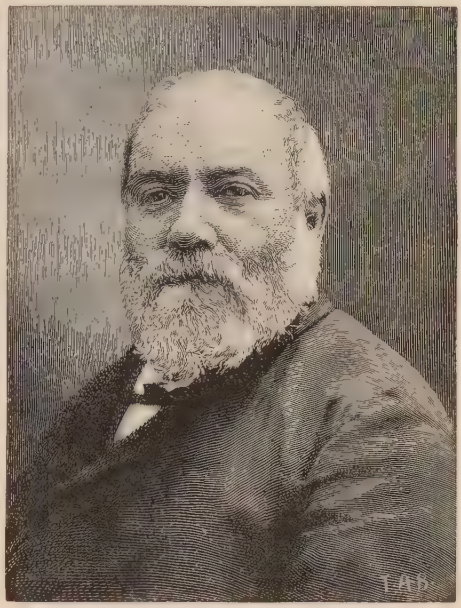
years of theatre-going and thirty years of dramatic criticism—"*quarante ans de théâtre et trente ans de feuilleton sur le corps.*" A critic of such prolonged and vast experience as M. Sarcey is without his mate in the history of dramatic art.

XII.—THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

To give an adequate account of the Parisian newspaper press would require much space, so many are the details of conception and organization which we should need to explain. For our present purpose it will suffice to consider the newspapers in their relation to literary Paris. In a word, we may say that the newspapers are the bankers of the literary men. The feuilleton and the *chronique* of the Parisian daily press enable the successful literary man in Paris to gain more notoriety, more public attention, and, on the whole, more money than his fellows in any other capital of the world.

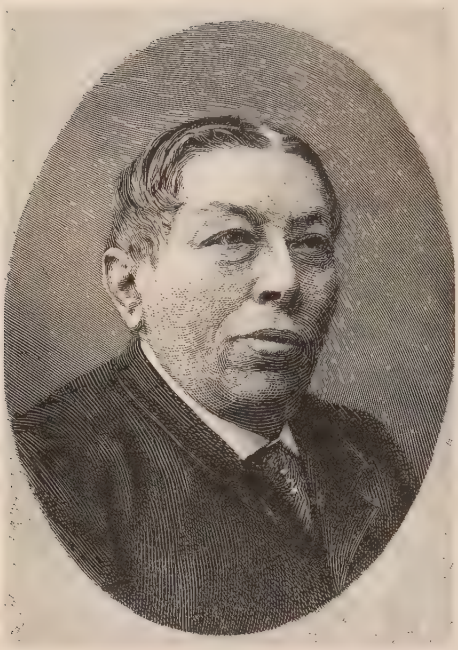
The press has changed greatly within the past thirty years. The few discreet and doctrinaire papers of the second empire, impoverished by the censorship, both from the point of view of the publication of news and of the expression of opinion, have gradually been replaced by the numerous news sheets of *la presse à informations*, where the telegram, the reporter, and the interviewer hold the chief place. Nevertheless, the French reader does not take kindly to the bare laconism of the telegram, to the businesslike narrative of the Anglo-Saxon reporter, or to the interview presented without a certain literary elegance. There is an innate artistic sentiment in the Frenchman which twenty years of brutal democracy and materialism have scarcely impaired, and which no editor can afford to neglect. The traditions of the French press are literary; its most ancient and its most recent organs, *Le Journal des Débats*, *Le Temps*, *Le Figaro*, *Le Gaulois*, and *L'Écho de Paris*, are at the same time the most literary.

The features of the Parisian press which first strike the Anglo-Saxon observer are the importance attached to the feuilleton, the prominence of the topical essay called the *chronique*, and finally the signature of the articles, even those of the reporters and interviewers. Conscious personality attains prodigious developments in literary Paris, and of late years especially there have been some unparalleled manifestations of hypertrophy of the Ego amongst the novelists and essayists. However, it is not our business to criticise, but merely to remark the tendencies of this personal and signed journalism which are to limit the authority of the editor, to emancipate the writer, to bring him into greater evidence, to advertise his signature or trade-mark, so to speak, and thus



FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

at once to create a demand for his work and increase its market value—all this greatly to the writer's advantage, and to the publisher's also, for the regular collaboration of well-known writers of marked personality and literary eminence is an element of attraction in a newspaper or periodical. M. Sarcey's dramatic criticism in the Sunday issue of *Le Temps* is one of the strongest and most popular features of the paper, and worth the 20,000 francs a year that the author is paid for it. The article headed "La Vie Littéraire," by M. Anatole France, is another feature of *Le Temps*. In the *Journal des Débats* the dramatic feuilleton of M. Jules Lemaître, without having the authority of M. Sarcey's ponderated com-



ALBERT WOLF.

mon-sense prose, has the greater charm of brilliancy, fresh wit, and a marvellous abundance of ideas, with which the writer plays and juggles with incomparable virtuosité. *Le Figaro* until recently boasted the veteran chroniqueur M. Albert Wolf, the ugliest man in Paris, a German, native of Cologne, who was nevertheless for years a personification of Parisian wit and a power in the press. *Le Figaro's* other chroniqueurs are M. Émile Bergerat ("Caliban"), M. Paul Desjardins, who is also the apostle of neo-Christianity in the *Journal des Débats*, M. Jules Lemaître, M. Robert de Bonnières, M. Henri Fouquier, whose prose may be found in half a dozen other Parisian papers, M. Octave Mirbeau, and a dozen other brilliant writers who are climbing up the wall of the Garden of Fame with more or less success. In the other papers we should have to cite often the same names, and many others to boot, the list of Parisian journalists being equivalent almost to the list of Parisian literary men. For what French writer is not or has not been a journalist, an essayist of the press, a chroniqueur? Is not the list headed by Renan and Taine? And is not the influence of Renan predominant in the Parisian newspapers, and are not the doctrines of Renanism those of the most eminent chroniqueurs? A man like M. Henri Fouquier, with his brilliant, superficial, and all-embracing inattentiveness, can scarcely be expected to choose a direction and work persistently with a moral purpose and for the public good. M. Francis Magnard, director of *Le Figaro*, will not choose a direction either, but remains obstinately Renanist and dilettante. Epicurean, egotist, sceptic to the backbone, familiar with all the disillusionment and ferocious irony of Parisian journalistic and public life, M. Magnard has invented a derivative form of Renanism, called *Je-m'en-fichisme*, whose sterilizing, desperate, and yet apparently amusing doctrines he professes almost daily in the terse and mordant political bulletin of *Le Figaro*.

Finally, as regards the feuilleton, its presence, we may say, is necessary in a newspaper in order to secure the patronage of the women. That no French newspaper can dispense with this patronage is proved by the fact that none dispense with the feuilleton novel, while in many cases the feuilleton is the chief element of success. *Le Petit Journal*, for instance, which prints a million copies a day and circulates all over France, owes half its success to the two sensational and sentimental feuilletons which form one-fourth of its entire reading matter. The commencement of a new feuilleton by one of the favorite modern successors of Dumas, Ponson du Terrail, and Paul Féval will cause, from one week to another, an increase of from 30,000 to 100,000 copies in the circulation of this paper. As for the great Parisian journals, *Le Figaro*, *L'Écho de Paris*, *Le Temps*, *Le Gil Blas*, their circulation is not sensibly affected by the publication of a novel; but as they cannot dispense with the feuilleton, they make a point of securing the best literature of the day.

The review or magazine does not flourish in France. The only great French review is the famous *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The great family magazine, whether illustrated or not, has yet to be created. On the other hand, penny weekly publications with illustrations abound.

THE BEGGAR'S WORD.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

PROUDLY arose Cnocfirinn's height, at that time clothed with trees,
Whose many leaves showed light or dark, synchronic with the breeze.
A castle stood upon its crown—now lie its ruins low—
But that was in the olden time, twelve hundred years ago.

And there the cruel Lora reigned, the king of all that land;
No trace of justice in his heart, no mercy in his hand;
To noble high, or peasant low, denying ruth or right:
Black be his memory, Lora-na-ard, the tyrant of the height!

His wrath the worst on Cormac fell—on Cormac of the Glen;
His hate for him was twice of that he felt for other men—
His cousin Cormac, rightful heir, whose crown usurped he wore,
Who Glann-a-dord alone retained of all he held before.

But naught for sway did Cormac long; a noble, shunning strife:
His greatest treasures, children twain and Amarach his wife—
Oscur, his son, a stripling tall, of proud and noble air,
And Niav—right well Fiongalla* called—the innocent and fair.

Long time had Lora set his eyes on daughter and on land;
To wrest the last, to wreck the first, a deadly scheme he planned:
For tempting from his lofty towers, in all its pride complete,
Was Glann-a-dord, its woods and fields—and Niav was young and sweet.

So when one morning Niav went forth, with handmaids in her train,
As was her wont, to taste the air that swept the dewy plain,
There sudden from behind a knoll rode gallowglasses base,
Who rudely seized the lady fair and bore her from the place.

The gallowglasses of the king their saffron jerkins showed,
And to the summit of the hill the vile marauders rode.
The royal rath they entered, and with victory elate,
With shouts their lovely prize they bore within the castle gate.

Her brother heard her piteous shrieks, and snatching spear and brand,
Sprang light of foot up rock and cliff to intercept the band;
But only gained the castle gates to find them closed to him,
And at a wicket, sheltered well, the warder old and grim.

"What do you here," the warder cried, "with spear and glaive displayed?
Our royal lord no comer brooks in hostile guise arrayed.
Begone, rash boy, or dread his wrath!" "'Tis Lora's self I seek.
Where skulks this coward king of yours, oppressor of the weak?"

Oped at the words the castle gates, and poured the wretches forth,
The vile assassin kerns well armed, the hirelings from the North.
The first went down before the sword, two others followed fast;
But all too many they for one, who, wounded, fell at last.

They haled him soon where Lora sat, and grimly said the king,
"For this, at dawn, before your house, on gallows-tree you swing;
And for the treason that is bred in nest at Glann-a-dord,
Your father's lands are forfeited unto his sovereign lord!"

Ill news will travel fast; and hence, ere quite an hour had flown,
A mother's heart was throbbing quick, a mother's voice made moan;
A white-haired father bent in grief, all pride and state laid by,
His only son, his hope, his pride, next morn was doomed to die.

* Fair-Check.

[The name of the wicked prince in this legend is arbitrary, though the ancient Irish had an *ard righ* (high king, or emperor) thus called. Of the latter is told, with some variations, the tale of Midas. The story was caught probably from some monk in the days when Ireland stood pre-eminent in classical as well as theological learning, and it became filtered through the peasants' sieve. This Labhradh Loingseach—Lora Lonshach of the common tongue (Leary?)—was gifted with a pair of horse's, not ass's, ears. The barber relieved his mind of the awful secret not by whispering it to a hole in the ground, but into a split which he made in a willow. Of this the king's musician chanced to make a harp that treacherously, at a public festival, uttered the barber's words, "*Da Chluais Chapail ar Labhradh Loingseach*"—*i. e.*, Lora Lonshach has horse's ears. As for Donn, called *Firineach*—the teller of truth—from the invariable fulfilment of his predictions, he may be set down as an Irish Thomas the Rhymer. His identity is not fixed. Sometimes he is called a local fairy king, and sometimes set down as a son of Milesius, the conqueror of Ireland, who has taken up his residence in a rocky hill, waiting until the country recovers its nationality.]

"THE FIRST WENT DOWN BEFORE THE SWORD."

Amid their grief the sunset fell, the hour was growing late,
When came a tattered beggar there, and rapped upon the gate.
"I am," said he, "the poorest man among the sons of men;
God save ye kindly! give me bed and supper at the Glen."

"Alas, poor man," a servant said, "seek not for shelter here;
Avoid a house upon whose roof there falls such grief and fear."
"Nay, nay," said Cormac; "spurn him not! Whatever be our woes,
No man in need, while yet I rule, from hence unsuccored goes."

They let the beggar in the gate, they set him at the board,
Where some one told him of the doom that hung on Glann-a-dord.
"Oh, *sha gu dheine?*"* said he then. "But Oscur shall not die:
Not his, but Lora's race is run, *I* say, who cannot lie!"

* Is that so?

The night had passed, the dawn was there, no cloud upon the sky;
And soon they raise before the door the ghastly gallows high;
And soon with mournful sound of horns the sad procession shows—
The troops of Lora on the march, and Oscur bound with those.

Came forth the beggar with his hosts, and with scarce-hidden laugh,
Exclaimed in measured accents, as he leaned upon his staff:
"Last night there was no banshee's cry, that ever death portends;
Take comfort, gracious Bhan-a-teagh,* the right the right defends!"

Proud Lora prances on his steed, and lightly leaps to ground;
He gazes on the gloomy tree, then looks revengeful round,
When Amarach, with tottering steps, approaches where he stands.
And on her knees for mercy begs with high uplifted hands.

"The boy shall die!" the monarch said, "so treason may be checked,
And vassals taught their sovereign's will to hold in due respect."
"You err, O king," the beggar said; "not he, but you shall die.
I say it, I, Donn Firineach, the one who cannot lie!"

"Peace, fool!" replied the king. "And learn, O Cormac, to your cost,
Your son his life and you the lands of Glann-a-dord have lost.
But as for Niav, my leman she, to grace my palace hall."
"Thou liest, king!" the beggar said. "She has escaped thy thrall."

"Now who are you," the monarch cried, "who dares to wake my wrath?
Far better in the woodland stand within the wild wolf's path.
Vile beggar-churl, this insolence to-day you well shall rue.
The tree which they have reared for one, has room enough for two!"

A noise as though the lightning-stroke a thunder-cloud had kissed.
Cnocfirinn opened at its base, poured forth a cloud of mist.
Impetuous over rock and mead in mighty mass it rolled,
And hid the beggar from their sight within its silver fold.

All stood appalled. What sign is this? Now guard us, Holy Rood!
Closer the cloud of mist advanced to where the monarch stood;
An arm in glittering mail came forth, a hand that bore a glaive;
It rose in air, then sweeping down, the head of Lora clave.

Then shrank the cloud away, dispersed, and showed a glittering ring
Of warriors bold in green and gold, and at their head their king—
Beggar no more—Donn Firineach, who one time ruled the land;
And to her sire the Lady Niav he led with kindly hand.

"From my deep sleep in yonder hill," he said, "I heard your woe,
And came to raise the humbled right, and wrong to overthrow.
There lies the tyrant's worthless corse; inearth the soulless clay.
King Cormac has his own again, and none shall say him nay."

His green-clad soldiers formed in rank; they marched toward the hill;
The awe-struck throng in wonder stood, their breathing low and still.
Cnocfirinn opened wide its base; the green elves entered there;
It closed; and rock and cliff around again were gray and bare.

Then joy was in the people's cup, o'erflowing at the brim;
For Cormac ruled o'er Munster wide, and Oscur followed him;
And Niav, before a year had gone, her young heart fairly won,
Was Queen of Ulster in the North, and bride of Nessa's son.

* Vanithee (*vulg. dict.*)—*i. e.*, woman of the house.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE GENESEE VALLEY.

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN.

AT half past nine, or thereabouts, on an October morning, three trains come in at the Avon station of the Erie Railroad. One comes from Rochester, one from Batavia and Buffalo, and one from New York city. If the obliging reader had stepped off either of these trains on a morning about the middle of October, 1891, he would have been conscious of the presence of a number of men in boots and riding-breeches upon the platform. Sundry scarlet cravats imparted a cheerful festivity to the appearance of these gentlemen, and the ladies by whom several of them were accompanied gave evidence in a certain levity of attire of being there for purposes of pleasure. Being there for that purpose himself, the reader will please suppose that he has joined these companions and clambered aboard a fourth train, which he had reason to believe was bound for Geneseo.

If the reader came from Rochester, he has already skirted the Genesee River for twenty miles, and has had car-window glimpses of its valley; but if not, he sees it now, and he will not deny that in the bluish atmosphere of an October day it is an exceedingly pleasant sight. It used to be known as the Genesee Flats, and he will observe the propriety of that name in the three or four miles wide level of alluvial land, dotted with sporadic trees, threaded by a curving, loitering stream, with wooded banks, and bordered by hills of moderate height and gradual rise, not bare, but of intelligently disposed umbrageousness. He will notice that the fields are of a generous size, forty or fifty acres to a single wheat field often, and wood lots larger still. Imagining himself on horseback in one of these enclosures, he will take notice of the fences as he rides along, and of other obstructions to cross-country travel. He sees that old-time zigzag rail fences are common here, as is also another sort of rail fence,

rather more formidable, whereof the rails are held at both ends between posts bound together with stout wire. This straight rail fence, he learns, was the immediate successor of the zigzag fence, of the remains of which it was usually composed, and there being usually plenty of remains at hand, it is apt to be high. Sometimes the rails in these fences look new and strong, but oftener their severity has been softened by age, and the eye running along their lines is often gladdened by places where the top rail looks weak. There are plenty of board fences too, made of inch stuff, and between four and five feet high. Here and there is a serious-looking picket fence, and again fences made of slats woven with wire; and again, but not in very great numbers, the wire boundary, impossible to riders, which must always send even the most venturesome and impatient horseman around through the gate. But there are no stone walls and no hedges, for neither of these barriers exist in quantities of any consequence in the Genesee Valley. Neither are there in that region any of those deep, narrow brooks or ditches which make water-jumps of the kind that furnishes so much amusement in John Leech's hunting pictures.

Arriving at the Geneseo station, about nine miles beyond Avon, the obliging reader gets into one of several weather-beaten stages, and is hauled deliberately up a longish hill to the village, where he is set down at the tavern most affected by the horse-riding fraternity, the Big Tree Inn. He will not need to be told that the inn gets its name from the famous big tree which stood two miles away across the flats, and under which the chiefs of the Seven Nations held their councils and grand powwows year after year and decade after decade for many more moons than Indian history wots of.

About the front of the inn are more men duly diversified with scarlet neckties, and a few ladies, with whom the new arrivals exchange greeting. There are more ladies than usual about because it is a ladies' day; for, being a fine Saturday in October, the hunt to-day is a drag-hunt. The meet is to be at two o'clock, and the mistress of Bleak House entertains the participants at lunch beforehand.

There are stables to be visited now, quadrupeds to be shown and viewed, and listening to be done, or not to be done, while proprietors and grooms converse. That over, it is only eleven o'clock, and the natural thing to do is to walk over to "The Homestead." It is only five minutes' walk, and when you pass its boundary wall what an easy, generous, hospitable place it is that you have come to! Here are the headquarters of the Hunt.

> "Hic illius arma,
> Hic currus fuit,"—

which being rendered with some freedom signifies that Mr. Wadsworth's stables are there on the right, and that the kennels are straight ahead about half a mile, past the greenhouses, through the gate, and along on the upper road through the woods until you come to them. The house you see in the picture; and if you know of another American country house that is so alluring in its attitude and so felicitous in its setting, you are in luck, and here's hoping that you often see it. On this land the brothers James and William Wadsworth built the first rough cabin that sheltered them on their arrival in the Genesee wilderness from Durham, Connecticut, in June, 1790. The big house yonder on the left stands in direct descent from that little one for which William Wadsworth hewed the planks. You might think it a loose fit for a bachelor, but ever so short an experience of its hospitalities is enough to make it plain that it isn't a bit too big a house for a Master of Hounds. Hereabouts are more men in riding-boots and breeches; some in the scarlet neckties which, with much uncertainty, betoken the members of the Hunt; some in the every-day dress of the working farmer; and others whose superior elegance of equipment marks them as visiting sportsmen from the centres of population. A few words with the M. F. H., and a glance at the trophies and various accessories of fox-chasing that are scattered about his library, and it is time to go back to the Big Tree and see about a horse. For of course the obliging reader, who wants to know what hunting in this valley is like, does not intend to be satisfied with less than actual experience of its qualities.

"Pilate" is a horse that it is a privilege to be on. He is strong; he is swift; he is steady. He is benevolent, too, and thoroughly responsible. Anything in

A MEET AT BLEAK HOUSE.

reason he will do, and do it with the least delay that is compatible with discretion, and with the least possible disturbance of his rider's equilibrium. He will not strike unless he slips, and he will not be apt to slip. He will not fall if he can help it even if he strikes; but if he does fall, reader, get out from under him, for he is heavier than you are.

As we jog down the road through the village toward Bleak House, a four-in-hand drag is picking up its load at the Big Tree. Another is rounding the bend ahead of us. Horsemen by twos and threes are going our way; clearly the Hunt and its adherents will be out in force. Half a mile beyond the village is Bleak House, lying well back from the road, with a broad open lawn between; and beyond, the valley serene in the mellow sunlight. It is a clear day, but there is a bluish tinge to the hills on the other side that adds to their beauty. Pilate goes to the stable with a groom. Before going into the house the obliging reader looks about him and admits that it is a lively scene. Horsemen and vehicles of all sorts are constantly arriving. The big yellow coach yonder has brought the people from Ashantee. The pony four-in-hand before that dwarf break belongs to the valley. Another four-in-hand, just coming in the gate with a considerable load, hails from Rochester. There would be more than three four-in-hands at this meet if it were not for the fact that it takes fast driving on the road to get a favorable view of the run, and four-in-hands, though picturesque, and good carriers, are very poorly adapted to fast driving. People who mean to see the hunt from the road are in light two-seated wagons, buckboards, and buggies, which will stand some jolting, and can be driven across the fields.

Look! Here come the hounds! And is that the M. F. H. with them? No. That is the first whip, and that lash, cracking like the Fourth of July as he marshals his pack into the gate, is the symbol of his authority. There the Master comes now, driving two horses before a high buggy. There is no more time to spare, unless a man is content to ride on the memory of his breakfast.

A word with the hostess, a word or two with a good many other ladies, divers fragments of discourse with men, some round-of-beef, some ham, some bread, some salad, some whiskey (a finger and a half) in some water—that is lunch.

How the lawn has filled up! Every sort of vehicle now, gay and sombre, fresh and worn; coaches, surreys, buckboards, farmers' light wagons with farmers' families in them; buggies, phaetons, pony wagons; and see over there, those two little girls on tricycles? The Bleak House Meet seems popular hereabouts.

Ah! here comes Pilate! We'd better mount. Thanks. One hole shorter, please! That's it.

What a field! Fifty riders, as near as I can count, and six, seven, eight, nine ladies mounted. That's a good many. Will they be in the run? One of them will for sure; see, yonder she goes, in a brown habit, on an iron-gray mare. Wherever the mare can go her mistress can ride her, and whatever turns them back turns plenty of good company back with them. Three or four other horsewomen may follow the hounds, and the rest of them mean to go by the road with carriages. But there come two that don't. Our friend the sporting banker from Batavia has brought his little girls over today, and bless me if he hasn't put them both on horseback! They are children, obviously; but I am told they ride with a dash and skill that are very scarce among adults.

The Master is jogging off, surrounded by his hounds, and the field is starting. A score of riders are from the valley, half of them farmers, and as many more from tributary cities. Buffalo is out six or seven strong. Rochester and Batavia send nine riders between them; Geneva sends a man, and there is a double handful of New-Yorkers.

Come along! It is more fun to ride in the front of the field than the rear; and it is safer besides, being less crowded. There go the hounds on the trail, at a pretty good pace from the start. Around here through the orchard there's a good place; those rails make pleasant jumping. A four-board fence, four-boarded from end to end. No choice of panels until somebody breaks one, and no time to wait for that. The ground is good, though, and looks level on the other side. There's a love, Pilate! Good horse. Thirty riders have been seen to cross a five-foot board fence in this valley without touching it. Ten of us in this field. Not a crowd; just a company. Into the road at that cor-

THE QUEEN OF THE HUNT.

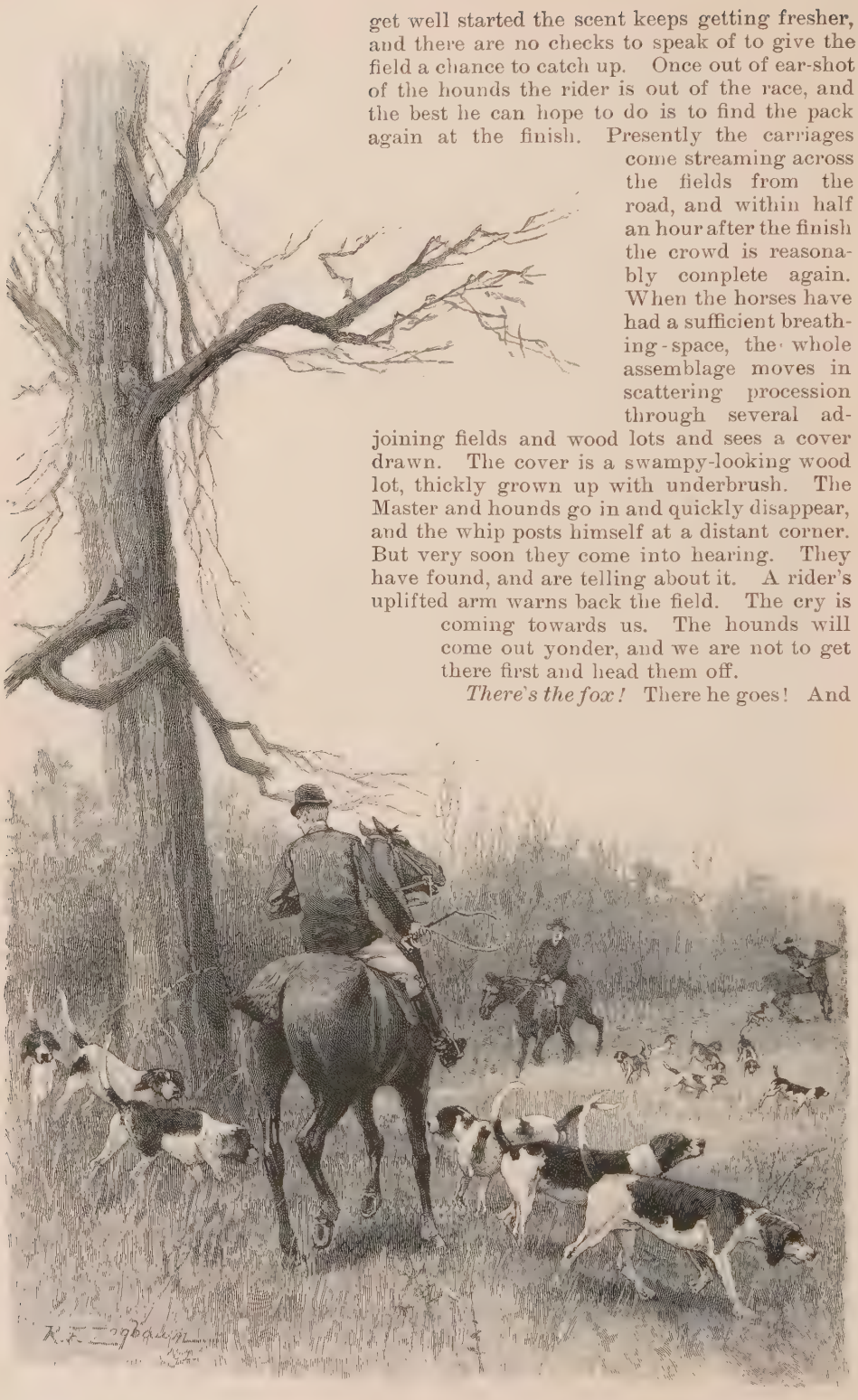
ner, I think; it looks like a gate there. Chained? Then off here to the left. Give him time. Over now! Across the road. What, not do it? Now again — there! that was more like it.

A lady down! But she's up again. Not hurt.

And so on, and so on, and so on, for about four miles, when, if Pilate holds out well and doesn't come to any grief, the exhilarated reader finds himself in company with a dozen other men in a meadow on the Genesee Flats, close by a bend in the river. The hounds are panting and horses are streaming with sweat. It is fun to watch the field come straggling in from various directions, singly and in twos and threes. Some were outrun; some got lost. The least delay in a drag-hunt is fatal, for after the hounds once

get well started the scent keeps getting fresher, and there are no checks to speak of to give the field a chance to catch up. Once out of ear-shot of the hounds the rider is out of the race, and the best he can hope to do is to find the pack again at the finish. Presently the carriages come streaming across the fields from the road, and within half an hour after the finish the crowd is reasonably complete again. When the horses have had a sufficient breathing-space, the whole assemblage moves in scattering procession through several adjoining fields and wood lots and sees a cover drawn. The cover is a swampy-looking wood lot, thickly grown up with underbrush. The Master and hounds go in and quickly disappear, and the whip posts himself at a distant corner. But very soon they come into hearing. They have found, and are telling about it. A rider's uplifted arm warns back the field. The cry is coming towards us. The hounds will come out yonder, and we are not to get there first and head them off.

There's the fox! There he goes! And



DRAWING COVER.

look! the pack after him, all together, scudding over that green knoll for dear life. That's a sight worth coming for! After them now, Pilate! No, not across that wheat field, but around it. Yonder scuds our friend the Batavia financier, galloping ahead to open a gate for his little girls. Let us go that way, Pilate, and —Jeminy! That was one of the little girls that went by!

Through a gate, across a railroad, over a board fence, through a wood (fence), up a hill (fence), across a field with the hounds in sight and a fox in expectation. Then (fence) down a steep gully, turn at the bottom of it, and up presently to a baffled pack sniffing at a hole in the ground. The fox has got to earth, and will do to chase another day. We are his debtors, for he has given us a pretty hunting picture and a run that was fun while it lasted. It has not been long in the telling, but the afternoon is gone, and there is only about time enough left to get back to the Homestead library, and discourse there a little while and swap experiences before separating.

To an observer who watched the by-play of a State convention last fall, with the desire to learn what induced men to go into politics, it seemed obvious that one very great attraction was the community of interest which political considerations establish between man and man. The intercourse of the delegates was lively and stirring; they had matters to talk about in which they were vitally concerned. Their talk was eager and spontaneous, and all their faculties kept constantly on the alert. It seemed worth a very considerable amount of trouble to have one's contemporaneous human interest so aroused.

No doubt it is something that way about fox-hunting. Merely to be brought into quick sympathy with certain interests and aspirations of a lot of other men is worth a considerable outlay of time and trouble. Such an endless amount of pleasant gossip about horses and hounds, fences, foxes, riders, and weather grows out of hunting! "I used to know Barney pretty well," said a recent convert, "and used to find great satisfaction in talking religion to him; but when he took to hunting, he took to it so confounded hard that for two years past there has been no such thing as protracted conversation with him on any subject except horse and sport. It really got to be hard to have any fun with him. But after I had been out two or three times with the hounds I practically got him back, and now we can gossip by the hour about 'moving accidents of flood and field,' and never know a dull moment." To be one of a score or two of people who are violently interested in the same sport is a very considerable source of delight, and entirely legitimate as far as it goes.

And of course another source of happiness that pertains to hunting is to ride a good horse across country. A man with a great horse in full performance under him is not necessarily a great man, but he feels as if he were, and the feeling is undeniably pleasant. A man may use a horse for ten years in the ordinary way, under saddle or between shafts, and never really have occasion to find out what there is in him. But in hunting, a horse's powers are constantly being tested. The fences he takes and the way he takes them, the company he keeps, his appearance, behavior, and miscellaneous abilities, are constantly under observation and the subjects of comment. The result is a vast stimulation of the natural human interest in horse and an inconceivably vast amount of horse-talk, which, if not so profitable intellectually as some conversation, is wholesome, sinless, and very agreeable to those concerned. It is a great accomplishment to be able to talk any kind of horse, and it seems to be considerably easier to learn to talk hunter than trotting-horse or racer.

But to the sincere fox-hunter, horses are primarily a means of enabling a man to keep up with dogs. To be mounted and in the open air are pleasures of which he has a reasonable appreciation, but his joy is in the working of the hounds and the subtlety of the fox. Be it known that the fox is hunted because he is the only wild animal that can persist in the thick of civilization, who is swift enough and clever enough to be available for the chase. Wolves and deer fade away before the farmer; badgers are too slow; but the fox dotes on the farmer, and loves to loiter around a hay-stack or barn-yard. Yet he is so intelligent and so fleet that, with a proper start, he can usually elude or run away from a pack of hounds.

To watch the quivering tails of the hounds as they suspect the footsteps of Reynard, to hear their vociferation as

suspicion deepens into certainty, and to follow them as they stream off across country in a bunch, is what the sincere hunter is out for. The hounds are his personal acquaintances, and he is able to estimate their various degrees of responsibility. He knows the country, too, and if every individual fox is not his long lost friend, at least he is versed in the general nature of the beast, and prepared to match wits with him. He is somewhat scornful of the tendency of the weaker members to be engrossed in horse and forget hunting in the excitement of mere riding. Drag-hunts he barely tolerates, and he differs from his horsy coadjutors in regarding fences not as opportunities, but as obstacles. The sarcastic attitude of the sincere fox-chaser towards drag-hunts is set forth in a manner too edifying to be ignored in this blank form lately used by the M. F. H. of the Genesee Valley Hunt:

GENESEE VALLEY HUNT.

To please those who are unable to ride until they have been lunched, a drag-hunt will take place from —— on ——, at —— o'clock.

This drag will be laid over several dangerously high fences close to the road, so that those who have "lunched" sufficiently will be able to compete with the grooms of gentlemen having horses for sale, before the eyes of the people in carriages.

Every precaution will be taken to keep clear of woods, gullies, ditches, swamps, or any obstruction whatsoever which might possibly call for intelligence or education in horse or rider.

Some very swift hounds have been secured, and the drag will be laid as strong as possible, so that it is sincerely hoped that gentlemen racing with each other will not be annoyed by these stupid animals. Should they prove a nuisance, however, the brutes will be dispensed with altogether and the line flagged.

It is very evident from this severe document that there is an influential opinion in the Genesee Valley that fox-hunting and steeple-chasing are distinct sports, and that the tendency to confuse them needs to be restrained. Nevertheless, drag-hunts, opprobriously termed "gallery-drags," have their uses even in the valley. Cross-country riding is not wholly to be despised even if there is no fox at the forward end of it.

October is a delightful month in the country; the weather is apt to be good and the riding pleasant. It is the gayest month of the year in the valley, and the one when more strangers come there than at other times. But it is a little early for fox-hunting. Moreover, it is apt to be a dry month, and when the ground is dry, scent does not lie well, and a trail is difficult and often impossible to follow. Consequently, October sees many blank days. As a concession, therefore, to hard-working men who come from a distance for a single day's sport, and like to be sure of a run when they come, drag-hunts are arranged for the Saturdays in October. The meets on these Saturdays are set for two o'clock or thereabouts, and the lunch that precedes them helps to make the whole spectacle a valuable social function. But throughout October, besides the drag-hunts, there is wild-fox hunting twice a week—on Tuesday and Thursday. The Tuesday hunts are early morning performances, the meets being at six o'clock the first half of the month, and later, as the days shorten, at half past seven. The Thursday meets are at noon, as are all the meets in November. On good days fields of from twenty to forty riders, usually with one or two ladies among them, meet the M. F. H. and his hounds at the advertised farm or corners or schoolhouse, and proceed to ride over the neighboring country, drawing one cover after another, traversing woods, going up and down gullies, and jumping any fences or brooks or other unavoidable obstacles that happen to come in the way. It is a profitable way to spend an autumn day even if nothing comes of it but the exhilaration of being on a horse's back, in a charming country, in excellent company, with working hounds to watch and follow. But when something does come of it, when there is a find and a good run, then there is sport enough, and sometimes to spare. To keep the hounds in sight and be in first at the death is what every man and every horse is after. Then the man who thinks he knows fox-hunting rides according to his knowledge and the ability of his horse, and the man who doesn't know it tries to follow the man who he thinks knows best.

It is always a case where, however many are called, comparatively few are chosen. Before the fox has crossed his second field the crowd has begun to straggle out, and if the run is of any length only two or three see the end of it. Competition is the life of all sport, and of course there is plenty of it in fox-hunting. Besides the very stirring competition of speed and sagacity between

the fox and the hounds, there is a cheerful rivalry between the riders as to which shall deserve the brush, or the mask, which the Master awards when the hounds kill. More often than not the hounds don't kill. The fox gets to earth or gets away altogether, in which case, if it isn't too late, proceedings are resumed, and the next cover is drawn. From four to eight hours spent in this way two or three times a week in October and November make an admirable preparation for a laborious winter. At all meets any reputable citizen who has a horse to ride is welcome. In a certain sense whoever follow the hounds are guests of Mr. Wadsworth, who owns and keeps the pack, and has met all the serious expenses of the Hunt ever since it began. In another sense all are guests of the owners of the land they ride over. The membership fee of the Hunt Club is merely nominal; there are no assessments, and it is only within a year or two that members of the Hunt, conspiring together, have subscribed to a Damage Fund to pay the claims sent in by farmers to the M. F. H. for broken fences and damage done to growing crops. The fact that the Hunt has been in so great a measure Mr. Wadsworth's personal enterprise is what differentiates it from almost all other hunts. Its government is republican in form, but in fact it is a despotism—the best of all possible forms of government, as everybody knows, provided you can get precisely the right sort of despot. It takes lots of persistence, force, discretion, judgment, time, money, temper, and various other attributes of manhood, besides an ardent fondness for sport, to establish a hunt. If you don't think so, try it. Mr. Wadsworth might have had all these indispensable things

IN THE "HOMESTEAD" LIBRARY.

and still not have done what he has done, if he had not also had the great advantage of being very closely identified, personally and by descent, with the country in which he lives. There is a story of a traveller who, as he drove down the Genesee Valley, asked his companion every now and then, "Whose farm is that?" The usual reply was, "Mr. Wadsworth owns that," and it was made to him so often that he remarked presently that if he had as many farms as that man Wadsworth, he would go and live in Rochester. That was the natural American thing to do, but the Wadsworth brothers, the original settlers, did not do it. They stuck to the Genesee Valley. They not only liked to own land there, but they liked to live on it. Their homes have been there for a century. Not their country places, but their homes. Mr. Austin Wadsworth can take his hounds over a great many fields in the Genesee Valley because they belong to him or to his relatives, but over a great many others he rides because he belongs to them. He belongs, that is, to the Genesee Valley, and his neighbors are interested in his hounds and the hunting because they belong to the Genesee Valley too. A good many of the resident farmers hunt; there is seldom a meet at which they are not a considerable element; but a good many others who don't hunt themselves take an interest in the hunting, which amounts to more than toleration, and approaches to something like pride. Of course what actual damage is done to fences or crops, or by foxes, is paid for, but it is not an expenditure of money that makes this Hunt possible. It goes because it is at home, and its guests are welcome because they are its guests.

The Hunt brings a good many people to the Genesee Valley. It was not started, however, for that purpose, but for the diversion of men who were already there. The records tell us that though foxes have been hunted for many years in the valley, and good men and hounds and horses have been engaged in their pursuit, the first regular organization for running them down with hounds was started in the summer of 1876 by Charles Carroll Fitzhugh and William Austin Wadsworth. It was named the "Livingston County Hunt." Mr. Wadsworth was M. F. H.; Mr. Fitzhugh was huntsman; and they both were "the committee" of this primitive organization. It is recorded that it owned no hounds at first, but hunted with such as it could borrow. They were brought by their masters, and put on as suited them during the run. The first year or two the meetings were kept very quiet; nobody went straight, and many followed in buggies. There were not many hunts, and no record was kept. On one occasion, at least, the fox was shot to encourage the dogs, who, however, would not work together, being unacquainted with each other, and under no discipline whatever. The evolution of a well-disciplined and competent pack and field was gradual. "During the year 1877," says the historian, "an attempt was made to have the huntsman hunt the hounds with less assistance from their owners, but as they did not know him, being kept at home, they were gloriously independent, and hunted themselves to suit themselves."

Owing to the death of Mr. Fitzhugh in 1878 there was no regular hunt that year, but in 1879 the hounds were got together in a kennel at the Homestead at the beginning of the season to get them acquainted with each other and the huntsman (Mr. Wadsworth). But still it appears that the pack was an uncertain quantity, since "there were always a lot of strange dogs in the hunt."

"An attempt was made on one occasion to run a drag of anise, but the hounds would not own it, although it was so strong that the riders could follow. There were three drags made by dragging a dead fox, and the man that laid it had orders to take down any fence over four feet high, and carry a stick of that length with him."

Opening the season of 1880, the M. F. H. writes:

"This year I started a pack of my own, consisting of Jim, Joe, and three puppies, Stubby, Speckle, and Colonel, of which the last turned out useless, and the former was executed for sheep-murder."

There was still much to be done to get the pack in proper working order; and not the pack only, but the field too, if one may judge from this record of the meet of October 28th:

"*Long Point.*—Found in gully and went up it, etc., etc.; thence N., etc., etc. Thence slowly working the trail through the Oneida woods, where T. C., the Doctor, and some others wanted the hounds lifted to a 'halloo,' which M. F. H. refused to do, when they be-

"GONE AWAY" OVER CANESERAGA.

came intemperate, rebellious, and undisciplined in their language, causing the M. F. H. to halt and deliver a general lecture on the science of fox-hunting, and especially the great respect and reverence due all M. F. H.'s; by means of which noble lecture the fox escaped, and finally got into a barn-yard and killed a chicken, and was knocked in the head by the farmer, who subsequently watched us cast around his buildings with pleasure, but kept mum, and afterwards sold the skin for one dollar and seventy cents 'to pay for the chicken' (which might have been worth twenty-five cents if he had not eaten it). So he was most happy, having 'got something for nothing,' which is the honest farmer's ideal, and we hope that the hearers profited by their lecture and were elevated and improved, while the fox deserved to be killed for killing the chicken, and the chicken for tempting the fox, and the dogs to be disappointed for not working harder."

Obviously, to be equal to the situation, ten years ago a master of hounds had need to be a past master of philosophy as well.

But merit had its reward sometimes even in 1880, as *vide* the record for October 16th, which reads:

"*October 6th—Rush Meadow Farm.*—. . . . Ran S. to the big swamp pasture of the Hermitage. Here the fox took to running rings in the thick underbrush, and the field got disgusted and took to cigarettes, nobody staying with the hounds but the M. F. H. Finally killed in a thick cover near the Cushaqua, and the Master kept the brush."

Per tot casus, and by such laborious experiences, the Livingston County Hunt grew and waxed sturdy, until at the meeting in 1881, being full of good works and abounding in vigor, it changed its name, and became the Genesee Valley Hunt.

The records of the Hunt kept by the M. F. H. cover pretty faithfully a decade of fox-hunting, and abound in interesting and amusing passages. In them October 8, 1881, is distinguished as the day when the Genesee Valley Hunt was first honored by the presence of strangers from another hunt, the said strangers being described as "two splendid dudes, members of the Q. C. H.—great swells."

The sincere fox-hunter's rule as to jumping fences is "anything you must; nothing that you can help." It is a good rule, but one which less scrupulous riders do not always observe; as witness the entry for October 10, 1882, which tells how "Th. C., in great form, took an impossible fence alongside of an open gate, because 'he didn't come all the way from Buffalo to go through gates.'" November 15, 1882, the meet being at Squakie Hill, the entry contains this passage: "Came on man standing in the road, swearing horribly at the top of his voice, and dancing around. Found it was a deaf man who had come out to shoot a fox, and not hearing my dogs, the fox we were after came up behind him and ran between his legs."

The entry for October 6, 1883, alluding evidently to a well-known occurrence, tells of going from one point to another, "and on to Caleb Fridd's, where L. D. R. performed his grand tumbling act in the potato field, which has become a matter of national history." On October 20th, the same year, "there were many fence and ditch jumps, and in one of them S.'s groom broke his collar-bone, the only accident that has happened to date with these hounds." Misfortunes seldom come singly. On the way home from this hunt "the coach upset at Hampton Corners, and several persons were more or less hurt, but none seriously except J. W. W., who smashed his ankle." This "J. W. W." seems to have been capable of misconduct as well as of misfortune, for an entry the following year alludes to coming on his land and finding a "barbed wire on the top of his fence—a thing inexcusable in a Dutch market gardener." Another entry for 1884 speaks of the field being led by a farmer's boy on a bareback mule.

Among other measures adopted in the interest of sport at the July meeting in 1885, it was resolved to fine any member five dollars who was caught "stealing chickens and laying it to the foxes." Whence it is possible to realize that if the fox has a true friend anywhere on earth, it is the M. F. H.

Not many serious accidents are recorded in the Hunt books. In two cases riders have broken their legs, in three their collar-bones, but arms, ribs, and necks, none at all. The average of serious results from falls is surprisingly small. Falls, of course, are common. Some days they seem to become epidemic. In one hunt from Groveland it is recorded that there were 24 riders and 26 falls. Indeed, there were tumbles enough to go around on that occasion, if they had been fairly apportioned. One rider made an unsurpassed record by getting three in a single

IN AT THE DEATH.

field, as is thus set forth: "At the second fence W. A. W. took a header; then galloping fast over the next field to catch up, went into a woodchuck hole, and took another; before he could get his wind his mare refused, and he 'cut a voluntary,' so sat on a stone and pulled out."

Although the popularity of the Hunt falls off as the air grows chillier and the days get short, the sincere fox-hunter will assure you that winter is the real time to hunt foxes. Then the crops are all in, the cattle and sheep are all housed, and the gates being left open and the fences down, you can ride where you will over your neighbor's land, provided you keep off from his wheat. Then, too, the foxes, profiting by the experience of the autumn, do not hang around and run in rings as they did earlier in the season, but usually break cover straight away for some cover several miles off; so the chances of a run are better. It is a mistake to suppose that snow does not hold scent or make good galloping. Next to good turf, there is nothing so pleasant to ride on as snow. To be sure, one is liable in January to pop over a fence and land in an unexpected drift, but a roll over in soft snow amounts to nothing, and there are compensations. For one thing, the snow retards the fox and the hounds about as much as it does the horses, and then you can see farther in the bare winter landscape, and hear much farther in the clear winter air. For one who is properly dressed so as not to feel the cold, there is great sport in tracking Reynard's footsteps and reading the record of his tricks. Here in the woods he has followed a sleigh-track, and left it with a great jump to one side that you would not have noticed if the hounds had not picked it out. Here he has run along a fence, or some logs or stones, or a shiny piece of ice, all the time turning and twisting and doubling, and never losing a chance to grab a field-mouse (which is what he lives on),

till we suddenly come on the dry end of a log or a sunny pile of stones, where he has been asleep, and the snuffling hounds break out in loud chorus, and spring forward on the hot scent.

The portion of the Genesee Valley which is hunted is about twenty miles long by six or seven wide. It harbors some forty odd covers, and extends north of Avon and south of Mount Morris, and from Conesus Lake on the east, westward across the Genesee River. Streams running crosswise through this tract to the river or the lake make deep gullies, which foxes affect, and to which it especially edifies them to fly when pursued. The windings of the river make various "ox-bows," of which the Big and Little are definitely known by those names, while divers others are anonymous. The river and its tributary creeks are usually fordable, but it happens now and then that after rains, when they are running bank full, a hard-run fox will take to one of them and swim across, followed by the pack and as many riders as have water-proof convictions and water-wise mounts. Wherever a hunt starts, it is seldom long out of sight of the river and the valley, and rarely fails to get down on the flats before it is over. A series of hospitable homes at convenient intervals down the valley make good stopping-places for the weary, the hungry, the lost, and the otherwise unfortunate.

By the rules of the club, members are authorized to ride in blue coats and drab waistcoats, and to dine in red coats and white waistcoats. The red coats are actually worn to a mentionable extent, but the blue coat habit has never spread, and you may hunt with the club for a good while without suspecting that it has an authorized out-door costume. Pea-jackets, flannel shirts, breeches, and boots (often, *horribile dictu!* of rubber) are more popular.

Mr. Wadsworth's hounds, originally of native strain, are crossed with blood from Lord Fitzhardinge's, Sir Bache Cunard's, and the Badminton packs, and lately, to improve their "music," which suffered from these admixtures, with Lord Tredegar's. In 1891 there were usually thirteen couples in the pack.

Four institutions that are closely associated with the hunting in the Genesee Valley are the Mount Morris Horse Show, the Hunt Ball, the Point to Point Steeple-chase, and the Fourth of July sports. The Horse Show, under the special supervision of Mr. S. S. Howland, of Belwood, is held on the last Saturday in September, and marks the opening of the hunting season. It attracts all the horsemen in the valley and tributary to it, and many visitors from the world outside. It is the special and particular feast of horse-trading, a business which sustains the same intimate relations to fox-hunting that ship-building does to commerce. The show takes half a day, and is an important social function, involving basket lunches and much good human company, besides very desirable equine associations.

The Hunt Ball is another institution, and develops a great deal of social activity and a number of red coats.

The Point to Point Steeple-chase was supposed to punctuate the latter end of the regular hunting season, but irregular hunting continues long after it whenever the weather admits, which happens, year in and year out, about two days a week during January, February, and March. The Point to Point is a race across country for about four miles. Its conditions change with the season. One year the contestants were taken up a hill, shown a hay-stack of convenient remoteness, and told to ride to it. In 1890 the course was flagged. Last year there was no Point to Point. Its expediency is still under discussion, and the duration of its existence is uncertain.

An institution of much surer hold is the Fourth of July sports. On the great American anniversary the club holds its midsummer meeting at the Homestead. After lunch there the members compete at the Genesee Fair Grounds in such equestrian contests as tent-pegging, picking up the hat, riding for scarfs, Turks' heads and rings, and the like; and the festive farmer transmogrified into a cavalryman is a sight for gods and men.

Such is the hunting in the Genesee Valley, and if in the exigencies of narration undue space has been given to describing a drag-hunt, the reader is expected to remember that that has been on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle that a drag-hunt in the Genesee Valley especially deserves description because it is such a rarity. They only happen in October, and in that month last year there were only three, whereas the October wild-fox hunts numbered seventeen.

While the burden of starting the Hunt and keeping it up has fallen chiefly on Mr. Wadsworth, he has at all times had the support of enthusiastic coadjutors. Some of the faithfulest and most persistent of them are recruits of very recent years, whose youth and energy promise well for the long continuance of sport in the valley.

These many decades the man who can make two blades of grass grow in place of one has been held up as the typical benefactor of his kind. But it is doubtful if to us Americans, in our plenty, he is so pre-eminently helpful as the man who teaches us how to realize the full value of the grass that we have got. Critics have been used to say that our great fault was a defective ability to stop work and enjoy ourselves. It has been hard for us to stop work, particularly at home. If, as somebody has computed, Americans spent a hundred millions in Europe last year, it was partly because they were ashamed to be seen enjoying themselves in their own hard-working land, or didn't know how to do it. It will not always be so. We will realize after a time that recreation is really worth providing for at home, and as that time comes nearer, the Genesee Valley Hunt Club will become in an increasing degree an interesting study as an institution of a meritorious species, and very good of its kind.

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

LOT NO. 249.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

OF the dealings of Edward Bellingham with William Monkhouse Lee, and of the cause of the great terror of Abercrombie Smith, it may be that no absolute and final judgment will ever be delivered. It is true that we have the full and clear narrative of Smith himself, and such corroboration as he could look for from Thomas Styles, the servant, from the Reverend Plumptree Peterson, Fellow of Old's, and from such other people as chanced to gain some passing glance at this or that incident in a singular chain of events. Yet, in the main, the story must rest upon Smith alone, and the most will think that it is more likely that one brain, however outwardly sane, has some subtle warp in its texture, some strange flaw in its workings, than that the path of nature has been overstepped in open day in so famed a centre of learning and light as the University of Oxford. Yet when we think how narrow and how devious this path of nature is, how dimly we can trace it, for all our lamps of science, and how from the darkness which girds it round great and terrible possibilities loom ever shadowly upwards, it is a bold and confident man who will put a limit to the strange by-paths into which the human spirit may wander.

In a certain wing of what we will call Old College in Oxford there is a corner turret of an exceeding great age. The

THE CORNER TURRET.

heavy arch which spans the open door has bent downwards in the centre under the weight of its years, and the gray lichen-blotched blocks of stone are bound and knitted together with withes and strands of ivy, as though the old mother had set herself to brace them up against wind and weather. From the door a stone stair curves upward spirally, passing two landings, and terminating in a third one, its steps all shapeless and hollowed by the tread of so many generations of the seekers after knowledge. Life has flowed like water down this winding stair, and, waterlike, has left these smooth-worn grooves behind it. From the long-gowned pedantic scholars of Plantagenet days down to the young bloods of a later age, how full and strong had been that tide of young English life! And what was left now of all those hopes, those strivings, those fiery energies, save here and there in some old-world churchyard a few scratches upon a stone, and perchance a handful of dust in a mouldering coffin? Yet here were the silent stair and the gray old wall, with bend and saltire and many another heraldic device still to be read upon its surface, like grotesque shadows thrown back from the days that had passed.

In the month of May, in the year 1884, three young men occupied the sets of rooms which opened on to the separate landings of the old stair. Each set consisted simply of a sitting-room and of a bedroom, while the two corresponding rooms upon the ground-floor were used, the one as a coal-cellar, and the other as the living-room of the servant, or gyp, Thomas Styles, whose duty it was to wait upon the three men above him. To right and to left was a line of lecture-rooms and of offices, so that the dwellers in the old turret enjoyed a certain seclusion, which made the chambers popular among the more studious undergraduates. Such were the three who occupied them now—Abercrombie Smith above, Edward Bellingham beneath him, and William Monkhouse Lee upon the lowest story.

It was ten o'clock on a bright spring night, and Abercrombie Smith lay back in his arm-chair, his feet upon the fender, and his brier-root pipe between his lips. In a similar chair, and equally at his ease, there lounged on the other side of the fireplace his old school friend Jephro Hastie. Both men were in flannels, for they had spent their evening upon the river, but apart from their dress no one could look at their hard-cut alert faces without seeing that they were open-air men—men whose minds and tastes turned naturally to all that was manly and robust. Hastie, indeed, was stroke of his college boat, and Smith was an even better oar, but a coming examination had already cast its shadow over him and held him to his work, save for the few hours a week which health demanded. A litter of medical books upon the table, with scattered bones, models, and anatomical plates, pointed to the extent as well as

the nature of his studies, while a couple of single-sticks and a set of boxing-gloves above the mantel-piece hinted at the means by which, with Hastie's help, he might take his exercise in its most compressed and least distant form. They knew each other very well — so well that they could sit now in that soothing silence which is the very highest development of companionship.

"Have some whiskey," said Abercrombie Smith at last, between two cloudbursts. "Scotch in the jug and Irish in the bottle."

"No, thanks. I'm in for the sculls. I don't liquor when I'm training. How about you?"

"I'm reading hard. I think it best to leave it alone."

Hastie nodded, and they relapsed into a contented silence.

"By-the-way, Smith," asked Hastie, presently, "have you made the acquaintance of either of the fellows on your stair yet?"

"Just a nod when we pass. Nothing more."

"Hum! I should be inclined to let it stand at that. I know something of them both. Not much, but as much as I want. I don't think I should take them to my bosom if I were you. Not that there's much amiss with Monkhouse Lee."

"Meaning the thin one?"

"Precisely. He is a gentlemanly little fellow. I don't think there is any vice in him. But then you can't know him without knowing Bellingham."

"Meaning the fat one?"

"Yes, the fat one. And he's a man whom I for one would rather not know."

Abercrombie Smith raised his eyebrows and glanced across at his companion. "What's up, then?" he asked. "Drink? Cards? Cad? You used not to be censorious."

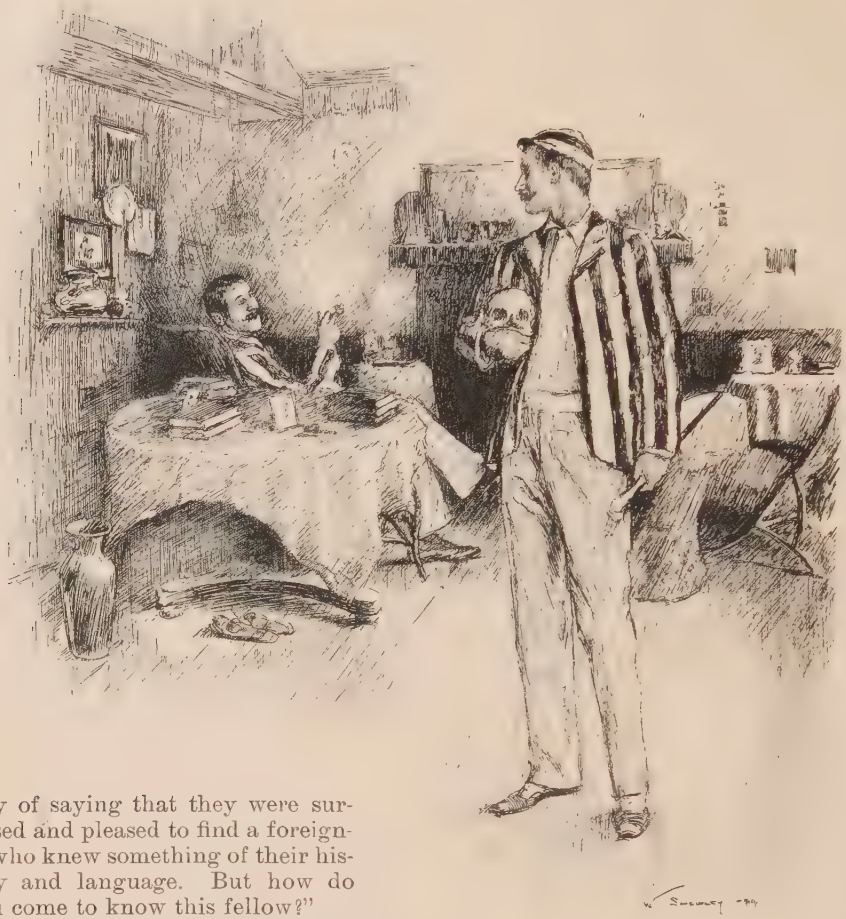
"Ah! you evidently don't know the man, or you wouldn't ask. There's something damnable about him, something reptilian. My gorge always rises at him. I should put him down as a man with secret vices—an evil liver. He's no fool, though. They say that he is one of the best men in his line that they have ever had in the college."

"THE TOW-PATH ALONG BY THE RIVER."

"Medicine or classics?"

"Eastern languages. He's a demon at them. Chillingworth met him somewhere above the second cataract last long, and he told me that he just prattled to the Arabs as if he had been born and nursed and weaned among them. He talked Coptic to the Copts, and Hebrew to the Jews, and Arabic to the Bedouins, and they were all ready to kiss the hem of his frock-coat. There are some old hermit Johnnies up in those parts who sit on rocks and scowl and spit at the casual stranger. Well, when they saw this chap Bellingham, before he had said five words they just lay down on their bellies and wriggled. Chillingworth said that he never saw anything like it. Bellingham seemed to take it as his right too, and strutted about among them and talked down to them like a Dutch uncle. Pretty good for an undergrad of Old's, wasn't it?"

"That sort of thing doesn't mean much in the East, though. It was just their



"GOOD-NIGHT, MY SON, AND TAKE MY TIP AS TO YOUR NEIGHBOR."

way of saying that they were surprised and pleased to find a foreigner who knew something of their history and language. But how do you come to know this fellow?"

"Well, I come from Applesford, you know, and so does young Monkhouse Lee. His father is vicar there, and he has a sister, Eveline Lee, who is as nice a little girl as you would wish to see. When Lee began to be chummy with Bellingham, he asked him down to stay at the vicarage, and I saw something of him. The mischief of it is that he's managed in some way to get the better of little Eveline, and she is engaged to him. What she can see in the fellow! But it's my belief that there are many women, and Eveline Lee is among them, who are so unselfish, and so gentle, and so frightened of giving pain, that if their fathers' gardeners were to propose to them, they would accept them for fear of hurting their feelings if they refused. Well, I suppose they know their own business best, but it makes a man grind his teeth. A dove and a toad—that's what I always think of."

Abercrombie Smith grinned and knocked his ashes out against the side of the grate. "You show every card in your hand, old chap," said he. "What a prejudiced, green-eyed, evil-thinking old man it is! You have really nothing against the fellow except that."

"Well, I've known her ever since she was as long as that cherry-wood pipe, and I don't like to see her taking risks. And it is a risk. He looks beastly. And he has a beastly temper, a venomous temper. You remember his row with Long Norton?"

"No; you always forget that I am a freshman."

"Ah, it was last winter. Of course. Well, you know the towpath along by the river. There were several fellows going along it, Bellingham in front, when they came on an old market-woman coming the other way. It had been raining—you know what those fields are like when it has rained—and the path ran between the river and a great puddle that was nearly as broad. Well, what does this swine do but keep the path, and push the old girl into the mud, where she and her marketings came to terrible grief. It was a blackguard thing to do, and Long Norton, who is as gentle a fellow as ever stepped, told him what he thought of it. One word led to another, and it ended in Norton laying his stick across the fellow's shoulders. There was the deuce of a fuss about it, and it's a treat to see the way in which Bellingham looks at Norton when they meet now. By Jove, Smith, it's nearly eleven o'clock!"

"No hurry. Light your pipe again."

"Not I. I'm supposed to be in training. Here I've been sitting gossiping like a —— old woman when I ought to have been safely tucked up. I'll borrow your skull, if you can spare it. Williams has had mine for a month. I'll take the little bones of your ear too, if you are sure you won't need them. Thanks very much. Never mind a bag, I can carry them very well under my arm. Good-night, my son, and take my tip as to your neighbor."

When Hastie, bearing his anatomical plunder, had clattered off down the winding stair, Abercrombie Smith hurled his pipe into the waste-paper basket, and drawing his chair nearer to the lamp, plunged into a formidable green-covered volume, adorned with great colored maps of that strange internal kingdom of which we are the hapless and helpless monarchs. Though a freshman at Oxford, the student was not so in medicine, for he had worked for four years at Glasgow and at Berlin, and this coming examination would place him finally as a member of his profession. With his firm mouth, broad forehead, and clear-cut, somewhat hard-featured face, he was a man who, if he had no brilliant talent, was yet so dogged, so patient, and so strong that he might in the end overtop a more showy genius. A man who can hold his own among Scotchmen and North Germans is not a man to be easily set back. Smith had left a name at Glasgow and at Berlin, and he was bent now upon doing as much at Oxford, if hard work and devotion could accomplish it.

He had sat reading for about an hour, and the hands of the noisy carriage clock upon the side table were rapidly closing together upon the twelve, when a sudden sound fell upon the student's ear, a sharp, rather shrill sound, like the hissing intake of a man's breath who gasps under some strong emotion. Smith laid down his book and slanted his ear to listen. There was no one on either side or above him, so that the interruption came certainly from the neighbor beneath him—the same neighbor of whom Hastie had given so unsavory an account. Smith knew him only as a flabby pale-faced man of silent and studious habits, a man, whose lamp threw a golden bar from the old turret even after he had extinguished his own. This community in lateness had formed a certain silent bond between them. It was soothing to Smith when the hours stole on towards dawning to feel that there was another so close who set as small a value upon his sleep as he did. He could even see him at times, for when the moon lay behind the turret, and cast its black length across the green quadrangle lawn, each window stood out upon the shadow as a yellow glimmering square, and there, in the centre of this golden frame, Smith could sometimes see the blurred outline of the sunken head and rounded shoulders of the worker beneath him. Even now, as his thoughts turned towards him, Smith's feelings were kindly. Hastie was a good fellow, but he was rough, strong-fibred, with no imagination or sympathy. He could not tolerate departures from what he looked upon as the model type of manliness. If a man could not be measured by a public-school standard, then he was beyond the pale with Hastie. Like so many who are themselves robust, he was apt to confuse the constitution with the character, to ascribe to want of principle what was really a want of circulation. Smith, with his stronger mind, knew his friend's habit, and made allowance for it now as his thoughts turned towards the man beneath him.

There was no return of the singular sound, and Smith was about to turn to his work once more, when suddenly there broke out in the silence of the night a hoarse cry, a positive scream, the call of

a man who is moved and shaken beyond all control. Smith sprang out of his chair and dropped his book. He was a man of fairly firm fibre, but there was something in this sudden uncontrollable shriek of horror which chilled his blood and pringled in his skin. Coming in such a place and at such an hour, it brought a thousand fantastic possibilities into his head. Should he rush down, or was it better to wait? He had all the national hatred of making a scene, and he knew so little of his neighbor that he would not lightly intrude upon his affairs. For a moment he stood in doubt, and even as he balanced the matter there was a quick rattle of footsteps upon the stairs, and young Monkhouse Lee, half dressed and as white as ashes, burst into his room.

"Come down!" he gasped. "Bellingham's ill."

Abercrombie Smith followed him closely down stairs into the sitting-room which was beneath his own, and intent as he was upon the matter in hand, he could not but take an amazed glance around him as he crossed the threshold. It was such a chamber as he had never seen before—a museum rather than a study. Walls and ceiling were thickly covered with a thousand strange relics from Egypt and the East. Tall angular figures bearing burdens or weapons stalked in an uncouth frieze round the apartments. Above were bull-headed, stork-headed, cat-headed, owl-headed statues, with viper-crowned, almond-eyed monarchs, and strange beetlelike deities cut out of the blue Egyptian lapis lazuli. Horus and Isis and Osiris peeped down from every niche and shelf, while across the ceiling a true son of Old Nile, a great hanging-jawed crocodile, was hung in a double noose.

In the centre of this singular chamber was a large square table, littered with papers, bottles, and the dried leaves of some graceful palm-like plant. These varied objects had all been heaped together in order to make room for a mummy case, which had been conveyed from the wall, as was evident from the gap there, and laid across the front of the table. The mummy itself, a horrid, black, withered thing, like a charred head on a gnarled bush, was lying half out of the case, with its clawlike hand and bony forearm resting upon the table. Propped up against the sarcophagus was an old yellow scroll of papyrus, and in front of it, in a wooden arm-chair, sat the owner of the room, his head thrown back, his widely opened eyes directed in a horrified stare to the crocodile above him, and his blue thick lips puffing loudly with every expiration.

"My God! he's dying!" cried Monkhouse Lee, distractedly. He was a slim, handsome young fellow, olive-skinned and dark-eyed, of a Spanish rather than of an English type, with a Celtic intensity of manner which contrasted with the Saxon phlegm of Abercrombie Smith.

"Only a faint, I think," said the medical student. "Just give me a hand with him. You take his feet. Now on to the sofa. Can you kick all those little wooden devils off? What a litter it is! Now he will be all right if we undo his collar and give him some water. What has he been up to at all?"

"I don't know. I heard him cry out as I ran up. I know him pretty well, you know. It is very good of you to come down."

"His heart is going like a pair of castanets," said Smith, laying his hand on the breast of the unconscious man. "He seems to me to be frightened all to pieces. Chuck the water on him! What a face he has got on him!"

It was indeed a strange and most repellent face, for color and outline were equally unnatural. It was white, not with the ordinary pallor of fear, but with an absolutely bloodless white, like the under side of a sole. He was very fat, but gave the impression of having at some time been considerably fatter, for his skin hung loosely in creases and folds, and was shot with a mesh-work of wrinkles. Short stubbly brown hair bristled up from his scalp, with a pair of thick wrinkled ears protruding on either side. His light gray eyes were still open, the pupils dilated, and the balls projecting in a fixed and horrid stare. It seemed to Smith as he looked down upon him that he had never seen nature's danger signals flying so plainly upon a man's countenance, and his thoughts turned more seriously to the warning which Hastie had given him an hour before.

"What the deuce can have frightened him so?" he asked.

"It's the mummy."

"The mummy? How, then?"

"I don't know. It's beastly and morbid. I wish he would drop it. It's the

second fright he has given me. It was the same last winter. I found him just like this, with that horrid thing in front of him."

"What does he want with the mummy, then?"

"Oh, he's a crank, you know. It's his hobby. He knows more about these things than any man in England. But I wish he wouldn't! Ah, he's beginning to come to."

A faint tinge of color had begun to steal back into Bellingham's ghastly cheeks, and his eyelids shivered like a sail after a calm. He clasped and unclasped his hands, drew a long thin breath between his teeth, and suddenly jerking up his head, threw a glance of recognition around him. As his eyes fell upon the mummy, he sprang off the sofa, seized the roll of papyrus, thrust it into a drawer, locked the drawer, and then staggered back on to the sofa.

"What's up?" he asked. "What do you chaps want?"

"You've been shrieking out and making no end of a fuss," said Monkhouse Lee. "If our neighbor here from above hadn't come down, I'm sure I don't know what I should have done with you."

"Ah, it's Mr. Abercrombie Smith," said Bellingham, glancing up at him. "How very good of you to come in! What a fool I am! Oh, my God, what a fool I am!" He sunk his head on to his hands, and burst into peal after peal of hysterical laughter.

"Look here! Drop it!" cried Smith, shaking him roughly by the shoulder. "Your nerves are all in a jangle. You must drop these little midnight games with mummies, or you'll be going off your chump. You're all on wires now."

"I wonder," said Bellingham, "whether you would be as cool as I am if you had seen—"

"What, then?"

"Oh, nothing. I meant that I wonder if you could sit up at night with a mummy without trying your nerves. I have no doubt that you are quite right. I dare say that I have been taking it out of myself too much lately. But I am all right now. Please don't go, though. Just wait for a few minutes until I am quite myself."

"The room is very close," remarked Lee, throwing open the window and letting in the cool night air.

"It's balsamic resin," said Bellingham. He lifted up one of the dried palmate leaves from the table and frizzled it up over the chimney of the lamp. It broke away into heavy smoke wreaths, and a pungent biting odor filled the chamber. "It's the sacred plant—the plant of the priests," he remarked. "Do you know anything of Eastern languages, Mr. Smith?"

"Nothing at all. Not a word."

The answer seemed to lift a weight from the Egyptologist's mind. "By-the-way," he continued, "how long was it from the time that you came down until I came to my senses?"

"Not long. Some four or five minutes."

"I thought it could not be very long," said he, drawing a long breath. "But what a strange thing unconsciousness is! There is no measurement to it. I could not tell from my own sensations if it were seconds or weeks. Now that gentleman on the table was packed up in the days of the eleventh dynasty, some forty centuries ago, and yet if he could find his tongue, he would tell us that this lapse of time has been but a closing of the eyes and a reopening of them. He is a singularly fine mummy, Mr. Smith."

Smith stepped over to the table and looked down with a professional eye at the black and twisted form in front of him. The features, though horribly discolored, were perfect, and two little nut-like eyes still lurked in the depths of the black hollow sockets. The blotched skin was drawn tightly from bone to bone, and a tangled wrap of black coarse hair fell over the ears. Two thin teeth, like those of a rat, overlay the shrivelled lower lip. In its crouching position, with bent joints and craned head, there was a suggestion of energy about the horrid thing which made Smith's gorge rise. The gaunt ribs, with their parchmentlike covering, were exposed, and the sunken, leaden-hued abdomen, with the long slit where the embalmer had left his mark; but the lower limbs were wrapt round with coarse yellow bandages. A number of little clovelike pieces of myrrh and of cassia were sprinkled over the body, and lay scattered on the inside of the case.

"I don't know his name," said Bellingham, passing his hand over the shrivelled head. "You see the outer sarcophagus with the inscriptions is missing. Lot

249 is all the title he has now. You see it printed on his case. That was his number in the auction at which I picked him up."

"He has been a very pretty sort of fellow in his day," remarked Abercrombie Smith.

"He has been a giant. His mummy is six feet seven in length, and that would be a giant over there, for they were never a very robust race. Feel these great knotted bones too. He would be a nasty fellow to tackle."

"Perhaps these very hands helped to build the stones into the pyramids," suggested Monkhouse Lee, looking down with disgust in his eyes at the crooked, unclean talons.

"No fear. This fellow has been pickled in natron, and looked after in the most approved style. They did not serve hodsmen in that fashion. Salt or bitumen was enough for them. It has been calculated that this sort of thing cost about seven hundred and thirty pounds in our money. Our friend was a noble at the least. What do you make of that small inscription near his feet, Mr. Smith?"

"I told you that I know no Eastern tongue."

"Ah, so you did! It is the name of the embalmer, I take it. A very conscientious worker he must have been. I wonder how many modern works will survive four thousand years?"

He kept on speaking lightly and rapidly, but it was evident to Abercrombie Smith that he was still palpitating with fear. His hands shook, his lower lip trembled, and look where he would, his eye always came sliding round to his grewsome companion. Through all his fear, however, there was a suspicion of triumph in his tone and manner. His eye shone, and his footstep, as he paced the room, was brisk and jaunty. He gave the impression of a man who has gone through an ordeal the marks of which he still bears upon him, but which has helped him to his end.

"You're not going yet?" he cried, as Smith rose from the sofa. At the prospect of solitude, his fears seemed to crowd back upon him, and he stretched out a hand to detain him.

"Yes, I must go. I have my work to do. You are all right now. I think that with your nervous system you should take up some less morbid study."

"Oh, I am not nervous as a rule; and I have unwrapped mummies before."

"You fainted last time," observed Monkhouse Lee.

"Ah yes, so I did. Well, I must have a nerve tonic or a course of electricity. You are not going, Lee?"

"I'll do whatever you wish, Ned."

"Then I'll come down with you and have a shake-down on your sofa. Good-night, Mr. Smith. I am so sorry to have disturbed you with my foolishness."

They shook hands, and as the medical student stumbled up the spiral and irregular stair he heard a key turn in a door, and the steps of his two new acquaintances as they descended to the lower floor.

In this strange way began the acquaintance between Edward Bellingham and Abercrombie Smith, an acquaintance which the latter, at least, had no desire to push further. Bellingham, however, appeared to have taken a fancy to his rough-spoken neighbor, and made his advances in such a way that he could hardly be repulsed without absolute brutality. Twice he called to thank Smith for his assistance, and many times afterwards he looked in with books, papers, and such other civilities as two bachelor neighbors can offer each other. He was, as Smith soon found, a man of wide reading, with catholic tastes and an extraordinary memory. His manner, too, was so pleasing and suave that one came, after a time, to overlook his repellent appearance. For a jaded and wearied man he was no unpleasant companion, and Smith found himself, after a time, looking forward to his visits, and even returning them.

Clever as he undoubtedly was, however, the medical student seemed to detect a dash of insanity in the man. He broke out at times into a high inflated style of talk which was in contrast with the simplicity of his life.

"It is a wonderful thing," he cried, "to feel that one can command powers of good and of evil—a ministering angel or a demon of vengeance." And again, of Monkhouse Lee he said: "Lee is a good fellow, an honest fellow, but he is without strength or ambition. He would not make a fit partner for a man with a great enterprise. He would not make a fit partner for me."

At such hints and innuendoes stolid

Smith, puffing solemnly at his pipe, would simply raise his eyebrows and shake his head, with little interjections of medical wisdom as to earlier hours and fresher air.

One habit Bellingham had developed of late which Smith knew to be a frequent herald of a weakening mind. He appeared to be forever talking to himself. At late hours of the night, when there could be no visitor with him, Smith could still hear his voice beneath him in a low muffled monologue, sunk almost to a whisper, and yet very audible in the silence. This solitary babbling annoyed and distracted the student, so that he spoke more than once to his neighbor about it. Bellingham, however, flushed up at the charge, and denied curtly that he had uttered a sound; indeed, he showed more annoyance over the matter than the occasion seemed to demand.

Had Abercrombie Smith had any doubt as to his own ears he had not to go far to find corroboration. Tom Styles, the little wrinkled man-servant who had attended to the wants of the lodgers in the turret for a longer time than any man's memory could carry him, was sorely put to it over the same matter.

"If you please, sir," said he, as he tidied down the top chamber one morning, "do you think Mr. Bellingham is all right, sir?"

"All right, Styles?"

"Yes, sir. Right in his head, sir."

"Why should he not be, then?"

"Well, I don't know, sir. His habits has changed of late. He's not the same man he used to be, though I make free to say that he was never quite one of my gentlemen, like Mr. Hastie or yourself, sir. He's took to talkin' to himself something awful. I wonder it don't disturb you. And for days sometimes he'll keep his door locked, so as I can't even make the bed; and then again he'll have it open the same as ever—wide open so as all who pass can see his mummies and things. I don't know what to make of him, sir."

"I don't know what business it is of yours, Styles."

"Well, I takes an interest, Mr. Smith. It may be forward of me, but I can't help it. I feel sometimes as if I was mother and father to my young gentlemen. It all falls on me when things go wrong and the relations come. There was poor Mr. Williams, who went mad in '47. And Mr. McAlister in '62. Brain softening from overwork, they said. He lived in this very room. I don't speak of the dliriumtremenses which I've had, three on each floor, and four on the lowest. But Mr. Bellingham, sir. I want to know what it is that walks about his room sometimes when he's out and when the door's locked on the outside."

"Eh? You're talking nonsense, Styles."

"Maybe so, sir; but I heard it more'n once with my own ears."

"Rubbish, Styles."

"Very good, sir. You'll ring the bell if you want me."

Abercrombie Smith gave little heed to the gossip of the old man-servant, but a small incident occurred a few days later which left an unpleasant effect upon his mind, and brought the words of Styles forcibly to his memory.

Bellingham had come up to see him late one night, and was entertaining him with an interesting account of the rock tombs of Beni Hassan in Upper Egypt, when Smith, whose hearing was remarkably acute, distinctly heard the sound of a door opening on the landing below.

"There's some fellow gone in or out of your room," he remarked.

Bellingham sprang up and stood helpless for a moment, with the expression of a man who is half incredulous and half afraid.

"I surely locked it. I am almost positive that I locked it," he stammered. "No one could have opened it."

"Why, I hear some one coming up the steps now," said Smith.

Bellingham rushed out through the door, slammed it loudly behind him, and hurried down the stairs. About halfway down Smith heard him stop, and thought he caught the sound of whispering. A moment later the door beneath him shut, a key creaked in a lock, and Bellingham, with beads of moisture upon his pale face, ascended the stairs once more, and re-entered the room.

"It's all right," he said, throwing himself down in a chair. "It was that fool of a dog. He had pushed the door open. I don't know how I came to forget to lock it."

"I didn't know you kept a dog," said Smith, looking very thoughtfully at the disturbed face of his companion.

"Yes. I haven't had him long. I

must get rid of him. He's a great nuisance."

"He must be, if you find it so hard to shut him up. I should have thought that shutting the door would have been enough without locking it."

"I want to prevent old Styles from letting him out. He's of some value, you know, and it would be awkward to lose him."

"I am a bit of a dog-fancier myself," said Smith, still gazing hard at his companion from the corner of his eyes. "Perhaps you'll let me have a look at it."

"Certainly. But I am afraid it cannot be to-night; I have an appointment. Is that clock right? Then I am a quarter of an hour late already. You'll excuse me, I am sure." He picked up his cap and hurried from the room. In spite of his appointment, Smith heard him reenter his own chamber and lock his door upon the inside.

This interview left a disagreeable impression upon the medical student's mind. Bellingham had lied to him, and lied so clumsily that it looked as if he had desperate reasons for concealing the truth. Smith knew that his neighbor had no dog. He knew, also, that the step which he had heard upon the stairs was not the step of an animal. But if it were not, then what could it be? There was old Styles's statement about the something which used to pace the room at times when the owner was absent. Could it be a woman? Smith rather inclined to the view. If so, it would mean disgrace and expulsion to Bellingham if it were discovered by the authorities, so that his anxiety and falsehoods might be accounted for. And yet it was inconceivable that an undergraduate could keep a woman in his rooms without being instantly detected. Be the explanation what it might, there was something ugly about it, and Smith determined, as he turned to his books, to discourage all further attempts at intimacy on the part of his soft-spoken and ill-favored neighbor.

But his work was destined to interruption that night. He had hardly caught up the broken threads when a firm heavy footfall came three steps at a time from below, and Hastie, in blazer and flannels, burst into the room.

"Still at it!" said he, plumping down into his wonted arm-chair. "What a chap you are to stew! I believe an earthquake might come and knock Oxford into a cocked hat, and you would sit perfectly placid with your books among the ruins. However, I won't bore you long. Three whiffs of baccy, and I am off."

"What's the news, then?" asked Smith, cramming a plug of bird's-eye into his brier with his forefinger.

"Nothing very much. Wilson made 70 for the freshmen against the eleven. They say that they will play him instead of Buddicomb, for Buddicomb is clean off color. He used to be able to bowl a little, but it's nothing but half-vollies and long hops now."

"Medium right," suggested Smith, with the intense gravity which comes upon a 'varsity man when he speaks of athletics.

"Inclining to fast with a work from leg. Comes with the arm about three inches or so. He used to be nasty on a wet wicket. Oh, by-the-way, have you heard about Long Norton?"

"What's that?"

"He's been attacked."

"Attacked?"

"Yes; just as he was turning out of the High Street, and within a hundred yards of the gate of Old's."

"But who—"

"Ah, that's the rub! If you said 'what,' you would be more grammatical. Norton swears that it was not human, and, indeed, from the scratches on his throat, I should be inclined to agree with him."

"What, then? Have we come down to spooks?" Abercrombie Smith puffed his scientific contempt.

"Well, no; I don't think that is quite the idea, either. I am inclined to think that if any showman has lost a great ape lately, and the brute is in these parts, a jury would find a true bill against it. Norton passes that way every night, you know, about the same hour. There's a tree that hangs low over the path—the big elm from Rainy's garden. Norton thinks the thing dropped on him out of the tree. Anyhow, he was nearly strangled by two arms, which, he says, were as strong and as thin as steel bands. He saw nothing; only these beastly arms that tightened and tightened on him. He yelled his head nearly off, and a couple of chaps came running, and the thing went over the wall like a cat. He never got a fair sight of it the whole time. It gave Norton a shake up, I can tell you. I tell him it has been as

good as a change at the sea-side for him."

"A garroter, most likely," said Smith.

"Very possibly. Norton says not; but we don't mind what he says. The garroter had long nails, and was pretty smart at swinging himself over walls. By-the-way, your beautiful neighbor would be pleased if he heard about it. He had a grudge against Norton, and he's not a man, from what I know of him, to forget his little debts. But hollo, old chap, what have you got in your noddle?"

"Nothing," Smith answered, curtly. He had started in his chair, and the look had flashed over his face which comes upon a man who is struck suddenly by some unpleasant idea.

"You looked as if something I had said had taken you on the raw. By-the-way, you have made the acquaintance of Master B. since I looked in last, have you not? Young Monkhouse Lee told me something to that effect."

"Yes; I know him slightly. He has been up here once or twice."

"Well, you're big enough and ugly enough to take care of yourself. He's not what I should call exactly a healthy sort of Johnny, though, no doubt, he's very clever, and all that. But you'll soon find out for yourself. Lee is all right; he's a very decent little fellow. Well, so long, old chap! I row Mullins for the Vice-Chancellor's pot on Wednesday week, so mind you come down, in case I don't see you before."

He clattered off, with a trail of smoke behind him like a steamer, while bovine Smith laid down his pipe and turned stolidly to his books once more. But with all the will in the world, he found it very hard to keep his mind upon his work. It would slip away to brood upon the man beneath him, and upon the little mystery which seemed to hang round his chambers. Then his thoughts turned to this singular attack of which Hastie had spoken, and to the grudge which Bellingham was said to owe the object of it. The two ideas would persist in rising together in his mind, as though there were some close and intimate connection between them. And yet the suspicion was so dim and vague that it could not be put down in words.

"Confound the chap!" cried Smith, as he shied his book on pathology across the room. "He has spoiled my night's reading, and that's reason enough, if there were no other, why I should steer clear of him in the future."

For ten days the medical student confined himself so closely to his studies that he neither saw nor heard anything of either of the men beneath him. At the hours when Bellingham had been accustomed to visit him, he took care to sport his oak, and though he more than once heard a knocking at his outer door, he resolutely refused to answer it. One afternoon, however, he was descending the stairs when, just as he was passing it, Bellingham's door flew open, and young Monkhouse Lee came out with his eyes sparkling and a dark flush of anger upon his olive cheeks. Close at his heels followed Bellingham, his fat, unhealthy face all quivering with malignant passion.

"You fool!" he hissed. "You'll be sorry."

"Very likely," cried the other. "Mind what I say. It's off! I won't hear of it!"

"You've promised, anyhow."

"Oh, I'll keep that! I won't speak. But I'd rather little Eva was in her grave. Once for all, it's off. She'll do what I say. We don't want to see you again."

So much Smith could not avoid hearing, but he hurried on, for he had no wish to be involved in their dispute. There had been a serious breach between them, that was clear enough, and Lee was going to cause the engagement with his sister to be broken off. Smith thought of Hastie's comparison of the toad and the dove, and was glad to think that the matter was at an end. Bellingham's face when he was in a passion was not pleasant to look upon. He was not a man to whom an innocent girl could be trusted for life. As he walked, Smith wondered languidly what could have caused the quarrel, and what the promise might be which Bellingham had been so anxious that Monkhouse Lee should keep.

It was the day of the sculling match between Hastie and Mullins, and a stream of men were making their way down to the banks of the Isis. A May sun was shining brightly, and the yellow path was barred with the black shadows of the tall elm-trees. On either side the gray colleges lay back from the road, the hoary old mothers of minds looking out from their high mullioned windows at the tide of young life which swept so merrily past them. Black-clad tutors, prim officials,

pale reading men, brown-faced, straw-hatted young athletes in white sweaters or many-colored blazers, all were hurrying towards the blue winding river which curves through the Oxford meadows.

Abercrombie Smith, with the intuition of an old oarsman, chose his position at the point where he knew that the struggle, if there were a struggle, would come. Far off he heard the hum which announced the start, the gathering roar of the approach, the thunder of running feet, and the shouts of the men in the boats beneath him. A spray of half-clad, deep-breathing runners shot past him, and craning over their shoulders, he saw Hastie pulling a steady thirty-six, while his opponent, with a jerky forty, was a good boat's length behind him. Smith gave a bellow of approval, and pulling out his watch, was starting off again for his chambers, when he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and found that young Monkhouse Lee was beside him.

"I saw you there," he said, in a timid, deprecating way. "I wanted to speak to you, if you could spare me a half-hour. This cottage is mine. I share it with Harrington of King's. Come in and have a cup of tea."

"I must be back presently," said Smith. "I am hard on the grind at present. But I'll come in for a few minutes with pleasure. I wouldn't have come out only Hastie is a friend of mine."

"So he is of mine. Hasn't he a beautiful style? Mullins wasn't in it. But come into the cottage. It's a little den of a place, but it is pleasant to work in during the summer months."

It was a little square white building with green doors and shutters, and a rustic trellis-work porch, with a drapery of creepers over it, standing back some fifty yards from the river's bank. Inside, the main room was roughly fitted up as a study—deal table, unpainted shelves with books, and a few cheap oleographs upon the wall. A kettle sang upon a spirit-stove, and there were tea things upon a tray on the table.

"Try that chair and have a cigarette," said Lee. "Let me pour you out a cup of tea. It's so good of you to come in, for I know that your time is a good deal taken up. I wanted to say to you that if I were you I would change my rooms at once."

"Eh?" Smith sat staring with a lighted match in one hand and his unlit cigarette in the other.

"Yes; it must seem very extraordinary, and the worst of it is that I cannot give my reasons, for I am under a solemn promise—a very solemn promise. But I may go so far as to say that I don't think Bellingham is a very safe man to live near. I intend to camp out here as much as I can for a time."

"Not safe? What do you mean?"

"Ah, that's what I mustn't say. But do take my advice, and move your rooms. We had a grand row to-day. You must have heard us, for you came down the stairs."

"I saw that you had fallen out."

"He's a horrible chap, Mr. Smith. That is the only word for him. I have had doubts about him ever since that night when he fainted—you remember, when you came down. I taxed him to-day, and he told me things that made my hair rise, and wanted me to stand in with him. I'm not straitlaced, but I am a clergyman's son, you know, and I think there are some things which are quite beyond the pale. I only thank God that I found him out before it was too late, for he was to have married into my family."

"This is all very fine, Lee," said Abercrombie Smith, curtly. "But either you are saying a great deal too much or a great deal too little."

"I give you a warning."

"If there is real reason for warning, no promise can bind you. If I see a rascal about to blow a place up with dynamite, no pledge will stand in my way of preventing him."

"Ah, but I cannot prevent him, and I can do nothing but warn you."

"Without saying what you warn me against."

"Against Bellingham."

"But that is childish. Why should I fear him, or any man?"

"I can't tell you. I can only entreat you to change your rooms. You are in danger where you are. I don't even say that Bellingham would wish to injure you. But it might happen, for he is a dangerous neighbor just now."

"Perhaps I know more than you think," said Smith, looking keenly at the young man's boyish, earnest face. "Suppose I tell you that some one else shares Bellingham's rooms."

Monkhouse Lee sprang from his chair

in incontrollable excitement. "You know, then?" he gasped.

"A woman."

Lee dropped back again with a groan. "My lips are sealed," he said. "I must not speak."

"Well, anyhow," said Smith, rising, "it is not likely that I would allow myself to be frightened out of rooms which suit me very nicely. It would be a little too feeble for me to move out all my goods and chattels because you say that Bellingham might in some unexplained way do me an injury. I think that I'll just take my chance, and stay where I am, and as I see that it's nearly five o'clock, I must ask you to excuse me." He bade the young student adieu in a few curt words, and made his way homeward through the sweet spring evening, feeling half ruffled, half amused, as any other strong, unimaginative man might who has been menaced by a vague and shadowy danger.

There was one little indulgence which Abercrombie Smith always allowed himself, however closely his work might press upon him. Twice a week, on the Tuesday and the Friday, it was his invariable custom to walk over to Farlingford, the residence of the Reverend Plumptree Peterson, situated about a mile and a half out of Oxford. Peterson had been a close friend of Smith's elder brother Francis, and as he was a bachelor, fairly well-to-do, with a good cellar and a better library, his house was a pleasant goal for a man who was in need of a brisk walk. Twice a week, then, the medical student would swing out there along the dark country roads, and spend a pleasant hour in Peterson's comfortable study, discussing, over a glass of old port, the gossip of the 'varsity or the latest black-letter which the book-dealers had sent to his host.

On the day which followed his interview with Monkhouse Lee, Smith shut up his books at a quarter past eight, the hour when he usually started for his friend's house. As he was leaving his room, however, his eyes happened to fall upon one of the books which Bellingham had lent him, and his conscience pricked him for not having returned it. However repellent the man might be, he should not be treated with discourtesy. Taking the book, he walked down stairs and knocked at his neighbor's door. There was no answer; but on turning the handle he found that it was unlocked. Pleased at the thought of avoiding an interview, he stepped inside, and placed the book with his card upon the table.

The lamp was turned half down, but Smith could see the details of the room plainly enough. It was all much as he had seen it before—the frieze, the animal-headed gods, the hanging crocodile, and the table littered over with papers and dried leaves. The mummy case stood upright against the wall, but the mummy itself was missing. There was no sign of any second occupant of the room, and he felt as he withdrew that he had probably done Bellingham an injustice. Had he a guilty secret to preserve, he would hardly leave his door open so that all the world might enter.

The spiral stair was as black as pitch, and Smith was slowly making his way down its irregular steps, when he was suddenly conscious that something had passed him in the darkness. There was a faint sound, a whiff of air, a light brushing past his elbow, but so slight that he could scarcely be certain of it. He stopped and listened, but the wind was rustling among the ivy outside, and he could hear nothing else.

"Is that you, Styles?" he shouted.

There was no answer, and all was still behind him. It must have been a sudden gust of air, for there were crannies and cracks in the old turret. And yet he could almost have sworn that he heard a footfall by his very side. He had emerged into the quadrangle, still turning the matter over in his head, when a man came running swiftly across the smooth-cropped lawn.

"Is that you, Smith?"

"Hullo, Hastie!"

"For God's sake come at once! Young Lee is drowned! Here's Harrington of King's with the news. The doctor is out. You'll do, but come along at once. There may be life in him."

"Have you brandy?"

"No."

"I'll bring some. There's a flask on my table."

Smith bounded up the stairs, taking three at a time, seized the flask, and was rushing down with it, when, as he passed Bellingham's room, his eyes fell upon something which left him gasping and staring upon the landing.

The door, which he had closed behind

him, was now open, and right in front of him, with the lamp-light shining upon it, was the mummy case. Three minutes ago it had been empty. He could swear to that. Now it framed the lank body of its horrible occupant, who stood, grim and stark, with his black shrivelled face towards the door. The form was lifeless and inert, but it seemed to Smith as he gazed that there still lingered a lurid spark of vitality, some faint sign of consciousness in the little eyes which lurked in the depths of the hollow sockets. So astounded and shaken was he that he had forgotten his errand, and still stood staring at the lean sunken figure when the voice of his friend below recalled him to himself.

"Come on, Smith!" he shouted. "It's life and death, you know. Hurry up! Now, then," he added, as the medical student reappeared, "let us do a sprint. It is well under a mile, and we should do it in five minutes. A human life is better worth running for than a pot."

Away they dashed, neck and neck, through the darkness, and did not pull up until, panting and spent, they had reached the little cottage by the river. Young Lee, limp and dripping like a broken water-plant, was stretched upon the sofa, the green scum of the river upon his black hair, and a fringe of white foam upon his leaden-hued lips. Beside him knelt his fellow-student Harrington and their old housekeeper, endeavoring to chafe some warmth back into his rigid limbs.

"I think there's life in him," said Smith, with his hand to his side. "Put your watch glass to his lips. Yes, there's dimming on it. You take one arm, Hastie. Now work it as I do, and we'll soon pull him round."

For ten minutes they worked in silence, inflating and depressing the chest of the unconscious man. At the end of that time a shiver ran through his body, his lips trembled, and he opened his eyes. The three students burst out into an irrepressible cheer.

"Wake up, old chap. You've frightened us quite enough."

"Have some brandy. Take a sip from the flask."

"He's all right now," said his companion Harrington. "Heavens, what a fright I got! I was reading here, and he went out for a stroll as far as the river, when I heard a scream and a splash. Out I ran, and by the time I could find him and fish him out, all life seemed to have gone out of him. Then Mrs. Simpson couldn't get a doctor, for she has a game-leg, and I had to run, and I don't know what I'd have done without you fellows. That's right, old chap. Sit up."

Monkhouse Lee had raised himself on his hands, and looked wildly about him. "What's up?" he asked. "I've been in the water. Ah, yes; I remember." A look of fear came into his eyes, and he sank his face in his hands.

"How did you fall in?"

"I didn't fall in."

"How, then?"

"I was thrown in. I was standing by the bank, and something from behind picked me up like a feather and hurled me in. I heard nothing, and I saw nothing. But I know what it was for all that."

"And so do I," whispered Smith.

Lee looked up with a quick glance of surprise. "You've learned, then?" he said. "You remember the advice I gave you?"

"Yes, and I begin to think that I shall take it."

"I don't know what the deuce you fellows are talking about," said Hastie, "but I think if I were you, Harrington, I would get Lee to bed at once. It will be time enough to discuss the why and the wherefore when he is a little stronger. I think, Smith, you and I can leave him alone now. I am walking back to college; if you are coming in that direction, we can have a chat."

But it was little chat that they had upon their homeward path. Smith's mind was too full of the incidents of the evening, the absence of the mummy from his neighbor's rooms, the step that passed him on the stair, the reappearance—the extraordinary, inexplicable reappearance of the grisly thing—and then this attack upon Lee, corresponding so closely to the previous outrage upon another man against whom Bellingham bore a grudge. All this settled in his thoughts, together with the many little incidents which had previously turned him against his neighbor, and the singular circumstances under which he was first called in to him. What had been a dim suspicion, a vague fantastic conjecture, had suddenly taken form, and stood out in his mind as a grim fact, a thing not to be denied. And yet

how monstrous it was! how unheard of! how entirely beyond all bounds of human experience. An impartial judge, or even the friend who walked by his side, would simply tell him that his eyes had deceived him, that the mummy had been there all the time, that young Lee had tumbled into the river as any other man tumbles into a river, and that a blue-pill was the best thing for a disordered liver. He felt that he would have said as much if the positions had been reversed. And yet he could swear that Bellingham was a murderer at heart, and that he wielded a weapon such as no man had ever used in all the grim history of crime.

Hastie had branched off to his rooms with a few crisp and emphatic comments upon his friend's unsociability, and Abercrombie Smith crossed the quadrangle to his corner turret with a strong feeling of repulsion for his chambers and their associations. He would take Lee's advice, and move his quarters as soon as possible, for how could a man study when his ear was ever straining for every murmur or footstep in the room below? He observed, as he crossed over the lawn, that the light was still shining in Bellingham's window, and as he passed up the staircase the door opened, and the man himself looked out at him. With his fat evil face he was like some bloated spider fresh from the weaving of his poisonous web.

"Good-evening," said he. "Won't you come in?"

"No," cried Smith, fiercely.

"No? You are busy as ever? I wanted to ask you about Lee. I was sorry to hear that there was a rumor that something was amiss with him." His features were grave, but there was the gleam of a hidden laugh in his eyes as he spoke. Smith saw it, and he could have knocked him down for it.

"You'll be sorrier still to hear that Mr. Monkhouse Lee is doing very well, and is out of all danger," he answered. "Your hellish tricks have not come off this time. Oh, you needn't try to brazen it out. I know all about it."

Bellingham took a step back from the angry student, and half closed the door as if to protect himself. "You are mad," he said. "What do you mean? Do you assert that I had anything to do with Lee's accident?"

"Yes," thundered Smith. "You and that bag of bones behind you; you worked it between you. I tell you what it is, Master B., they have given up burning folk like you, but we still keep a hangman, and, by George! if any man in this college meets his death while you are here, I'll have you up, and if you don't swing for it, it won't be my fault. You'll find that your filthy Egyptian tricks won't answer in England."

"You're a raving lunatic," said Bellingham.

"All right. You just remember what I say, for you'll find that I'll be better than my word."

The door slammed, and Smith went fuming up to his chamber, where he locked the door upon the inside, and spent half the night in smoking his old brier and brooding over the strange events of the evening.

On the next day Abercrombie Smith heard nothing of his neighbor, but Harrington called upon him in the afternoon to say that Lee was almost himself again. All day Smith stuck fast to his work, but in the evening he determined to pay the visit to his friend Peterson which he had started upon the night before. It was the first time that he had ever failed to put in an appearance, and he knew that Peterson would be expecting an explanation for his absence the previous evening. A good walk and a friendly chat would be welcome to his jangled nerves after all that had occurred.

Bellingham's door was shut as he passed, but glancing back when he was some distance from the turret, he saw his neighbor's head at the window outlined against the lamp-light, his face pressed apparently against the glass as he gazed out into the darkness. It was a blessing to be away from all contact with him, if but for a few hours, and Smith stepped out briskly, and breathed the soft spring air into his lungs. The half-moon lay in the west between two Gothic pinnacles, and threw upon the silvered street a dark tracery from the stone-work above. There was a brisk breeze, and light fleecy clouds drifted swiftly across the sky. Old's was on the very border of the town, and in five minutes Smith found himself beyond the houses and between the hedges of a May-scented Oxfordshire lane.

It was a lonely and little-frequented road which led to his friend's house. Early as it was, Smith did not meet a

"HE SAW HIS NEIGHBOR'S HEAD AT THE WINDOW OUTLINED AGAINST THE LAMP-LIGHT."

single soul upon his way. He walked briskly along until he came to the avenue gate, which opened into the long gravel drive leading up to Farlingford. In front of him he could see the cozy red light of the windows glimmering through the foliage. He stood with his hand upon the iron latch of the swinging gate, and he glanced back at the road along which he had come. Something was coming swiftly down it.

It moved in the shadow of the hedge, silently and furtively, a dark crouching figure, dimly visible against the black background. Even as he gazed back at it it had lessened its distance by twenty paces, and was fast closing upon him. Out of the darkness he had a glimpse of a scraggy neck, and of two eyes that will ever haunt him in his dreams. He turned, and with a cry of terror he ran for his life up the avenue. There were the red lights, the signals of safety, almost within a stone's-throw of him. He was a famous runner, but never had he run as he ran that night.

The heavy gate had swung into place behind him, but he heard it dash open again before his pursuer. As he rushed madly and wildly through the night he could hear a swift dry patter behind him, and could see, as he threw back a glance, that this horror was bounding like a tiger at his heels, with blazing eyes and stringy arms out-thrown. Thank God, the door was ajar. He could see the thin bar of light which shot from the lamp in the hall. Nearer yet sounded the clatter from behind. He heard a hoarse gurgling at his very shoulder. With a shriek he flung himself against the door, slammed and bolted it behind him, and sank half-fainting on to the hall chair.

"My goodness, Smith, what's the matter?" asked Peterson, appearing at the door of his study.

"Give me some brandy!"

Peterson disappeared, and came rushing out again with a glass and a decanter.

"You need it," he said, as his visitor drank off what he poured out for him. "Why, man, you are as white as a cheese."

Smith laid down his glass, rose up, and took a deep breath. "I am my own man again now," said he. "I was never so unmanned before. But, with your leave, Peterson, I will sleep here to-night, for I don't think I could face that road again except by daylight. It's weak, I know, but I can't help it."

Peterson looked at his visitor with a very questioning eye. "Of course you shall sleep here if you wish. I'll tell Mrs. Burney to make up the spare bed. Where are you off to now?"

"Come up with me to the window that overlooks the door. I want you to see what I have seen."

They went up to the window of the upper hall, whence they could overlook the whole front of the house. The drive and the fields on either side lay quiet and still, bathed in the peaceful moonlight.

"Well, really, Smith," remarked Peterson, "it is well that I know you to be an abstemious man. What in the world can have frightened you?"

"I'll tell you presently. But where can it have gone? Ah, now look, look! See the curve of the road just beyond your gate."

"Yes, I see: you needn't pinch my arm off. I saw some one pass. I should say a man, rather thin apparently, and tall, very tall. But what of him? And what of yourself? You are still shaking like an aspen leaf."

"I have been within hand-grip of the devil, that's all. But come down to your study, and I shall tell you the whole story."

He did so. Under the cheery lamplight, with a glass of wine on the table beside him, and the portly form and florid face of his friend in front, he narrated, in their order, all the events, great and small, which had formed so singular a chain, from the night on which he had found Bellingham fainting in front of the mummy case until his horrid experience of an hour ago.

"NEARER YET SOUNDED THE CLATTER FROM BEHIND."

"There, now," he said, as he concluded, "that's the whole black business. It is monstrous and incredible, but it is true."

The Reverend Plumptree Peterson sat for some time in silence with a very puzzled expression upon his face.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life, never!" he said at last. "You have told me the facts. Now tell me your inferences."

"You can draw your own."

"But I should like to hear yours. You have thought over the matter, and I have not."

"Well, it must be a little vague in detail, but the main points seem to me to be clear enough. This fellow Bellingham in his Eastern studies has got hold of some infernal secret by which a mummy—or possibly only this particular mummy—can be temporarily brought to life. He was trying this disgusting business on the night when he fainted. No doubt the sight of the creature moving had shaken his nerve, even though he had expected it. You remember that almost the first words he said was to call out upon himself as a fool. Well, he got more hardened afterwards, and carried the matter through without fainting. The vitality which he could put into it was evidently only a passing thing, for I have seen it continually in its case as dead as this table. He has some elaborate process, I fancy, by which he brings the thing to

pass. Having done it, he naturally bethought him that he might use the creature as an agent. It has intelligence and it has strength. For some purpose he took Lee into his confidence; but Lee, like a decent Christian, would have nothing to do with such a business. Then they had a row, and Lee vowed that he would tell his sister of Bellingham's true character. Bellingham's game was to prevent him, and he nearly managed it, by setting this creature of his on his track. He had already tried its powers upon another man—Norton—towards whom he had a grudge. It is the merest chance that he has not two murders upon his soul. Then, when I taxed him with the matter, he had the strongest reasons for wishing to get me out of the way before I could convey my knowledge to any one else. He got his chance when I went out, for he knew my habits, and where I was bound for. I have had a narrow shave, Peterson, and it is mere luck you didn't find me on your doorstep in the morning. I'm not a nervous man as a rule, and I never thought to have the fear of death put upon me as it was to-night."

"My dear boy, you take the matter too seriously," said his companion. "Your nerves are out of order with your work, and you make too much of it. How could such a thing as this stride about the streets of Oxford, even at night, without being seen?"

"It has been seen. There is quite a scare in the town about an escaped ape, as they imagine the creature to be. It is the talk of the place."

"Well, it's a striking chain of events. And yet, my dear fellow, you must allow that each incident in itself is capable of a more natural explanation."

"What! even my adventure of to-night?"

"Certainly. You come out with your nerves all unstrung, and your head full of this theory of yours. Some gaunt, half-famished tramp steals after you, and seeing you run, is emboldened to pursue you. Your fears and imagination do the rest."

"It won't do, Peterson; it won't do."

"And again in the instance of your finding the mummy case empty, and then a few moments later with an occupant, you know that it was lamp-light, that the lamp was half turned down, and that you had no special reason to look hard at the case. It is quite possible that you may have overlooked the creature in the first instance."

"No, no; it is out of the question."

"And then Lee may have fallen into the river, and Norton been garroted. It is certainly a formidable indictment that you have against Bellingham; but if you were to place it before a police magistrate, he would simply laugh in your face."

"I know he would. That is why I mean to take the matter into my own hands."

"Eh?"

"Yes; I feel that a public duty rests upon me. And besides, I must do it for my own safety, unless I choose to allow myself to be hunted by this beast out of the college, and that would be a little too feeble. I have quite made up my mind what I shall do. And first of all, may I use your paper and pens for an hour?"

"Most certainly. You will find all that you want upon that side-table."

Abercrombie Smith sat down before a sheet of fool's-cap, and for an hour, and then for a second hour, his pen travelled swiftly over it. Page after page was finished and tossed aside, while his friend leaned back in his arm-chair, looking across at him with patient curiosity. At last, with an exclamation of satisfaction, Smith sprang to his feet, gathered his papers up into order, and laid the last one upon Peterson's desk.

"Kindly sign this as a witness," he said.

"A witness? Of what?"

"Of my signature, and of the date. The date is the most important. Why, Peterson, my life might hang upon it."

"My dear Smith, you are talking wildly. Let me beg you to go to bed."

"On the contrary, I never spoke so deliberately in my life. And I will promise to go to bed the moment you have signed it."

"But what is it?"

"It is a statement of all that I have been telling you to-night. I wish you to witness it."

"Certainly," said Peterson, signing his name under that of his companion. "There you are! But what is the idea?"

"You will kindly retain it, and produce it in case I am arrested."

"Arrested? For what?"

"For murder. It is quite on the cards. I wish to be ready for every event. There

is only one course open to me, and I am determined to take it."

"For Heaven's sake, don't do anything rash!"

"Believe me, it would be far more rash to adopt any other course. I hope that we won't need to bother you, but it will ease my mind to know that you have this statement of my motives. And now I am ready to take your advice and to go to roost, for I want to be at my best in the morning."

Abercrombie Smith was not an entirely pleasant man to have as an enemy. Slow and easy-tempered, he was formidable when driven to action. He brought to every purpose in life the same deliberate resoluteness which had distinguished him as a scientific student. He had laid his studies aside for a day, but he intended that the day should not be wasted. Not a word did he say to his host as to his plans, but by nine o'clock he was well on his way to Oxford.

In the High Street he stopped at Clifford's, the gun-maker's, and bought a heavy revolver, with a box of central-fire cartridges. Six of them he slipped into the chambers, and half-cocking the weapon, placed it in the pocket of his coat. He then made his way to Hastie's rooms, where the big oarsman was lounging over his breakfast, with the *Sporting Times* propped up against the coffee-pot.

"Hullo! What's up?" he asked. "Have some coffee?"

"No, thank you. I want you to come with me, Hastie, and do what I ask you."

"Certainly, my boy."

"And bring a heavy stick with you."

"Hullo!" Hastie stared. "Here's a hunting-crop that would fell an ox."

"One other thing. You have a box of amputating-knives. Give me the longest of them."

"There you are. You seem to be fairly on the war trail. Anything else?"

"No; that will do." Smith placed the knife inside his coat, and led the way to the quadrangle. "We are neither of us chickens, Hastie," said he. "I think I can do this job alone, but I take you as a precaution. I am going to have a little talk with Bellingham. If I have only him to deal with, I won't, of course, need you. If I shout, however, up you come, and lam out with your whip as hard as you can lick. Do you understand?"

"All right. I'll come if I hear you bellow."

"Stay here, then. I may be a little time, but don't budge until I come down."

"I'm a fixture."

Smith ascended the stairs, opened Bellingham's door, and stepped in. Bellingham was seated behind his table, writing. Beside him, among his litter of strange possessions, towered the mummy case, with its sale number 249 still stuck upon its front, and its hideous occupant stiff and stark within it. Smith looked very deliberately round him, closed the door, locked it, and took the key from the inside, and then stepping across to the fireplace, struck a match and set the fire alight. Bellingham sat staring, with amazement and rage upon his bloated face.

"Well, really now. You make yourself at home," he gasped.

Smith sat himself deliberately down, placed his watch upon the table, drew out his pistol, cocked it, and laid it in his lap. Then he took the long amputating-knife from his bosom, and threw it down in front of Bellingham. "Now, then," said he. "Just get to work and cut up that mummy."

"Oh, is that it?" said Bellingham, with a sneer.

"Yes, that is it. They tell me that the law can't touch you. But I have a law that will set matters straight. If in five minutes you have not set to work, I swear by the God who made me that I will put a bullet through your brain!"

"You would murder me?" Bellingham had half risen, and his face was the color of clay.

"Yes."

"And for what?"

"To stop your mischief. One minute has gone."

"But what have I done?"

"I know and you know."

"This is mere bullying."

"Two minutes are gone."

"But you must give reasons. You are a madman—a dangerous madman. Why should I destroy my own property? It is a valuable mummy."

"You must cut it up, and you must burn it."

"I will do no such thing."

"Four minutes are gone." Smith took up the pistol, and he looked towards Bellingham with an inexorable face. As

the second-hand stole round, he raised his hand, and the finger twitched upon the trigger.

"There! there! I'll do it!" screamed Bellingham. In frantic haste he caught up the knife and hacked at the figure of the mummy, ever glancing round to see the eye and the weapon of his terrible visitor bent upon him. The creature crackled and snapped under every stab of the keen blade. A thick yellow dust rose up from it. Spices and dried essences rained down upon the floor. Suddenly, with a rending crack, its backbone snapped asunder, and it fell, a brown heap of sprawling limbs, upon the floor.

"Now into the fire!" said Smith.

The flames leaped and roared as the dried and tinderlike débris was piled upon it. The little room was like the stokehole of a steamer, and the sweat ran down the faces of the two men; but still the one stooped and worked, while the other sat watching him with a set face. A thick fat smoke oozed out from the fire, and a heavy smell of burned rosin and singed hair filled the air. In a quarter of an hour a few charred and brittle sticks were all that was left of Lot No. 249.

"Perhaps that will satisfy you," snarled Bellingham, with hate and fear in his little gray eyes as he glanced back at his tormentor.

"No; I must make a clean sweep of all your materials. We must have no more devil's tricks. In with all these leaves! They may have something to do with it."

"And what now?" asked Bellingham, when the leaves also had been added to the blaze.

"Now the roll of papyrus which you had on the table that night. It is in that drawer, I think."

"No, no," shouted Bellingham. "Don't burn that! Why, man, you don't know what you do! It is unique; it contains wisdom which is nowhere else to be found."

"Out with it!"

"But look here, Smith, you can't really mean it. I'll share the knowledge with you. I'll teach you all that is in it. Or, stay, let me only copy it before you burn it!"

Smith stepped forward and turned the key in the drawer. Taking out the yellow curled roll of paper, he threw it into the fire, and pressed it down with his heel. Bellingham screamed, and grabbed at it; but Smith pushed him back, and stood over it until it was reduced to a formless gray ash.

"Now, Master B.," said he, "I think I have pretty well drawn your teeth. You'll hear from me again, if you go back to your old tricks. And now, good-morning, for I must go back to my studies."

And such is the narrative of Abercrombie Smith as to the singular events which occurred in Old College, Oxford, in the spring of '84. As Bellingham left the university immediately afterwards, and was last heard of in the Soudan, there is no one who can contradict his statement. But the wisdom of men is small, and the ways of nature are strange, and who shall put a bound to the dark things which may be found by those who seek for them?

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXIX.

THE next time Ray came, he found Denton dreamily picking at the strings of a violin which lay in his lap; the twins were clinging to his knees, and moving themselves in time to the music.

"You didn't know Ansel was a musician," his wife said to Ray. "He's just got a new violin—or rather it's a second-hand one; but it's splendid, and he got it so cheap."

"I profited by another man's misfortune," said Denton. "That's the way we get things cheap."

"Oh, well, never mind about that, now. Play the 'Darky's Dream,' won't you, Ansel? I wish we had our old ferry-boat darky here to whistle!"

After a moment in which he seemed not to have noticed her, he put the violin to his chin, and began the wild, tender strain of the piece. It seemed to make the little ones drunk with delight. They swayed themselves to and fro, holding by

* Begun in March number, 1892.

their father's knees, and he looked down softly into their uplifted faces. When he stopped playing, their mother put out her hand toward one of them, but it clung the faster to its father.

"Let me take your violin a moment," said Ray. He knew the banjo a little, and now he picked out on the violin an air which one of the girls in Midland had taught him.

The twins watched him with impatient rejection; and they were not easy till their father had the violin back. Denton took them up one on each knee, and let them claw at it between them; they looked into his face for the effect on him as they lifted themselves and beat the strings. After a while Peace rose and tried to take it from them, for their father seemed to have forgotten what they were doing; but they stormed at her, in their baby way, by the impulse that seemed common to them, and screamed out their shrill protest against her interference.

"Let them alone," said their father, gently, and she desisted.

"You'll spoil those children, Ansel," said his wife, "letting them have their own way so. The first thing you know, they'll grow up capitalists."

He had been looking down at them with dreamy melancholy, but he began to laugh helplessly, and he kept on till she said:

"I think it's getting to be rather out of proportion to the joke; don't you, Mr. Ray? Not that Ansel laughs too much, as a rule."

Denton rose, when the children let the violin slip to the floor at last, and improvised the figure of a dance with them on his shoulders, and let himself go in fantastic capers, while he kept a visage of perfect seriousness.

Hughes was drawn by the noise, and put his head into the room.

"We've got the old original Ansel back, father!" cried Mrs. Denton, and she clapped her hands and tried to sing to the dance, but broke down, and mocked at her own failure.

When Denton stopped breathless, Peace took the children from him, and carried them away. His wife remained.

"Ansel was brought up among the Shakers; that's the reason he dances so nicely."

"Oh, was that a Shaker dance?" Ray asked, carelessly.

"No. The Shaker dance is a rite," said Denton, angrily. "You might as well expect me to burlesque a prayer."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Ray. "I'm afraid I don't know much about it."

But Denton left the room without visible acceptance of his excuse.

"You must be careful how you say anything about the Shakers before Ansel," his wife explained. "I believe he would be willing to go back to them now, if he knew what to do with the children and me."

"If it were not for their unpractical doctrine of celibacy," said Hughes, "the Shakers, as a religious sect, could perform a most useful office in the transition from the status to better conditions. They are unselfish, and most communities are not."

"We might all go back with Ansel," said Mrs. Denton, "and they could distribute us round in the different Families. I wonder if Ansel's bull is hanging up in the South Family barn yet? You know," she said, "he painted a red bull on a piece of shingle when they were painting the barn one day, and nailed it up in a stall; when the elders found it they labored with him, and then Ansel left the community, and went out into the world. But they say, once a Shaker always a Shaker, and I believe he's had a bad conscience ever since he's left them."

Not long after this Ray came in one night dressed for a little dance that he was going to later, and Mrs. Denton had some moments alone with him before Peace joined them. She made him tell where he was going, and who the people were that were giving the dance, and what it would all be like—the rooms and decorations, the dresses, the supper.

"And don't you feel very strange and lost, in such places?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Ray. "I can't always remember that I'm a poor Bohemian with two cents in my pocket. Sometimes I imagine myself really rich and fashionable. But to-night I sha'n't, thank you, Mrs. Denton."

She laughed at the look he gave her in acknowledgment of her little scratch. "Then you wouldn't refuse to come to a little dance here, if we were rich enough to give one?" she asked.

"I would come instantly."

"And get your fashionable friends to come?"

"That might take more time. When are you going to give your little dance?"

"As soon as Ansel's invention is finished."

"Oh! Is he going on with that?"

"Yes. He has seen how he can do more good than harm with it—at last."

"Ah! We can nearly always coax conscience along the path of self-interest."

This pleased Mrs. Denton too. "That sounds like Mr. Kane."

Peace came in while Mrs. Denton was speaking, and gave Ray her hand, with a glance at his splendor, enhanced by his stylish manner of holding his silk hat against his thigh.

"Who was it told you that Mr. Kane was sick?" Mrs. Denton asked.

Peace answered, "Mr. Chapley."

"Kane? Is Mr. Kane sick?" said Ray. "I must go and see him."

He asked Peace some questions about Kane, but she knew nothing more than that Mr. Chapley said he was not very well, and he was going to step round and see him on his way home. Ray thought of the grudge he had borne for a while against Kane, and he was very glad now that there was none left in his heart.

"It's too late to-night; but I'll go in the morning. He usually drops in on me Sundays; he didn't come last Sunday; but I never thought of his being sick." He went on to praise Kane, and he said, as if it were one of Kane's merits, "He's been a good friend of mine. He read my novel all over after Chapley declined it, and tried to find enough good in it to justify him in recommending it to some other publisher. I don't blame him for failing, but I did feel hard about his refusing to look at it afterwards; I couldn't help it for a while." He was speaking to Peace, and he said, as if it were something she would be cognizant of, "I mean when Mr. Brandreth sent for it again after he first rejected it."

"Yes," she admitted, briefly, and he was subtly aware of the withdrawal which he noticed in her whenever the interest of the moment became personal.

But there was never any shrinking from the personal interest in Mrs. Denton; her eagerness to explore all his experiences and sentiments was vivid and untiring.

"Why, did he send for it?" she asked. "What in the world for?"

Ray was willing to tell, for he thought the whole affair rather creditable to himself. "He wanted to submit it to a friend of mine; and if my friend's judgment was favorable he might want to reconsider his decision. He returned the manuscript the same day, with a queer note which left me to infer that my mysterious friend had already seen it, and had seen enough of it. I knew it was Mr. Kane, and for a while I wanted to destroy him. But I forgave him, when I thought it all over."

"It was pretty mean of him," said Mrs. Denton.

"No, no! He had a perfect right to do it, and I had no right to complain. But it took me a little time to own it."

Mrs. Denton turned to Peace. "Did you know about it?"

Denton burst suddenly into the room, and stared distractedly about as if he were searching for something.

"What is it, Ansel?" Peace asked.

"That zinc plate."

"It's on the bureau," said his wife.

He was rushing out, when she recalled him.

"Here's Mr. Ray."

He turned, and glanced at Ray impatiently, as if he were eager to get back to his work; but the gloomy face which he usually wore was gone; his eyes expressed only an intense preoccupation through which gleamed a sudden gayety, as if it flashed into them from some happier time in the past. "Oh, yes," he said to his wife, while he took hold of Ray's arm and turned him about; "this is the way you want me to look."

"As soon as your process succeeds, I expect you to look that way all the time. And I'm going to go round and do my work in a low-neck dress; and we are going to have champagne at every meal. I am going to have a day, on my card, and I am going to have afternoon teas and give dinners. We are going into the best society."

Denton slid his hand down Ray's arm, and kept Ray's hand in his hot clasp while he rapidly asked him about the side of his life which that costume represented, as though now for the first time he had a reason for caring to know anything of the world and its pleasures.

"And those people don't do anything else?" he asked finally.

"Isn't it enough?" Ray retorted. "They think they do a great deal."

Denton laughed in a strange nervous

note, catching his breath, and keeping on involuntarily. "Yes; too much. I pity them."

"Well," said his wife, "I want to be an object of pity as soon as possible. Don't lose any more time, now, Ansel, from that precious process." The light went out of his face again, and he jerked his head erect sharply, like one listening, while he stood staring at her. "Oh, now, don't be ridiculous, Ansel!" she said.

XXX.

The next day after a little dance does not dawn very early. Ray woke late, with a vague trouble in his mind, which he thought at first was the sum of the usual regrets for awkward things done and foolish things said the night before. Presently it shaped itself as an anxiety which had nothing to do with the little dance, and which he was helpless to deal with when he recognized it. Still, as a definite anxiety it was more than half a question, and his experience did not afford him the means of measuring its importance or ascertaining its gravity. He carried it loosely in his mind when he went to see Kane, as something he might or might not think of.

Kane was in bed, convalescent from a sharp gastric attack, and he reached Ray a soft moist hand across the counterpane and cheerily welcomed him. His coat and hat hung against a closet door, and looked so like him that they seemed as much part of him as his hair and beard, which were smoothly brushed, and gave their silver delicately against the pillow. A fire of soft coal purred in the grate, faded to a fainter flicker by the sunlight that poured in at the long south windows, and lit up the walls book-lined from floor to ceiling.

"Yes," he said, in acceptance of the praises of its comfort that Ray burst out with, "I have lived in this room so long that I begin to cherish the expectation of dying in it. But, really, is this the first time you've been here?"

"The first," said Ray. "I had to wait till you were helpless before I got in."

"Ah, no; ah, no! Not so bad as that. I've often meant to ask you, when there was some occasion; but there never seemed any occasion; and I've lived here so long alone that I'm rather selfish about my solitude; I like to keep it to myself. But I'm very glad to see you; it was kind of you to think of coming." He bent a look of affection on the young fellow's handsome face. "Well, how wags the gay world?" he asked.

"Does the gay world do anything so light-minded as to wag?" Ray asked in his turn, with an intellectual coxcombry that he had found was not offensive to Kane. "It always seems to me very serious as a whole, the gay world, though it has its reliefs, when it tries to enjoy itself." He leaned back in his chair, and handled his stick a moment, and then he told Kane about the little dance which he had been at the night before. He sketched some of the people, and made it amusing.

"And which of your butterfly friends told you I was ill?" asked Kane.

"The butterflyest of all: Mrs. Denton."

"Oh! Did *she* give the little dance?"

"No. I dropped in at the Hugheses' on the way to the dance. But I don't know how soon she may be doing something of the kind. They're on the verge of immense prosperity. Her husband has invented a new art process, and it's going to make them rich. He doesn't seem very happy about it, but she does. He's a dreary creature. At first I used to judge her rather severely, as we do with frivolous people. But I don't know that frivolity is so bad; I doubt if it's as bad as austerity; they're both merely the effect of temperament, it strikes me. I like Mrs. Denton, though she does appear to care more for the cat than the twins. Perhaps she thinks she can safely leave them to him. He's very devoted to them; it's quite touching. It's another quality of paternal devotion from Mr. Brandreth's; it isn't half so voluble. But it's funny, all the same, to see how much more care of them he takes than their mother does. He looks after them at table, and he carries them off and puts them to bed with his own hands apparently," said Ray, in celibate contempt of the paternal tenderness.

"I believe that in David's community," Kane suggested, "the male assisted the female in the care of their offspring. We still see the like in some of the feathered tribes. In the process of social evolution the father bird will probably leave the baby bird entirely to the mother bird; and the mother bird, as soon as she begins to have mind and money; will hire in some poor bird to look after them. Mrs. Denton seems to have evolved

in the direction of leaving them entirely to the father bird."

"Well, she has to do most of the talking. Have you ever heard," Ray asked from the necessary association of ideas, "about her husband's Voice?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it seems that Mr. Denton has an inward monitor of some kind, like the demon of Socrates, that they call a Voice, and that directs his course in life, as I understand. I suppose it's authorized him to go on with his process, which he was doubtful about for a good while, because if it succeeded it would throw a lot of people out of work. Then you've never heard of his Voice?"

"No," said Kane. He added: "I suppose it's part of the psychical nonsense that they go into in all sorts of communities. And Hughes," he asked after a moment—"how is Hughes now?"

"He's generally busy with his writing, and I don't always see him. He's a fine old fellow, if he does prefer to call me out of my name; he still addresses me generally as Young Man. Mrs. Denton has tried to teach him better; but he says that names are the most external of all things, and that I am no more essentially Ray than I am Hughes. There's something in it; I think one might get a kind of story out of the notion."

Kane lay silent in a pensive muse, which he broke to ask with a smile: "And how is Peace these days? Do you see her?"

"Yes; she's very well, I believe," said Ray, briefly, and he rose.

"Oh!" said Kane, "must you go?"

He kept Ray's hand affectionately, and seemed loath to part with him. "I'm glad you don't forget the Hugheses in the good time you're having. It shows character in you not to mind their queerness; I'm sure you won't regret it. Your visits are a great comfort to them, I know. I was afraid that you would not get over the disagreeable impression of that first Sunday, and I've never been sure that you'd quite forgiven me for taking you."

"Oh yes, I had," said Ray, and he smiled with the pleasure we all feel when we have a benefaction attributed to us. "I've forgiven you much worse things than that!"

"Indeed! You console me! But for example?"

"Refusing to look at my novel a second time," answered Ray by a sudden impulse.

"I don't understand you," said Kane, letting his hand go.

"When Mr. Brandreth offered to submit it to you in the forlorn hope that you might like it and commend it."

"Brandreth never asked me to look at it at all; the only time I saw it was when you let me take it home with me. What do you mean?"

"Mr. Brandreth wrote me saying he wanted to try it on a friend of mine, and it came back the same day with word that my friend had already seen it," said Ray, in an astonishment which Kane openly shared.

"And was that the reason you were so cold with me for a time? Well, I don't wonder! You had a right to expect that I would say anything in your behalf under the circumstances. And I'm afraid I should. But I never was tempted. Perhaps Brandreth got frightened and returned the manuscript with that message because he knew he couldn't trust me."

"Perhaps," said Ray, blankly.

"Who else could it have been? Have you any surmise?"

"What is the use of surmising?" Ray retorted. "It's all over. The story is dead, and I wish it was buried. Don't bother about it! And try to forgive me for suspecting *you*."

"It was very natural. But you ought to have known that I loved you too much not to sacrifice a publisher to you if I had him fairly in my hand."

"Oh, thank you! And—good-by. Don't think anything more about it. I sha'n't."

XXXI.

There could be only one answer to the riddle, if Kane's suggestion that Mr. Brandreth had returned the manuscript without showing it to any one were rejected. The publisher could speak of no one besides Kane as a friend except Miss Hughes, and it was clearly she who had refused to look again at Ray's book. She had played a double part with him; she had let him make a fool of himself; she had suffered him to keep coming to her, and reading his things to her, and making her his literary confidante. He ground his teeth with shame to think how he had sought her advice, and exulted in her praise; but the question was not merely, it was not

primarily, a question of truth or untruth, kindness or unkindness toward himself, but of justice toward Kane. He had told her of the resentment he had felt toward Kane; he had left her to the belief that he still suspected Kane of what she had done. If she were willing that he should remain in this suspicion, it was worse than anything he now accused her of.

He kept away from Chapley's all day, because of the embarrassment of seeing her with that in his mind. He decided that he must never see her again till she showed some wish to be relieved from the false position she had suffered herself to be placed in. At the end of the afternoon there came a knock at his door; and he set the door open and confronted Mr. Brandreth, who stood smiling at the joke of his being there, with his lustrous silk hat and gloves and light overcoat on. Ray passed some young banter with him in humorous recognition of the situation, before they came to business, as Mr. Brandreth called it.

"Look here!" said the publisher, with a quizzical glance at him from Ray's easy-chair, while Ray himself lounged on the edge of his bed. "Did you think I wanted to show your novel to old Kane, that time when I sent back for it?"

"Yes," said Ray, "I did," and he could not say any more for his prescience of what was coming.

"Well, I didn't," Mr. Brandreth returned. "And if I'd ever thought you suspected him, I should have told you so long ago. The person that I did want it for is anxious you should know it wasn't Kane; and I thought I'd better come and tell you so by word of mouth; I rather made a mess of it before, in writing. If you've any feeling about the matter, it's only fair to Kane to assure you that he wasn't at all the person."

"Kane told me so himself to-day," said Ray. "And all the grudge I felt was gone long ago."

"Well, of course! It's a matter of business." In turning it off in this common-sense way Mr. Brandreth added lightly, "I'm authorized to tell you who it really was, if you care to know."

Ray shook his head. "I don't care to know. What's the use?"

"There isn't any. I'm glad you take it the way you do, and it will be a great relief to—the real one."

"It's all right."

Ray had been involuntarily strengthening his defences against any confidential approach from the moment Mr. Brandreth began to speak; he could not help it. Now they began to talk of other things. At the end the publisher returned to the book with a kind of desperate sigh:

"You haven't done anything with your story yet, I suppose?"

"No," said Ray.

Mr. Brandreth, after a moment's hesitation, went away without saying anything more. Even that tentative inquiry about the fate of his book could not swerve Ray now from his search for the motives and purposes which had governed Peace in causing this message to be sent him. It could only be that she had acted in Kane's behalf, who had a right to justice from her, and she did not care what Ray thought of her way of doing justice. In the complex perversity of his mood the affair was so humiliating to him as it stood that he could not rest in it. That evening he went determined to make an opportunity to speak with her alone, if none offered.

It was she who let him in, and then she stood looking at him in a kind of daze, which he might well have taken for trepidation. It did not give him courage, and he could think of no better way to begin than to say, "I have come to thank you, Miss Hughes, for your consideration for Mr. Kane. I couldn't have expected less of you, when you found out that I had been suspecting him of that friendly refusal to look at my manuscript the second time."

His hard tone, tense with suppressed anger, had all the effect he could have wished. He could see her wince, and she said, confusedly, "I told Mr. Brandreth, and he said he would tell you it wasn't Mr. Kane."

"Yes," said Ray, stiffly, "he came to tell me."

She hesitated, and then she asked, "Did he tell you who it was?"

"No. But I knew."

If she meant him to say something more, he would not; he left to her the strain and burden that in another mood he would have shared so willingly, or wholly assumed.

At a little noise, she started, and looked about, and then, as if returning to him by

a painful compliance with his will, she said, "When he told me what he had done to get the manuscript back, I couldn't let him give it to me."

She stopped, and Ray perceived that for whatever reason she could say nothing more, at least of her own motion. But it was not possible for him to leave it so.

"Of course," he said, angrily, "I needn't ask you why."

"It was too much for me to decide," she answered, faintly.

"Yes," he assented, "it's a good deal to take another's fate in one's hands. But you knew," he added, with a short laugh, "you had my fortune in your hands, anyway."

"I didn't see that then," she answered, and she let her eyes wander, and lapsed into a kind of absence, which vexed him as a slight to the importance of the affair.

"But it doesn't really matter whether you decided it by refusing or consenting to look at the book again," he said. "The result would have been the same, in any case."

She lifted her eyes to his with a scared look, and began, "I didn't say that—" and then she stopped again, and looked away from him as before.

"But if I can't thank you for sparing me an explicit verdict," he pushed on, "I can appreciate your consideration for Kane, and I will carry him any message you will trust me with." He rose as he said this, and he found himself adding, "And I admire your strength in keeping your own counsel when I've been talking my book over with you. It must have been amusing for you."

When he once began to revenge himself he did not stop till he said all he had thought he thought. She did not try to make any answer or protest. She sat passive under his irony; at times he thought her hardly conscious of it, and that angered him the more, and he resented the preoccupation, and then the distraction with which she heard him to the end.

"Only I don't understand exactly," he went on, "how you could let me do it, in spite of the temptation. I can imagine that the loss of my acquaintance will be a deprivation to you; you'll miss the pleasure of leading me on to make a fool of myself; but you know you can still laugh at me, and that ought to keep you in spirits for a long time. I won't ask your motive in sending word to me by a third person. I dare say you didn't wish to tell me to my face; and it couldn't have been an easy thing to write."

"I ought to have written," she said, meekly. "I see that now. But to-day, I couldn't. There is something— He offered to go to you—he wished to; and —I let him. I was wrong. I didn't think how it might seem."

"Oh, there was no reason why you should have thought of me in the matter. I'm glad you thought of Mr. Kane; I don't ask anything more than that."

"Oh, you don't understand," she began. "You don't know—"

"Yes, I understand perfectly, and I know all that I wish to know. There was no reason why you should have protected me against my own folly. I have got my deserts, and you are not to blame if I don't like them. Good-by."

As he turned to go, she lifted her eyes to him, and he could see that they were blind with tears.

He went out and walked up and down the long, unlovely avenue, conscious of being the ugliest thing in it, and unconsciously hammered by its brutal noises, while he tried to keep himself from thinking how in spite of all he had said he knew her to be the soul of truth and goodness. He knew that all he had said was from the need of somehow venting his wounded vanity. As far as any belief in wrong done him was concerned, the affair was purely histrionic on his part; but he had seen that the pain he gave was real; the image of her gentle sufferance of his upbraiding went visibly before him. The wish to go back and own everything to her became an intolerable stress, and then he found himself again at her door.

He rang, and after waiting a long time to hear the click of the withdrawing latch he rang again. After a further delay the door opened, and he saw Hughes standing at the top of the stairs with a lamp held above his head.

"Who is there?" the old man called down, with his hoarse voice.

"It's I, Mr. Hughes," Ray answered, a new trouble blending with his sense of the old man's picturesque pose, and the leonine grandeur of his shaggy head. "Mr. Ray," he explained.

"Oh!" said Hughes. "I am glad to see you. Will you come up?" He added, as

Ray mounted to him, and they entered his room together, "I am alone here for the time. My daughters have both gone out. Will you sit down?" Ray obeyed, with blank disappointment. Hughes could not have known of his earlier visit, or had forgotten it. "They will be in presently. Peace was here till a little while ago; when Ansel and Jenny came in, they all went out together." He lapsed into a kind of muse, staring absently at Ray from his habitual place beside the window. He came back to a sense of him with words that had no evident bearing upon the situation.

"The thing which renders so many reformers nugatory and ridiculous, and has brought contempt and disaster on so many good causes, is the attempt to realize the altruistic man in competitive conditions. That must always be a failure or worse." He went on at length to establish this position. Then, "Here is my son-in-law"—and the old man had the effect of stating the fact merely in illustration of the general principle he had laid down—"who has been giving all his spare time this winter to an invention in the line of his art, and had brought it to completion within a few days. He has all along had misgivings as to the moral bearing of his invention, since every process of the kind must throw a number of people out of work, and he has shown a morbid scruple in the matter which I have tried to overcome with every argument in my power."

"I thought," Ray made out to say, in the pause Hughes let follow, "he had come to see all that in another light."

"Yes," the old man resumed, "he has commonly yielded to reason, but there is an unpractical element in the man's nature. In fact, here, this morning, while we supposed he was giving the finishing touches to his work, he was busy in destroying every vestige of result which could commend it to the people interested in it. Absolutely nothing remains to show that he ever had anything of the kind successfully in hand."

"Is it possible?" said Ray, deeply shocked. "I supposed that he had come to regard it from your—"

The old man had not heard him or did not heed him. "He has been in a very exalted state through the day, and my daughters have gone out to walk with him; it may quiet his nerves. He believes that he has acted in obedience to an inner Voice which governs his conduct. I know nothing about such things; but all such suggestions from beyond are to my thinking mischievous. Have you ever been interested in the phenomena of spiritualism, so called?"

Ray shook his head decidedly. "Oh, no!" he said, with abhorrence.

"Ah! The Family were at one time disposed to dabble in those shabby mysteries. But I discouraged it; I do not deny the assumptions of the spiritualists; but I can see no practical outcome to the business; and I have used all my influence with Ansel to put him on his guard against this Voice, which seems to be a survival of some supernatural experiences of his among the Shakers. It had lately been silent, and had become a sort of joke with us. But he is of a very morbid temperament, and along with this improvement, there have been less favorable tendencies. He has got a notion of expiation, of sacrifice, which is perhaps a survival of his ancestral Puritanism. I suppose the hard experiences of the city have not been good for him. They prey upon his fancy. It would be well if he could be got into the country somewhere; though I don't see just how it could be managed."

Hughes fell into another muse, and Ray asked, "What does he mean by expiation?"

The old man started impatiently. "Mere nonsense; the rags and tatters of man's infancy, outworn and outgrown. The notion that sin is to be atoned for by some sort of offering. It makes me sick; and of late I haven't paid much attention to his talk. I supposed he was going happily forward with his work; I was necessarily much preoccupied with my own; I have many interruptions from irregular health, and I must devote every available moment to my writing. There is a passage, by-the-way, which I had just completed when you rang, and which I should like to have your opinion on, if you will allow me to read it to you. It is peculiarly apposite to the very matter we have been speaking of; in fact, I may say it is an amplification of the truth that I am always trying to impress upon Ansel, namely, that when you are in the midst of a battle, as we all are here, you must fight, and fight for yourself, always, of course, keeping your will fixed on the establishment of a lasting peace." Hughes began

to fumble among the papers on the table beside him for his spectacles, and then for the scattered sheets of his manuscript. "Yes, there is a special obligation upon the friends of social reform to a life of common-sense. I have regarded the matter from rather a novel stand-point, and I think you will be interested."

The old man read on and on. At last Ray heard the latch of the street door click, and the sound of the opening and then the shutting of the door. A confused noise of feet and voices arrested the reading which Hughes seemed still disposed to continue, and then light steps ascended the stairs, while as if in the dark below a parley ensued. Ray knew the high, gentle tones of Peace in the pleading words, "But try, try to believe that if it says that, it can't be the Voice you used to hear, and that always told you to do what was right. It is a wicked Voice, now, and you must keep saying to yourself that it is wicked and you mustn't mind it."

"But the words, the words! Whose words were they? Without the shedding of blood: what does that mean? If it was a sin for me to invent my process, how shall the sin be remitted?"

"There is that abject nonsense of his again!" said old Hughes, in a hoarse undertone which drowned for Ray some further words from Denton. "It's impossible to get him away from that idea. Men have nothing to do with the remission of sins; it is their business to cease to do evil! But you might as well talk to a beetle!"

Ray listened with poignant eagerness for the next words of Peace, which came brokenly to his ear. He heard—". . . . justice and not sacrifice. If you try to do what is right—and—and to be good, then—"

"I will try, Peace, I will try. O Lord, help me!" came in Denton's deep tones. "Say the words again. The Voice keeps saying those— But I will say them after you!"

"I will have justice." The girl's voice was lifted with a note in it that thrilled to Ray's heart, and made him start to his feet; Hughes laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I will have justice," Denton repeated.

"And not sacrifice," came in the girl's tremulous accents.

"And not sacrifice," followed devoutly from the man. "I will have justice, without the shedding of blood—it gets mixed; I can't keep the Voice out!—and not sacrifice. What is justice? What is justice but sacrifice?"

"Yes, it is self-sacrifice! All our selfish wishes—"

"I have burnt them in a fire, and scattered their ashes!"

"And all gloomy and morbid thoughts that distress other people."

"Oh, you know I wouldn't distress any one! You know how my heart is breaking for the misery of the world."

"Let her alone!" said old Hughes to Ray, in his thick murmur, as if he read Ray's impulse in the muscle of his arm. "She will manage him."

"But say those words again!" Denton implored. "The Voice keeps putting them out of my mind!"

She said the text over again, and let him repeat it after her word by word, as a child follows its mother in prayer.

"And try hard, Ansel! Remember the children, and poor Jenny!"

"Yes, yes. I will, Peace! Poor Jenny! I'm sorry for her. And the children—You know I wouldn't harm any one for the whole world, don't you, Peace?"

"Yes, I do know, Ansel, how good and kind you are; and I know you'll see all this in the true light soon. But now you're excited."

"Well, say it just once more, and then I shall have it."

Once more she said the words, and he after her. He got them straight this time, without admixture from the other text. There came a rush of his feet on the stairs, and a wild exultant laugh.

"Jenny! Jenny! It's all right now, Jenny!" he shouted, as he plunged into the apartment, and was heard beating as if on a door closed against him. It must have opened, for there was a sound like its shutting, and then everything was still except a little pathetic, almost inaudible murmur as of suppressed sobbing in the dark of the entry below. Presently soft steps ascended the stairs and lost themselves in the rear of the apartment.

"Now, young man," said Hughes, "I think you had better go. Peace will be in here directly to look after me, and it will distress her to find any one else. It is all right now."

"But hadn't I better stay, Mr. Hughes? Can't I be of use?"

"No. I will defer reading that passage to another time. You will be looking in on us soon again. We shall get on very well. We are used to these hypochondriacal moods of Ansel's."

XXXII.

There was nothing for Ray to do but to accept his dismissal. He got himself stealthily down stairs and out of the house, but he could not leave it. He walked up and down before it, doubting whether he ought not to ring and try to get in again. When he made up his mind to this he saw that the front windows were dark. That decided him to go home.

He did not sleep, and the next morning he made an early errand to the publishers'. He saw Peace bent over her work in Mr. Chapley's room. He longed to go and speak to her, and assure himself from her own words that all was well; but he had no right to do that, and with the first stress of his anxiety abated, he went to lay the cause of it before Kane.

"It was all a mere chance that I should know of this; but I thought you ought to know," he explained.

"Yes, certainly," said Kane; but he was less moved than Ray had expected, or else he showed his emotion less. "Hughes is not a fool, whatever Denton is; this sort of thing must have been going on a good while, and he's got the measure of it. I'll speak to Chapley about it. They mustn't be left altogether to themselves with it."

As the days began to go by, and Ray saw Peace constantly in her place at the publishers', his unselfish anxiety yielded to the question of his own relation to her, and how he should make confession and reparation. He went to Kane in this trouble as in the other, after he had fought off the necessity as long as he could, but they spoke of the other trouble first.

Then Ray said, with the effort to say it casually, "I don't think I told you that the great mystery about my manuscript had been solved." Kane could not remember at once what the mystery was, and Ray was forced to add, "It seems that the unknown friend who wouldn't look twice at my book was—Miss Hughes."

Kane said, after a moment, "Oh!" and then, as if it should be a very natural thing, he asked, "How did you find that out?"

"She got Mr. Brandreth to tell me it wasn't you, as soon as she knew that I had suspected you."

"Of course. Did he tell you who it was?"

"He was to tell me if I wished. But I knew it couldn't be anybody but she, if it were not you; and I went to see her about it."

"Well?" said Kane, with a kind of expectation in his look and voice that made it hard for Ray to go on.

"Well, I played the fool. I pretended that I thought she had used me badly. I don't know! I tried to make her think so."

"Did you succeed?"

"I succeeded in making her very unhappy."

"That was success—of a kind," said Kane, and he lay back in his chair looking into the fire, while Ray sat uncomfortably waiting at the other corner of the hearth.

"Did she say why she wouldn't look at your manuscript a second time?" Kane asked finally.

"Not directly."

"Did you ask?"

"Hardly!"

"You knew?"

"It was very simple," said Ray. "She wouldn't look at it because it wasn't worth looking at. I knew that. That was what hurt me, and made me wish to hurt her."

Kane offered no comment. After a moment he asked: "Has all this just happened? Have you just found it out?"

"Oh, it's bad enough, but isn't so bad as that," said Ray, forcing a laugh. "Still, it's as bad as I could make it. I happened to go to see her that evening when I overheard her talk with Denton."

"Oh! And you spoke to her after that?"

There was a provisional condemnation in Kane's tone which kindled Ray's temper and gave him strength to retort: "No, Mr. Kane! I spoke to her before that; and it was when I came back—to tell her I was all wrong, and to beg her pardon—that I saw her father and heard what I've told you."

"Oh, I didn't understand; I might have known that the other thing was impossible," said Kane.

They were both silent, and Ray's anger had died down into the shame that it had flamed up from, when Kane thoughtfully asked, "And you want my advice?"

"Yes."

"Concretely?"

"As concretely as possible."

"Then, if you don't really know the reason why a girl so conscientious as Peace Hughes wouldn't look at your manuscript again when she was practically left to decide its fate, I think you'd better not go there any more."

Kane spoke with a seriousness the more impressive because he was so rarely serious, and Ray felt himself reddening under his eye.

"Aren't you rather enigmatical?" he began.

"No, I don't think so," said Kane, and then neither spoke.

Some one knocked at the door. Kane called out, "Come in!" and Mr. Chapley entered.

After he had shaken hands with Kane and made Ray out, and had shaken hands with him, he said, with not more than his usual dejection, "I'm afraid poor David is in fresh trouble, Kane."

"Yes?" said Kane, and Ray waited breathlessly to hear what the trouble was.

"That wretched son-in-law of his—though I don't know why I should condemn him—seems to have been somewhere with his children and exposed them to scarlet fever; and he's down with diphtheritic sore throat himself. Peace has been at home since the trouble declared itself, helping take care of them."

"Is it going badly with them?" Kane asked.

"I don't know. It's rather difficult to communicate with the family under the circumstances."

"You might have said impossible, without too great violence, Henry," said Kane.

"I had thought of seeing their doctor," suggested Mr. Chapley, with his mild sadness. "Ah, I wish David had staid where he was."

"We are apt to think these things are accidents," said Kane. "Heaven knows. But scarlet fever and diphtheria are everywhere, and they take better care of them in town than they do in the country. Who did you say their doctor was?"

"Dear me! I'm sure I don't know who he is. I promised Mr. Brandreth to look the matter up," said Mr. Chapley. "He's very anxious to guard against any spread of the infection to his own child, and my whole family are so apprehensive that it's difficult. I should like to go and see poor David myself, but they won't hear of it. They're quite in a panic, as it is."

"They're quite right to guard against the danger," said Kane, and he added, "I should like to hear David philosophize the situation. I can imagine how he would view the effort of each one of us to escape the consequences that we are all responsible for."

"It is civilization which is in the wrong," said Mr. Chapley.

"True," Kane assented. "And yet our Indians suffered terribly from the toothache and rheumatism. You can carry your return to nature too far, Henry; nature must meet man half-way." Kane's eye kindled with pleasure in his phrase, and Ray could perceive that the literary interest was superseding the personal interest in his mind. "The earth is a dangerous planet; the great question is how to get away from it alive," and the light in Kane's eyes overspread his face in a smile of deep satisfaction with his paradox.

The cold-blooded talk of the two elderly men sent a chill to Ray's heart. For him, at least, there was but one thing to do; and half an hour later he stood at the open street door of the Hughes apartment, looking up at Mrs. Denton silhouetted against the light on the landing as he had first seen her there.

"Oh, Mrs. Denton," he called up, "how are the children?"

"I—I don't know. They are very sick. The doctor is afraid—"

"Oh!" Ray groaned, at the stop she made. "Can I help—can't I do something? May I come up?"

"Oh yes," she answered, mechanically, and Ray was stooping forward to mount the stairs when he saw her caught aside, and Peace standing in her place.

"Don't come up, Mr. Ray! You can't do any good. It's dangerous."

"I don't care for the danger," he began. "Some one—some one must help you! Your father—"

"My father doesn't need any help, and we don't. Every moment you stay makes the danger worse!"

"But you, *you* are in danger! You—"

"It's my *right* to be. But it's wrong for you. Oh, do go away!" She wrung her hands, and he knew that she was weeping. "I do thank you for coming. I was afraid you would come."

"Oh, were you?" he exulted. "I am glad of that! You know how I must have felt, when I came to think what I had said."

"Yes—but, go, now!"

"How can I do that? I should be ashamed—"

"But you mustn't," she entreated. "It would put others in danger, too. You would carry the infection. You must go," she repeated.

"Well, I shall come again. I must know how it is with you. When may I come again?"

"I don't know. You mustn't come inside again." She thought a moment. "If you come, I will speak to you from that window over the door. You must keep outside. If you will ring the bell twice, I shall know it is you."

She shut the door, and left him no choice but to obey. It was not heroic; it seemed cowardly; and he turned ruefully away. But he submitted, and twice a day, early in the morning and late at night, he came and rang for her. The neighbors, such as cared, understood that he was the friend of the family who connected its exile with the world; sometimes the passers mistook these sad trysts for the happy lovers' meetings which they resembled, and lingered to listen, and then passed on.

They caught only anxious questions and hopeless answers; the third morning that Ray came, Peace told him that the little ones were dead.

They had passed out of the world together, as they had entered it, and Ray stood with their mother beside the grave where they were both laid, and let her cling to his hand as if he were her brother. Her husband was too sick to be with them, and there had been apparently no question of Hughes's coming, but Peace was there. The weather was that of a day in late March, bitter with a disappointed hope of spring. Ray went back to their door with the mourners. The mother kept on about the little ones, as if the incidents of their death were facts of a life that was still continuing.

"Oh, I know well enough," she broke off from this illusion, "that they are gone, and I shall never see them again; perhaps their father will. Well, I don't think I was so much to blame. I didn't make myself, and I never asked to come here, any more than they did."

She had the woe-begone hopeless face which she wore the first day that Ray saw her, after the twins had thrown her porte-monnaie out of the car window; she looked stunned and stupefied.

They let her talk on, mostly without interruption. Only, at this point Peace said, "That will be thought of, Jenny," and the other asked, wistfully, "Do you think so, Peace? Well!"

XXXIII.

Peace did not come back to her work at the publishers' for many weeks. The arrears began to accumulate to an amount too formidable for her strength when she should come to take it up again, and Mr. Brandreth asked Ray to help look after it; Ray was now so often with him that their friendly acquaintance had become a confidential intimacy.

Men's advance in these relations is rapid, even in later life; in youth it is by bounds. Before a week of their daily contact was out, Ray knew that Mrs. Chapley, though the best soul in the world, and the most devoted of mothers and grandmothers, had, in Mr. Brandreth's opinion, a bad influence on his wife, and through her on his son. She excited Mrs. Brandreth by the long visits she paid her; and she had given the baby medicine on one occasion at least that distinctly had not agreed with it. "That boy has taken so much belladonna, as a preventive of scarlet fever, that I believe it's beginning to affect his eyes. The pupils are tremendously enlarged, and he doesn't notice half as much as he did a month ago. I don't know when Mrs. Chapley will let us have Miss Hughes back again. Of course, I believe in taking precautions too, and I never could forgive myself if anything really happened. But I don't want to be a perfect slave to my fears, or my mother-in-law either—should you?"

He asked Ray whether, under the circumstances, he did not think he ought to get some little place near New York for the summer, rather than go to his country home in Massachusetts, where the Chapleys had a house, and where his own mother lived the year round. When Ray shrank from the question as too personal for him to deal with, Mr. Brandreth invited him to consider the more abstract proposition that if the two grandmothers had the baby there to quarrel over all

summer, they would leave nothing of the baby, and yet would not part friends.

"I'll tell you another reason why I want to be near my business so as to keep my finger on it all the time, this year," said Mr. Brandreth, and he went into a long and very frank study of the firm's affairs with Ray, who listened with the discreet intelligence which made everybody trust him. "With Mr. Chapley in the state he's got into about business, when he doesn't care two cents whether school keeps or not, I see that I've got to take the reins more and more into my own hands." Mr. Brandreth branched off into an examination of his own character, and indirectly paid himself some handsome tributes as a business man. "I don't mean to say," he concluded, "that I've got the experience of some of the older men, but I do mean to say that experience doesn't count for half of what they claim, in the book business, and I can prove it out of their own mouths. They all admit that nobody can forecast the fate of a book. Of course if you've got a book by a known author, you've got something to count on, but not so much as people think, and some unknown man may happen along with a thing that hits the popular mood and outsell him ten times over. It's a perfect lottery."

"I wonder they let you send your lists of new publications through the mails," said Ray, dryly.

"Oh, it isn't quite as bad as that," said Mr. Brandreth. "Though there are a good many blanks too. I suppose the moral difference between business and gambling is that in business you do work for a living, and you don't propose to give nothing for something, even when you're buying as cheap as you can to sell as dear as you can. With a book it's even better. It's something you've put value into, and you have a right to expect to get value out of it. That's what I tell Mr. Chapley when he gets into one of his Tolstoï moods, and wants to give his money to the poor and eat his bread in the sweat of his brow."

The two young men laughed at these grotesque conceptions of duty, and Mr. Brandreth went on.

"Yes, sir, if I could get hold of a good, strong, lively novel—"

"Well, there is always *A Modern Romeo*," Ray suggested.

Mr. Brandreth winced. "I know." He added, with the effect of hurrying to get away from the subject, "I've had it over and over again with Mr. Chapley, till I'm tired of it. Well, I suppose it's his age, somewhat, too. Every man, when he gets to Mr. Chapley's time of life, wants to go into the country and live on the land. I'd like to see him living on the land in Hatboro', Massachusetts! You can stand up in your buggy and count half a dozen abandoned farms wherever you've a mind to stop on the road. By-the-way," said Mr. Brandreth, from an association of ideas that Ray easily followed, "have you seen anything of the book that Mr. Hughes is writing? He's got a good title for it. 'The World Revisited' ought to sell the first edition of it at a go."

"Before people found out what strong meat it was? It condemns the whole structure of society: he's read me parts of it."

"Well, well," said Mr. Brandreth, in a certain perplexity, "that might make it go too. People like strong meat. They like to have the structure of society condemned. There's a good deal of sympathy with the underpinning; there's no use trying to deny it. Confound it! I should like to try such a book as that in the market. But it would be regarded by everybody who knew him as an outcome of Mr. Chapley's Tolstoï twist."

"But I understand that Mr. Hughes's views are entirely opposed to Tolstoï's. He regards him as unpractical," said Ray, with a smile for Hughes's practicality.

"It wouldn't make any difference. They would call it Tolstoïan on Mr. Chapley's account. People don't know. There was *Looking Backward;* they took that at a gulp, and didn't know that it was the rankest sort of socialism. My! If I could get hold of a book like *Looking Backward!*"

"I might have it come out that the wicked cousin in *A Modern Romeo* was a secret Anarchist. That ought to make the book's fortune."

Ray could deal lightly with his rejected novel, but even while he made an open jest of it the book was still inwardly dear to him. He still had his moments of thinking it a great book, in places. He was always mentally comparing it with other novels that came out, and finding it better. He could not see why they should have got publishers,

and his book not; he had to fall back upon that theory of mere luck which first so emboldens and then so embitters the heart; and the hope that lingered in him was mixed with cynicism.

XXXIV.

When Peace came back to her work, Mr. Brandreth, in admiration of her spirit, confided to Ray that she had refused to take pay for the time she had been away, and that no arguments availed with her.

"They must have been at unusual expense on account of this sickness, and I understand that the son-in-law hasn't earned anything for a month. But what can you do?"

"You can't do anything," said Ray. Their poverty might be finally reached from without, and it was not this which made him chiefly anxious in his futile sympathy for Peace. He saw her isolated in the presence of troubles from which he was held as far aloof as her father lived in his dream of a practicable golden age. Their common sorrow, which ought to have drawn the mother and father of the dead children nearer together, seemed to have alienated them. After the first transports of her grief Mrs. Denton appeared scarcely to miss the little ones; the cat, which they had displaced so rarely, was now always in her lap; and her idle, bantering talk went on, about anything, about everything, as before, but with something more of mockery for her husband's depressions and exaltations. It might have been from a mistaken wish to rouse him to some sort of renewed endeavor that she let her reckless tongue run upon what he had done with his process; it might have been from her perception that he was most vulnerable there. Ray could not decide. For the most part Denton remained withdrawn from the rest, a shadow and a silence which they ignored. Sometimes he broke in with an irrelevant question or comment, but oftener he evaded answering when they spoke to him. If his wife pressed him at such times he left them; and then they heard him talking to himself in his room, after an old habit of his; now and then Ray thought he was praying. If he did not come back, Peace followed him, and then her voice could be heard in entreaty with him.

"She's the only one that can do anything with Ansel," her sister lightly explained one evening. "She has so much patience with him; father hasn't any more than I have; but Peace can persuade him out of almost anything except his great idea of sacrifice."

"Sacrifice?" Ray repeated.

"Yes. I don't know what he means. But he thinks he's been very wicked, trying to invent that process, and he can't get forgiveness without some kind of sacrifice. He's found it in the Old Testament somewhere. *I* tell him it's a great pity he didn't live in the days of the prophets; he might have passed for one. I don't know what he's going to do. He says we must make some sacrifice; but I can't see what we've got left to sacrifice. We might make a burnt-offering of the chairs in father's stove; the coal's about gone."

She stopped, and looked up from her cat at Denton, who had come in with a book in his hand; Peace glided in behind him.

"Oh, are you going to read us something, Ansel?" his wife asked, with her smile of thoughtless taunting. "I don't see why you don't give public readings. You could read better than the elocutionists that used to read to us in the Family. And it wouldn't be taking the bread out of any one else's mouth." She turned to Ray: "You know Ansel's given up his place so as to let another man have his chance. It was the least he could do after he had tried to take away the livelihood of so many by inventing that wicked process of his."

Denton gave no sign of having heard her. He fixed his troubled eyes on Ray. "Do you know that poem?" he asked, handing him the open book.

"Oh, yes," said Ray.

"It's a mistake," said Denton, "all a mistake. I should like to write to Tennyson and tell him so. I've thought it out. The true sacrifice would have been the best, not the dearest; the best."

The next day was Sunday, and it broke, with that swift, capricious heat of our climate, after several days of cloudy menace. The sun shone, and the streets were thronged with people. They were going to church in different directions, but there was everywhere a heavy trend toward the stations of the elevated road, and the trains were crammed with men, women, and children going to the Park. When Ray arrived there with one of the throngs

he had joined, he saw the roads full of carriages, and in the paths black files of foot-passengers pushing on past the seats packed with those who had come earlier, and sat sweltering under the leafless trees. The grass was already green; some of the forwarder shrubs were olive-gray with buds.

Ray walked deep into the heart of the Park. He came in sight of a bench near a shelf of rock in a by-path, with a man sitting alone on it. There was room for two, and Ray made for the place.

The man sat leaning forward with his heavy blond head hanging down as if he might have been drunk. He suddenly lifted his head, and Ray saw that it was Denton. His face was red from the blood that had run into it, but as it grew paler it showed pathetically thin. Denton stared at him confusedly, and did not know him till he spoke.

Then he said, "Oh!" and eagerly put out his hand. A sudden kindness in Ray, more than he commonly felt for the man whom he sometimes pitied, but never liked, responded to the overture.

"May I have part of your bench?" he asked.

"Yes," said Denton. "Sit down," and he made way for him. "It isn't mine; it's one of the few things in this cursed town that belong to every one."

"Well," said Ray, cheerfully, "I suppose we're all proprietors of the Park, even if we're not allowed to walk on our own grass."

"Yes; but don't get me thinking about that. There's been too much of that in my life. I want to get away—away from it all. We are going into the country. Do you know about those abandoned farms in New England? Could we go and take up one of them?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But what could you do with it, if you did? The owners left those farms because they couldn't live on them. You would have to fight a battle you're not strong enough for. Better wait till you get fairly on your feet."

"Yes, I'm sick; I'm no good. But it would be expiation."

Ray did not speak at once. Then, partly because he thought he might be of use to the man by helping him to an objective vision of what was haunting him, and partly from an æsthetic desire to pry into the confusion of his turbid soul, he asked: "Do you mean for that invention of yours?"

"No; that's nothing. That was a common crime."

"Well, I have no right to ask you anything further. But in any given case of expiation, the trouble is that a man can't expiate alone; he makes a lot of other people expiate with him."

"Yes; you can't even sin alone. That is the curse of it, and then the innocent have to suffer with the sinners. But I meant—the children."

"The children?"

"Yes; I let them die."

Ray understood now that it was remorse for his exposure of the little ones to contagion which was preying on him. "I don't think you were to blame for that. It was something that might have happened to any one. For the sake of your family you ought to look at it in the true light. You are no more responsible for your children's death than I am." Ray stopped, and Denton stared as if listening.

"What? What? What?" he said, in the tone of a man who tries to catch something partly heard. "Did you hear?" he asked. "They are both talking at once—with the same voice; it's the twin nature." He shook his head vehemently, and said, with an air of relief: "Well, now it's stopped. What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything," Ray answered.

"Oh! It was the Voice, then. You see it was a mistake not to do it sooner; that's why they were taken. I couldn't understand, because in the flesh they couldn't speak. They had to speak in the spirit. That was it—why they died. I thought that if I took some rich man who had made his millions selfishly, cruelly—you see?—it would satisfy justice; then the reign of peace and plenty could begin. But that was wrong. That would have made the guilty suffer for the innocent; and the innocent must suffer for the guilty. Always! There is no other atonement. Now I see that. Oh, my soul, my soul! What? No! Yes, yes! The best, the purest, the meekest! Always that! Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission. Who do you think is the best person in New York—the purest, the meekest?"

"Who?" Ray echoed.

"Yes," said Denton. Then he broke

off. "She said, No! No! No!" He started up from the seat. "For their life, their life, their life! That was where the wrong was. I knew it was all wrong, always. Oh, my soul, my soul! What shall the atonement be?" He moved away, and at a few paces' distance he began to run.

Ray watched him running, running, till he was out of sight.

He passed a restless, anxious day, and in the evening he could not keep from going to the Hugheses'. He found them all together, and gayer than he had seen them since the children's death. He tried to join in the light-hearted fun that Mrs. Denton was making with her husband; she was unusually fond, and she flattered him with praises of his talent and good looks; she said his pallor became him.

"Do you know," she asked Ray, "that we're all going to New Hampshire to live on an abandoned farm?"

She made Denton get his violin, and he played a long time. Suddenly he stopped, and waited in the attitude of listening. He called out, "Yes!" and struck the instrument over a chair-top, breaking it to splinters. He jumped up as if in amaze at what had happened; then he said to Peace, "I've made you some kindling."

His wife said with a smile, "A man must do *something* for a living."

Denton merely looked at her with a kind of vague surprise. After a moment's suspense he wheeled about and caught his hat from the wall, and rushed down the stairs into the street.

Hughes came in from the front room, with his pen in his hand, and hoarsely gasping. "What is the matter?" he weakly whispered. No one spoke, but the ruin of the violin answered for itself. "Some more of that fool's work, I suppose. It is getting past all endurance. He was always the most unpractical creature, and of late he's become utterly worthless." He kept on moving his lips as if he were speaking, but no sound came from them.

Mrs. Denton burst into a crowing laugh: "It's too bad Ansel should have *two* voices and father none at all!"

The old man's lips still moved, and now there came from them, "A fool, a perfect fool!"

"Oh, no, father," said Peace, and she went up to the old man. "You know Ansel isn't a fool. You know he has been tried; and he is good, you know he is! He has worked hard for us all; and I can't bear to have you call him names."

"Let him show some common-sense, then," said her father. "I have no wish to censure him. But his continual folly wears me out. He owes it to the cause, if not to his family, to be sensible and—and—practical. Tell him I wish to see him when he comes in," he added, with an air of authority, the relic of some former headship. "It's high time I had a talk with him. These disturbances in the family are becoming very harassing. I cannot fix my mind on anything."

He went back into his own room, where they heard him coughing. It was a moment of pain without that dignity which we like to associate with the thought of suffering, but which is seldom present in it; Ray did not dare to go; he sat keenly sensible of the squalor of it, unable to stir. He glanced toward Peace for strength; she had her face hidden in her hands. He would not look at Mrs. Denton, who was saying: "I think father is right, and if Ansel can't control himself any better than he has of late, he'd better leave us. It's wearing father out. Don't you think he looks worse, Mr. Ray?"

He did not answer, but remained wondering what he had better do.

Peace took down her hands and looked at him, and he saw that she wished him to go. He went, but in the dark below he lingered, trying to think whom he should turn to for help. He ran over Mr. Chapley, Brandreth, Kane in his mind with successive rejection, and then he thought of Kane's doctor; he had never really seen him, but he feigned him the wisest and most efficient of the doctors known to fiction. Of course it must be a doctor whom Ray should speak to; but he must put the affair hypothetically, so that if the doctor thought it nothing, no one would be compromised. It must be a physician of the greatest judgment, a man of sympathy as well as sagacity; no, it could be any sort of doctor, and he ought to go to him at once.

He was fumbling in the dark for the wire that pulled the bolt of the street door when a night-latch was thrust into the key-hole outside, and the door was burst open with a violence that flung him back against the wall behind it. Before it could swing to again he saw Denton's figure bent in its upward rush on the stairs; he leaped after him.

"Now, then!" Denton shouted, as they burst into the apartment together. "The time has come! the time has come! They are calling you, Peace! You wouldn't let me give them, and the Lord had to take them, but they have reconciled Him to you; He will accept you for their sake!"

Old Hughes had entered from his room, and stood looking on with frowning brows, but with more vexation than apprehension. "Be done with that arrant nonsense!" he commanded. "What stuff are you talking?"

Denton's wife shrank into the farthest corner, with the cat still in her arms. Peace stood in the middle of the room staring at him. He did not heed Hughes except to thrust him aside as he launched himself towards the girl.

Ray slipped between them, and Denton regarded him with dull wavering eyes like a drunken man's. "Oh, you're here still, are you?" he said; a cunning gleam came into his eyes, and he dropped his voice from its impassioned pitch. He kept his right hand in his coat pocket, and Ray watched that hand too solely. Denton flashed past him, and with his left swept away the hands which Peace mechanically lifted to her face, and held them in his grip. Ray sprang upon him, and pinioned his right wrist.

"Hold him fast!" Hughes added his grip to Ray's. "He's got something in his pocket, there! Run to the window, Jenny, and call for help!"

"No, no, Jenny, don't!" Peace entreated. "Don't call out. Ansel won't hurt me! I know he'll listen to me; won't you, Ansel? Oh, what is it you want to do?"

"Here!" cried Denton. "Take it! In an instant you will be with them! The sin will be remitted." He struggled to reach her lips with the hand which he had got out of his pocket. Old Hughes panted out:

"Open his fist! Tear it open. If I had a knife—"

"Oh, don't hurt him!" Peace implored. "He isn't hurting me."

Denton suddenly released her wrists, and she sank senseless. Ray threw himself on his knees beside her, and stretched his arms out over her.

Denton did not look at them; he stood a moment listening; then with a formless cry he whirled into the next room. The door shut crashing behind him, and then there came the noise of a heavy fall within. The rush of a train made itself loudly heard in the silence.

A keen bitter odor in the air rapt Ray far away to an hour of childhood when a storm had stripped the blossoms from a peach-tree by the house, and he noted with a child's accidental observance the acrid scent which rose from them.

"That is Prussic acid," Hughes whispered, and he moved feebly towards the door and pushed it open. Denton lay on the floor with his head towards the threshold, and the old man stood looking down into his dead face.

"It must have been that which he had in his hand."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HEAVENLY BIRTHDAY.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

DOST thou keep count and say, in thy far place,
"This birthday is the first since that dark hour
When on my breast was laid Love's funeral flower?"
Thou hast won all, in the immortal race—
Conqueror of life, and death, and time, and space—
And I, a lagging beaten runner, cower,
While round me mocking memories jeer and lower,
And from thy far world comes no helpful grace:

Thou dost not whisper that those heights are cold
Where I walk not beside thee, and the night
Of death is long. Nay, I am over-bold:—
Thou sittest comforted and healed with light,
And young and glad; and I who wait am old;
Yet will I find thee, even in Death's despite.

CHAPMAN.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AS I turn from one to another of the old dramatists, and see how little is known about their personal history, I find a question continually coming back, invincible as a fly with a strong sense of duty, which I shall endeavor to fan away by a little discussion. This question is whether we gain or lose by our ignorance of the personal details of their history. Would it make any difference in our enjoyment of what they wrote, if we had the means of knowing that one of them was a good son, or the other a bad husband? that one was a punctual paymaster, and that the other never paid his washer-woman for the lustration of the legendary single shirt without which he could not face a neglectful world, or hasten to the theatre with the manuscript of the new play for which posterity was to be more thankful than the manager? Is it a love of knowledge or of gossip that renders these private concerns so interesting to us, and makes us willing to intrude on the awful seclusion of the dead, or to flatten our noses against the windows of the living? The law is more scrupulous than we in maintaining the inviolability of private letters. Are we to profit by every indiscretion, by every breach of confidence? Of course in whatever the man himself has made a part of the record we are entitled to find what intimations we can of his genuine self, of the real man, veiled under the draperies of convention and circumstance, who was visible for so many years, yet perhaps never truly seen, obscurely known to himself, conjectured even by his intimates, and a mere name to all beside. And yet how much do we really know even of men who profess to admit us to every corner of their nature—of Montaigne? of Rousseau? As in the box under the table at which the automaton chess-player sat, there is always a closet within that which is so frankly opened to us, and into this the enigma himself absconds while we are staring at nothing in the other. Even in autobiographies, it is only by inadvertencies, by unconscious betrayals when the author is off his guard, that we make our discoveries. In a man's works we read between the lines, not always wisely. No doubt there is an intense interest in watching the process by which a detective critic like Sainte-Beuve dogs his hero or his victim, as the case may be, with tireless sympathy or vindictive sagacity, tracking out clew after clew, and constructing out of the life a comment on the works, or, again, from the works divining the character. But our satisfaction depends upon the bias with which the inquisition is conducted, and, after assisting at this process in the case of Châteaubriand, for example, are we sure that we know the man better, or only what was morbid in the man, which, perhaps, it was not profitable for us to know?

But is it not after the discreditable particulars which excite a correspondingly discreditable curiosity that we are eager, and these that we read with greatest zest? So it should seem if we judged by the fact that biography, and especially that of men of letters, tends more and more towards these indecent exposures. Those of the person are punished by the law of all civilized countries, and shall we be more lenient to those of the soul? The concern of the biographer should be with the mind, and not with the body of his victim. We are willing to be taken into the parlor and the library, but may fairly refuse to be dragged down to the kitchen or to look into the pantry. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* does not come under this condemnation, being mainly a record of the great doctor's opinions, and, since done with his own consent, is almost to be called autobiographical. There are certain memoirs after reading which one blushes as if he had not only been peeping through a key-hole, but had been caught in the act. No doubt there is a fearful truth in Shakespeare's saying,

> "The evil that men do lives after them,"

but I should limit it to the evil done by otherwise good men, for it is only in this kind of evil that others will seek excuse for what they are tempted to do, or palliation for what they have already done. I like to believe, and to think I see reason for believing, that it is the good that is in men which is immortal, and beneficently immortal, and that the sooner the perishable husk in which it was enveloped is suffered to perish and crumble away, the sooner we shall know them

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as they really were. I remember how Longfellow used to laugh in his kindly way when he told the story of the French visitor who asked him for some *révélations intimes* of his domestic life to be published in a Paris newspaper. No man would have lost less by the most staring light that could have been admitted to those sacred retreats, but he shrank instinctively from being an accomplice to its admission. I am not sure that I ought to be grateful for the probable identification of the Dark Lady to whom twenty-five of Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed, much as I should commend the research and acuteness that rendered it possible. We had, indeed, more than suspected that these sonnets had an address within the bills of mortality, for no such red-blooded flame as this sometimes is ever burned on the altar of the Ideal. But whoever she was, she was unembodied so long as she was nameless, she moved about in a world not realized, sacred in her inaccessibility, a fainter image of that image of her which had been mirrored in the poet's eyes, and this vulgarization of her into flesh and blood seems to pull down the sonnets from heaven's sweetest air to the turbid level of our earthier apprehension. Here is no longer an object for the upward, but for the furtive and sidelong glance. A gentleman once told me that being compelled to part with some family portraits, he requested a dealer to price that of a collateral ancestress by Gainsborough. He thought the sum offered surprisingly small, and said so.

"I beg your pardon for asking the question," said the dealer, "but business is business. You are not, I understand, a direct descendant of this lady. Was her name ever connected with any scandal? If so, I could double my offer."

Somewhere in our inhuman nature there must be an appetite for these unsavory personalities, but they are degrading in a double sense—degrading to him whose secret is betrayed, and to him who consents to share in the illicit knowledge of it. These things are none of our business, and yet it is remarkable how scrupulously exact even those most neglectful in their own affairs are in attending to the business of other people. I think, on the whole, that it is fortunate for us that our judgment of what the old dramatists did should be so little disturbed by any misinformation as to what they were, for to be imperfectly informed is to be misinformed, and even to look through contemporary eyes is to look through very crooked glass. Sometimes we may draw a pretty infallible inference as to a man's temperament, though not as to his character, from his writings. And this, I think, is the case with Chapman, of whom I speak to-night.

George Chapman was born at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, in 1559 probably, though Anthony Wood makes him two years older, and died in London on the 12th of May, 1634. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Giles in the Fields, where the monument put up over him by Inigo Jones is still standing. He was five years older than Shakespeare, whom he survived for nearly twenty years, and fifteen years older than Ben Jonson, who outlived him three years. There is good ground for believing that he studied at both universities, though he took a degree at neither. While there he is said to have devoted himself to the classics, and to have despised philosophy. This contempt, however, seems to me somewhat doubtful, for he is certainly the most obtrusively metaphysical of all our dramatists. After leaving the university, he is supposed to have travelled, which is as convenient a way as any other to fill up the gap of sixteen years between 1578, when he ended his academic studies, and 1594, when we first have notice of him in London, during which period he vanishes altogether. Whether he travelled in France and Italy or not, he seems to have become in some way familiar with the languages of those countries, and there is some reason for thinking that he understood German also. We have two glimpses of him during his life in London. In 1605 he, with Jonson and Marston, produced a play called *Eastward Ho!* Some "injurious reflections" on the Scottish nation in it angered King James, and the authors were imprisoned for a few days in the Fleet. Again, in 1606, the French ambassador, Beaumont, writes to his master: "I caused certain players to be forbid from acting *The History of the Duke of Biron;* when, however, they saw that the whole court had left town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Madame de Verneuil. The former having first accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box

on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped." This was Chapman's tragedy, and in neither of the editions printed two years later does the objectionable passage appear. It is curious that this interesting illustration of the history of the English stage should have been unearthed from the French archives by Von Raumer in his *History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.*

Chapman was a man of grave character and regular life. We may, perhaps, infer from some passages in his plays that he heartily hated Puritans. There are other passages that might lead one to suspect him of a leaning towards Catholicism, or at least regretted the schism of the Reformation. The scene of these plays is laid in France, to be sure, in the time of Henry IV., but not to mention that Chapman's characters are almost always the mere mouth-pieces of his own thought, there is a fervor in the speeches to which I have alluded which gives to them an air of personal conviction. In *Biron's Tragedy* there is a eulogy of Philip II. and his policy very well worth reading by those who like to keep their minds judicially steady, for it displays no little historical insight. It certainly shows courage and independence to have written such a vindication only eighteen years after the Armada, and when national prejudice against Spain was so strong,

Chapman's friendships are the strongest testimonials we have of his character. Prince Henry, whose untimely death may have changed the course of English history, and with it that of our own, was his patron. So was Carr, Earl of Somerset, whom he did not desert in ill fortune. Inigo Jones was certainly his intimate friend; and he is said to have been, though it seems doubtful, on terms of friendly intercourse with Bacon. In dedicating his *Biron's Conspiracy* to Sir Thomas Walsingham, he speaks as to an old friend. With his fellow-poets he appears to have been generally on good terms. His long life covered the whole of the Elizabethan age of literature, and before he died he might have read the earlier poems of Milton.

He wrote seven comedies and eight tragedies that have come down to us, and probably others that have perished. Nearly all his comedies are formless and coarse, but with what seems to me a kind of stiff and wilful coarseness, as if he were trying to make his personages speak in what he supposed to be their proper dialect, in which he himself was unpractised, having never learned it in those haunts familiar to most of his fellow-poets, where it was vernacular. His characters seem, indeed, types, and he frankly proclaims himself an idealist in the dedication of *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* to Sir Thomas Howard, where he says, "And for the authentical truth of either person or action, who (worth the respecting) will expect it in a Poem whose subject is not truth, but things like truth?" Of his comedies, *All Fools* is by general consent the best. It is less lumpish than the others, and is, on the whole, lively and amusing. In his comedies he indulges himself freely in all that depreciation of woman which had been so long traditional with the sex which has the greatest share in making them what they are. But he thought he was being comic, and there is, on the whole, no more depressing sight than a naturally grave man under that delusion. His notion of love, too, is coarse and animal, or rather the notion he thinks proper to express through his characters. And yet in his comedies there are two passages—one in praise of love, and the other of woman — certainly among the best of their kind. The first is a speech of Valerio in *All Fools:*

"I tell thee love is Nature's second sun
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colors, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men, so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs them as the sun doth colors;
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honorable fruits
Of valor, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution and divine discourse:
O, 'tis the paradise, the heaven of earth!
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,
As to enjoy one joy, think both one thought,
Live both one life and therein double life,
. . . . . .
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy."

And now let me read to you a passage in praise of women from *The Gentleman Usher.* It is not great poetry, but it has fine touches of discrimination both in feeling and expression:

"Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her winged spirit
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,
And, like her beauty, ravishing and pure;
The weaker body still the stronger soul.

. . . . . .

O what a treasure is a virtuous wife,
Discreet and loving! not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven;
She gives him double forces to endure
And to enjoy by being one with him."

Then, after comparing her with power, wealth, music, and delicate diet, which delight but imperfectly,

"But a true wife both sense and soul delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill.
All store without her leaves a man but poor,
And with her poverty is exceeding store."

Chapman himself, in a passage of his *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, condemns the very kind of comedy he wrote as a concession to public taste:

"Nay, we must now have nothing brought on stages
But puppetry, and pied ridiculous antics;
Men thither come to laugh and feed fool-fat,
Check at all goodness there as being profaned;
When wheresoever goodness comes, she makes
The place still sacred, though with other feet
Never so much 'tis scandaled and polluted.
Let me learn anything that fits a man,
In any stables shown, as well as stages."

Of his tragedies, the general judgment has pronounced *Biron's Conspiracy* and *Biron's Tragedy* to be the finest, though they have less genuine poetical ecstasy than his *d'Ambois*. The *Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France*, is almost wholly from his hand, as all its editors agree, and as is plain from internal evidence, for Chapman has some marked peculiarities of thought and style which are unmistakable. Because Shirley had some obscure share in it, it is printed with his works, and omitted by the latest editor of Chapman. Yet it is far more characteristic of him than *Alphonsus*, or *Cæsar and Pompey*. The character of Chabot has a nobility less prompt to vaunt itself, less conscious of itself, less obstreperous, I am tempted to say, than is common with Chapman. There is one passage in the play which I will quote, because of the plain allusion in it to the then comparatively recent fate of Lord Bacon. I am not sure whether it has been before remarked or not. The Lord Chancellor of France is impeached of the same crimes with Bacon. He is accused also of treacherous cruelty to Chabot, as Bacon was reproached for ingratitude to Essex. He is sentenced like him to degradation of rank, to a heavy fine, and to imprisonment at the King's pleasure. Like Bacon, again, he twice confesses his guilt before sentence is passed on him, and throws himself on the King's mercy:

"Hear me, great Judges; if you have not lost
For my sake all your charities, I beseech you
Let the King know my heart is full of penitence;
Calm his high-going sea, or in that tempest
I ruin to eternity. O, my lords,
Consider your own places and the helms
You sit at; while with all your providence
You steer, look forth and see devouring quicksands!
My ambition now is punished, and my pride
Of state and greatness falling into nothing;
I, that had never time, through vast employments,
To think of Heaven, feel His revengeful wrath
Boiling my blood and scorching up my entrails.
There's doomsday in my conscience, black and horrid,
For my abuse of justice; but no stings
Prick with that terror as the wounds I made
Upon the pious Admiral. Some good man
Bear my repentance thither; he is merciful,
And may incline the King to stay his lightning,
Which threatens my confusion, that my free
Resign of title, office, and what else
My pride look'd at, would buy my poor life's safety;
Forever banish me the Court, and let
Me waste my life far-off in some mean village."

After the Chancellor's sentence, his secretary says:

"I could have wished him fall on softer ground
For his good parts."

Bacon's monument, in St. Michael's Church at St. Alban's, was erected by his secretary, Sir Thomas Meautys. Bacon did not appear at his trial; but there are several striking parallels between his letters of confession and the speech you have just heard.

Another posthumously published tragedy of Chapman's, the *Revenge for Honor*, I shall notice here, as my time will allow me to make no extracts from it. It is, in conception, the most original of them all, and the plot seems to be of his own invention. It has great improbabilities, but as the story is oriental, we find it easier to forgive them. It is, on the whole, a very striking play, and with more variety of character in it than is common with Chapman.

In general he seems to have been led to the choice of his heroes (and these sustain nearly the whole weight of the play in which they figure) by some half-conscious sympathy of temperament. They are impetuous, have an overweening self-confidence, and an orotund way of expressing it that fitted them perfectly to

be the mouth-pieces for an eloquence always vehement and impassioned, sometimes rising to a sublimity of self-assertion. Where it is fine, it is nobly fine, but too often it raves itself into a kind of fury recalling Hamlet's word *robustious*, and seems to be shouted through a speaking-trumpet in a gale of wind. He is especially fond of describing battles, and the rush of his narration is then like a charge of cavalry. Of his first tragedy, *Bussy d'Ambois*, Dryden says, with that mixture of sure instinct and hasty judgment which makes his prose so refreshing: "I have sometimes wondered in the reading what has become of those glaring colors which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a falling star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly, nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperbole; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, incorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish."

There *is* hyperbole in Chapman, and perhaps Dryden saw it the more readily and disliked it the more that his own tragedies are full of it. But Dryden was always hasty, not for the first time in speaking of Chapman. I am pretty safe in saying that he had probably only run his eye over *Bussy d'Ambois*, and that it did not happen to fall on any of those finely inspired passages which are not only more frequent in it than in any other of Chapman's plays, but of a more purely poetical quality. Dryden was irritated by a consciousness of his own former barbarity of taste, which had led him to prefer Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas. What he says as to the success of *Bussy d'Ambois* on the stage is interesting.

In saying that the sense of "one line is prodigiously expanded into ten," Dryden certainly puts his finger on one of Chapman's faults. He never knew when to stop. But it is not true that the sense is expanded, if by that we are to understand that Chapman watered his thought to make it fill up. There is abundance of thought in him, and of very suggestive thought too, but it is not always in the right place. He is the most sententious of our poets—sententious to a fault, as we feel in his continuation of "Hero and Leander." In his annotations to the sixteenth book of his translation of the Iliad, he seems to have been thinking of himself in speaking of Homer. He says: "And here have we ruled a case against our plain and smug writers, that, because their own unwieldiness will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them.... But herein this case is ruled against such men that they affirm these hyperthetical or superlative sort of expressions and illustrations are too bold and bumbasted, and out of that word is spun that which they call our fustian, their plain writing being stuff nothing so substantial, but such gross sowtege or hairpatch as every goose may eat oats through.... But the chief end why I extend this annotation is only to entreat your note here of Homer's manner of writing, which, to utter his after-store of matter and variety, is so presse and puts on with so strong a current that it far overruns the most laborious pursuer if he have not a poetical foot and Poesy's quick eye to guide it."

Chapman has indeed a "great after-store of matter" which encumbers him, and does sometimes "far overrun the most laborious pursuer," but many a poetical foot, with Poesy's quick eye to guide it, has loved to follow. He has kindled an enthusiasm of admiration such as no other poet of his day except Shakespeare has been able to kindle. In this very play of *Bussy d'Ambois* there is a single line of which Charles Lamb says that "in all poetry I know nothing like it." When Chapman is fine, it is in a way all his own. There is then an incomparable amplitude in his style, as when, to quote a phrase from his translation of Homer, the Lightener Zeus "lets down a great sky out of heaven." There is a quality of northwestern wind in it, which, if sometimes too blusterous, is yet taken into the lungs with an exhilarating expansion. Hyperbole is overshooting the mark. No doubt Chapman sometimes did this, but this excess is less depressing than its opposite, and at least proves vigor in the bowman. His bow was like that of Ulysses, which none could bend but he, and even where the arrow went astray, it

sings as it flies, and one feels, to use his own words, as if it were

"the shaft
Shot at the sun by angry Hercules,
And into splinters by the thunder broken."

Dryden taxes Chapman with "incorrect English." This is altogether wrong. His English is of the best, and far less licentious than Dryden's own, which was also the best of its kind. Chapman himself says (or makes Montsurry in *Bussy d'Ambois* say for him):

"Worthiest poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
Every illiberal and affected phrase,
To clothe their matter, and together tie
Matter and form with art and decency."

And yet I should say that if Chapman's English had any fault, it comes of his fondness for homespun words, and for images which, if not essentially vulgar, become awkwardly so by being forced into company where they feel themselves out of place. For example, in the poem which prefaces his Homer, full of fine thought, fitly uttered in his large way, he suddenly compares the worldlings he is denouncing to "an itching horse leaning to a block or a May-pole." He would have justified himself, I suppose, by Homer's having compared Ajax to an ass, for I think he really half believed that the spirit of Homer had entered into him and replaced his own. So, in *Bussy*,

"Love is a razor cleansing if well used,
But fetcheth blood still being the least abused."

But I think the incongruity is to be explained as an unconscious reaction (just as we see men of weak character fond of strong language) against a partiality he felt in himself for costly phrases. His fault is not the purple patch upon frieze, but the patch of frieze upon purple. In general, one would say that his style was impetuous like the man himself, and wants the calm which is the most convincing evidence of great power that has no misgivings of itself. I think Chapman figured forth his own ideal in his *Biron:*

"Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law."

Professor Minto thinks that the rival poet of whom Shakespeare speaks in his eighty-sixth sonnet was Chapman, and enough confirmation of this theory may be racked out of dates and other circumstances to give it at least some probability. However this may be, the opening line of the sonnet contains as good a characterization of Chapman's style as if it had been meant for him:

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse?"

I have said that Chapman was generally on friendly terms with his brother poets. But there is a passage in the preface to the translation of the Iliad which marks an exception. He says: "And much less I weigh the frontless detractions of some stupid ignorants, that, no more knowing me than their beastly ends, and I ever (to my knowledge) blest from their sight, whisper behind me vilifyings of my translation, out of the French affirming them, when both in French and all other languages but his own our with-all-skill-enriched Poet is so poor and unpleasing that no man can discern from whence flowed his so generally given eminence and admiration." I know not who was intended, but the passage piques my curiosity. In what is said about language there is a curious parallel with what Ben Jonson says of Shakespeare, and the "generally given eminence and admiration" applies to him also. The "with-all-skill-enriched" reminds me of another peculiarity of Chapman—his fondness for compound words. He seems to have thought that he condensed more meaning into a phrase if he dovetailed all its words together by hyphens. This sometimes makes the verses of his translation of Homer difficult to read musically, if not metrically.

Chapman has been compared with Seneca, but I see no likeness in their manner unless we force an analogy between the rather braggart Hercules of the one and d'Ambois of the other. The most famous passage in Seneca's tragedies is, I suppose, the answer of Medea when asked what remains to her in her desertion and danger: "*Medea superest.*" This is as unlike Chapman as he is unlike Marlowe or Webster. His genius never could have compressed itself into so laconic a casket. Here would have been a chance for him to dilate like Teneriffe or Atlas, and he would have done it ample justice.

If ever there was a case in which Buffon's saying that the style is the man fitted exactly, it is in that of Chapman. Perhaps I ought to have used the word mannerism instead of style, for Chapman had not that perfect control of his matter which style implies. On the contrary, his matter seems sometimes to do what it will with him, which is the characteristic of mannerism. I can think of no better example of both than Sterne, alternately victim of one and master of the other. His mannerism at last becomes irritating affectation, but when he throws it off, his style is perfect in simplicity of rhythm. There is no more masterly page of English prose than that in the *Sentimental Journey* describing the effect of the chorus, "O Cupid, King of Gods and Men," on the people of Abdera.

As a translator, and he translated a great deal besides Homer, Chapman has called forth the most discordant opinions. It is plain from his prefaces and annotations that he had discussed with himself the various theories of translation, and had chosen that which prefers the spirit to the letter. "I dissent," he says, speaking of his translation of the Iliad, "from all other translators and interpreters that ever essayed exposition of this miraculous poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity in grammarians merely and grammatical critics, and where the inward sense or soul of the sacred muse is only within eyeshot of a poetical spirit's inspection." This rapture, however, is not to be found in his translation of the Odyssey, he being less in sympathy with the quieter beauties of that exquisite poem. Cervantes said long ago that no poet is translatable, and he said truly, for his thoughts will not *sing* in any language but their own. Even where the languages are of common parentage, like English and German, the feat is impossible. Who ever saw a translation of one of Heine's songs into English from which the genius had not utterly vanished? We cannot translate the music; above all, we cannot translate the indefinable associations which have gathered round the poem, giving it more meaning to us, perhaps, than it ever had for the poet himself. In turning it into our own tongue the translator has made it foreign to us for the first time. Why, we do not like to hear any one read aloud a poem that we love, because he translates it into something unfamiliar as he reads. But perhaps it is fair, and this is sometimes forgotten, to suppose that a translation is intended only for such as have no knowledge of the original, and to whom it will be a new poem. If that be so, there can be no question that a free reproduction, a transfusion into the moulds of another language, with an absolute deference to its associations, whether of the ear or of the memory, is the true method. There are no more masterly illustrations of this than the versions from the Greek, Persian, and Spanish of the late Mr. Fitzgerald. His translations, however else they may fail, make the same vivid impression on us that an original would. He has aimed at translating the genius, in short, letting all else take care of itself, and has succeeded. Chapman aimed at the same thing, and I think has also succeeded. You all remember Keats's sonnet on first looking in his Homer:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

Whether Homer or not, his translation is at least not Milton, as those in blank verse strive without much success to be. If the Greek original had been lost, and we had only Chapman, would it not enable us to divine some of the chief qualities of that original? I think it would; and I think this perhaps the fairest test. Commonly we open a translation as it were the door of a house of mourning. It is the burial-service of our poet that is going on there. But Chapman's poem makes us feel as if Homer late in life had married an English wife, and we were invited to celebrate the coming of age of their only son. The boy, as our country people say, and as Chapman would have said, favors his mother; there is very little Greek in him; and yet a trick of the gait now and then, and certain tones of voice, recall the father. If not so tall as he and without his dignity, he is a fine stalwart fellow, and looks quite able to make his own way in the world. Yes, in Chapman's poem there is life, there is energy, and the consciousness of them. Did not Dryden say admirably well that it was such a poem as we might fancy Homer to have written before he arrived at years of discretion? Its defect is, I should say, that in it Homer is translated into Chapman rather than into English.

Chapman is a poet for intermittent rather than for consecutive reading. He talks too loud and is too emphatic for continuous society. But when you leave him, you feel that you have been in the company of an original, and hardly know why you should not say a great, man. From his works, one may infer an individuality of character in him such as we can attribute to scarce any other of his contemporaries, though originality was far cheaper then than now. A lofty, impetuous man, ready to go off without warning into what he called a "holy fury," but capable of inspiring an almost passionate liking. Had only the best parts of what he wrote come down to us, we should have reckoned him a far greater poet than we can fairly call him. His fragments are truly Cyclopean.

THOSE SOUVENIR SPOONS.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

MR. JAMES INGERSOL, a trim specimen of the modern young man about town, was off for Boston, and with the consciousness of a daintily served breakfast, settled where a breakfast should be at that hour of the morning—nine o'clock—he turned the key in his bachelor suite of apartments, and strode lightly off to the station, a block or so away.

"Old fellow, off to B., eh?" Some one on the platform clapped him lightly on the back, and Ingersol turned to see a young bank man.

"Hulloa, chappie; yes," said Ingersol.

Then they fell to talking, not noticing the two-minute warning-bell, until the banker pulled up suddenly—"There goes your train, Jim!"—to watch the other's mad career, ending in a wild plunge up to the rear-car platform, from which he waved back a triumphant "Ta-ta!"

Pushing his way in past two or three belated women, all of them stout and persistently huddling together in the aisle, Mr. James Ingersol made his way down the car length, to find every seat taken. Then he remembered with disgust that it was the *Old Homestead* day, and he had been careless enough to light on an excursion train.

Presently a hand, large and determined, above the intervening big hats of the women, beckoned him. "I say, mister"—and Ingersol made sure he was being talked to—"here's a seat."

"Thanks," said young Ingersol, dropping into it, and unconsciously pulling his fawn-colored top-coat well away; then he relapsed into a deep silence, while the old man on the other half of the seat stowed a big black bag underneath his feet.

"I didn't see ye," he said, lifting a red face when this was accomplished, "when ye passed, or I'd 'a' took this off an' give ye the seat then."

Ingersol bowed, as if it were a matter of no consequence, and looked out the opposite window, wholly lost to the landscape.

"Ye see, I thought I'd better take 'dvantage of the cheap rate," said his seatmate, after a resonant blow of his nose on his red bandanna. "I warn't 'xactly ready to come to-day, but ma and Hetty wanted to see th'*Old Homestead*, an' so I concluded I'd let 'em. Ever seen it?" and he brought a pair of keen blue eyes under their shaggy beetling brows to bear on the young man.

"Yes," said Ingersol, in a low voice, in an agony lest some of his set should catch the monosyllable. Then he turned decidedly away to get a better view of the autumn foliage past which the train was whirling.

"Sho, now! ye have?" exclaimed the old man, in what seemed to Ingersol stentorian tones. "I want to know! Now ye can tell me suthin' about it."

"I don't care to talk, sir," declared Ingersol, abruptly, and glaring into the interested face.

The old man's heavy jaw fell. "Ye needn't get mad 'cause I asked ye a civil question," he said. "Gosh durn it! I don't want ye to talk if ye don't want to. Ye can set, an' I won't trouble ye agin;" and he hunched up the square shoulder next to Ingersol.

The newsboy coming in at the moment, Ingersol fell upon the morning paper, and tried to lose himself in its columns. But it was soon used up, as he had lost all interest in the latest bank "smash-ups," of which the paper was full, so he allowed it to drop to the floor, and finding no special pleasure in the di-

rection of the old man, he confined his attention to the opposite side of the car, idly letting his gaze wander over the motley array of passengers.

Suddenly he heard a pleasant voice say, "It's no matter," and something spun past him, to fall on the aisle floor; and turning abruptly, he looked squarely into the face of a young girl, over whose pink cheeks a frown was struggling with a sunny smile. She was bareheaded, little fluffy rings of light hair, as if glad to be released, waving softly away from the neat braids, while she stretched out involuntarily both hands to the wandering hat. The cause of all this disturbance—a big woman who had risen to her feet and twitched out a bundle from the rack above, not careful what her outside elbow was about—had turned around with a makeshift of an apology, as awkward as the act itself, bringing out the exclamation that Ingersol heard.

"Allow me," he said, springing forward to pick up the hat. He had time before he handed it to her to notice that it was gray; that it was soft and womanly, and not one of the horrible things that his soul detested, affected by some women, and that made him think of the turf. And as he restored it, while lifting his hand to his own hat, he scanned the face of the girl to whom it belonged.

What he saw, he thoroughly liked. It wasn't because she was pretty, for the face under the gray hat was one that few men would turn back to for another look; and her clothes were not of that kind or make that would render their wearer superior to beauty's aid. It was the face of a girl secure in herself, and with a sweet temper for the rest of the world.

"Egad!" thought James Ingersol, standing in the car aisle, as he pulled his topcoat together, and gave a little stamp to throw the rest of his freshly pressed clothes into the proper walking shape, "I wonder what other girl would have stood having that old fury knock her hat off before a carful of people?"

In the confusion of the crowd, when the train reached Boston, he lost sight of the gray hat, and taking a Tremont Street car, was soon uptown and immersed in his own affairs for the day.

About quarter of seven o'clock, after a little dinner at Parker's with a New York friend who was going out on the night express, Ingersol ran down Tremont Street, skipped up the stairs of an office building, and put his head into a dingy little office on the third floor.

"That's jolly, Charley! Got them?"

"Yes," said Charley, a stolid young man, with a pair of cheeks that would have graced a beer-garden, and not removing his meerschaum from between his teeth.

"Hurry up, old fellow, and produce them," said Ingersol, feverishly. "Hang it! will nothing rouse you?" giving him a clap between the shoulders. "I've to take the 7.30 train out, man!"

"That so?" observed Charley, moderately. "Well, you've oceans of time yet," glancing at the clock on the mantel.

"Go ahead!" roared Ingersol at him; "this road is infernally and eternally blocked at this time, and you know it. Hurry up!"

So Charley, by dint of the most vigorous English and several physical reminders on his phlegmatic person, consented to get his lower members down from the table, and going over to a corner safe, he unlocked it, and produced a good-sized box, which, when set upon the table and opened, revealed about as handsome a collection of souvenir spoons, big and little, as could be found in the town of Boston. There were a good two dozen of them of all sorts, each marked with the monogram "M. D."

"Pretty, ain't they?" said Charley, biting his meerschaum hard, and lifting himself up on his toes while he spread his stout legs apart, he thrust his hands in his pockets and gazed at them.

"I should say so!" declared Ingersol, with a gleam of delight. "Well, do 'em up, there's a good fellow," nervously twitching at his watch. "Whew! it's seven o'clock!"

"What the Dickens is the matter with you, anyway, to-night?" demanded Charley, not stirring a peg. "There, ain't that a fine one, though!" balancing a witch spoon critically on his thumb.

"I must catch that 7.30 train, I tell you," howled Ingersol, in a fever. "Give the box here. I'll tie it up on the way."

"And spill every blessed spoon in the lot," growled Charley, folding the paper carefully over the box. "I must say you're a queer one; after all the trouble I've taken over those blasted spoons, not to stop and give 'em half a look. There!

get along with you!" tying the parcel fast, and skimming it across the table. Then he sat down, and threw his legs up in their old place.

"You're a good fellow, Charley," said Ingersol, remorsefully, and grasping the box. "It must have taken a lot of time to pick up all these things. Confound the fad! I'm no end obliged to you."

"Get along with you!" grunted Charley, biting his pipe hard.

So Ingersol got along, boarded a depot car at the corner, and swung himself and his box inside the door, the platform being crowded. Here he stood, till, unaccustomed to the care of bundles, a sudden lurch of the car made him bow suddenly into the faces of the opposite ladies, while he narrowly escaped plunging into their laps. So he deposited his box on the floor in the first convenient space he could find, and hung to the nearest strap. Just as he did so the bell was pulled, the car stopped, and in came, in that peculiar way that only an over-full street car can develop, two puffy and well-laden individuals—Ingersol's seatmate of the morning, and a woman, evidently his wife, and built on as generous a pattern as himself. Presumably the *Old Homestead* had yielded the pair a good time, for, although they lurched in all directions with the swaying motion of the car, bobbing over their bundles like mandarins, they chuckled and smiled all the while, breaking out in remarks of, "Yes, warn't it nat'ral, pa?" and "I never see anything so like our old farm since I was born, ma," until at last, in rounding State Street, "pa" was completely taken off his feet, and cast into the bosom of a mild-mannered gentleman sitting before him. As a result of this episode, the compassionate neighbors distributed the various bundles in their laps and on the floor, the big black bag and one good-sized square parcel in Manila paper being shoved up next to that holding the spoons, and belonging to Mr. James Ingersol.

Suddenly there was precipitated upon them one of those "blocks" that in Boston fall, like the gentle rain, "on the just and on the unjust," and after the first realization of it, exclamations and anxious surmises as to how long the thing would last, and whether certain trains could be caught, began to crop out on all sides. But the car was anchored fast, apparently with no more intention of moving than one of the paving-stones beneath.

Ingersol clung to his strap, and pulled out his watch; twenty-three minutes past seven, and the station not reached yet. One more glance at the conductor, as if he was personally to blame for the delay, and could start the thing along if he had a mind to, and Ingersol stooped down, quickly groped for his bundle between the feet of the passengers, pulled out one, and fled the long line of stalled cars, saying to himself, as he shot down the street:

"I must make it. She'll be sure to take that train."

When he rushed into the brilliantly lighted station, his train was slowly moving out. As he had begun the day's journey, so he ended it, making a mad plunge for the rear car of the returning excursion train, his bundle executing frantic curves as he held it by the string. But "Little Gray Hat" was not in that car, nor in the forward one, nor, to make a long story short, in any car, though he searched long and carefully, going twice through them all.

By that time his box of spoons began to feel heavy, so he turned into a seat, tossed his parcel up into the rack, at odds with himself and all the world, and settled down in his corner to sleep off his vexation, only rousing up in time to seize his belongings and jump from the car. And presently he let himself into his own apartments, in a bad humor enough.

"A plague take the deuced things!" he exclaimed, throwing the parcel into the nearest chair, and himself into another to draw off his dusty shoes, in no condition for anything but a home evening. "Of all nasty fads, this one of collecting spoons is—faugh!" He elevated his mustache till the points threatened to go over his thin straight nose. "I only hope Maria will give me a thank you. I'll look at the things in the morning, and see that they are all right, stick in my card, and shove 'em along. I'm too done up for it to-night."

He drew up the reading-table, and "pitched in," to use his own phrase, on a magazine serial he had begun; finished it, yawned, and decided it was time to go to bed. He pulled off his coat, and began to brush it with that nice touch that marks the fastidious young man; and turning away to hang it up, his eye fell

on the parcel just where he had thrown it in the chair.

"Hang 'em all!" he ejaculated. "Those things haunt me. After all, I'll just look 'em over now, and save time in the morning."

He clipped the string with a vicious thrust of his knife blade, and tore off the paper. Inside was another wrapper, thin and broken, which had apparently made necessary the firm Manila covering; this inner one had big black letters across it. Ingersol whipped it off; out fell a brown box; and snatching off the cover, several pairs of blue woollen stockings stared up at him, while a riotous red necktie lay across the hose.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Ingersol, wildly. "Where in thunder did I get this hayseed bundle? and where is mine?"

He scratched his black hair, stared in a frenzy at the ceiling, and even ran to the door and gazed down the stairs, as if he really expected to see his parcel on the way up. Then he ran back again to paw over the bundle, and to lose himself over the cabalistic signs on the salesman's ticket within the box. But nothing gave him the least clew to the owner, nor how he was to get back his spoons, that he now saw must have been left in the car in exchange for the parcel looking so like it, that was brought in by his morning's friend, and also set on the floor.

"The old demon!" cried Ingersol between his teeth, frantically turning the box this way and that. "Ugh! that's worse than the stockings," as the necktie gleamed up at him. Then he deserted the whole thing, and pranced up and down the room, his hands folded behind him.

To say that he slept well that night would be untrue. He tossed all over the bed under the idea that he was being chased by a score of blue woollen stockings from one end of Boston to the other, while the riotous necktie cornered him in the narrowest alleys, trying to get on his neck to strangle him. So he woke up in a sad condition for the duty before him, of scouring the town for another collection of souvenir spoons to suit Cousin Maria, to whom in a rash moment he had promised such a set for her wedding next week.

He drank his coffee hastily, thinking all the while, "How would Little Gray Hat bear such trouble if it came to her?" which so held down his constantly rising temper that he was able to pick up the hateful box, which he had tied securely in its two wrappers, carefully laying the sales ticket within, and boarded the 9.30 train for Boston.

"It's fair to suppose old Hayseed lives somewhere on this line, so I'll take the infernal thing to the room for lost articles at the depot," he decided. "I'd advertise, but it'll get out and give me away; and I'd rather lose the spoons twice over than have Charley guffaw over it like a donkey," his blood turning cold at the thought.

As soon as the train puffed into Boston he went to the department above mentioned, and hugging his box under his arm, approached the official in charge. But the man turned off to somebody at Ingersol's elbow.

"You say you think the person to whom it belongs would be likely to inquire for it here?" asked the official, in a manner as if to serve the public was the furthest removed from his desire or intention.

"Oh, I think so; I do not know, but I think so," cried a voice, at sound of which Ingersol turned suddenly to gaze into the face under the gray hat that he had never been able to shake from his mind since he first looked into it. She started suddenly. "I—I have something that belongs to you, I think," said the girl, holding out a parcel as she recognized him.

Ingersol, still clinging to his parcel, stared at her. How could he offer her those dreadful stockings? There was some terrible mistake; meantime there she was in her gray hat. That was bliss enough.

"Is the article yours, sir?" inquired the official, who took that way to inform him that he was blocking up the passage.

So Ingersol stepped aside to a quiet corner, making way for her as for a princess.

"You see," she said, the color coming and going on her cheek, "we felt quite sure, when they came home on a later train, that—"

"'We?'" ejaculated Ingersol, in a daze, and guilty of interrupting, and "'they?'"

"I forgot," she said, with a little laugh. "You do not know us; of course you cannot. My uncle and you must somehow have managed to exchange bundles in the street car. He saw you pick up one from the floor."

"Your uncle? Oh!" exploded Ingersol.

Then the cold perspiration started out all over him as he remembered his surly behavior to the old man.

"Yes. Well, he lost his train on account of the block, you know, so he didn't get home till very late, and that quite upset him, so he couldn't open the bundle till this morning."

"I'm glad he couldn't," breathed Ingersol, involuntarily, with the memory of the night he'd had.

"And this morning he slept late, and aunt opened the bundle; and, oh! we were so troubled when we saw how valuable it was! And please do take it, sir." She thrust it at him now eagerly.

"Well, I suppose this is your uncle's bundle, then?" said Ingersol, pulling out the one under his arm.

"Yes," said the girl, "it is," as she took it.

"I am so sorry you have been troubled," said Ingersol, gravely, and not offering to stir a step.

"Well, it is all right now," and the sunlight broke over her face as she turned to go.

"Wait just a minute, I beg," cried Ingersol. "Will you give me your uncle's address? I'm going to see him about—about something. I—I was rude to him on the car yesterday," he blurted out, growing red-faced and ashamed.

"Yes, I know," said the girl.

"You do?"

"I couldn't help hearing," she answered.

"It—it—I have no excuse to offer—it was outrageous," declared Ingersol, hoping she would comfort him and pass it over.

But she didn't offer to. "It was not right," she said, quietly.

"Right? Oh, dear me, no!" he cried, in anguish. "I don't see how I came to be such a boor," he added, in a thin, distressed tone.

She looked up, longing to soften her answer, but said nothing.

"So, if you will give me your uncle's address, I'll thank you from the bottom of my heart," he broke out at last.

She gave it—"Hezekiah Wilson, 21 Garden Street, ——, Massachusetts"—his own town—and he wrote it down carefully in his note-book, feeling as if the gate of Paradise opened into that identical Garden Street; then he lifted his hat to her with that same air of deference, and they went their different ways.

Hurrying out of the depot, he ran against his phlegmatic friend Charley, who hooked him by the arm, meanwhile staring at the paper parcel with the air of an acquaintance.

"I'd swear you are toting round those spoons, Jim," he said, with a suspicious glance at Ingersol's face.

"Suppose I am," replied that young man, airily, "any business of yours?"

"Well, hold on," cried Charley; "don't blaze up that way, Jim. Going up town? Wait a minute and I'll go with you, as soon as I get a friend I've come for," hanging to his arm.

"Can't," said Ingersol, shaking him off.

"I believe you're spooney on some one," growled Charley, left behind on the curb-stone to watch the pair of long legs skim across the street. "Dashed if I can tell what's come to Jim!" he ended, in a soliloquy.

Away flew "Jim," careless what the opinion of his friend left behind might be, and hugging his box as he hurried to collect another set of spoons. "As if anything on earth could get these away from me, now that she has had them in her keeping!" he said to himself.

Doing two or three other little errands, at last he got himself home, where he managed to kill time till he could present himself, gotten up in his best style, at 21 Garden Street.

He had some difficulty in finding it, Garden Street being a part of the town quite off from the haunts of his set, running out as it did from the unfashionable quarter. But at last there it was; and soon No. 21 was shining down at him from the door of a modest cottage, with a little plat of ground in front.

James Ingersol walked up the tiny brick walk within the gate and pulled the bell, as happy as a king. Heavy steps sounded along the entry, and the door stood open, revealing the round, pleasant face of Mrs. Wilson, who, on his asking for the old gentleman, bade him come in, with a "Set down, do, an' I'll call pa."

Before "pa" came—which he did in his shirt sleeves, determined to show the young man no extra respect in the way of dressing up, as he knew pretty well who it was, "ma" having recognized him—In-

gersol had time to rapidly take note of everything in the room, and to gauge the atmosphere of "Little Gray Hat's" home. It was quite plain, but neat as a pin, and cheery from one end of the room to the other, where the canary sang in the bay-window.

"And one thing," breathed the young man, fervently, "thank Heaven! it isn't full of tidies and banners and ribbons strangling the necks of the vases."

"Ye wanted to see me, did ye, young man?" said old Mr. Wilson, coming in heavily to stand before him.

"I did," said Ingersol, rising and putting out his hand, which the old man didn't seem to see. "I—I—wanted to say—I— You received your bundle all right, I hope, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Wilson, with a quick jerk of his head toward the back apartments; "it's here all safe."

Then *she* was really in the house! He took courage and began again. "Mr. Wilson, I can't say how sorry I am at my want of courtesy to you yesterday."

"Ye'd orter be," said Hezekiah Wilson, bluntly. "Young men in my day didn't go around sassing folks who had twice the sense, an' old enough to be their fathers."

"I know it," said Ingersol, humbly. "I am very sorry, sir."

"An' jest because I asked ye a civil question, ye must needs fire up, an' pull your coat away. Gosh! but ye didn't hurt me none. I only set ye down as a donkey, an' didn't want nothin' to do with ye."

"I was an ass," declared the young man, decidedly.

"That's a fact; but seein' as ye've come an' acknowledged it, why, there's my hand."

James Ingersol took the horny hand extended to him with a sudden thrust, and pressed it thankfully. "And now may I see Mrs. Wilson and—and your niece? I want to say something to her I quite forgot when we exchanged the parcels this morning."

"Who—Hetty? Oh, she's gone; you can't see her," said the old man; "but ma'll come in. Here, ma, this way, will ye?" opening the door into a back room, and running his head in.

Gone? But it was only for a little while, of course; and he would come some other time—in the evening. Only let him work his way well with the old couple, and he could have the *entrée* of the house. So Mr. Ingersol had leisure to compose his face and manner by the time that Mrs. Wilson, with another cap on, and a red ribbon at her throat that it had lacked before, came in, was formally introduced to the young man, and sat down opposite him, folding her plump hands in a company way in her lap.

It seemed to Ingersol as if there never would come just the right time to find out about Hetty. At last there was a pause, and he said, carelessly, "I am sorry your niece is not at home, for I want to explain to her my abrupt manner when we exchanged parcels this morning; but I will call again, if you will allow me;" with an ingratiating smile, as he turned to the old gentleman.

"Oh, Hetty won't start for home till to-morrow," said Mrs. Wilson; "an' I don't know when she'll get here again. We'd like to keep her all the time, but her folks—"

"Keep her all the time?" cried Ingersol, forgetting himself, and whirling around to the aunt. "Why—why, doesn't she live here?"

"Dear me, no!" said Mrs. Wilson. "I wish she did; we're awful lonesome without her. She lives in New York State."

"Ah!"

James Ingersol fell to chewing his mustache with inward fury, while Hetty's aunt went on, glad to find something she could use her conversational powers on. Meantime Hezekiah Wilson pulled up a big rocking-chair, and planting himself in it, never took his eyes, under their beetling brows, from the young man.

"You see, she'd got to go from here, anyway, to-morrow. That's the reason we went to th' *Old Homestead* yest'day. Well, when we got home last night (Mehitable came home on an earlier train, you know)"—Ingersol groaned within himself—"well, when we got home, which was pretty late, seein' we lost th' excursion train, here was Hetty with her trunk all packed, saying she must go to-day. I declare, I sat right down in that chair"—pointing to the one now holding her spouse—"an' cried like a baby."

So, then, "Little Gray Hat" was on her way to New York State when he bade her good-by so hopefully. Ingersol now

was reduced to a pitiable state of mind, and the exclamation he couldn't control, he covered up with a cough.

"You see, she'd had a letter while we was gone—it was under the door—saying that she must spend the day with an old school friend in Boston, an'—"

"In Boston?" cried the young man, springing from the sofa. "Excuse me, but would you give me her address, Mrs. Wilson, please? I must see her, you know; it's absolutely imperative that I explain something about this morning."

"Ye might tell it to me, an' I could write her all about it," said the old man, dryly; "there ain't any need o' haste, I take it."

"I d'no' where she's gone," said Mrs. Wilson. "Seein' she was only goin' to be there one day, she didn't leave no address. I think 'twas Canton Street, or was it Brookline Street, pa? I've heard her speak of it time and again. Or was it Chestnut?"

"I d'no'," said pa, "anything about it."

"What was the name?" demanded Ingersol, feverishly, and playing with his hat brim.

"Hetty always called her Frances; that's all I know. She was Frances Shaw, an' she went to boardin'-school with our Hetty."

"Shaw? Thank you!" cried Ingersol, feeling quite determined that no Shaws in Boston should escape him; and he started to go. "Good-by, sir," putting out his hand to the old man.

"That was her name when she went to school," said Mrs. Wilson, hastily. "She's married now, an' I d'no' what her name is. Hetty don't call her anything but Frances. But I'll tell you where you may find her," brightening up. "She's going on the New York train to-morrow, an' you can see her at the deepo in the morning."

"In the morning? By which road?" demanded the young man.

"Why, the New York one," replied Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes, but there are two or three ways to get to New York, you know. Which does she take?" He could scarcely wait for the answer.

"No, I don't b'lieve you know anything about it, ma," said Hezekiah Wilson, giving her a look.

But Mrs. Wilson settled her cap, and gave another glance at the handsome young man. "It's from Kneeland Street, I know for certain; an' Hetty's goin' at nine o'clock, 'cause she wrote that to her brother; he's to meet her—I forget where—some queer-sounding place. Anyway, she starts from the deepo at nine o'clock."

"Thanks. I can't tell how much I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Wilson," said Ingersol, going over to take her plump hand in his. "It would be dreadful, you know, for her to go unless I explained how I—why I— It was so sudden, don't you know, her giving me the parcel, and—"

"Ugh!" grunted the old man.

"Yes, I know," said Hetty's aunt, sympathetically. "I went away once without explainin' somethin' I'd orter to my minister's wife, an' she up an' died before I ever got to see her again; so I know just how you feel. But we've got Mr. Wilson's bundle all right; you needn't worry a mite about that. Hetty sent it out by Georgy Hine; he comes out from school every aft'noon."

When, at last, James Ingersol got away from 21 Garden Street, it was to go to his room, pack a bag with his night things, write a note or two throwing up some engagements for the evening, and start for Boston.

"I might sleep too late in the morning, and miss the early train." He shivered at the thought. "So I'll run in to Parker's, and be down at the station at eight o'clock sharp."

The next morning, unable by this time to take things quietly, James Ingersol got out of bed at six o'clock, swallowing the breakfast ordered the night before as if he had scarcely a moment to live, and by half past seven he turned his back on Parker's, and at eight o'clock he rushed into the railway station.

The brilliant idea of buying "Little Gray Hat" a basket of fruit and flowers now struck him, and for the next quarter of an hour he made the proprietor of the stall wretched enough by his unreasonable demands for a fancy basket and all sorts of fruits out of season. So that when the order was filled, each felt no pining for the society of the other, and Ingersol hurried over to the waiting-room for the flowers, all the while keeping a sharp lookout for Hetty.

"We hain't got no violets," said the girl in charge of the posies. "Here's some pinks," shaking out a bunch; "they're handsome."

"Frightfully common," said Ingersol. "Why in the world don't you keep violets? Excuse me; be back in a moment," as he caught sight of a gray hat moving through the main corridor.

After he had chased it the whole length, to find it adorning the head of one of Africa's daughters, he hurried back, picked out the best rose-buds he could find in the tired-looking collection the girl offered him, and it being now 8.30 by the big depot clock, he concluded to take up his stand on the outside walk before the gates. Beyond lay the tracks, along one of which his darling must soon go.

"She can't escape me here," he muttered, as he paced back and forth, holding his basket of fruit and posies in what he considered the most careless of attitudes. Yet he had the feeling that every passenger in the little crowds surging along from the incoming cars, and all the train hands, knew just as well as he did what he was waiting for, and that they were watching him accordingly.

At last, after minutes that seemed eternities, the clock announced a quarter of nine. The gate admitting to the New York train was thrown open, and little groups hurried in to get choice seats. Ten minutes of nine, and Ingersol grew cold all over; five minutes, and he was reduced to a state of despair that could not be put into words. Late comers dashed in; affectionate friends, with kisses and good-byes, blocked the way of others more phlegmatically made up. Ingersol stood close to the gate in dull stolid misery, not all the hustling of the crowd making him surrender one iota of his space. It was only when a policeman touched his arm—"You are blocking up the way, sir"—that he appeared to notice that he was incommoding anybody.

"I am waiting for a friend," he said, stiffly.

"Can't help that. Stand back!" And the guardian of the people's rights shoved him away, just as the warning bell rang.

It was a death-knell to his last hope—that bell. The basket of fruit and flowers trembled in his hand, and everything seemed to grow dark before his eyes, when a girl rushed by, to run through the gate and down the platform. He seemed to see her as in a vision, her knot of friends screaming after her,

"Don't try; the train is going, Hetty."

Hetty? He struck the man in front of him a sudden blow on his back that made him jump one side. "That's my train!" roared Ingersol by way of explanation, dashing after her.

It was all done in an instant. He gained her side, seized her hand, the train moving now quite fast in that determined little way it has when it first feels its power.

"Don't, Hetty; you can't do it, dear;" and he drew her back.

She turned quickly, the bright glow produced by her running increased to a rosy blush. "Oh!" she exclaimed, drawing a long breath and pulling her hand away, while her blue eyes dropped.

"Forgive me for startling you," cried Ingersol, desperately. "I had to. You would have been killed. See!" he pointed to the train now rushing off, to give her a chance to recover herself. "You don't know— I've chased you everywhere," he panted, as her eyes came slowly back, to fall on the platform floor again.

"Chased me?" cried Hetty, in astonishment.

"Yes. Oh dear, here come your friends!" exclaimed Ingersol in misery, as a knot of young women, who carried sympathy written over every feature and gesture, bore down upon them along the platform. "I must get off with you a moment; I have something to tell you. Do come down this way."

"I can't," said Hetty, in real distress.

"Oh! oh!" "It's *too* bad!" "Dear me! I shall never forgive myself for having breakfast late." "What will you do? And your brother was going to meet you." And so forth and so on, as they surrounded Hetty.

It was a mercy that they all talked so hard and fast there was no time to introduce him, had she known his name; and a boy pulling his coat tail just at this moment—"Mister, you're a-spillin' things from your basket"—made a fresh diversion.

"Let's all help pick them up," cried Hetty, recovering herself to race after the pears and plums and late peaches that were running away.

In the confusion he gained her side. "I'll never lose sight of you again until I've told you something."

"Hetty," said one of the young women following him (the same one who had bemoaned her late breakfast), "I must go to my husband's office now. I was to

meet him there, you know, after I'd seen you off; so come."

"Must you?" cried Ingersol, sharply, looking into Hetty's blue eyes.

"Yes," said Hetty. "We will all go there together, Frances. There! that is the last one, I believe," as she gave him a handful. "No; just one more;" and she ran after it, captured it, and the others bringing up their contributions of stray fruit, the basket was repacked and hung, its posy thrust into the side, on Mr. James Ingersol's arm.

"Now come, Frances," said Hetty; "we're ready. Only I must telegraph to brother Mark first."

"Let me do it," begged Ingersol, eagerly, hoping to shake off the other young women; but they followed like a flock of sheep.

"Lost my train," telegraphed Hetty. "Will take the nine-o'clock to-morrow (Friday)," addressing it to "Mark Dunbar, Palmer, Massachusetts."

"At least I know her name," said Ingersol to himself in satisfaction; "and I'll tell her mine just as soon as I get her off from these howling girls."

Out upon the street to wait for a horse-car, "the girls" still "oh-ing" and "ah-ing" over the lost train.

"I wish I could throttle that Frances," muttered Ingersol. "If ever I meet her husband, I'll pick a quarrel with him and get satisfaction."

And they all jumped on to a car, Ingersol sticking as fast as a burr to the company, though more than one of them looked their surprise.

He sat, his soul in his eyes, holding his basket of fruit carefully on his knees, and looking at Hetty across the way.

She chatted and laughed, occasionally drawing him in by a little remark, the lovely color flying into her cheek, and then deserting it suddenly.

"Here we are. Come," cried Frances at last, signalling the conductor.

Ingersol, on any change being thrown into fresh alarm at a chance of losing Hetty, didn't notice the location as he rushed after her, pretending to help all the young women, in reality doing nothing for any one but her, so that they all dashed up a pair of stairs, and then another, like a group of children, running at last into a small office.

"Oh, Charley!" screamed Frances; "she lost her train!"

"Yes, she did, she did," chorussed the young women.

"Eh?" said Charley. "That's too bad, Hetty."

"Oh, heavens and earth!" cried Ingersol, dashing his basket of fruit toward the proprietor of the office, who had his legs across a table, while he puffed at a big pipe. "You demon! You've known her all this time!"

"Hulloa, Jim!" said Charley, with a drawl, and taking another bite at his meerschaum, while he dropped his legs to the floor. "Want me to get some more spoons—eh?" and he stuck his hands in both pockets.

"And you've known her," cried Ingersol, "and wouldn't stir a finger to help me—" a rush of his own unreasonableness making him stop short.

"Oh, they're going to fight!" cried Frances, huddling in between the two, and lifting her long tan-colored gloves beseechingly. "Stop! Stop, mister! whoever you are. You sha'n't touch my husband!"

"Your husband?" cried Ingersol, tumbling back.

"Yes; that's my wife," said Charley, coolly. "Sorry you couldn't have met before. But you never had time to come home with me, Jim, so 'tisn't my fault."

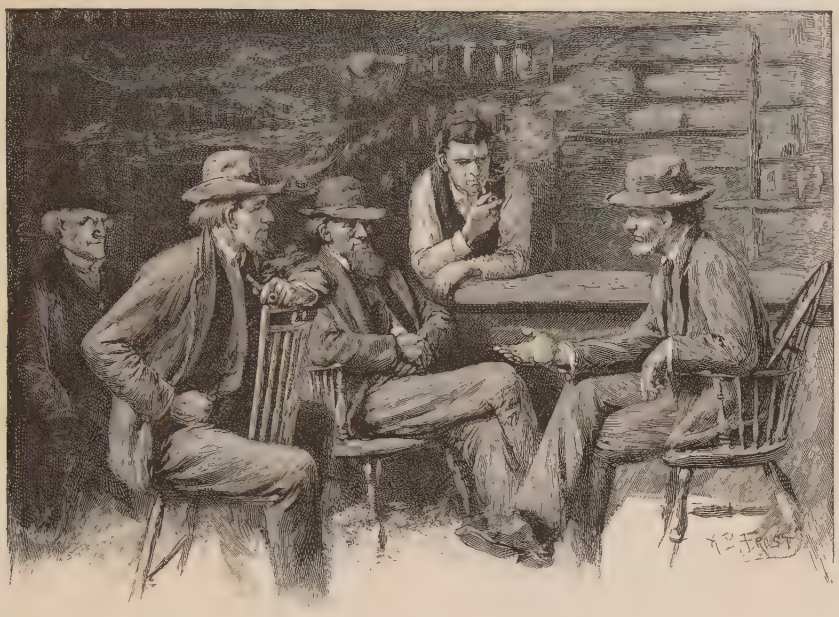
"And she's Hetty's—Miss Dunbar's friend?" gasped Jim, unable to get it even then through his head.

"Precisely. And I went down to the station yesterday to meet Hetty. Frances couldn't. That's the time you were as sweet as a snapping-turtle to me. Eh? Remember?" Charley now advanced and gave his friend a poke in the side, while he winked dreadfully. "Oh! by-the-way, Jim," he said, in a low voice, "didn't I have those spoons marked M. D. for you?"

Ingersol turned to Hetty. "I—I feel rather faint. This room is too hot. Would you mind taking a turn with me down the street?" And he put his hand to his head.

Hetty looked up with clear eyes. "I'll go," she said, simply.

And there, in the shadow of Old King's Chapel, with people coming and going on either hand, and life at its quickest pulse, he told her all, and Hetty promised never to slip away again till death should claim her.



THE ARYAN MARK:

A NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

THERE is nothing perhaps more distinctly Aryan than the New England town meeting. But to find it in somewhat of its original character we must go back into the regions not yet traversed by the railroad, which brings not only new fashions for the girls to spoil their fresh prettiness with, but, more unfortunately, stuff to spoil their minds in the cheap literature of the far-away cities, whether in the form of vulgar fiction or sensational sermons. There is nothing much more discouraging than to see this kind of reading penetrating into the remote country towns, and scarcely to be able to find the good old-fashioned village maiden who was a delight to the eyes and the heart, so lost is she in cheap travesties of city fashions and the worst of city sentimentality. But there are yet a few towns in New England where we can see the old customs—not quite gone, though rapidly disappearing—and it was in a town meeting in one of these recently that I spent almost my entire day.

There had been for several days a written notice tacked at the side of the door of the town-hall calling upon the freemen of the town to attend the meeting which, according to law, was appointed on that day for the purpose of electing State, county, and town officers, all of which were named. As we went down through the village on our way to the building there were several impromptu caucuses on the steps of the drug store, the grocery store, and private houses, and we heard some very forcible arguments being brought to bear to convince perhaps undecided voters, especially with regard to the man who was to represent them in the next Legislature, for it was upon the town representative, and not upon the State or county officers, that not unnaturally the chief interest centred. There are three parties in the village, Republican, Democrat, and Greenback. But of late days the last has taken unto itself a new name, the much-misrepresented one of Labor,—as if nearly all the freemen who were that day to exercise the duty of suffrage in the

INSIDE THE HALL.

town were not really of the Labor party—men who hold the plough in the spring and the autumn, and pile up the hot hay in the steaming days of summer in the unshaded fields, who milk the cows in the dusk of evening, and whose hands grow hard while their hearts grow gentle and faithful in the old sense of the latter word, depending, as the farmer everywhere must, on a higher Power than his own to give the increase after he has done his best. If the Labor party in the village had included all the laborers, its candidate would have been elected at the first ballot. But, as things stood, there was no chance for the Labor candidate, unless, indeed, as has been known once at least in this town, all parties, in despair at not being able to roll up a majority for any one, should suddenly jump to the conclusion that, instead of doing without a representative for the next two years, they would have at least an honest man, and so all vote of a sudden for some farmer who was well known as such, and force him to go to the Capitol, sadly against his will and greatly to his surprise. But how this was to be, no one could yet tell. I said that there were three parties, but it should be added that this year actually there had arisen another party, who called themselves "Farmers," who, as shown by their votes, numbered thirty-nine at the beginning of the election, and exactly as many at the end. Then there were people who called themselves "Pro*high*bitionists," but they were hardly enough to constitute a party.

We skilfully avoided the lobby by walking in the middle of the broad street, and made halt at the town-hall, which was not yet open, though there wanted but a few minutes of noon. We occupied our time by reading notices which were tacked up at the side of the door, one of which called upon all good citizens to vote against any one who would lead the young men into saloons, and another, in large capitals, displayed this significant warning:

BEWARE OF SPLIT TICKETS!

Look out for Tickets headed "Republican Ticket" with the names of Smith for Governor and Brown for State's Attorney in place of the regular Republican Nominees.

Sitting down on the steps, we watched the shoeing of a horse in the blacksmith's shop opposite for some time, for, as there is no town clock in the village, everybody is just as independent about time as he is about anything else. It was already several minutes past twelve by standard time when a gray-whiskered man came sauntering through the covered bridge—so called for identification, presumably, because all the bridges of any length in the town are covered—across the road, and opening the door went in, and began to ring the bell. We climbed to the gallery, as affording the widest view of the proceedings. The hall looks not a little like an old-fashioned meeting-

house, having three long windows on a side. The walls are white plaster, and the ceiling was white once, but much use in the long winter evenings with oil-lamps, and the two enormous stoves which stand at each side of the entrance, have modified the original color. The large pipes from these stoves run along the length of the room in front of the galleries, and after making very abrupt turns, finally disappear in a chimney which begins near the ceiling. The platform is large, and was set for a scene of a play, with a landscape, the location of which we judged to be partly in the Amazon Valley and partly in ancient Egypt. The side scenes represented men-at-arms of about the day of Queen Elizabeth. These, however, had nothing whatever to do with the real, simple, and almost touching drama which was to be played, but had in other days formed part of the little theatre with which the "summer boarder" at the hotel used to while away the heavy hours during his absence from the city. The progress of civilization having made it necessary to change the theatre into a skating-rink, the fittings had been removed to the hall for preservation, and so formed now the scene in which presently appeared as actors, according to the old Greek custom, two persons. Enter the town-clerk, who is also the postmaster, and the sheriff, bearing between them one of those old-fashioned tables which have leaves to be supported by a wooden swinging bracket, and which were celebrated in all old New England households for the diabolical way in which they would tip over without the slightest warning whenever the tray of dishes from breakfast was placed carefully upon the leaf. The action of the play so far was slight. The two actors disappeared, and again came upon the stage with two chairs, a large roll of paper, and two common rough wooden boxes with slits in the upper ends, which were placed upon the table. The principal actor then spoke for the first time, and addressing a boy who, from his position in front of the stage, we judged to represent the chorus, said: "Say, Johnny, you just run over to my house and ask the folks to give you another of those ballot-boxes there. Tell 'em to send the biggest one of the two. That's a good boy." The chorus turned round and disappeared out of the door, to reappear in a few moments with the required box. Another resemblance to the ancient Greek theatre consisted in a curious sort of wooden triangle of boards, hastily knocked together, which was nailed to the floor, and was nearly the height of a man. It seemed to me that the altar in the Greek theatres was not quite so high probably, and must have had a top to it; but, after all, we may be mistaken as to many details of those times. At any rate, the chorus went round this wooden triangle when he went out, so it seemed to be the modern representative of the altar. The action then relapsed into pantomime. The two actors spread out the paper carefully on the table, and arranged the three boxes decently and in order, according to their size. They then seated themselves, the clerk behind the table and facing the hall, and the sheriff at his right, with the boxes between them. I have let my fancy run riot in this whimsical resemblance, but, after all, there is something touching in the road which imagination took, for in the whole business for which all these simple preparations were made we had before us the Aryan mark, and could not fail to think of those ancient, long-dead kinsmen of ours who ages ago came together in the same simple way to make the laws which they bound themselves to obey. Wherever the old town meeting is held, there we have the sign and seal of the mighty Aryan race, and of their idea of how they would govern themselves and their families.

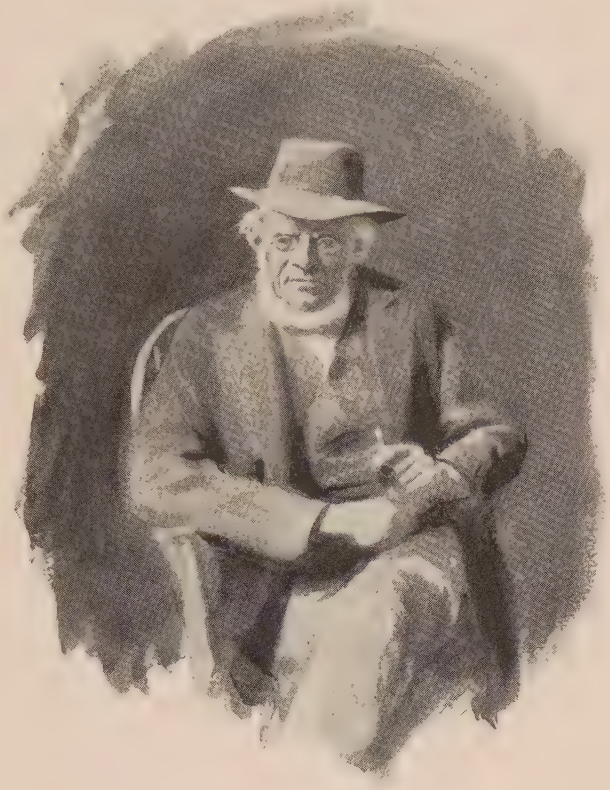
THE CHORUS.

The audience—who were to be also actors—gathered slowly, for a long time consisting mostly of the vote-distributors, who wandered about among the empty settees with an unoccupied air, and with their hands full of slips of paper, mostly printed, but some written. Meanwhile,

however, there was a gathering outside which increased with every minute, and soon the voters began to straggle slowly in, and passing up the right aisle, went through the space between the stage and the triangle, the modern signification of which was now apparent, handing up their votes to the sheriff as they went, and then joined the much more exciting meeting outside. The boxes were of three different sizes to correspond with the different-sized ballots, on one of which were the names of the candidates for State and county officers, ending with the Representative for Congress; on the middle-sized one, the names of the proposed justices of the peace, who had been amicably divided up between the two principal parties; and the third, a very small piece of paper, on which was the name of the candidate for the town representative to the Legislature. As in the child's story of the three bears, it was the little bear the meddling with whose property caused all the trouble, so to-day it was the little box on which was centred the attention of the assembled freemen. Both the principal candidates were fine young men; there was apparently no difference in them excepting that one of them was being voted for by the Republicans and the other by the Democrats, and there was the kindest and most friendly feeling between them. The sheriff, as he received each vote, opened it, to be sure that it did not contain another, I suppose, and placed each one in its proper box; meantime the clerk checked off the voters on the big paper, never stopping, however, to ask a name, for there was not a man there whose name, place of residence, general character, property, and personal habits were not well known to every other man in the line. There was no crowding and no hurry, for it was generally conceded that nothing would be decided by this first ballot except the strength of the candidates, and so the work went lazily on, one farmer after another dropping in, after he had hitched his horse and sold his eggs and his butter, to hand up his votes and to exchange some often jocose remark with the sheriff, till at last, after about an hour, the clerk announced, "Gentlemen, this ballot will be closed in five minutes." One or two more happened in before the five minutes were out, and then there was another warning that there still remained but one minute in which the freeman could vote. As there is always sure to be one belated man at the sailing of every ocean steamer, the very warm and nervous corroborator of the theory of Buckle, so now one more "firm and reliable tread" came slowly up the aisle, and one more vote was put into the box. The moment had fled, and the destiny of the town for the next two years was decided.

There enter now upon the stage seven new actors, four of them justices of the peace, and three selectmen of the town, and they sit down at the table. The clerk's register is whisked off and laid down on the carpet, all the boxes but the fateful smallest one are cleared out of the way, and in the midst of the sound of many entering feet the contents of that box are shaken out upon the table. Meanwhile the settees have rapidly filled, and everybody is watching the seven grave men who begin to count the votes. Every one of the faces was bronzed by the sun; every hand was hard and knotted with labor; almost every head was partly bald; but every face bore the genuine New England stamp, a cluster such as it would be difficult if not impossible to find anywhere else than in New England, for the marks of the sternly high ideals which drew the Puritans across the sea still linger on the faces of their descendants and will not away. But it was not only on the stage that we could trace those signs of breeding. Take your stand in front of the wooden seats, now nearly filled with the freemen of the town, and get a general glance at the assembled faces. You can pass over the Canadian, with build and face betraying the French descent and the severer climate from which he comes; the one negro; the irrepressible Celt; the descendant of the Celt, already in one generation taking on the mark of the American climate and of the position which there is no obstacle to his creating here; the omnipresent German—and sweep the room. Look at those fine-cut noses and lips; and the curves of the head are very significant. See the small and well-formed ear; and, even with all the constant and heavy work, notice the small and shapely hands which are lifted to brush away the fine hair from the forehead. There are plenty of lines on those elderly faces—most of them elderly—for almost all the "boys" have been drawn West by what have seemed to them easier

ways of making money, and have left "the old folks" to take care of the farm. It is to such a village meeting as this that the foreigner who wishes to study the American ought to come. The lines on the forehead are, following the authority of Ribot, those cut by attention and reflection; the lines about the mouth are not those of easy self-indulgence, but of self-control, patience, and human kindness.



"NOT UNLIKE THE CITY TYPE."

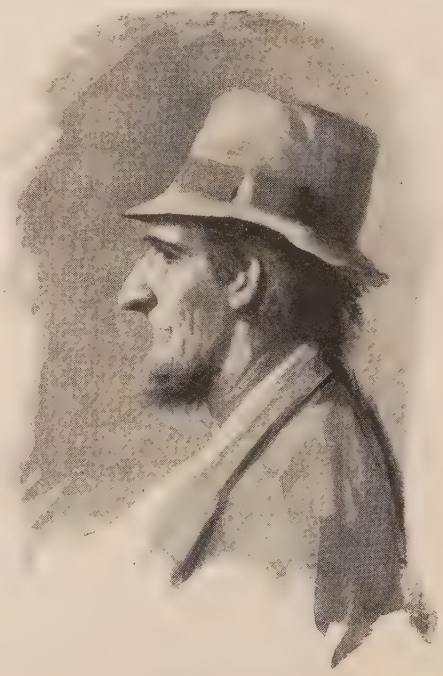
But meanwhile the votes have been counted, and the sheriff comes forward —the friendly talk becoming suddenly hushed—to announce the result: "Whole number of votes, 297. Necessary for a choice, 149; Jones [Republican], 104; Smith [Democrat], 100; Carver [Farmer], 39; Cutler [Labor], 29; Scattering, 25. There is no choice." But there was no need of the last sentence, for as soon as the number of Republicans was announced, half the audience were on their feet and already quietly moving to the voting line to try again, and in less time than it takes to write it, the seven elders had melted into the mass of their townsmen, as the soldiers were swallowed up into the mass of citizens after the war, the table had recovered its former aspect, the ballot-boxes were again in their places, along with the clerk and the sheriff, and the voting was going on again. There was some good-natured pushing as the passage between the stage and the triangular barrier became wide enough for only one man, the clerk began to work a little faster than had been required at the first voting, and there was a great deal of good-humored chaffing. That the next vote was to be somewhat larger was indicated by the fact that several new voters for State officers checked the stream of those who had already voted that ticket and wanted to get through, having now only their vote for representative to deposit. After about an hour the ballot was again closed, and the votes were counted again. The result, observing the same order of parties, stood, 100, 117, 39, 32, 18, and no choice again. There are 500 voters in the town, and that there are only 306 votes shows that the result of the election is not a matter of vital importance to them, and that to many the crops are much more interesting than politics. But the Democratic vote is on the increase, in fact larger by some 60 votes than it has been ever known in the history of the town, and the crowd to vote is pressing forcibly to the stand, for it is getting towards sunset, the "chores" must be done whether we have any representative or not, and it is the voters who must go home and do them. But still in perfect order and in perfect good-humor, the men press into the narrow space, and the voting repeats itself.

Every genuine New England village is like an apple orchard. The trees are all

THE OLD STAGE-DRIVER.

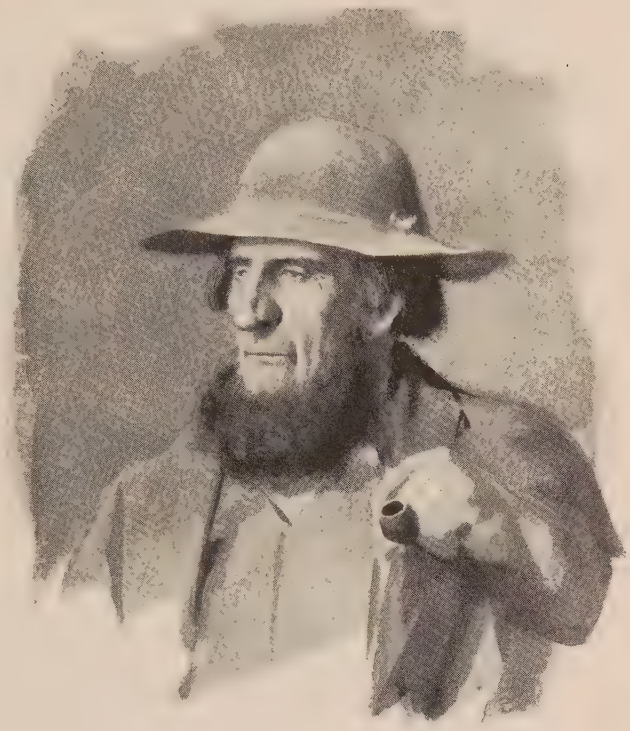
tive shrewdness and tact. Following him comes a tall, slender, somewhat stooping farmer with the kindly farmer's face. He lives in the delightful old brick house by the side of the stage road, known and respected of all, and the men who hire out to him for the summer think themselves fortunate, for he is "just and kind." Here comes a mechanic—a wheelwright, carpenter, farmer. The sharp watchful mechanic's eye looks clear ahead, and has no need to lower itself before any man. There are lines of sorrow and lines of care, but when he smiles they all disappear in a glow of sunshine like those that sweep over the landscape in which he has always lived, smoothing out the ridges in their gleam. He

apple-trees, and yet there is not one of them that does not insist upon its own individuality, and assert successfully its right to a special character of its own. If its neighbor leans to the north, then it will go to the east or the south. At any rate, it will be something in and for itself. So, as the crowding file comes towards us through the narrow passage, we catch for every face its own peculiar traits. That man looks not unlike the city type. He is a rich man, and is always ready to lend money to the poor farmer, taking his farm, his cattle, and his furniture for security. The next one, with the bright blue eyes so full of kindliness, the face bronzed and full of lines, every one betraying fun and good-humor, is the old stage-driver. There is not a man, woman, or child within a radius of ten miles whom he does not know, and scarcely a stone on the ten-mile mail route that he does not recognize as an old friend as he drives past twice a day in all weathers. He it is who can manage the most obstinate horse, and make it do his will by dint of na-



THE MECHANIC.

is the grave-digger too, and knows all the resting-places under the grass of the pretty little cemetery, which he cares for as if it were his own garden. The young man behind him in shirt sleeves—"boiled shirt" sleeves—caught up with elastic, is the Democratic candidate. He has run over from the grocery store to cast his vote, presumably for the Republican candidate, as they are very good friends, and as soon as he has got rid of it, runs back again to his business. The next one, tall and dark, the "honest man" who was once sent as representative, has driven four or five miles with "the nicest colt you ever saw," and has just come down from the platform, where he has been helping to count the vote. Following him, a very old man leaning on a stick. We seldom see him except at night, when he comes after the cows. There is something touching in the fact that it is always the very old men or the very little boys that go after the cows at night. It makes one think of what some phrenologist has said, that when a baby is born, God sends it into the world with a bare head, so that every one can see just what material, what powers, it has to work with. Then He covers it up with hair, and says, "See what you can do with that!" And the child goes on working till, after his life is almost done, God uncovers the head again, that all may see what has been accomplished by the man. So the old man who goes after the cows must often remember how he used to run behind them long years ago, before he had almost "got through," as the people here touchingly say when a man dies. And so they pass, farmer after farmer, though almost every man of them is something more than a mere farmer. There is nothing which strikes a city-bred person with more astonishment in the New England villages than the number of things every man can do.



THE "HONEST MAN."

One face which in the old New England times we should have been sure to see, we shall look in vain for—that of the village clergyman. There are churches enough in the town, no less than four of different kinds, but there is only one minister at present, for it is a hard matter to support them all. People do not go to church as they used to, and they will not unite. Here we run against one of the great problems of the time. In old days, when our great-grandfathers were settled as country ministers, it was for life, and to identify themselves entirely with the town. They brought up ten children on $500 a year, and thought it not hard to live so. Those were the times when the lines in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" were applicable to many a good clergyman; but such times are long past. Now the small towns must put up with young men fresh from the seminary, who take the place only temporarily till they can get something better in a neighborhood

OUTSIDE THE HALL.

where there is more going on, and who, though in the town, are not of it.

But it is the next ballot and not this one that will probably elect a representative if any does, for the men who don't care particularly about who shall go, or whether any one shall go, will not take the trouble to come back after the chores are done and supper is eaten, and it will be only those who are determined to elect some one who will vote at the next. The voters are not perfectly quiet now; some of them indulge in calling out the name of their favorite man as they press up the aisle to the ballot-box, but there is nothing disorderly. When this ballot is closed the sun is already near his setting, and the warm day is growing cold in the Green Mountain air. The hall empties very quickly after the usual result is announced, and the next ballot is begun, for the meeting must not adjourn if it wishes any more chance to vote. So long as it does not adjourn, it may keep on voting till Christmas if it chooses, but to adjourn would kill it forever. So the business goes on, and the voters continue to hold caucuses outside on the steps; and the sun sets, and the kerosene-lamps are lighted to mingle their odor with that of the pipes. At ten o'clock some of the "boys" got possession of the bell-rope and rang out a peal, to which everybody listened for an instant, for in this village one never knows when the one bell begins to ring whether there is a fire, an entertainment, or a prayer-meeting. By this time the livery-stable was making prospective gains, and the old stage-driver had three of his horses hitched up and scurrying through the off roads to bring in recreant voters; the band was playing within a stone's-throw of the hall; and all was excitement both within and without the building. But there was not a great variation in the votes. The "Labor" men dropped, several of them, into other lines. The "Farmers" held their own; and the

vote pulled back and forth between Democrats and Republicans till midnight, every man who had not been there during the day and who was dragged there at night taking up the affair where he found it, just as hay-fever patients returning from Europe enter into exactly that stage of the disease in which all those who have staid at home and taken it are when the vessel arrives.

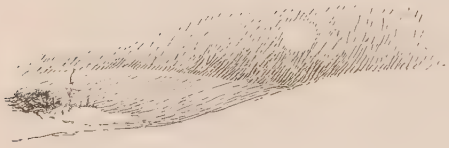
There had now been seven or eight ballots, and there seemed no nearer prospect of electing a representative than when the man in charge first pulled the bell-rope twelve hours before. The three principal candidates now held a small meeting in front of the hall, and joined in begging their fellow-townsmen to go home, and not put themselves to any further trouble on their account. They were very much obliged for all the confidence which had been shown in them, but it was too bad to stay any longer. Accordingly, all the people went quietly home to bed, and everything was as though it had not been. For the third or fourth time, this town goes without a representative for the next two years, and everybody is perfectly satisfied. As my friend the stage-driver expressed it, "Everybody in town is well pleased and the candidates are well pleased, because if, after they had had so much excitement, anybody had been elected, there would have been kind of hard feelings, don't you know; but now they all went home in good shape and feeling well."

And so ended the election. Like genuine New-Englanders, every man had had his say and had stuck to his opinion, and they were quite content not to have any one to speak for them. After all, when we send a representative to the State Capitol, or perchance to Washington, there is sometimes doubt as to what he will do or say after he gets there, and so there may be reason in the security and satisfaction of the good people.

THE THREE CANDIDATES DISMISS THE MEETING.

AMONG THE SAND HILLS.

BY HOWARD PYLE.



I.—THE WHITE DEATH.

THE White Death is a naked, gleaming, shifting flood of sand, moving ever inland from the ocean shore, inch by inch, foot by foot, in huge white waves of glistening grit, inexorable as fate, silent as the grave, swallowing and destroying everything that lies before it in its way. The wind blows the shifting surface up the crest of each towering wave and over the edge in a sparkling mist. Beyond the crest the dry mist falls, and so the wave moves steadily, resistlessly forward, enveloping all things in a universal white.

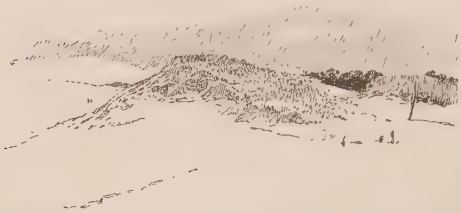
STANDING at the edge of a marshy flat, the eye looks far away across the level of coarse sedge-grass to the white line of the sand hills and the black line of pine woods in the distance. Here and there the flat is lush and green, where shallow lakes, blooming with white lilies and blue arrow-heads, bathe the arid soil; here and there it is burned yellow and brown, where the hot smooth sand, stretching in from the ocean shore, drinks up water and life, and leaves all dead. That level flat, reaching far away into the distance, is like the plane of life one has to travel; the black streak of a gloomy pine woods is the Valley of Shadows, and the white waving line of sand is a likeness of Death; and as in real life, so here—neither death nor its shadow looks sinister seen from such a distance.

TO travel across the level flat is a mimic image of the journey of life. The lakes, so pretty in the distance,

are muddy, and smell rank and dank to the nostrils; they are full of tadpoles and lizards and crawling things. Here and there little deserts of arid sand are passed; they burn the soles of the feet,

THE SAND HILLS.

and scorch the face with a reflected glare, and mosquitoes rise in clouds, like petty troubles, to bite and sting. There are quicksands under the feet where the grass looks the freshest and the greenest, and hiding the dead levels of sand, a mirage covers the desolation with a soulless sheet of visionary water.



FIRST come the hot black shadows—the shadows of the pines—and then the foot-hills as it were of Death. All is breathless silence, except for the shrieking of the fish-hawk high in the air, and the strange mysterious whispering of the ceaselessly moving and shifting sand. Here and there a stark gray tree trunk, already dead in the clutch of the oncoming death, reaches helpless skeleton arms up into the air. Each is an empty hollow shell of bark; each is soulless and void of life, excepting, perhaps, for a nest of woodpeckers or of mice—a squalid metempsychosis of the spirit of the pine-tree.

BEYOND the foot-hills lies, grim and still, the silent bosom of the White Death—hills and valleys of lifeless sand, blinding, burning, parched, and dry. The air is like the blast from a fiery furnace, and a breathless curtain of silence stretches between the glare of the sky above and the whispering whiteness beneath. The sliding feet sink deep into the shifting surface, and the traveller stands face to face with Israfael in simile.

SO the Gates of Death are passed, and the journey is ended.

Then suddenly, as the head rises above the crest of the last white wave, all

is instantly transformed. The last hill is climbed with panting breath, and then Death itself is left behind.

Before the eye there stretches away the eternal ocean, a glorious purple sparkling with dancing white-caps and dotted with shining sails. The ceaseless surf shouts jubilantly on the beach, and the cool pure air rushes upward, bathing the hot face like the breath of a newer and a purer life. The ocean, the sails, the rushing breeze all tell of something vast and limitless that lies beyond.

Behind was left the limited plain, bounded by the black shadows and the White Death. Before is an image of limitless immensity.

THE WRECK.

II.—BACK OF THE CAPES.

CAPE HENLOPEN is a level hook of sand covered with scrub bushes. Within the hook lies the perfect curve of a sheltered harbor. The ocean lies without, and into it, north and east and south, long cruel bars and shoals stretch out their fingers under the water. Scores and hundreds of vessels that have weathered many a bitter storm die here within the very sight of the goal. The level point of the cape is strewn thick with the bleaching ribs and broken bones of the poor lost things.

BACK of the Capes lie not only the strange white lifeless hills and valleys, and the dark skirt of pine woods with its circling shadows, hot and dry and still, but dense jungles and tangled wildernesses; and hidden gloomy swamps of stagnant water inhabited by strange wild creatures; and here and there lonely little lakes of fresh water, blooming, in the midst of all the grotesque dark surroundings, with fields of white lilies.

There is one such little lake that lies in the very clutch of the fatal sand—a round bowl of warm crystal, a perfect garden of lilies that fairly burdens the hot air with the fragrance of its sweetness. There is a bushy dingle here and a leafy tangle there, where birds nestle and sing. Tall slender bulrushes and cat-tails flick and flirt in the light wind at the edge of each little bank. A rank wet woodland leans over the water at one side, and all is cool and fresh and pleasant.

But around it circle the hot livid arms. As the sand creeps forward inch by inch,

those arms close slowly but surely, strangling the lake, smothering out the teeming water life, burying the lilies, drinking up the clear warm water.

The little lake is certainly doomed by a visible and inexorable fate. But meantime it smiles in the warm sunlight; it holds an image of heaven in its bosom (and an image of death as well); its lilies bloom, the birds sing on its banks, its life teems, and its waters refresh all things near.

The simile fixed in sand and water seems very pat and apt. Who is there cannot read it?

But all similes have an obverse and a reverse. To this there is a reverse also.

On the smooth face of the sand, all round the margins of the lake, are every-

where strange tracks and marks and footprints left by a grotesque and ugly life that has passed over it. Everywhere, crossing and recrossing in a net-work of sinuous lines, are paths where serpents and vipers, great and small, have come and gone. Everywhere dotting the sand are awkward squab footprints of frogs and toads, marks scraped by the bellies of lizards, rough misshapen tracks of mud-terrapins. Everywhere blended and commingled with these marks of reptile life are stamped the pigeon-toed footprints—some big and clumsy, some little and sharp—left by awkward water-birds of all sorts and kinds that prey upon that other misshapen reptile life. For here and there a ragged scuffling mark upon the sand shows where some grotesque tragedy has happened. Perhaps all the squalor of that reptile life is even now wriggling under the smooth surface of the lake that shows upon its face only white stars of water-lilies and a mimic image of heaven.

THE ceaseless whispering of the sands might, if the ears were only attuned to catch its murmur, tell of other things than simile and metaphor. It might, perhaps, tell of buried treasures, and of strange things seen and done in the white solitudes of its hills and valleys. For in old days, it is said, great and famous pirates used to haunt the cape and its sand hills, and chests and barracoes were mysteriously buried, mostly at night, among the black shadows of the pines, or in the white sloping face of the sand.

Maybe a hundred years hence, when the sandy waves have rolled past and the sandy flood is gone by, some of those chests and barracoes will be left stranded high and dry for honest folk to find.

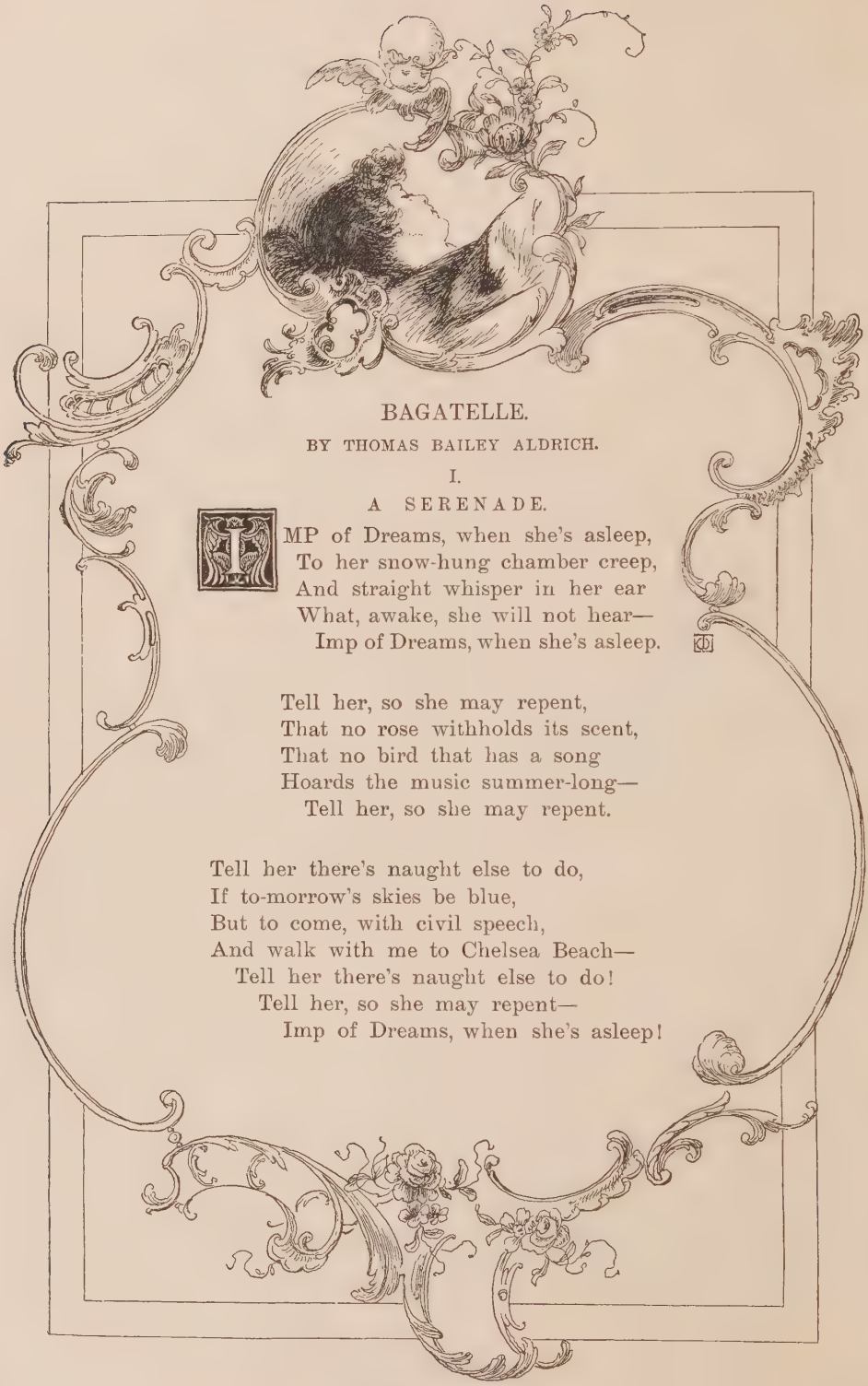
NOT far away from the lake the last outlying slope of the white sand hills sweeps smoothly and evenly down to the level, and out beyond lie stretches of vivid green sedgy meadow-lands, dotted with graz-

ing cattle flicking their tails. Just beyond this bright stretch of green is a slow-

ly crawling stream spanned by wooden bridges; beyond that again is a bit of an orchard, three tall poplars, and then the spires and red roofs of a little town nestled among the green of trees. Over the edge of the sloping sand are the masts and sails of vessels. The whole scene might be a bit of Holland or of any other picturesque flat country dropped here upon the hem of desolate sand and stunted growths.

As the mind comes back from ponderings upon the miracle of Death and its problem of problems to the thoughts of the wholesome things of every-day life, so does he who crosses the white silence of the sand-hills leave behind him the dead glare and heat, the weird desolation, to stand once more amid these wholesome green things and the smooth-flowing streams of an honest world of every day.

THE LILY LAKE.



BAGATELLE.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.

A SERENADE.

IMP of Dreams, when she's asleep,
To her snow-hung chamber creep,
And straight whisper in her ear
What, awake, she will not hear—
Imp of Dreams, when she's asleep.

Tell her, so she may repent,
That no rose withholds its scent,
That no bird that has a song
Hoards the music summer-long—
Tell her, so she may repent.

Tell her there's naught else to do,
If to-morrow's skies be blue,
But to come, with civil speech,
And walk with me to Chelsea Beach—
Tell her there's naught else to do!
Tell her, so she may repent—
Imp of Dreams, when she's asleep!

II.

A LYRIC TO ORDER.

THE Muse is not at home to-day,
But since you order, I obey,
And thank the gods you did not set
Your slave some task more hopeless yet—
To wit: to make those ice-hung boughs
That arch the eaves of Vernon House
To lose their torpor and unfold
Their hidden fronds of green and gold.
You might—so very droll you are—
Have asked me to hand down a star.
But no, a lyric is your will;
'Tis not so difficult, but still
'Tis difficult. Remember, pray,
The Muse is not at home to-day.

When she is gone Depression sits
Upon your servant's heart and wits;
Invention, that had once some grace,
Shivers beside the chimney-place;
Thought wears an unaccustomed frown.
All things go wrong, upstairs and down.
My handmaid Fancy's face grows glum;
I think each hour the girl will come
To give me warning, so to speak—
And lose her wages for the week!
The nimble sprite that brings me rhyme—
My Mercury, my apt, sublime
Young Buttons—*he* sulks all the time.
So matters go from bad to worse;
No happy word slips down the verse
Some other happy word to wed,
Like jewels on a silken thread.
But truce to jest. When this page lies
Beneath your most sagacious eyes,
You can but feel, and needs must say,
"His Muse is not at home to-day."

WASHINGTON—THE EVERGREEN STATE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

I HAVE called Montana the Treasure State, and have shown that it is vastly larger than Pennsylvania, with prospectively many times its wealth in minerals and in the variety of its resources. But much that we find promised in Montana is amplified within the territory of Washington. The hopeful inhabitants of the former boldly adopt the motto, "The last shall be first," as if to say that amid the riches of which they find suggestion and promise all around them, they see for themselves a greater wealth-producing future than is boasted at present by any of the older States. I cannot follow them so far. There is a certainty that Washington has more varied resources than Montana, and I think that, with or without irrigation, Washington will support a larger population; but with both States it is too early for closer comparisons. The vast treasures of precious metals in Montana are sufficiently worked to give as definite a basis for hope as is found in the marvellous soil and forests of Washington, but in both States there are great areas of thirsty soil whose future is a moot point in Washington, and of which in Montana it is only certain that they yield a good return from their present use as grazing-grounds for cattle.

The Evergreen State is a huge block of land. It is as large as New England and Delaware, as Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It contains 69,994 square miles. It is 360 miles wide between the Pacific coast and the Idaho border, and to journey over it from British Columbia southward is to travel 245 miles. It is the most populous of the new States, and its inhabitants outnumber those of Oregon. In 1890, according to the last census, it contained 349,390 souls, but its people now assert that they number 360,000. They have suffered some losses in certain cities, or the increase would be from 15,000 to 20,000 greater.

The State shows to poor advantage for those who cross it upon the Northern Pacific Railroad, because the route taken by that great and well-equipped line lies across an extensive desert of sage-brush, and then crosses a vast reach of usually brown bunch-grass before it plunges into the mazes of the Cascade Mountains and rushes out from them upon the perennially green Pacific slope into the Puget Sound country. But the necessities of railway construction compel a disregard for such choice of territory as would be made by an agriculturist or a scenery-hunting tourist, and, in this case, even the land granted to the railway, along its route, is in great part very valuable, though its richer parts are not always close beside the rails. Washington is in every material way a grand addition to the sisterhood of States. With the easy and rich fancy of the West, her people say that if you build a Chinese wall around Washington the State will yield all that her inhabitants need without contributions from the outer world. Nevertheless, the Chinese wall they think of oftenest is the true one, and that they wish to break down, for a trade with Asia is a thing dear to their hopes.

"If I could only have half an hour with the Emperor of China," said a talented son of Washington, in whose veins the blood of one of our most gifted orators is flowing, "I would make this the richest State west of the Mississippi. I would tell him we wanted the trade of Asia as New York has that of Europe. I would explain to him that we entertain no prejudice against his people, and mean no insult in shutting them out of our territory. I would make it clear to him that our dislike is only for his coolies, but that as for his merchants and scientists and scholars—we welcome them, we want them, especially the merchants."

Now let us look at this great State in detail, keeping in mind that it is by nature divided into two parts by the Cascade Mountains, which bisect it along a line to the westward of the middle of the State. West of the mountains is the seat of the great timber industry of the future. There the land is all heavily timbered except in the bottom-lands and at the deltas of the streams, and agriculture, though a future source of great wealth, is yet but a small factor. East of the Cascade Range there is smaller, inferior timber, but it cuts a minor figure in the wealth or character of the State, for in the main we have returned to land something like that of the other new States—we are at the end of the plains that have crossed the Rocky Mountains,

MAP OF WASHINGTON.

and we are again in a bunch-grass country. But in crossing the Rockies the plains have partaken of their character, or rather of the disturbance that produced them. A large area of eastern Washington has been several times overflowed by lava, and it crops out in a disorder that is sometimes abundant in the Big Bend country and in the sage-brush lands. The powder or decay of this lava makes rich land, and where it is driest and most forbidding, the addition of water will turn it into a blooming garden. The Columbia River flows through this country in a deep gorge far below the level of the adjacent land; and there are other great gorges, like cracks in the earth, where you may see marked in the side walls eight or ten distinct strata or flows of lava. At the bottom of these "coulees" there is generally good land underlaid by lava. It is used for range land for cattle. For the rest, a great part of eastern Washington is in hills and mountains with valleys between them, with grassy or wooded slopes, profitable always to the fruit-grower, the farmer, or the cattle-man. Gold, silver, copper, lead, and small coal basins are found all over the northern tier of counties. This is part of that extraordinary treasure belt that reaches from the Cascade Mountains across Washington, across the Rockies and Idaho, and far into Montana. It is a vast tract of once-convulsed nature, a sweeping ocean of timbered billows of rock and soil. Where man has scratched the western end of it, and he has nowhere done more than that, is in the Kootenay country, but everywhere its productiveness is thought to be fabulous.

Its western end, at the Cascades, is a marvellous scenic region. For grand desolation, ruggedness, vastness, and primitive wildness, it is unparalleled in our country. Below the ever snow-clad peaks that raise their white heads above the black solitudes of the forests are unnumbered glaciers, some of them even ten or twelve miles long, and many of them a quarter that length. The forests on the west slope of the Cascades are bewildering, stultifying to the mind, in their magnitude and denseness and stupendous individual growths. The entire western slope of the main range is a solid belt of cedar and Douglas fir. There is spruce among the fir, and in the bottoms a little cottonwood and maple, but these lesser woods are unconsidered. The Douglas firs attain a size of from eighteen inches to eight feet in diameter. They shoot

100 feet in air without putting out a limb, and then, above the first limbs, they tower 100 feet higher, and often more than that. The cedars vary between a foot and a half to fifteen feet in thickness. The larger trees are hollow at the butt for many feet above the ground, but this still leaves from one to three feet of solid timber around each hollow core. Over thousands of square miles upon the forest bed lies the débris of another forest prone upon the ground, as if a tangle of toothpicks from 200 to 300 feet in length had been strewn upon the earth, and through and over this giant lace-work grows the forest of to-day.

The roots of the new trees straddle and ride the trunks of the old ones. The fallen firs are rotten, but the cedars are as stout and sound as when they reared their topmost branches beneath the eagle's path. Amid the dense moist undergrowth the dampness has forced coats of moss upon the prostrate giants. It is a solemn and an awful forest. It might be likened to a graveyard in which every upright column is the head-stone for a fallen fellow. Absolute silence reigns there, and daylight becomes twilight over the earth. It is a task to see the sky. Far above his head the prospector in those pathless woods sees the wind swaying the tree-tops, and half hears their gentle murmuring, without being sure of the sound. There is no bird life in that oppressive solitude, no animal life, except that now and then a bear is seen. He who would penetrate the forest must be content to make two miles a day in a straight line, and then only by seesawing many miles to and fro, clambering from tree trunk to tree trunk, and patrolling the lengths of what fallen trees lead nearest to the course he would pursue. The forest has only been penetrated by the waterways. The Indians, the most expert canoe-men in the world, know nothing of it. Travel there is only where water takes it. The streams are the roadways, and canoes the red men's horses.

Hunters and prospectors upon the eastern, more lightly timbered, slopes of the mountains report that great herds of mountain-goats may be seen feeding close to the glaciers. The wool of these animals is used by the Indians. The skin is clipped close, and the wool is given to the squaws, who card it roughly, and then roll it on their bare thighs with their bare hands. They weave it with rude looms into blankets, and out of the finer yarn they knit stockings and mittens.

And now for the pastoral regions of eastern Washington. This table of the production of wheat in the State in 1891, prepared for the government, will, if the reader consults the map while he studies it, reveal what farming lands are now in use and where they are situated:

Counties.	Acreage.	Average bushels per acre.	Total.
Whitman	320,000	23	7,360,000
Walla Walla	150,000	20	3,000,000
Garfield	100,000	27	2,700,000
Columbia	80,000	27	2,160,000
Asotin	20,000	25	500,000
Lincoln	20,000	15	300,000
Douglas	16,000	15	240,000
Spokane	25,000	18	450,000
Klickitat	20,000	20	400,000
Kittitas	12,500	20	250,000
All other counties, including those west of the mountains.	5,000	20	100,000
Totals	768,500	22.71	17,460,000

These figures tell the whole story of last year's wheat crop in Washington. They are the best that could be obtained as early as last Christmas. The Washington wheat fetched seventy cents a bushel, or about twelve and a half million dollars. The same authority from whom the above figures were obtained is of the opinion that without irrigation—that is to say, outside the lands that must be watered—the State will eventually produce between forty millions and fifty millions of bushels of wheat. In a pamphlet issued by the State Board of Trade, and written by President N. G. Blalock, of the Washington World's Fair Commission, the advantages of the soil and climate for the cultivation of cereals are clearly set forth. The soil is very deep, and is a sedimentary deposit of volcanic origin, made up of a sandy loam, disintegrated basalt, and ash. It is porous, readily takes in and yields moisture, and allows the salts to rise to feed the growing crops. From year to year the climate varies but slightly, and where the rains are sufficient, they bring up and mature the grain without its being scorched. This writer has known wheat to be sowed in every month of the year. In the summer the ground is covered with dust thick enough to keep the moisture in the soil underneath. Wheat sowed in the dust between the months of June and September will spring up only after the autumn rains have set in. From September 15th to December 1st is the best time for seeding. There is no neces-

sity for haste in harvesting. The wheat need not even be stacked. If left standing it does not suffer. Though the harvesting begins in early July, "the machines are in the field until December, and occasionally the crop is left standing until the following spring." Thus a man in Washington can cultivate more land than he could in many other States where wheat is grown. The Federal statistics for 1890 showed that Washington's average yield per acre (23.5 bushels) was the highest in the United States. Mr. Blalock made a calculation of the cost and profit of wheat-raising, taking three successive crops that averaged thirty-two bushels to the acre. He found that the labor made it cost nineteen cents a bushel. To this he added interest on the value of the land for two years, and thus brought the cost to twenty-nine cents a bushel. As the crops sold for an average of fifty-five cents a bushel, he found a profit of eight dollars and twenty-eight cents an acre. These statements, which accord closely with my own deductions from all that I heard on the subject, are so remarkable, and reveal conditions and results so different from any that obtain in most parts of the other new States, that a study of Washington would be incomplete without them.

Spokane is the principal city of eastern Washington, and a good point from which to view the agricultural and mineral resources of the lands east of the Cascade Range. It used to be called Spokane Falls, after the falls in the Spokane River, which attracted the first settlers as a rallying-point, but the people dropped the word "Falls" in June, 1891, and Spokane is the city's full name. Long before its settlement the trails and roads from every point of the compass met there, and seemed to mark it as a natural distributing centre. Eight railroads meet there now. It is a dozen years old as a settlement, and now extends its broad streets and battalions of brick and stone buildings over a considerable part of the bowllike, level-bottomed basin in which it has been built. There are evergreen hills all around it, and upon one slope overlooking the town the well-to-do citizens have massed a considerable number of villas, many of which are both costly and handsome. Milling, the lumber trade, and jobbing in all the necessaries of life are its mainstays, and possibly by the time this is published it will have started up its smeltery to lead the new industry which many think must become its main one when, amid the development of the innumerable mines of eastern Washington, it shall have become a great mining town. Its jobbing trade in 1890 amounted to $21,565,000.

Spokane is very enterprising. It has an opera-house that is the finest theatre west of the Mississippi River, and its Board of Trade, under the tireless energy of Mr. John R. Reavis, is incessantly at work to strengthen and enlarge the industries of the city. The place has 25,000 population. It lost 3000 last year as a result of the general monetary depression, but its gains continue, and the agricultural country tributary to it has grown steadily and suffered no set-backs. It trades with 200 towns, and talks with 60 over its telephone wires. Its water-power—having a minimum power of 32,000 horses—runs its electric cars, electric lights, cable-cars, printing-presses, elevators, and all its small machinery. It is not rampant in its vices as most Northwestern cities are. Gambling is done under cover, the variety theatres are closed on Sundays, and there is even broached a proposition to close the saloons on Sunday. In justice to Spokane, I should explain that the leading men ascribe this mastery over public vice to the unique and high-toned character of the leading citizens, who embrace a large proportion of Eastern blood, and good Eastern blood at that. Such an explanation is highly necessary here, for in the new Northwest public morality is sometimes regarded as a concomitant of failing business powers. Happily I can vouch for the fact that Spokane society is leavened by a considerable class of proud and cultivated men and women, who live in charming homes, and maintain a delightful intercourse with one another. They make it a very gay city—they and the fine climate—and are fond of high-bred horses, good dogs, and bright living, with dancing and amateur theatricals, good literature and fun. San Francisco is no longer peculiar in this respect, for Spokane shares her brilliancy among our Western cities.

Close to Spokane is the famous Palouse country. The 1,300,000 acres of Whitman County, and 1,000,000 acres of Spokane County form this rich region, which bears various names in its minor exten-

sions, but is all alike in its extraordinary fertility. It was settled early by a class of immigrants known in the West as "Pikes," who came in 1844-54 from Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas, Tennessee, and as far east as the Piedmont region. They were poor whites, and were a tall, angular, drawling band of blond men, lazy and shiftless, but of dauntless courage. They took up the bottom-lands between the rolling, timber-topped hills, beside the streams. In time they were driven to the hills, and then they discovered that more and better wheat could be raised there, without irrigation, than on the bottoms. This Palouse country is about 150 miles long, and averages 30 miles in width. It is said that in summer the soil is covered with a thick dust, and that in place of rain they have heavy dews. It is reputed to grow an extraordinary amount of wheat, and its yield really did reach 30 bushels in 1890. Wheat, barley, and flax are the great crops, but melons, all vegetables and fruits, both large and small, grow there as profusely, perhaps, as anywhere in our country. Berries of every kind, peaches, plums, apricots, apples, pears, and grapes all grow in abundance and of superfine quality. Land fetches $36 an acre, and will soon sell for $50. Eight hundred thousand acres of it is the rich land of which I speak, and of this 389,000 acres are in cultivation, 320,000 acres being in wheat. The land is all taken up. Farming has been done with small holdings, but moneyed men are now buying large tracts. In Colfax, the main town, the principal loaning brokers report that they know of no single failure there in the payment of interest upon loans last year.

Walla Walla County, down in the same corner of the State, ranks next after the Palouse country. Its basaltic soil has been cultivated for forty years, and one farm of that age produced 40 bushels of wheat to the acre last year without fertilizers, of which, by-the-way, not any have ever been used. They irrigate there for small fruit, but not for wheat. They have 200,000 acres under cultivation, all but 50,000 acres being in wheat. Prunes, pears, enormous yields of strawberries, blackberries, and the finest (because the oldest) orchards are their most important products after the wheat. Walla Walla, the principal town, bears a name familiar even to the school-boys of 30 years ago. It is the seat of an old army post, is a beautiful town, and boasts a cultivated society. It has 5000 population, and though at one side of the main tide of travel, is growing slowly. It was once the great outfitting point for the mines of Idaho and Montana, and pack trains left there daily.

A heap of nonsense is spoken and written about the Big Bend country in order to dispose of it. It is simply a fairly good wheat country, difficult to irrigate, and bound to be uncertain in its products until it is irrigated. How this shall be done is one of the great problems before the people of Washington—the greatest that confronts the people of the eastern part of the State. Elsewhere I have spoken of the strata or flows of lava that underlie it. The trouble is that this crops out in fields and bunches all over the region, as we see ice-floes in a harbor at the time of a thaw in the spring. There are pieces of good land between the outcroppings of volcanic rock, and some of these bits of good ground contain as much as twenty square miles of land all covered with grass. It is a high plateau, rolling far above the Columbia, which cuts a cañon through it. It has scarcely any other streams, and but few springs. It embraces the two large counties of Lincoln and Douglas. There are in it a million acres of land that can be cultivated. Only a small part is yet so utilized. In 1890 about 80,000 acres in Douglas County and 7000 acres in Lincoln County were under the plough, but it is believed that last autumn (1891) this sum of cultivated acres was doubled. There is some government land there, offering what is perhaps the best chance left in eastern Washington for "the homesteader," but he must irrigate or be prepared for great uncertainty in his crops. In 1890 the Big Bend wheat lands produced nearly 30 bushels to the acre; but in 1891 the yield was not over 15 bushels, dryness being the cause. An effort to get artesian water is being made near Waterville in Douglas County. If they find water, and it is abundant and not too far underground, the result will promise redemption to a great belt of soil that is second to none when it has moisture.

The problem what to do with the sagebrush country is a greater one. It embraces Adams and Franklin counties, and lies between the Big Bend and the Palouse

regions. It is sage-brush from end to end—nothing but sage and cactus and basalt rock, except that in Adams County there is some good land. The region has a rainfall of only nine inches. It too is all good land if water can be got to it. Vegetables and fruits grow well in it.

The great Yakima tract across the Columbia is very promising. Small farmers are rapidly putting it under settlement and cultivation. They are growing fruits, vegetables, and alfalfa, the last to be marketed as hay. Hops also are grown in great abundance, and since this part of the country has not known the hop-louse, and is not damp enough to invite that pest, the outlook for a great hop industry there is most encouraging. The whole Yakima country was divided between railroad and government lands. The latter have been thrown open, and are all taken. The railroad lands were offered for very little before the Northern Pacific company experimented with its admirable schemes for irrigating the soil. Now the farms command high prices, and fetch them so easily that it is predicted that within 25 years Yakima Valley and County will be in as high state of cultivation as any part of the State. The rainfall is only about ten inches a year, and irrigation is necessary. The Northern Pacific Railroad is building a ditch sixty miles long, to be fed by water taken from the Yakima River at a point below that at which the river issues from the mountains. The ditch is an enormous one, and was built at great expense across ravines and all the irregularities of the country. Seventeen miles of it was ready for water in December last. It will moisten thousands of acres that once were purchasable at $1 50 each, but now are held at $45 an acre or more, because no lands in the State will be more productive, if the best judges reason correctly. With the sale of the irrigated lands, stock in the irrigation company is offered, and the scheme is so planned that when the land is all sold, the stock will all be in the hands of the farmers. It is likely that the farmers will then continue to pay water rents, and will divide the profits after the expense of maintaining the ditch and its laterals is defrayed each year. A second canal, 250 feet higher than the present one, is said to be contemplated, and an added supply of water is expected from three large lakes on the eastern slope of the Cascades. Thus the highland district of the Yakima country will also be brought under the ditch. This is the most extensive irrigation-work that I know of in the new States. It may not make the Yakima the richest section of eastern Washington, for it may not excel the Palouse or Walla Walla tracts, but it will be highly productive, and uncertainty about crops will be reduced to a minimum. Perhaps time will show the richest land to be in the future clearings of the big timber on the Pacific slope.

I have spoken of the prospect of a great yield of hops in Yakima County in the future. The cultivation of hops is a source of large income to the State. The hop was first cultivated in the Puyallup region in 1866, and with such results that in 1890 the crop was 50,000 bales, about half of which was grown in the Puyallup fields. That crop was marketed for two millions of dollars. The industry has spread into the valleys of the White, Stuck, Snohomish, and Skagit rivers, all to the westward of the Cascades, at the feet of which rich valleys of alluvial soil of great depth have been formed. Since it is known that one hop-yard in England has been uninterruptedly cultivated for 300 years, there is no reason to look for a wearing out of the rich soil of West Washington. The Washington hops are of a high grade, and the yield, averaging 1600 pounds to the acre, is almost threefold that of the fields of England, Germany, and New York State. The hop-louse has now made its devastating presence felt in western Washington, and must be fought there as it has long been fought elsewhere. On account of this pest the Puyallup yield was reduced to fifty per cent. of what had been expected last year, and since the price was low, it was thought that the revenue from hops would not be above one million dollars. Hops have fetched more than a dollar a pound in the past; of late the prices have run from twenty cents to thirty cents. To produce them costs less than ten cents a pound in Washington.

North of Yakima is the Wenatchee Valley, reaching from the mountains to the Columbia. It is prophesied that this will prove an extremely rich fruit country. And this is measurably true of all the very numerous valleys that seam the mountains west and north of the Columbia, all the way around to Kettle Falls in

the northeast part of the State. Washington is going to be a great fruit State, and the time must soon come when she will do with her fruits as California does with hers — export a great deal, dry a great deal, and can and bottle more. Perhaps the best business done in Spokane to-day is that of handling provisions for the mining camps of Idaho and British Columbia, and fruit is an important factor in these supplies. For a time, as the mining lands are extended, there will be this market for Washington fruits, but the outlook is that the production of fruits will eventually far exceed this so-called home demand. The Wenatchee lands, owned by the government and the Northern Pacific Railroad, are just beginning to be settled. As the Great Northern Railroad, which is to give a tremendous impetus to the development of northern Washington, is to pass along that valley, its lands will soon reach their full value.

North of the Wenatchee Valley is the great Okanagon country, and east of that is Stevens County, or "the Colville district," as the miners call it. It is mainly viewed as the scene of future mining activity, and of that we will tell farther on; but it is all guttered with rich valleys for fruit and vegetable raising, and it is to-day as fine a sporting region as there is in the United States. In the Okanagon country, west of the Columbia, is Lake Chelan. It is a beautiful sheet of blue-black water 70 miles in length and from half a mile to three miles in width. It starts at its Columbia River end from a noble bunch-grass valley, already fairly settled, and farmed for fruit, wheat, and vegetables. Mr. Frank Wilkeson, who is familiar with the country, describes the lake as practically landlocked. Soundings to the length of 700 feet have not touched its bed. Its waters teem with trout of from half a pound to six pounds weight, and of several varieties. Suckers and chubs, and an unclassified fish that attains a weight of 14 pounds, are also plentiful. The lake terminates with an eight-foot waterfall, up which no salmon seem to have swum, for none has been found in the lake. Many creeks empty into the lake, and almost all show the distinct marks of old glacier basins at their heads. In the Stehegan belt these departed glaciers have left their former rocky confines bare, and prospecting is done with a glass, the prospectors scanning the rocks, and easily perceiving the metalliferous ledges. In the trails or ridges of bowlders left by the melted glaciers are seen masses of galena ore that have been torn from the leads. It is the sight of these that directs the prospectors to follow up the glacier beds. There is a wealth of ore in these glacial deposits, and doubtless the day will come when it will be worked.

In the rugged, wooded mountains that rise precipitously from the lake and wall it in, the mountain-goats are so numerous that they will long provide sport for the hunters. Black-tail deer are plenty, and so are black and cinnamon bear. A packer in that country reports having seen twenty-seven bears in one day last autumn. The grouse there are without number, and include the blue, the gray, and the ruffed varieties. Smaller birds are equally numerous. A hotel-keeper near the lake, wishing to explain why he only charged seven dollars a week for lodging and the luscious fare that weighted his table, said that venison and bear meat only cost a cartridge now and then, and for trout he used the same fish-line that he brought into the country years ago.

Mining in Washington, though its promises are vast, is in its veriest infancy. The production of metals is insignificant. The first discovery of the precious metals was made by placer miners along the Columbia River, and this ground is still worked, by Chinamen now, with trifling results. Recent discoveries have been, first, in the Colville district, Stevens County. It is a mountainous region, an extension of the rich Kootenay country of British Columbia. Silver and lead are found there, but not yet in such large or promising leads as those north of the boundary. Development-work is being done there, the ores are being sent out, and concentraters are building. In the Okanagon country, east of the Cascades and west of Stevens County, silver and gold without lead are found. It is smelting ore, and cheap transportation facilities are needed for the development of the mines. One railroad operator is ready to build from Marcus on the Columbia, north of Colville, along the Kettle River, to the Boundary Creek mines of silver and gold, which show splendid prospects. The Colville Indian Reservation hinders

him from tapping the Okanagon country, and, as we have seen wherever there are similar conditions in other States, there is a strong movement to have the reservation reduced, and the upper part thrown open. The railroad could be built across it as it is, but there is no money in a railroad on reservation land where settlers may not come nor towns spring up. It is apparent that the reservation must be reduced in response to this pressure, because it is a vast tract, bigger than some large counties in the State, and yet it contains but a thousand red men, remnants of several tribes. The notorious Chief Joseph, who harried several of our generals, is there, and so is Chief Moses, whose people once inhabited the Okanagon country before it was "bought," and President Grant set aside the Colville Reservation for them. An argument used to help to open this land is that the reservation leaves sixty miles of our frontier unprotected. The Spokane Chamber of Commerce is bending all its energy to the redemption of this border land, and what that body sets out for it generally obtains.

The Lake Chelan prospects, so called, are of argentiferous galena. At least 700 claims have been taken, and this summer's work will prove the value of the district, though all miners qualified to judge of it express confidence in its great richness. The Stehegan belt of hills, where the ore is found, runs northeast beyond the British border. In addition to the galena, other ores are found, though not yet in sufficient quantities to excite the cupidity of the prospectors. But the belt contains more limestone and white marble than the world can use. It is proposed to build a railroad to Lake Chelan, whereon the ore can be boated seventy miles, and then carried by short rail to the Columbia, and thus to the Great Northern Railroad at Wenatchee.

Western Washington is another proposition, as its people would themselves say. All over the Evergreen State inanimate nature would appear to be divided in two parts, so that whatever is not a "proposition" must be an "outfit." One word or the other applies to and describes whatever you may speak about. A new town is either a good proposition—that is to say, it has good chances to grow—or it is not. The Nicaragua Canal is a good proposition, and so is the prospective million-dollar hotel in Tacoma. I several times heard the word "outfit" applied to men, particularly when they seemed to deserve to be called "queer outfits," but I never heard the word proposition applied to anything animate. I did hear a waterfall called a "proposition," however. Up to that time, I confess, I had regarded it as an "outfit."

The chief city in western Washington is Seattle. It has a population of about 40,000. It is a remarkable city, perhaps the most enterprising one in this country. When the odds against which it has fought are taken into consideration, and when it is understood that its progress has been made against railroad opposition, instead of with the aid of that usually powerful influence, its progress, size, and accomplishments seem marvellous, and its leading men deserve to be called the most indomitable and plucky organizers that any city, even in the West, can boast.

Seattle is metropolitan. It has that indefinable tone that marks the city from the town, and that when amplified belongs only to the chief city in a State or industrial district. It has the crowds of hurrying men and women, the lounging, staring groups of yokels, the daily battalions of tourists and drummers and strangers generally, bent on selling or buying, and driving about with heavy baggage piled on their cabs; it has large and fine hotels, theatres of several grades, beer-gardens, and an unduly large vicious quarter on the Pacific coast plan of a myriad little cabins each with one frescoed occupant. It makes the visitor feel that it is a bustling capital town, and that is a character and influence that cannot be simulated or made to order. From the harbor Seattle makes an impressive appearance, because it is built on the side of a steep hill, and is uplifted and spread out in a manner peculiar to itself. In a lesser degree all the chief cities of Washington send portions of themselves up steep hill-sides; and though Seattle is not the city in which I saw cleats on some sidewalks, to make the pavements even more like ladders, its streets are so steep that one feels sorry for the horses of its cab system—which, by-the-way, is the best I know of on this continent outside of Montreal. Towering buildings do not make a city. London has not one steeple of offices within her limits, while Seattle, on the other hand, has many and to

spare. But it is the districts of wholesale stores, whose merchandise and customers crowd one another on the sidewalks, it is the bustle at the depots and wharves, the activity in the harbor—if it is a seaport—the flurry of people in the retail quarter; such are the telltales of a city of importance, and Seattle has them, and has kept them in a great degree after the financial crash in London, which disturbed the cities of Washington more than it might had it not been that in them an effort was making to reverse the natural order of things by which territorial development creates city extension. Seattle's jobbing trade in 1890 was in goods of the value of $35,000,000. The town is strengthened by neighboring coal mines, has built up a large shipping trade, and boasts several manufacturing industries.

Since the above was written new despatches from there tell of the discovery of slavery among the Japanese in Seattle. The slaves are the women in the singular rows of one-story cottages by the waterside in what is locally known as Whitechapel — the vicious quarter. In that strange district and still stranger community are women from Mexico, China, Japan, and France, as well as American blacks and white women. The police say that of them all the Japanese are the least troublesome, since they alone refrain from adding theft to their other outlawry. It is more than likely, as the news despatches relate, that they are owned by men who purchased them of their parents in Japan, and brought them to this country for the purpose to which they appear to lend themselves. The "tough end" of Seattle, as the Western vernacular would have it called, is very much like the pestilential parts of Butte and Helena, and all the other Northwestern towns of considerable size of which mention has been made in this series, but it is livelier than most others, in addition to having the most motley population. It is said to be well under police control, and I was told that the gambling there is above-stairs, and not too public.

Tacoma, an hour and a half away by water, and also on the sound, seems a substantial town. It has great wealth, and is the financial, though not the trading or popular centre. It has about 35,000 population. Its homes seem to me the proudest possessions of Tacoma. Separate dwellings of tasteful design, and costing from $3000 to $20,000, are to be seen there in great numbers, and I am told that the proportion of still less costly cottages owned by the families which occupy them is also considerable. Any Eastern city—any city anywhere—might well be proud to show a club-house like that in Tacoma, wherein the most perfect taste prevails throughout. The city is the seat of a large circle of wealthy and cultivated folk. Though the place is nothing like so showy as Seattle, it has shown great enterprise—a force which there has always felt the backing of a great transcontinental railway. Some of the capitalists are building a floating dry-dock 325 × 100 feet in dimensions, and to be extended by smaller docks of the same sort, so that almost any vessel on the Pacific can be handled upon it. Tacoma has hopes of being at the eastern end of a transpacific line of steamers at an early day, and of being the seat of the iron industry which must certainly spring up somewhere on the coast. What Tacoma is most sure of is that she is at the end of a great railway line, and that she is at the gate of, and indeed is surrounded by, a very rich country, part of which—the Puyallup region—is already forward in development.

I have not mentioned the electric lights, electric cars, water systems, and such modern conveniences in speaking of either of these chief cities. It would be an omission due to familiarity with the entire new West if I failed to say explicitly that almost wherever one may travel in that country the same conveniences are at hand that one is accustomed to finding in New York. If there is a difference, it is that the West is the more progressive, and the more quickly takes up whatever is good as well as new. Seattle has cable as well as electric cars, but all the cities have the latter sort of vehicles. The traveller who steps from the newest Pullman car on the Northern Pacific Railroad suffers no jar when he is in such hotels as the Tacoma, the Rainier or Denny in Seattle, or the Fairhaven in the hopeful little city of that name, near the head of the sound. Appointed with that most artistic furniture in the world which is turned out of Michigan factories as pins are produced in Birmingham, provided with elevators, electric lights and calls, offering great public rooms richly decorated and

draped, with French cooks, with the best food in the markets of the world (refrigerated and whirled from place to place), the hotels of Washington are in the same list with the leading hotels of London and New York. Need I say that the same is true of the public schools? That also goes without saying in any study of the West. The State of Washington expended $932,000 for its free schools last year.

The steamboats that ply between Seattle and Tacoma and up and down the sound are also unexcelled. One called *The Flyer* is the most admirable vessel of its kind that I have ever seen. It is of the build of a fish, and is almost as swift. Its two saloons, one above the other, are carpeted, and provided with soft plush-covered reclining-chairs. The walls are, to all intents and purposes, plate-glass. The machinery is exhibited like jewelry, in a glass case. By day the panorama of nature is uninterrupted in the view of the passengers; by night the little *Flyer* is all aflame with electric light, like a glass boat or a lantern shot over the water from a cannon.

These boats are not the prettiest products of the Pacific slope, because nothing animate or inanimate can be more beautiful than the women there. I will not commit myself to a decision whether it rains there six months in the year, as I think, or all the year around, as the critics of that country insist; but the effect of that warm, soft, moist climate upon the complexions of the women is magical — is worth going to see. The effect upon the ladies' gowns of one of the concomitants of the rainy season, as the wearers climb and descend the muddy hills of those cities, is not nearly so admirable. If ever Mistress Fashion will permit dress reform to be undertaken by women, it will be hailed with joy on the shores of Puget Sound. But with regard to the beauty of the women of the coast, all that need be told is that the women of the interior insist that the Puget Sound belles all have web-feet, the result of the frequent wet weather on the coast. The reader may judge from that how captivating the coast women must be.

Western Washington comprises nearly one-third of the State. It contains 25,000 square miles west of the Cascades, as against eastern Washington's 45,000 square miles. Through a part of this western end of the State, tearing a great mouth in it, is Puget Sound. It is a majestic harbor, and no one who sees it can criticise its human neighbors for the store of hope they rest upon its future. It has a superficial area of 2000 square miles, a shore line of 1600 miles, an average depth of 70 fathoms, and, lying north and south 90 miles back from the ocean, it is all within the State. Its first surveyor, in 1841, reported to the government: "I venture nothing in saying that no country in the world possesses waters equal to these. From the mouth of the straits to the head of navigation, 200 miles inland, not a shoal nor reef nor hidden danger exists. At times it narrows to a river's width, and again widens into the majesty of a sea, but is everywhere free to navigation, the home of all craft, blue, deep, and fathomless." The quotation is hackneyed, but it describes this wonderful body of water better than any other words that can be chosen. Yet it but helps to distinguish an equally wonderful country—a country with the climate of England, and better than the best qualities of California and Florida.

I have described its amazing forests of giant timber. They cover the greater part of it. It is said that they contain two hundred billion feet of marketable wood. It is very valuable wood. It will continue to supply the country when all other timber is gone. For a long while the great stringers used in the flooring of the Pullman and Wagner cars have come from these forests, and a shrewd railroad man is quoted as saying that out of the wood in the cedar stumps that the lumbermen have left standing in the present clearings he can build the walls and roofs of freight cars that will pay for themselves in three years in the saving of weight. The Washington timber competes with Georgia pine and Eastern oak in the uses to which those woods are put. Lumbering is the chief industry in western Washington, but it is small to what it must be when reduced rates are brought about by competing transcontinental railroad companies and by the Nicaragua Canal. This lumber has already found good markets in South America, China, France, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands.

The coal measures of the Puget Sound basin come next in importance. The coal and the iron, which is also abundant, lie side by side. Limestone is also found, and

although practically nothing has been done with the iron, some most excellent coking coals have been found, and the happy combination must soon prove alluring to capital and enterprise. The coal supply seems inexhaustible, and already its development is a great source of income to Seattle, as it will soon be to Fairhaven and other ports near the coal beds. All the coal of the coast, including that at Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, may be classed as lignite, but it is often of so high a grade that the operators do not greatly strain the truth in classing it as bituminous. The Seattle coals do not make coke or gas, but are excellent for general domestic use and steam-making. Large mines are being opened in the Skagit country west of the mountains. The coal lies in the cretaceous measures, and is in dipping seams of from four to eighteen feet of clean coal. Farther down the river are the Fairhaven mines, opened by the Great Northern Railroad Company and by Montana capitalists. All this Skagit coal makes a coke that is held to be only second to the Connellsville (Pennsylvania) coke, if it is not fully as good. Coking ovens are being erected, and a large market in California, Mexico, and South America is looked for. Other coal in this region, now used on the sound steamboats, is superior to the Nanaimo product. The South Prairie coal, near Tacoma, makes a fine coke that is used in a smeltery at the latter place. There are mines and coke ovens at Wilkeson also. The coal product of the State in 1890 was nearly a million tons, worth at the mines $2,203,755. When it is known that California has but little coal, and only of an inferior quality, and that Oregon is but slightly better off, the value of the superabundant coal measures of Washington will be understood. Then again, the Washington coke will displace the Eastern and English material on the coast. At San Diego these other cokes are received for distribution among the smelteries of northern Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona at $13 a ton; indeed, they are sold in Victoria, British Columbia, at $20 a ton.

Capital is needed to take hold of the iron. There is talk of iron and steel works near Seattle, the enterprise of Eastern men; and in Tacoma an effort is making to found a business in the making of steel bars, plates, and rods from imported blooms, as is done in San Francisco. In time, whether these projects rise or fall, fortunes will be made from the iron industry in that new country. Asbestos is plenty; and there are clays that must yet be the foundation not only for rude wares, but for good white ware. Sewer-pipe is already made in Seattle. The reader sees that all these resources are practically in embryo. In spite of the fact that the first settlements in the east and west were in the forties, the State is nearly as new, so far as all except its farming is concerned, as if the date of its admission to Statehood — November 11, 1889—were the date of its first settlement.

Whoever passes along the main retail street of Seattle and happens to notice the counters in the principal fish store will be astonished. In the chromatic display of the captive creatures of the sea is the text for another chapter on future wealth for Washington. They have the salmon, though that catch is credited to Oregon and Alaska. There are in the northern waters cod banks thousands of miles in extent; halibut, codfish, rock-cod, sole, sea-bass, smelts, shrimps, herrings, and oysters are all abundant. Apparently the fisheries outweigh those of the East as the timber belt excels that which once enclosed the Great Lakes. Candor compels me to say that the Pacific fish, with one exception, are inferior to the same kinds of fish in the East, yet they are not wanting in fine qualities. The halibut of Washington and the North is, I believe, the finest sea fish for the table that is known in America. The tiny muddy oysters, the size of a dime or a quarter, are the meanest product of that sea, but they find a ready sale and are admired. Since that is so, hope for all the rest should be rampant. Their crabs, on the contrary, are not mere samples; they are wholesale products, regular marine monsters; and all the better for that, since they make good food. The fishing that must in a few years fleck the waters of the Pacific with sails is scarcely begun. There is only a million invested in it, and only a million a year is produced by it.

The new transcontinental railroads that are expected to cross to Puget Sound —the Great Northern and a spur of the Union Pacific—are thought to be going to work wonders. They will find many present industries controlled by the older companies. They will encourage the de-

velopment of new industries and the extension of others. Mr. Hill's road, the Great Northern, is to be pushed through the mountains in what is described as "a scenic wonderland." It is thought that Fairhaven will be its terminus; but whether that prove true or not, a feeder all along the sound, at right angles to the main road, will tap all the country between the Cascades and the great harbor.

And what of the land which these railroads will open up? What of it, apart from its minerals and timber? It gives a name to the State—it is evergreen. Roses, nasturtiums, and chrysanthemums may be seen blooming in the gardens the year around. The ocean, and especially the Japan current, keep the climate equable. The mercury seldom rises above 90° in the summer, and to see it at zero in the winter is to see an extraordinary thing. The rains produce semi-tropical abundance of vegetation. Agriculture cuts a small figure yet, but where it is carried on, in the valleys and reclaimed marshes, oats grow higher than a man's head, and so does timothy. Oats will run from 60 to 100 bushels to the acre. Men have been known to make more than $800 from an acre of strawberries. If good land is chosen, and a market is handy, five acres will support a family well. Raspberries, currants, gooseberries, orchard fruits, all do well. There are some who think the sound country may yet supply the whole United States with prunes, so fine and abundant are those that are but just beginning to be grown there. Tobacco does well; and, by-the-way, it is being grown and made into cigars in the Yakima country, in East Washington. Wherever the big timber is cleared — and many of the farms are abandoned logging camps—there is found the richest soil imaginable. It raises hay, potatoes, oats, barley, wheat, hops, cherries, apples, berries, and all which that list implies. It is a natural grazing land. The grass is forever green, and cattle and sheep keep "hog-fat all the year."

East of the sound the land that can be farmed is practically all taken, but west of the sound is the great Olympic Peninsula, until lately almost uninhabited, and even now but little known. It has not been surveyed. Out of the heart of it rise the eternally snow-clad Olympic Mountains. On their sides roam the elk, black bear, cougar, and other more or less noble beasts. Over the earth is a mass of timber, and at its feet a jungle. Fir, spruce, and white cedar are in the woods, and in the many waters wild-fowl abound. Frost is said not to know the country. On the Pacific coast side are many valleys, and some small prairies. In this absolutely new country the homesteaders are appearing in such numbers that it is said that between 700 and 800 settlers went in there last year to pre-empt the lands along the streams and on the prairies. There, entirely cut off from the world, they will wait until the lands are surveyed, and they can file their claims. They believe that a railroad from Gray's Harbor or Shoalwater Bay to the strait of Juan de Fuca will soon be built past all their holdings. It is likely, for, in addition to the timber, that is the best dairy country in the State. As one citizen put it, "They have more rain than we on the east of the sound, but the presence of water has never yet been considered an objection in the dairy trade."

A question which agitates the minds of many persons in western Washington is whether it is possible for both Seattle and Tacoma—lying so near one another as they do—to become great cities; and if not, which will eventually become the chief and gigantic seaport whose development is so confidently looked for. I wish I could say. Indeed, since everywhere that I travel I find these rivalries between neighboring cities (Bismarck and Mandan, Rapid City and Deadwood, Helena and Butte, and so on through the list, which rightly begins with St. Paul and Minneapolis), I find myself constantly wishing that I could postpone the publication of these numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for a trifling term of ten or a dozen years, so as to avoid this series of conundrums. In this case, in western Washington, there is a little speck upon the horizon. It calls to mind the small black cloud that shows itself in all well-regulated nautical tales as the herald of frightful disaster. It may be a hurricane or only a teacupful of wind. It is called South Bend, and it now pretends to threaten great mischief to Seattle, Tacoma, and Fairhaven, along with all the other points on Puget Sound.

It is on the Pacific coast, on the front of the Olympia peninsula, only four hours from Portland by rail, and very much

nearer to Asia, Nicaragua, and Europe by water than the sound ports. South Bend is a yearling, and where it rubs its juvenile eyes the map shows only the words Shoalwater Bay, but that, being a libellous name, is now changed to Willapa Harbor. It is 57 miles north of Astoria, and is said to be a harbor of the first grade, variously credited with offering 29 to 32 feet of water at its bar. It is the only generally useful harbor between the Columbia River and the strait of Juan de Fuca. South Bend is about to be connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad system. In the region tributary to it is an extraordinary wealth of timber and of agricultural lands. The founders of the town insist that if there is to be an export trade in Washington products, no other port in the State can compete with it, since vessels from Puget Sound ports must double the Olympia peninsula before they reach the point at which South Bend shipments begin. South Bend is several hundreds of miles nearer to San Francisco, Nicaragua, and Cape Horn than any Puget Sound port. But it is too early to say more. The best possession of the new little seaport thus far is that essence which was deserted by all its companions in Pandora's box.

With a mention of those considerable islands in the Northwest which are, from a military point of view, the key to the British possessions in the North, we must end this view of the forty-second State in the Union. Of the islands, be it known that they are thinly wooded, but rich for agriculture. Sheep are raised there in great numbers, and more wool than they grow is shipped to the mainland, smuggled over from Vancouver Island. Smuggling wool, opium, and Chinamen are profitable callings up in the extreme northwestern corner of our country. San Juan Island is the seat of a great lime deposit that is of considerable value, and is already marketed all along the coast.

There is a peculiar feature of the affairs of Washington upon which I have not dwelt. The critics of the State think it an important element, but I cannot see that it cuts any figure in the future of the great commonwealth. It seems to some critics as if several regiments of our nomads, who keep moving West in the belief that they "must succeed there because they failed in the East," are gathered in this last of the States, principally at its jumping-off edge, in the cities on Puget Sound. Town-site gambling is what attracted these persons. The booming of new towns, that vice which swept the Northwest like an epidemic, ran all along the Pacific coast. The snap of the whip took place at its end in southern California, but the whole of what they up in Washington call "the sound country," felt the strain and the final catastrophe in some degree.

"You could not expect us to develop our soil or our mines," said a leading spirit in one city, "when we could buy a town lot on one day, and four days afterward could sell it for fifty dollars more a front foot than we gave for it." And that is true. Wiser behavior was not to be expected where, after all, a great many persons went at first rather to make money than to establish homes and found families. The fever for town-lot gambling has abated, and we can look back on it as an episode. It must have raged marvellously, for before it ended some cities were far overbuilt. This was not peculiar to Washington; it was the case from Vancouver, in British Columbia, all the way down to southern California. A cruel but useful reaction came, and now one hears little more about the matter. The talk now is of smelteries and furnaces, of the possibilities of the trade with Asia, of the blessed prospects of new railroads from the East.

I rode up to Fairhaven, near the head of the sound—a very likely town, now that it too has lived down the epidemic—and I heard of only one boom in progress; that was in the "city" of Everett, which was pluming itself upon the hope that a certain boating company was to put up works there for the building of vessels to carry petroleum to the Orient or somewhere; but I passed many dead boom towns, extinct volcanoes, so to speak, and they were often wonderful to look at. They were, for the most part, mere acres of stumps, clearings hastily made in the forest, with suggestions of streets and avenues laid out at right angles among the stumps, and dotted at long and irregular intervals with cabins, frame saloons, and perhaps a brick building or two—all rendering the scene the more confused and unkempt.

We have seen something of the scramble for public lands in the other States; the companion picture in Washington

was this mania for town sites—or rather for city sites, since a settlement in Washington is either a city or it is nothing at all. Some of the greatest corporations in the State—the railroads—were not above setting the example. Sometimes it was a railroad which, as a corporation, essayed to "boom" a tract of land on its route—a terminal station, a divisional point, or a junction. Sometimes one of these corporations would strain not only to "boom" a city of its own creation, but to crush or cripple a near-by town which had grown up without leave.

It is as interesting a chapter as any in our new history, that which tells of how the planning and sale of new towns goes on in these new States; I now refer to what may be called the ordinary and customary method, such as obtained before the thing became a craze, and such as will obtain as long as there are virgin districts for men to rush in upon. Suppose a number of fine "leads" of ore are struck in any new neighborhood, the town-site man is soon on the ground. Something akin to nature used to build towns in the older States, wherever towns were needed, but in the new Northwest the speculator is up earlier than nature. Men have to nudge the slow old dame along out there. They note where the new mining prospects are, and then they look up the most likely town site. Often its natural position is self-evident; it is at the head of the valley below the mountains, or it is where two streams join. The capitalist "locates" the spot, and goes home for friends, relatives, and employés to claim homestead or timber lands where he wants the town to be. They make their claims. He sets up a store and post-office; a hotel also, if he has the means. He employs some of the squatters; the others go away, and only come back to "prove up." He pays them a hundred dollars each or two hundred dollars for their trouble, and they turn over their land to him. In one case that I know of two such land-grabbers thought better of their opportunity, and determined to hold on to the land they had pre-empted. That is considered the next worse thing to horse-stealing out West. Fancy, if you can, how society could exist were such men common! The theory and policy are to this effect, that a man shall accept for such services what sum will repay him for the trouble he has been put to, without computing the value of his services or of his claim to the land baron who employs him.

But suppose that all works smoothly, as it usually does. The capitalist establishes his store, has one of his clerks empowered as recorder and notary, and opens a hotel. The miners come the second year to do that "improvement-work" which the law requires that they shall perform each year in order to keep their titles to their claims. They need giant-powder for blasting; they need picks and shovels and barrows; they need food, tobacco, and rum. They gravitate to the only place at which these commodities are obtainable —the new town site. A blacksmith sets up a shop, perhaps a saddle-maker comes, several saloon-keepers equip their establishments, a few painted women order shanties put up, and a "hurdy-gurdy" (dance-house) or variety show is started. The transition from wilderness to town is rapid and wonderful. The founder asks all he can get for his lots, and coins money like a mint. His customers stop at the hotel and gamble with the building lots they have bought. The revised maps contain the name of another city, usually called "So-and-so City," or "Such-and-such City," in order that there shall be no mistake about its really being a city.

When it is carried to an excess, town-lot and town-site gambling hinder the development of a region and bring together a great many unscrupulous and irresponsible men; but in the State of Washington, in the presence of the vast and varied resources of the soil, the mountains, and the waters, the epidemic that brought communal tragedy elsewhere can here be called only an incident.

So much, then, for Washington. It would seem to share with all the others many of their greatest resources, as if it were the essence and epitome of them all. If it is not "the last which shall be first," it is the one in which we see the summing up of all the rest. A sweeping glance over it, in the mind's eye of one who knows it well, is like the transformation scene at the end of a Christmas pantomime, wherein we see gloriously some hint of all that went before—of all the climates, forests, metals, fruits, cereals, and vegetables of our entire country; of the men of all the world, the fishes of both oceans. But the scenes that are hurried along the grooves were never hung before a paint bridge. They are real.

A GIFT DIVINE.

BY ELEANOR B. CALDWELL.

THIS gift is given—
This gift from Heaven—
Unto a few.
Through veins with human frailty filled
A glow divine is found distilled.

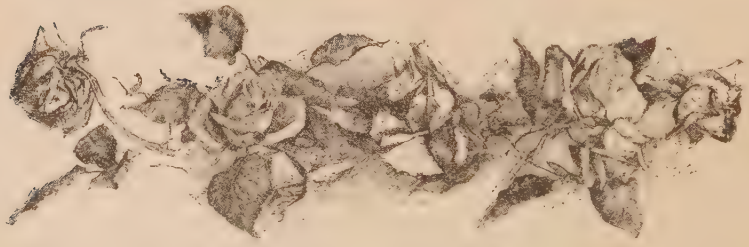
There's music rare
Played in the air
To such a one,
And measured by its mystic flow
His breathing and his movements go.

As through the sky
The meteors fly,
So darts his glance,
Or it would seem as though soft hands
Had waved before his face like fans.

By man and beast,
From great to least,
He will be loved;
A child will sit upon his knee,
And seek his face confidingly.

He cannot rest
Without the best
The world can give.
Our truest thought to him we bring;
Our sweetest song to him we sing.

And if we find,
Like all mankind,
He too can sin,
We feel, although we sigh or weep,
His part divine is but asleep.



TEMPTATION.

BY G. H. GOLDTHWAITE.

THE way of light, do what I will, for me
Points irresistibly the way of pain.
Yet not for long the pain; for lo! thank God!
The night is gone and it is day; and all
The sorrow fades as clouds before the sun.
So close to earth is heaven—a night removed—
Yet who shall paint the horror of that night
To him who cannot, will not, see beyond?
And who refuse its darkness to endure
To spend in light a never-ending day?

JANE FIELD.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. MAXWELL had invited Mrs. Field and Lois to take tea with her the next afternoon, and had hinted there might be other company. "There's a good many I should like to ask," she had said, "but I ain't situated so I can jest now, an' it's a dreadful puzzle to know who to leave out without offendin' them. I'm goin' to have the minister an' his wife anyhow, an' Lawyer Tuxbury an' his sister. I should ask Flora, but if she comes the children have got to, an' I can't have them anyhow; they're the worst-actin' young ones at the table I ever saw in my life. There's two or three men I'm goin' to ask. Now you an' Lois come real early, Esther."

Mrs. Field's ideas of early, when invited to spend the afternoon and take tea, were primitive. Directly after the dinner dishes were put away, about one o'clock, she spoke to Lois in the harsh, defiant tone she now used towards her. "You'd better go an' get ready," said she. "She wanted us to come early."

A stubborn look came into Lois's face. "I ain't going," said she, in an undertone.

"What did you say?"

"I ain't going."

"Then you can stay to home, if you want to get your mother into trouble, an' make folks think we're guilty of somethin'."

Mrs. Field went into her bedroom to get ready. Presently Lois went softly through on her way to her own. Jane Field stood before her little mirror, brushed her gray hair in smooth curves around her ears, and pinned her black woollen dress with a gold-rimmed brooch containing her dead sister's and her husband's hair.

Lois, before her own glass, twisted up her pretty hair carefully; she pulled a few curly locks loose on her temples, thinking half indignantly and shamefacedly how she should see that young man again. Lois was bewildered and terrified, borne down by reflected guilt, almost as if it were her own. She had a wild dread of this going out to tea, meeting mere strangers, and seeing her mother act out a further lie; but she could not help being a young girl, and arranging those little locks on her forehead for Francis Arms to see.

When she and her mother stepped out of the door, a strong wind came in their faces.

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Field. She went back into the house and got Lois's sack. "Put this on," said she.

And Lois put it on.

The wind was from the east, and had the salt smell of the sea. All the white-flowering bushes in the yards and the fruit trees bowed toward the west. There was a storm of white petals. Lois, as she and her mother walked against the wind, kept putting her hand to her hair, to keep it in place.

Mrs. Maxwell's house was a large cottage with a steep Gothic roof jutting over a piazza on each side. The house was an old one, and originally very simple in its design; but there had been evidently at some time a flood-tide of prosperity in the fortunes of its owner, which had left marks in various improvements. There was a large ornate bay-window in front, which contrasted oddly with the severe white peak of wall above it; the piazzas had railings in elaborate scroll-work; and the windows were set with four large panes of glass, instead of the original twelve small ones. The front yard was enclosed by a fine iron fence. But the highest mark was shown by a little white marble statue in the midst of it. There was no other in the village outside of the cemetery. Mrs. Jane Maxwell's house was always described to inquiring strangers as the one with the statue in front of it.

Lois, as they went up the walk, looked wonderingly at this marble girl standing straight and white in the midst of a votive circle of box. The walk, too, was bordered with box, and there was a strange pungent odor from it.

Mrs. Field rang the door-bell, and she and Lois stood waiting. Nobody came.

Mrs. Field rang again and again. "I'm goin' round to the other door," she an-

* Begun in May number, 1892.

nounced, finally. "Mebbe they don't use this one."

Lois followed her mother around to the other side of the house to the door opening on the south piazza. Mrs. Field rang again, and they waited; then she gave a harder pull. A voice sounded unexpectedly close to them from behind the blinds of a window:

"You jest walk right in," said the voice, which was at once flurried and ceremonious. "Open the door an' go right in, an' turn to the right, an' set down in the parlor. I'll be in in jest a minute. I ain't quite dressed."

Lois and her mother went in as they were directed, and sat down in two of the parlor chairs. The room looked very grand to Mrs. Field. She stared at the red velvet furniture, the tapestry carpet, and the long lace curtains, and thought, with a hardening heart, how, at all events, she was not defrauding this other woman of a fine parlor. It was to her mind much more splendid than the sitting-room in the other house, with its dim old-fashioned state, and even than the great north parlor, whose furniture and paper had been imported from England at great cost nearly a hundred years ago.

Mrs. Maxwell did not appear for a half-hour. Now and then they heard a scurry of feet, the rattle of dishes, and the closing of a door. They sat primly waiting. They had not removed their wraps. Lois looked very pale against the red back of her chair.

"Don't you feel well?" asked her mother.

"Yes, I feel well enough," replied Lois.

"You look sick enough," said her mother, harshly.

Lois looked out of the window at the marble girl in the yard, and her mouth quivered.

Presently Mrs. Maxwell came, in her soft flurry of silk and old ribbons. She had on a black lace head-dress trimmed with purple flowers, and she wore her black kid gloves.

"I'm real sorry I had to keep you waitin' so long, Esther," said she; "but we were kinder late about dinner. Do take off your things. Flora she'll be down in a few minutes; she's jest gone up stairs to change her dress an' comb her hair. It's a beautiful day, ain't it?"

The three settled themselves in the parlor. Lois sat beside the window, her hands folded meekly in her lap; her mother and Mrs. Maxwell knitted.

"Don't you do any fancy-work, Lois?" asked Mrs. Maxwell.

"No, she don't do much," replied her mother for her.

"Don't she? I'd like to know! Now Flora, she does considerable. She's makin' a real handsome tidy now. She'll show you how, Lois, if you'd like to make one. It's real easy, an' it don't cost a great deal—but then cost ain't much object to you." Mrs. Maxwell laughed an unpleasant snigger. Then she resumed: "Some tidies would look real handsome on some of them great bare chairs over to your house; there ain't one there so far as I know. John he wouldn't never have a new thing in the house; he was terrible set and notional about it, an' he was terrible tight with his money. I don't care if I do say it; everybody knows it, an' I don't see why it's any worse to say things that's true about the dead than the livin'. With some folks it's all 'Oh, don't say nothin'; he's dead. Cover it all up; he's buried, an' bury it too, an' set all the roses an' pinks a-growin' over it.' I tell you sometimes nettles will sprout, an' when they do, it don't make it any better to call 'em pinks. Thomas Maxwell was terrible tight. I 'ain't forgot how he talked because we bought this parlor furniture, an' put big lights in the windows, an' had that iron fence. Then my poor husband had gone into business with your husband, an' they seemed to be makin' money. Why shouldn't he have bought a few things we'd always done without, I'd like to know? You remember what a time the old man made when we bought these things, Esther, I s'pose?"

"I can't say as I do," returned Mrs. Field.

"Why, seems to me it's funny you don't. You sure?"

Mrs. Field nodded.

"Well, it's queer you don't. He made an awful time over it; but the worst of it was over that image out in the yard. I b'lieve he always thought my poor husband and yours failed up because we bought that image. There was one thing about it, your husband wa'n't never extravagant, though, was he? Thomas Maxwell couldn't say his son wasted his money, whatever else he said. Your

husband was always prudent, wasn't he, Esther?"

"Yes, I always thought Edward Maxwell was prudent," returned Mrs. Field.

Lois, staring soberly and miserably out of the window, saw just then a stout girlish figure, leant to one side with the weight of a valise, pass hurriedly out of the yard. She wondered if it was Flora Maxwell, and watched the pink flowers in her hat and the blue folds of her dress out of sight down the street.

"I guess your husband took after his father a little; I guess he was a little savin'," said Mrs. Maxwell. "I know Edward looked kind of scared when he came over one night an' saw that image jest after we'd got it set up, an' he asked how much it cost. It did cost considerable. We didn't ever tell anybody jest how much; but I didn't care; I'd always wanted one; an' I made up my mind I'd rather have that if I had to go without some other things. An' my husband wanted it too; he was one of the Maxwells, you know, an' I think they all had a taste for such things if they wa'n't too tight to get 'em. As for me, I had to do without all my young days, an' I have to now except for the few things we got together along then when my poor husband seemed to be prospering; but I've always been crazy over images, an' I've always thought one in a front yard was about the most ornamental thing anybody could have. I've told Flora a good many times that I believed if I'd had advantages when I was young, I should have made images. Don't you think that one's handsome, Esther?"

"Real handsome," said Mrs. Field.

"Some folks have found fault with it because it didn't have more clothes on, but it ain't as if it was in a cemetery. Of course it would have to be dressed different if it was. An' it ain't anything but marble, when you come right down to it. I think there's such a thing as bein' too particular, for my part, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," replied Mrs. Field, looking out at the marble figure.

"Well, I do. Mis' Jay said, after my husband died, that she should think I'd like to put up that image for a kind of a monument for him. I didn't feel as if I could put up anything more than stones; but I did think a little of it, and I knew if I did, I should have to have some wings made on it, and a cape or a shawl over the neck and arms; but out here it's different. I look out at it a good many times, an' I'm thankful it 'ain't got any more on, clothes do get so out of fashion. You know how they look in photographs sometimes. I s'pose that's the reason that the men who make these images don't put any more on. There! I must show you my photograph album, Esther."

Mrs. Maxwell took a heavy album with gilt clasps from the centre table, and drew a chair close to Mrs. Field.

"Now you get a chair, and come on the other side, Lois," said she, "an' I can show 'em to both of you."

Lois obeyed, and Mrs. Maxwell turned over the album leaves and explained the pictures.

"This is a lady I used to know," said she. "She lived in North Elliot. She's dead now. That's her husband; he's married again. His second wife's kind of silly. Ain't much like the first one. She was a real stepper. That's Flora Lowe's baby—the first one—an' that's Flora. I think it flatters her. That's my Flora. It ain't very good. She looks terrible sober. There's my poor husband. I s'pose you remember him, Esther? Of course you know how he used to look. Do you think it's a good likeness?"

"I don't know. I guess it's pretty good, ain't it?" stammered Mrs. Field.

"Well, some thinks it is, and some don't. I 'ain't never liked it very well myself, but it was all I had. It was taken some years before he died. I guess jest about the time you was down here. There! I s'pose you know whose this is?"

It was her own photograph that Mrs. Field leant over and saw, and Lois, on the other side, saw it also.

"Yes, I guess I do," she said.

"Was it a pretty good one of your sister?"

There was a strange gulping sound in Mrs. Field's throat. She did not answer. Mrs. Maxwell thought she did not hear, and repeated her question.

"No, I don't think 'twas, very," said Mrs. Field, hoarsely.

"Well, of course I don't know. I never see her. You remember you gave this to me when you was here. I always thought you must look alike, judging from your pictures. I never see pictures so much alike in my life. I don't know how many folks have thought they were taken for the same person, an' I've always

thought so too. If anything, your sister's picture looks more like you than your own does; but I've always told which was which by that breastpin in your sister's. Why, you've got on that breastpin now, 'ain't you, Esther?"

"Yes, I have," said Mrs. Field.

"I s'pose your sister left it to you. Well, Lois wouldn't want to wear it, as I know of. It's rather old for her. Why, Lois, what's the matter?"

Lois had gotten up abruptly. "I guess I'll go over by the window," said she, in a quick trembling voice.

Mrs. Maxwell looked at her sharply. "Why, you're dreadful pale. You ain't faint, are you?"

"No, ma'am."

Mrs. Field turned over another page of the album. Her pale face had a hard, indifferent look. Mrs. Maxwell nudged her, and nodded towards Lois in the window.

"She looks dreadful," she whispered.

"I don't see as she looks any worse than she's been doin' right along," said Mrs. Field, without lowering her voice. "What baby is this?"

"It's Mis' Robinson's; it's dead. Hadn't I better get her something to take? I've got some currant wine. Maybe a little of that would do her good."

"No, thank you; I don't care for any," Lois interposed, quickly.

"Hadn't you better have a little? You look real pale."

"No, thank you."

"Now you needn't mind takin' it, Lois, if you do belong to any temperance society. It wouldn't go to the head of a baby kitten."

"I'm just as much obliged, but I don't care for any," said Lois.

Mrs. Maxwell turned over a page of the album. "That's Mis' Robinson's sister. She's dead too. She married a man over at Milton, an' didn't live a year," she said, ostentatiously. "Hadn't I better get her a little?" she whispered.

"Mebbe it would do her good, if you've got it to spare," Mrs. Field whispered back.

"Here's the minister's little boy that died," said Mrs. Maxwell. "He wa'n't sick but a day. He ate milk an' cherries. I wonder where Flora is? She didn't have a thing to do but comb her hair an' change her dress. I guess I'll go call her."

Mrs. Maxwell's face was frowning with innocent purpose, but there was a sly note in her voice. She hurried out of the room, and they heard her call, "Flora! Flora!" in the entry. Then they heard her footsteps on the cellar stairs.

Lois turned to her mother. "Mother," said she, "I can't stand it—I can't stand it anyway in the world."

Her mother turned over another page of the photograph album. She looked at a faded picture of a middle-aged woman, whose severe and melancholy face seemed to have betrayed all the sadness and toil of her whole life to the camera. She noted deliberately the old-fashioned sweep of the skirt quite across the little card, and the obsolete sleeves, then she spoke, as if she were talking to the picture: "I'm a-followin' out my own law an' my own light," said she. "I ain't ashamed of it. If you want to be, you can."

"It's awful. Oh, mother, don't!"

"A good many things are awful," said her mother. "Injustice is awful. If you want to set yourself up against your mother, you can. I've laid out this road that's just an' right, an' I'm goin' on it; you can do jest as you're a mind to. If you want to tell her when she comes back, you can. I ain't ashamed of it, for I know I'm doin' what is just an' right."

Mrs. Field noted how the photographed woman's dress was trimmed with fringe, after the fashion of one she had worn twenty years ago.

Lois looked across the room at her mother's pale stern face bending over the album. The garlands on Mrs. Maxwell's parlor carpet might have been the flora of a whole age, she and her mother seemed so far apart, with that recession of soul which can cover more than earthly spaces. To the young girl with her scared indignant eyes the older woman seemed actually living and breathing under new conditions in some strange element.

"Flora, Flora, where be you?" Mrs. Maxwell called, out in the entry.

They heard her climbing the chamber stairs; but she soon came into the parlor with a little glass of currant wine.

"Here, you'd better drink this right down," she said to Lois; "it won't hurt you. I don't see where Flora is, for my part. She ain't upstairs. Drink it right down."

Lois drank the little glass of wine with-

out any demur. Her mother glanced sharply from the album as she took it.

"I can't imagine where Flora is," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"I saw somebody go out of the yard a while ago," said Lois.

"You did? Was she kind of stout, with light hair?"

"Yes, 'm."

"It was Flora, then. I don't see where she's gone. Mebbe she went down to the store to get some more thread for her tidy. Now I guess you'll feel better."

"Who's this a picture of?" asked Mrs. Field.

"Hold it up. Oh, that's Mis' John Robbins! She's dead. Yes, I guess Flora must have gone after that thread. She'll show you how to make that tidy, Lois, if you want to learn; it's real handsome. I guess she'll be here before long."

But when Mrs. Maxwell had shown her guest all the photographs in the album and a book of views in Palestine, and it was nearly four o'clock, Flora still had not come.

"Do you see anybody comin'?" Mrs. Maxwell kept asking Lois at the window.

Before Mrs. Maxwell spoke, a nervous vibration seemed to seize upon her whole body. She cleared her throat sharply. It was like a premonitory click of machinery before motion, and Lois waited, numb with fear, for what she might say. Suppose she should suddenly suspect, and should cry out, "Is this woman here Esther Maxwell?"

But all Mrs. Maxwell's thoughts were on her absent daughter. "I don't see where she is," said she. "Here she's got to make cream-tartar biscuits for tea, an' it's most time for the folks to come."

"I'm afraid we came too early," said Mrs. Field.

"Oh no, you didn't," returned Mrs. Maxwell, politely. "It ain't half as pleasant goin' as late as they do here when they're asked out to tea. You don't see anything of 'em; they begin to eat jest as soon as they come, an' it seems as if that was all they come for. The old-fashioned way of goin' right after dinner, an' takin' your sewin', is a good deal better, accordin' to my way of thinkin', but they 'ain't done so for years here. Elliot is a pretty fashionable place. I s'pose it must be very different up in Green River, where you come from?"

"Yes, I guess 'tis," said Mrs. Field.

The front gate clicked, and Mrs. Maxwell peered cautiously around a lace curtain. Two ladies, in their best black dresses, came up the walk, stepping with a pleasant ceremony.

"There's Mis' Isaac Robbins an' Ann 'Liza White," Mrs. Maxwell whispered, agitatedly. "I shall have to go right out in the kitchen an' make them biscuits the minute they get here. I don't see what Flora Maxwell is thinkin' of."

Mrs. Maxwell greeted her friends at the door with a dignified bustle, showed them into her bedroom to lay aside their bonnets; then she introduced them to Mrs. Field and Lois in the parlor.

"There!" said she; "now I've got to let you entertain each other a few minutes. I've got something to see to. Flora she's stepped out, an' I guess she's forgot how late 'tis."

After Mrs. Maxwell had left the room, the guests sat around with a kind of solemn primness as if they were in meeting; they seemed almost hostile. The elder of the new-comers took out her knitting and fell to work. She was a tall, pale, severely wrinkled woman, and a ruffled trimming on her dress gave her high shoulders a curiously girlish air. Finally the woman who had come with her asked, pantingly, how Mrs. Field liked Elliot, and if she thought it changed much. The color flashed over her little face, with its softly scalloping profile, as she spoke. Her hair was crimped in even waves. She wore nice white ruching in her neck and sleeves, and flat satin folds crossed each other exactly over her flat chest. Her nervous self-consciousness did not ruffle her fine order, and she did not smile as she spoke.

"I like it pretty well," replied Mrs. Field. "I dun know as I can tell whether it's changed much or not." She knitted fast.

"The meetin'-house has been made over since you was here," volunteered the elder woman. She did not look up from her knitting.

Presently Lois, at the window, saw Mr. Tuxbury's sister, Mrs. Lowe, coming, and the minister's wife hurrying, with a voluminous swing of skirts, in her wake. The minister's wife had been calling, but Mrs. Lowe, who was a little deaf, had not heard her, and it was not until she shut the iron gate almost in her face that she saw her. Then the two came up the walk

together. Lois watched them. The coming of all these people was to her like the closing in of a crowd of witnesses, and for her guilt instead of her mother's. The minister's wife looked up and nodded graciously to her, setting the bunch of red and white cherries on her bonnet trembling. Lois inclined her pale young face soberly in response.

"That girl looks sick," said the minister's wife to Mrs. Lowe.

There was no more silence and primness after the minister's wife entered. Her florid face beamed on them all with masterly smiles. She put the glasses fastened to her high satin bosom with a gold chain to her eyes, and begun sewing on a white apron. "I meant to have come before," said she, "and brought my sewing and had a real sociable time, but one thing after another has delayed me; and I don't know when Mr. Wheeler will get here; I left him with a caller. But we have been delayed very pleasantly in one respect;" she looked smilingly and significantly at Mrs. Maxwell.

All the other ladies stared. Mrs. Maxwell, standing in their midst, with a large cambric apron over her dress, and a powder of flour on one cheek, looked wonderingly back at the minister's wife.

"I suppose you all know what I mean?" said Mrs. Wheeler, still smiling. "I suppose Mrs. Maxwell has not kept the glad tidings to herself." In spite of her smiling face, there was a slight doubt and hesitancy in her manner.

Mrs. Maxwell's old face suddenly paled, and at the same time grew alert. Her black eyes, on Mrs. Wheeler's face, were sharply bright.

"Mebbe I have, an' mebbe I 'ain't," said she, and she smiled too.

"Well," said the minister's wife, "I told Flora that her mother must be a brave woman to invite company to tea the afternoon her daughter was married, and I thought we all ought to appreciate it."

The other women gasped. Mrs. Maxwell's face was yellow-white in its framework of curls; there was the curious noise in her throat, like a premonitory click of a clock before striking.

"Well," said she, "Flora 'd had this day set for the weddin' for six months. When her uncle died, we talked a little about puttin' of it off, but she thought 'twas a bad sign. So it seemed best for her to get married without any fuss at all about it. An' I thought if I had a little company to tea, it would do as well as a weddin'."

Mrs. Maxwell's old black eyes travelled slowly and unflinchingly around the company, resting on each in turn as if she had with each a bout of single combat. The other women's eyes were full of scared questionings as they met hers.

"They got off in the three-o'clock train," remarked the minister's wife, trying to speak easily.

"That was the one they'd talked of," said Mrs. Maxwell, calmly. "Now I guess I shall have to leave you ladies to entertain each other a few minutes."

When Mrs. Maxwell had left the room, the ladies stared at each other.

"Do you s'pose she didn't know about it?" whispered Mrs. Lowe.

"I don't know," whispered the minister's wife. "I was very much afraid she didn't at first. I begun to feel very nervous. I knew Mr. Wheeler would have been much distressed if he had suspected anything clandestine."

"Did she have a new dress?" asked Mrs. Robbins.

"No," replied the minister's wife; "and that was one thing that made me suspicious. She wore her old blue one, but George Freeman wore a nice new suit."

"I heard," said Mrs. Lowe, "that Flora had all her under-clothes made before old Mr. Maxwell died, an' she hadn't got any of her dresses. I had it pretty straight. She told my Flora."

"I had heard that the wedding was postponed on account of Mr. Maxwell's death, and so I was a little surprised when Mr. Wheeler came to me and said they were in the parlor to be married," said the minister's wife; "but I put on my dress as quick as I could, and went in to witness it."

"How did Flora appear?" asked Mrs. Lowe.

"Well, I thought she looked rather sober, but I don't know as she looked any more so than girls usually do when they're married. I have seen them come to the parsonage looking more as if they were going to their own funerals than their weddings, they were so scared and quiet and sober. Now Flora—" The minister's wife stopped short, she heard Mrs. Maxwell coming, and she turned the conversation with a jolt of conscience into

another channel. "Yes, it is very dry," said she, effusively; "we need rain very much indeed."

The little woman with the crimped hair colored very painfully.

Mrs. Maxwell made frequent errands into the room, and her daughter's wedding had to be discussed guardedly. Always after she went out, the women looked at each other in an agony of inquiry.

"Do you s'pose she knew?" they whispered.

Mrs. Field said nothing, she sat grimly quiet, knitting. Lois looked silently out of the window. Both of them knew that Mrs. Maxwell had not known of her daughter's wedding. Presently a man's voice could be heard out in the kitchen.

"It's Francis," said Mrs. Lowe. "I wonder if he knew?"

Lois started, and blushed softly, but nobody noticed her.

There was a deep silence in the parlor, the women were listening to the hum of voices in the kitchen.

"Don't you think it's dreadful close here?" said Mrs. Lowe.

"Yes, I think it is," assented the minister's wife.

"I think it would be a good plan to open the door a little ways," said Mrs. Lowe, and she opened it cautiously.

Still, they could distinguish nothing from the hum of voices out in the kitchen.

Mrs. Maxwell was in reality speaking low, lest they should hear, although she was clutching her nephew's arm hard, and the veins in her thin temples and her throat were swelling purple. When he had entered she had sprung at him. "Did you never hear about it? I want to know if you knew about it," said she, grasping his arm with her wiry fingers, as if she were trying to wreak her anger on him.

"Knew about what?" said Francis, wonderingly. "What is the matter, Aunt Jane?"

"Did you know Flora went to the minister's and got married this afternoon?"

"No," said Francis, slowly, "I didn't; but I knew she would well enough."

"Did Flora tell you?"

"No, she didn't tell me, but I knew she wouldn't do anything else."

"Knew she wouldn't do anything else? I'd like to know what you're talkin' about, Francis Arms."

"I knew, as long as she was Flora Maxwell, and her wedding was set for to-day three months ago, it wasn't very likely that old Mr. Maxwell's dying and not leaving her his money, and your not liking it, were going to stop her."

"Hadn't it ought to have stopped her? Hadn't the wishes of a mother that's slaved for her all her life, an' didn't want her to get married without a silk gown to her back to a man that 'ain't any prospect of being able to buy her any, ought to have stopped her, I'd like to know?"

"I guess Flora didn't think much about silk gowns, Aunt Jane," said Francis, and his face reddened a little. "I guess she didn't think much about anything but George."

"George! What's George Freeman? What's all the Freemans? I 'ain't never liked 'em. They wa'n't never up to our folks. His mother 'ain't never had a black silk dress to her name—never had a thing better than black cashmere, an' they 'ain't never had a thing but oil-cloth in their front entry, an' the Perrys 'ain't never noticed 'em either. I 'ain't never wanted Flora to go into that family. I never felt as if she was lookin' high enough, an' I knew George couldn't get no kind of a livin' jest bein' clerk in Mason's store. But I felt different about it before Thomas died, for I thought she'd have money enough of her own, an' she was gettin' a little on in years, an' George was good-lookin' enough. After Thomas died an' left all his money to Edward's wife, I hadn't an idea Flora would be such a fool as to think of marryin' George Freeman. She'd been better off if she'd never been married. I thought she'd given up all notions of it."

"Well, don't you worry, Aunt Jane," said Francis, in a hearty voice. "Make the best of it. I guess they'll get along all right. If George can't buy Flora a silk dress, I will. I'd have bought her one anyway if I'd known."

"You can stand up for her all you want to, Francis Arms," cried his aunt. "It's nothin' more than I ought to expect. What do you s'pose I'm goin' to do? Here I am with all these folks to tea, an' Flora gone. She might have waited till to-morrow. Here they are, all pryin' an' suspectin'. But they sha'n't know if I die for it. They sha'n't know that good-for-nothin' girl went off an' got married unbeknown to me. They've had

enough to crow over because we didn't get Thomas Maxwell's money; they sha'n't have this nohow. You'll have to lend me some money, an' I'm goin' to Boston to-morrow, an' I'm goin' to buy a silk dress for Flora, an' get it made, so she can go out bride when she comes home; an' they've got to come here an' board. I might jest as well have the board-money as them Freemans, an' folks sha'n't think we ain't on good terms. Can you let me have some money to-morrow mornin'?"

"Of course I can, Aunt Jane," said Francis, soothingly. "I'll make Flora a wedding-present of it."

"I don't want it for a weddin'-present. I'll pay you back some time. If you're goin' to give her a weddin'-present, I'd rather you'd give her something silver that she can show. I ain't goin' to have you give her clothes for a weddin' present, as if we was poor as the Freemans. You didn't never have any pride. There ain't nobody in this family ever had any pride but me, an' I have to keep it up, an' nobody liftin' a finger to help me. Oh dear!" The old woman quivered from head to foot; her face worked as if she was in silent hysterics.

"Don't, Aunt Jane," whispered her nephew—"don't feel so bad. Maybe it's all for the best. Why, what is the matter with your wrist?"

"I burnt it takin' the biscuit out of the oven," she groaned.

"Why, it's an awful burn. Don't you want something on it?"

"No; I don't mind no burns."

Suddenly Mrs. Maxwell moved away from her nephew. She begun arranging the plates on the table. "You go into the parlor," said she, sharply, "an' don't you let them know you didn't know about it. You act kind of easy an' natural when they speak about it. You go right in; tea won't be ready quite yet. I've got something a little extra to see about."

Francis went into the parlor and greeted the guests, shaking hands with them rather boyishly and awkwardly. The minister's wife made room for him on the sofa beside her.

"I suppose you'd like to hear about your cousin's wedding that I went to this afternoon," said she, with a blandness that had a covert meaning to the other women, who listened eagerly.

"Yes, I would," replied Francis, with steady gravity.

"I suppose it wasn't such a surprise to you as it was to us?" said she directly, and the other women panted.

"No, I suppose it wasn't," said Francis.

Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Robbins glanced at each other.

"*He* knew," Mrs. Lowe motioned with her lips, nodding.

"*She* didn't," Mrs. Robbins motioned back, shaking her head.

Francis sat beside the minister's wife. She talked on about the wedding, and he listened soberly and assentingly.

"Well, it will be your turn next, Francis," said she, with a sly graciousness, and the young man reddened, and laughed constrainedly.

Francis seldom glanced at Lois, but it was as if her little figure in the window was all he saw in the room. She seemed so near his consciousness that she shut out all else besides. Lois did not look at him, but once in a while she put up her hand and arranged the hair on her forehead, and after she had done so felt as if she saw herself with his eyes. The air was growing cool; presently Lois coughed.

"You'd better come away from that window," said Mrs. Field, speaking out suddenly.

There was no solicitude in her tone; it was more like a harsh command. Everybody looked at Lois; Francis with an anxious interest. He partly arose, as if to make room for her on the sofa, but she simply moved her chair farther back. Presently Francis went over and shut the window.

The minister, Mr. Tuxbury, and Mrs. Robbins's husband all arrived together shortly afterwards. Mrs. Maxwell announced that tea was ready.

"Will you please walk out to tea?" said she, standing in the door, in a ceremonious hush. And the company arose hesitatingly, looking at one another for precedence, and straggled out.

"You sit here," said Mrs. Maxwell to Lois, and she pointed to a chair beside Francis.

Lois sat down, and fixed her eyes upon her green and white plate while the minister asked the blessing.

"It's a pleasant day, isn't it?" said Francis's voice in her ear, when Mrs. Maxwell began pouring the tea.

"Real pleasant," said Lois.

Mrs. Maxwell had on her black gloves

"THE MINISTER, MR. TUXBURY, AND MRS. ROBBINS'S HUSBAND ALL ARRIVE TOGETHER."

pouring the tea. The women eyed them surreptitiously. She wore them always in company, but this was an innovation. They did not know how she had put them on to conceal the burn in her wrist which she had gotten in her blind fury as she flew about the kitchen preparing supper, handling all the household utensils as if they were weapons to attack Providence.

MRS. HENRY MAXWELL.

Mrs. Maxwell poured the tea and portioned out the sugar with her black-gloved hands, and Mrs. Field stiffly buttered her biscuits. Nobody dreamed of the wolves at the vitals of these two old women.

However, the eyes of the guests from the first had wandered to a cake in the centre of the table. It was an oblong black cake; it was set on a plate surrounded thickly with sprigs of myrtle, and upon the top lay a little bouquet of white flowers and green leaves. Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Robbins, who sat side by side, looked at each other. Mrs. Lowe's eyes said, "*Is* that a weddin'-cake?" and Mrs. Robbins said: "I dun know; it ain't frosted. It looks jest like a loaf she's had on hand."

But nothing could exceed the repose and dignity with which Mrs. Maxwell, at the last stage of the meal, requested her nephew to pass the cake to her. Nobody could have dreamed as she cut it, every turn of her burned wrist giving her pain, of the frantic haste with which she had taken that old fruit cake out of the jar down-cellar, and pulled those sprigs of myrtle from the bank under the north windows.

"Will you have some weddin'-cake?" said she.

The ladies each took a slice gingerly and respectfully. Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Robbins nodded to each other imperceptibly. The cake was not iced with those fine devices which usually make a wedding-loaf, it was rather dry, and not particularly rich; but Mrs. Maxwell's perfect manner as she cut and served it, her acting on her own little histrionic stage, had swayed them to her will. Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Robbins both thought she knew. But the minister's wife still doubted; and later, when the other women were removed from the spell of her acting, their old suspicions returned. It was always a mooted question in Elliot whether or not Mrs. Jane Maxwell had known of her daughter's marriage. Not all her subsequent behavior, her meeting the young couple with open arms at the station on their return, and Flora's appearance at church the next Sunday in the silk dress which her mother had concocted during her absence, could quite allay the suspicion, although it prevented it from gaining ground.

All that evening Mrs. Maxwell's courage never flagged. She entertained her guests as well as a woman of Sparta could have done. She even had the coolness to prosecute other projects which she had in mind. She kept Mrs. Field and Lois behind the rest, and walked home with the mother, that Francis might have the girl to himself. And she went into the house with Mrs. Field, and slipped a parcel into her pocket, while the two young people had a parting word at the gate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COLLECTION OF DEATH-MASKS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

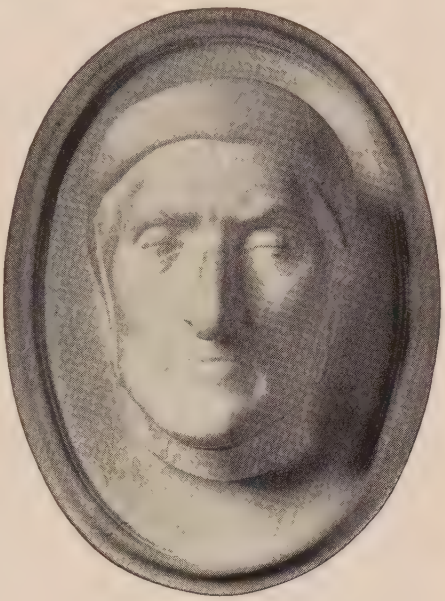
First Paper.

IF the creator of Duncan was right in saying that there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face, then must the author of the *Novum Organum* have been wrong when he declared that "physiognomy....discovereth the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the body"; and these, curiously enough, are parallel passages never quoted by the believers in the theory that Bacon was the writer of Shakespeare's plays.

It is not intended here to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of physiognomy. This is an Exhibition of Portraits, not a Phrenological Lecture. I shall try to show how these men and women looked, in death and in life, not why they happened to look as they did; and I shall dwell generally upon their brains, occasionally upon their bones, but only incidentally upon their bumps.

The ancient Romans are said to have made colored masks, in wax, of the faces of their illustrious dead, and recent explorers have satisfied themselves that in the early burials of all nations it was the custom to cover the heads and bodies of the dead with sheets of gold so pliable that they took the impress of the form; and not infrequently, when in the course of centuries the embalmed flesh had shrivelled or fallen away, the gold retained the exact cast of the features. Schliemann found a number of bodies "covered with large masks of gold-plate in *repoussé*-work," several of which have been reproduced by means of engraving in his *Mycenæ;* and he asserts that there can be no doubt whatever that each one of these represents the likeness of the deceased person whose face it covered.

When Hamlet said that Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, he overlooked the fact that Alexander's dust, instead of being converted into loam to stop a beer-barrel, was preserved from corruption by the process of embalming, and from external injury by being cased in the most precious of metals. Pettigrew, in his *History of Egyptian Mummies*, says of the death-mask of Alexander that "it was a sort of chase-work, and of such a nature that it could be applied so closely to the skin as to preserve not only the form of the body, but also to give the expression of the features to the countenance." He does not quote his authority for this statement, but it is unquestionably derived from the account of the death and burial of Alexander written by Diodorus Siculus, who said: "And first a coffin of beaten gold was provided, so wrought by the hammer as to answer to the proportions of the body; it was half filled with aromatic spices, which served as well to delight the sense as to prevent the body from putrefaction." Then follows a description of the funeral chariot, and of the long line of march from Babylon to Alexandria, where Augustus Cæsar saw the tomb three hundred years later; but there is no reference to a mask of Alexander's face in gold.



DANTE.

The value of a plaster cast as a portrait of the dead or living face cannot for a moment be questioned. It must of necessity be absolutely true to nature. It cannot flatter; it cannot caricature. It shows the subject as he was, or is, not only as others saw him, in the actual flesh, but

as he saw himself. And in the case of the death-mask particularly, it shows the subject often as he permitted no one but himself to see himself. He does not pose; he does not "try to look pleasant." In his mask he is seen, as it were, with his mask off!

Lavater, in his *Physiognomy*, says that "the dead, and the impressions of the dead, taken in plaster, are not less worthy of observation [than the living faces]. The settled features are much more prominent than in the living and in the sleeping. What life makes fugitive, death arrests. What was undefinable is defined. All is reduced to its proper level; each trait is in its true proportion, unless excruciating disease or accident have preceded death." And Mr. W. W. Story, in writing of the life-mask of Washington, says of life-masks generally: "Indeed a mask from the living face, though it repeats exactly the true forms of the original, lacks the spirit and expression of the real person. But this is not always the case. The more mobile and variable the face, the more the mask loses; the more set and determined the character and expression, the more perfectly the work reproduces it."

The operation of taking a cast of the living face is not pleasant to the subject. In order to prevent the adhesion of the plaster, a strong lather of soap and water, or more frequently a small quantity of oil, is applied to the hair and the beard. This will explain the flat and unnatural appearance of the familiar mustache and imperial in the cast of the Third Napoleon. In some cases, as in those of Keats and the Queen of Prussia, a napkin is placed over the hair. The face is then moistened with sweet-oil; quills are inserted into the nostrils in order that the victim may breathe during the performance, or else openings are left in the plaster for that purpose. A description of the taking of the cast of a Mr. A——, condensed from a copy of the *Phrenological Journal*, published in Edinburgh in January, 1845, will give the uninitiated some idea of the process: "The person was made to recline on his back at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and upon a seat ingeniously adopted for the purpose. The hair and the face being anointed with a little pure scented oil, the plaster was laid carefully upon the nose, mouth, eyes, and forehead, in such a way as to avoid disturbing the features; and this being *set*, the back of the head was pressed into a flat dish containing plaster, where it continued to recline, as on a pillow. The plaster was then applied to the parts of the head still uncovered, and soon afterwards the mould was hard enough to be removed in three pieces, one of which, covering the occiput, was bounded anteriorly by a vertical section immediately behind the ears, and the other two, which covered the rest of the head, were divided from each other by pulling up a strong silken thread previously so disposed upon the face on one side of the nose." The account closes with the statement that "Mr. A—— declared that he had been as comfortable as possible all the time"!

The process of casting from the mould is similar to that of any other casting, and need not be described here.

The story of the beginning of my collection is rather a curious one. The half-dozen masks upon which it is based were found early in the sixties in a dust-bin in one of the old-fashioned streets which run toward the East River, in the neighborhood of Tompkins Square, New York. Their owner had lately died; his unsympathetic and unappreciative heirs had thrown away what they considered "the horrible things"; a small boy had found them, and offered them for sale to a dealer in phrenological casts, who realized their worth, although, in many cases, he did not know whose heads they represented; and so, by chance, they came into my possession, and inspired the search for more—a search extended over many years, and in the museums, the plaster shops, the curiosity shops, the studios, of most of the capitals of Europe and America. The history of the masks which formed the nucleus of the collection, or the history of the original collector himself, I have never been able to discover. They are, however, the casts most frequently described in the printed lectures of George Combe, who came to this country in the winter of 1838-9, and the inference is that they were left here by him in the hands of one of his disciples, with the result as above described.

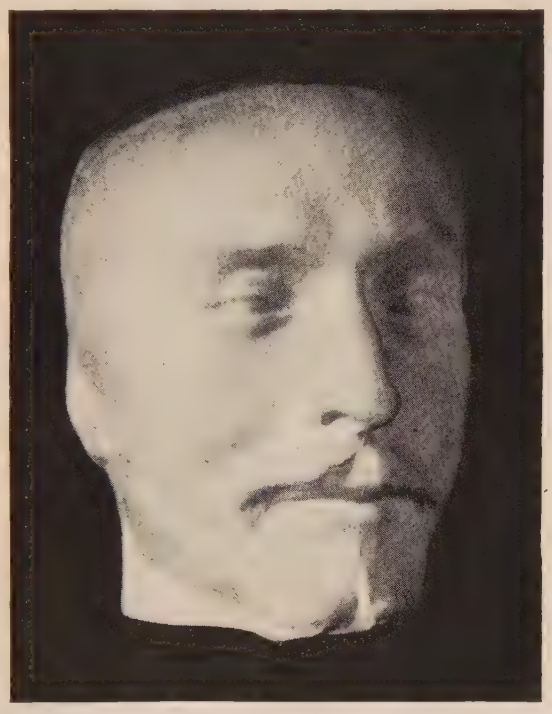
The earliest masks in the collection are those of Dante, made, perhaps, in the first part of the fourteenth century, and of Tasso, certainly made at the end of the sixteenth. The latest mask is that of Lawrence Barrett, taken only a few

months ago. They range from Sir Isaac Newton, the wisest of men, to Sambo, the lowest type of American negro; from Ben Caunt, the prize-fighter, to Thomas Chalmers, the Light of the Scottish Pulpit; from Oliver Cromwell to Thomas Paine; from Keats to Robert Burns; from the First Napoleon to Robert the Bruce.

The Dante mask is generally believed to be authentic, although Mr. Charles Eliot Norton says that there is no trustworthy historic testimony concerning it. On the very threshold of his inquiry into the matter he was met with the doubt whether the art of taking casts was practised at the time of Dante's death at all, Vasari, in his life of Andrea del Verrocchio, who flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century, having declared that the art first came into use in Verrocchio's day. It is certain that there is no record of the Dante mask for three hundred years after Dante died; but it is equally certain that it resembles nearly all of the portraits of Dante down to the time of Raphael. Mr. Norton believes from external evidence that it is, at all events, a death-mask of some one. There are three or four casts in Florence which claim to have been made from the original mould of the Dante mask. The one here reproduced, although it came from Florence, does not pretend to be anything but a cast from a cast.

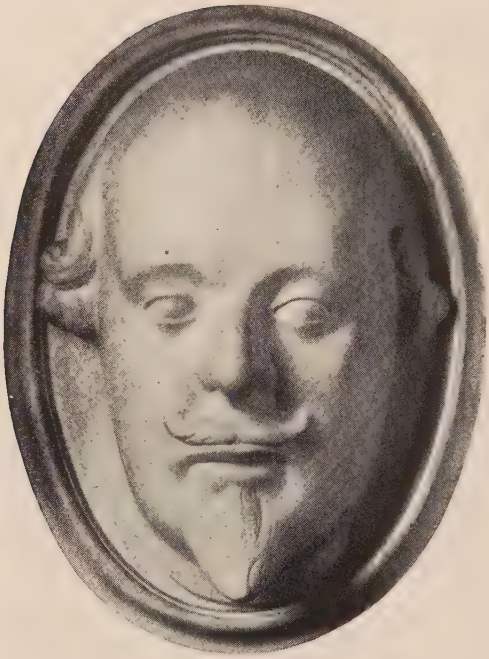
"Why keep you your eyes closed, Signor Torquato?" said a watcher at the death-bed of Tasso—one of those silly persons who ask silly questions, even under the most serious circumstances—"Why keep you your eyes closed?" "That they may grow accustomed to remain closed," was the feeble reply. They have been closed to all mortal visions for three hundred years now, but in the pale cold plaster of the accompanying mask they are still seen as they were seen by the vast and sorrowing multitudes who lined the streets of Rome to look upon his triumphant funeral procession. His body was clad in an antique toga, kindled tapers lighted his way, and his pallid brow was at last encircled by the wreath of laurel he had waited for so long. And thus at the end of the nineteenth century do we, in the New World, look upon the cast of the actual face of the great poet of the Old World who died at the end of the century he adorned. The original mask is preserved, with other personal relics of Tasso, in the room of the Convent of St. Onofrio, where he died and is buried.

The personal appearance of Tasso has been carefully and minutely described by his friend and biographer Manso. His broad forehead was high, and inclined to baldness; his thin hair was of a lighter color than that of his countrymen generally; his eyes were large, dark blue, and set wide apart; his eyebrows were black and arched; his nose was aquiline; his mouth was wide; his lips were thin; and his beard was thick and of a reddish-brown tinge.



TASSO.

Tasso went to Rome from Naples to receive from the hands of the Pope the crown of bay which had been worn by

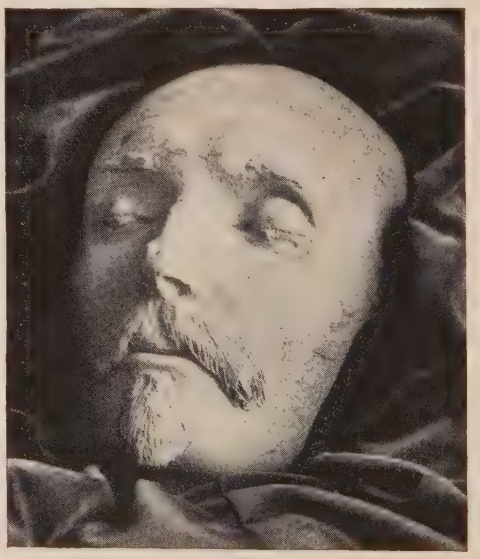


SHAKESPEARE—STRATFORD BUST.

Petrarch and other laureates of Italy, and he died upon the day set apart for his coronation, April 25, 1595.

The head of Shakespeare here presented, from the monumental bust in the chancel of the church at Stratford, like everything else relating to Shakespeare, in life or in death, is shrouded in mystery. It is supposed to be the work of one Gerard Johnson, and to have been "cut from a death-mask" shortly after Shakespeare's funeral. The earliest allusion to it is to be found in a poem of Leonard Digges, written seven years later. It was certainly in existence during the lifetime of Mrs. Anne Hathaway Shakespeare, and of other members of his family, who would, perhaps, have objected or protested if the likeness had not been considered a good one. Sir Francis Chantrey believed it to have been worked from a cast of the living or the dead face. "There are in the original in the church," he wrote, "marks of individuality which are not to be observed in the usual casts from it; for instance, the markings about the eyes, the wrinkles on the forehead, and the undercutting from the moustachios." Wordsworth, among others, accepted its authenticity, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps did not hesitate to put himself on record more than once as having every faith in its superiority, in the matter of actual resemblance, to any of the alleged portraits. He ranked it, in point of authority, before the Droeshout print, endorsed by Ben Jonson as perfect; and he called attention to the general resemblance to be traced between them.

It certainly differs in many respects from the famous plaster cast found in a curiosity shop in Germany some years ago, and known as the Kesselstadt mask, a photograph of which is here reproduced. This mask is believed, by those who believe in it, to have been made from Shakespeare's dead face, to have been carried to Germany by a member of the German embassy to England in the reign of the first James, to have been cherished as an authentic and valuable relic for many generations, to have been sold for rubbish at the death of the last of the race, and to have been recovered in a most fortuitous way. It bears upon its back the date of Shakespeare's death, 1616; it has been the subject of more discussion than any piece of plaster of its size in the world;



SHAKESPEARE, FROM THE KESSELSTADT MASK.

and even those who believe that it is not Shakespeare have never asserted that it *is* Bacon!

According to Mr. G. Huntley Gordon, this cast from the Stratford bust was taken about 1845, stealthily and in the middle of the night, by a young Stratford plasterer, who was frightened by imaginary noises before he succeeded in getting a mould of the entire head. After the protest raised against Malone for whitewashing the bust in 1793, the vestry, naturally, had put an embargo upon any handling of the monument, and the operation was fraught with much risk to the aspiring youth who undertook it. A cast is known to have been taken for Malone, however, and since then other casts have been made by other artists, notably one by George Bullock, who made the death-mask of Scott.

Next to the Stratford bust, the sculptured portrait of Shakespeare most familiar to the world is that which stands in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. The artist went to some strange source for the likeness, and although it was for gentle Shakespeare cut, by no means does it outdo the life. "I saw old Samuel Johnson," said Cumberland, describing Garrick's funeral—"I saw old Samuel Johnson standing at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and bathed in tears." Burke on that occasion remarked that the statue of Shakespeare looked towards Garrick's grave; and on this stray hint, as Mr. Brander Matthews believes, Sheridan hung his famous couplet in the *Monody:*

"While Shakespeare's image, from its hallowed base,
Served to prescribe the grave and point the place."

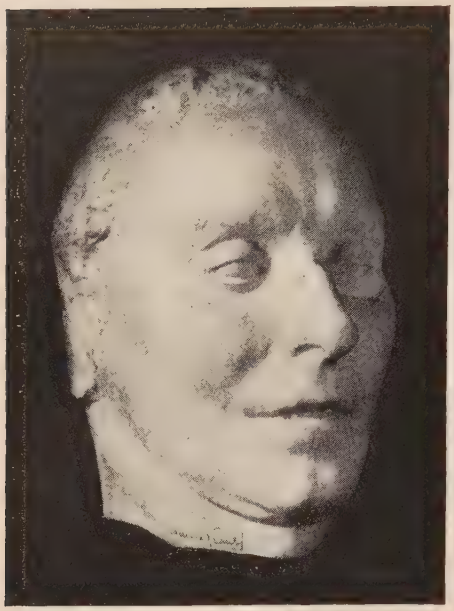
Garrick's face, it is said, was wonderfully under control, and his features had a marvellous flexibility, which rendered variety and rapid change of expression an easy matter. The story of his having frightened Hogarth by standing before him as the ghost of Fielding, assuming the appearance of the dead novelist in all of the fixedness and rigidity of death, has been often told. There are a great many original portraits of Garrick in existence. The Garrick Club in London possesses at least a dozen, while The Players in New York own two by Zoffany and one by Reynolds.

A not uncommon print, entitled "The Mask of Garrick taken from the Face after Death," is in the Shakespearian Library at Stratford-upon-Avon, and it is to be found in Evans's "Catalogue of Engraved Portraits." It does not seem, however, to be the portrait of a dead man, being full of living expression, and it is, perhaps, an enlarged reproduction of the face in the miniature by Pine of Bath, now in the Garrick Club, the eye having the same dilation of pupil which was characteristic of the great actor.

DAVID GARRICK.

The mask here shown was purchased in 1876 from the late Mr. Marshall, the antiquarian dealer in Stratford, who possessed what he believed to be its pedigree written in pencil on the back of the plaster, and now unfortunately defaced. He asserted that it was taken from life, and had come by direct descent from the sculptor's hands into his. There is a replica of it in the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford, but no history is attached to it, and the trustees know nothing of it, except that it was "the gift of the late Miss Wheeler." It resembles very strongly the familiar portrait of Garrick by Hogarth, the original of which hangs in one of the bedrooms of Windsor Castle.

In "the Guild Hall" of "The City of Lushington," an ancient and very unique

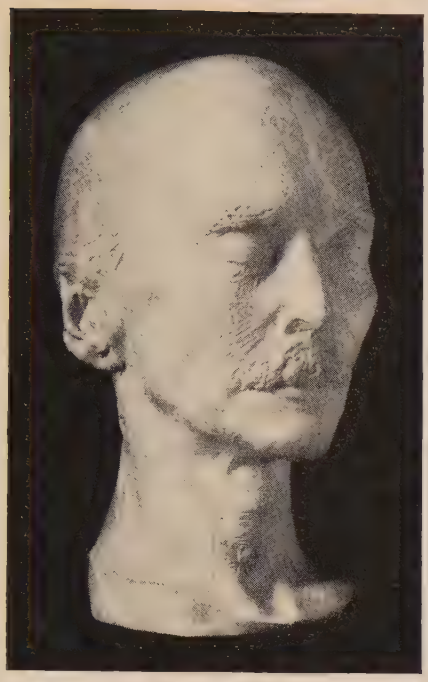


EDMUND KEAN.

social club, which has met for many years in a dark and dingy little back room connected with the Harp Tavern, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, London, are still preserved the chair of Edmund Kean, the hole in the wall made by the quart pot he threw once, in a fit of gross insubordination, at a former "Lord Mayor," and what is religiously considered by all of the citizens of Lushington to be a death-mask of Kean himself. This cast is covered with glass and with dust, its history is lost in the mists of time, there is no record of it in the metropolitan archives, the corporation will not permit it to be reproduced, even by photography, and it bears but little resemblance to Kean, or to the mask in my possession, which also has no history, which I believe to be authentic, and which is certainly very like the sketch of Kean done in oils by George Clint, and now in the possession of Mr. Henry Irving. This hurried sketch is said to be the only portrait for which Kean could ever be induced to sit. It was made in Kean's bedroom in a few hours, and it is the groundwork of more than one finished portrait of the same subject by the same artist. The portrait of Kean by Neagle, now the property of the Players Club, has a similar tradition.

The eye-witnesses of Kean's theatrical performances were generally so much impressed by the force of his acting that they paid little attention to his personal appearance. We read in Leslie's *Autobiography* that "he had an amazing power of expression in his face," and "that his face, although not handsome, was picturesque; a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1833 spoke of him as "a small man with an Italian face and fatal eye"; a writer in *Blackwood*, a few years later, called him "a man of low and meagre figure, of a Jewish physiognomy, and a stifled and husky voice"; while Miss Fanny Kemble said that "he possessed particular physical qualifications; an eye like an orb of light; a voice exquisitely touching and melodious in its tendencies, but in the harsh dissonance of vehement passion terribly true." Barry Cornwall, in his poor *Life of Kean*, spoke of his thin, dark face, full of meaning, taking, at every turn, a sinister or vigilant expression," and as being "just adapted to the ascetic and revengeful Shylock." Henry Crabb Robinson said, in 1814, Kean's "face is finely expressive, though his mouth is not handsome, and he projects his lower lip ungracefully."

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

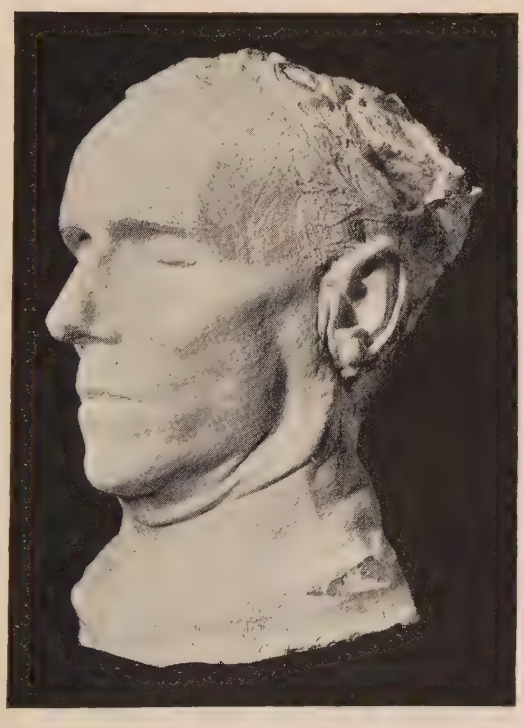


DION BOUCICAULT.

The portrait of Kean by Helen Faucit, Lady Martin, is the best that has come down to us. She met him once on the Green at Richmond when she was a child, and he a broken-down old man. "I was startled, frightened at what I saw," she wrote—"a small pale man with a fur cap, and wrapped in a fur cloak. He looked to me as if come from the grave. A stray lock of very dark hair crossed his forehead, under which shone eyes which looked dark, and yet bright as lamps. So large were they, so piercing, so absorbing, I could see no other features. . . . Oh, what a voice was that which spoke! It seemed to come from far away—a long, long way behind him. After the first salutation, it said, 'Who is this little one?' When my sister had explained, the face smiled; I was reassured by the smile, and the face looked less terrible."

John McCullough was a man of strong and attractive personality, if not a great actor; he had many admirers in his profession and many friends out of it. The cloak which Forrest dropped fell upon his shoulders, and in such parts as Virginius, Damon, and the Brutus of John Howard Payne, it was nobly worn. He was as modest, as simple, and as manly in character as are the characters he represented on the stage. Unhappily mental disease preceded McCullough's death, and during the last few years of his life those who loved him best prayed for the rest which is here shown on his face. The *post-mortem* examination revealed a brain of unusual size, and of very high development. The death-mask was made by Mr. H. H. Kitson, of Boston.

Dion Boucicault, worn by age, died in the city of New York in the early autumn of 1890. He was one of the most remarkably versatile men of the century. He was a fairly good actor, an excellent stage-manager, an ingenious stage-machinist, an admirable judge of plays, and of the capacities of the men about him, the most entertaining of companions, of quick wit, of restless personality, and the author and adapter, perhaps, of more dramatic productions, good and bad, than any man who ever lived. The cast of



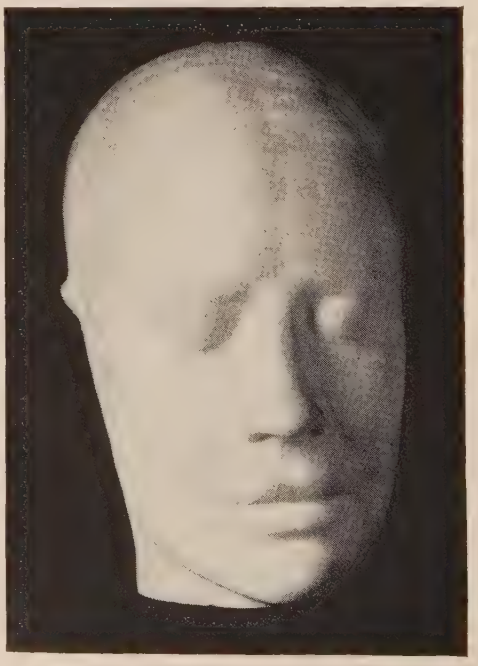
LAWRENCE BARRETT.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

the head of Boucicault was made the day after his death by Mr. Jonathan Scott Hartley, of New York.

Of the mask of Lawrence Barrett I can hardly trust myself to speak here, or yet. My personal friendship for him was so intimate, my affection so strong, and his taking away so recent, that I can look upon the cast of his dead face only as I looked at the dead face itself a few months ago, and grieve for what I have lost. Mr. William Winter, who knew and loved Barrett well and long, has spoken of his stately head, silvered during the last few years of his life with graying hair, of his dark eyes deeply sunken and glowing with intense light, of his thin visage paled with study and with pain, of his form of grace, and of his voice of sonorous eloquence and solemn music, one of the few great voices of this present dramatic generation in its compass, variety, and sweetness. His head was a grand head; his face beautiful in its spirit, its bravery, and its strength. As the Rev. John A. Chadwick finely said of him in the *Christian Register*, "The noblest part he ever acted was the part of Lawrence Barrett—an honest, brave, and kindly gentleman."

The only feminine heads in the collection graced once the shoulders of a pair of queens, a Queen of Prussia and a Queen of Song. The beautiful Louise of Prussia, mother of the first Emperor William of Germany, lies in the family mausoleum of Charlottenburg, and the cast of her dead face, with that of Frederick the Great and of others of their distinguished countrymen and countrywomen, is preserved in the Museum of Berlin. Her last illness was severe and painful, but her attendants have left on record the fact that in her rare intervals of relief from suffering "she was very tranquil, and lay looking like an angel"; that "the countenance was beautiful in death, particularly the brow; and that the calm expression of the mouth told that the struggle was forever past."



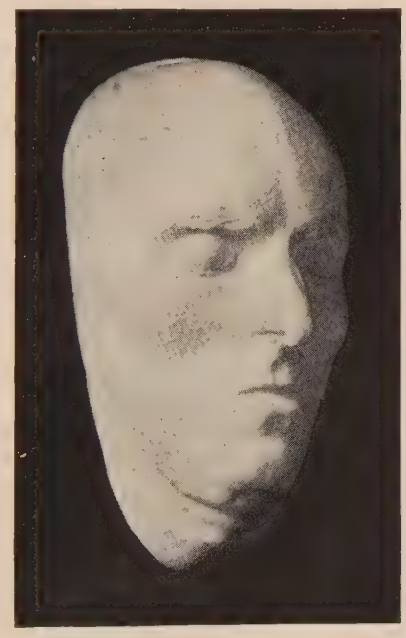
MADAME MALIBRAN.

Madame Malibran, the Queen of Song, died in Manchester, England, in 1836. The mask here reproduced came, perhaps, from the collection of George Combe, who visited America a few years later.

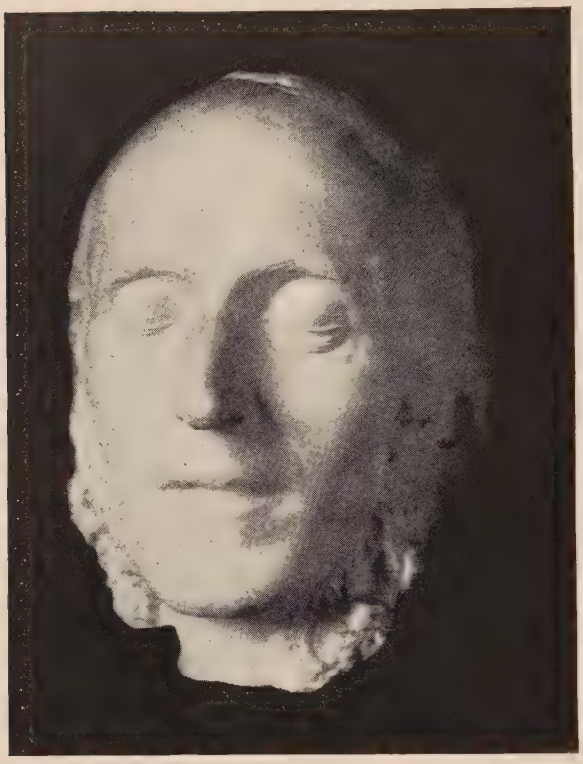
In *The Memoirs of Malibran*, by the Countess de Merlin, is the emphatic statement that out of respect to the wishes of M. de Beriot, the husband of Malibran, no posthumous sketch or cast of her face of any kind was taken. M. Edmund Cottinet, however, in a private note to Mrs. Clara Bell, writes: "When Madame Malibran died I was very young, but I remember distinctly hearing my mother told that Beriot, the husband of her friend, had taken her mask, and that it had helped him to execute the crowned bust of the great singer which now decorates the private cabinet of her son. His bust, nevertheless, is not a good likeness, nor is it agreeable. But it is a touching proof of the love of the widower. Is it not wonderful that simply by the force of this love a musician should have been transformed into a sculptor? This was M. Beriot's only work in this line of art." Later, M. Cottinet, having seen a photograph of the mask, writes: "It is she! The first moment I saw it I recognized it, with feelings of profound emotion and tender pity. It is she with her slightly African type, containing, perhaps, a little negro blood (her father, Garcia, being of Spanish-Moorish descent). It is she as death found her, her face ruined by that terrible fall from her horse.... It is undoubtedly the mask from which her husband made the bust, which did not seem to be as charming as she was. Mr. Hutton may be perfectly satisfied that he possesses an authentic cast."

BEETHOVEN.

The head of Schiller has lain as uneasily since his death as if he had worn a crown, or, like Cromwell, had rejected one. The story of its posthumous wanderings is very grewsome. It is told at length by Emil Palleske in his *Life of Schiller*, and at greater length by Mr. Andrew Hamilton. The poet left a widow and family almost friendless and almost penniless; his brother-in-law Wolzogen was absent, and Goethe lay very ill. A cast of his head was taken by Klauer; and his body, hurriedly put into a plain deal coffin of the cheapest kind, was buried in a public vault, with nothing to designate whose body it was, and without the utterance of a word or a note of requiem. Twenty-



SCHILLER.



MENDELSSOHN.

one years later, as was the custom of the place, this public vault was emptied, and the bones it contained were scattered to make room for a new collection. Friends of Schiller, after great and unpleasant labor, gathered together twenty-three of these dishonored skulls, from which they selected as Schiller's that one "which differed enormously from all the rest in size and shape"; they compared it with Klauer's cast, and accepted its identity. It was then deposited, with no little ceremony, in the hollow pedestal containing Dannecker's colossal bust of Schiller, in the Grand Ducal Library at Weimar. Goethe, however, desiring to recover more of the mortal part of his friend, had the head removed again, and fitted to the rest of the bones of the body. These bones were deposited also in the library, and the head put back in its pedestal. In 1827, at the suggestion of Louis of Bavaria, the head and the trunk were reunited, and placed in a vault which the Grand Duke had built for himself and for his own family; and there, by the side of Goethe, who joined him in 1832, Schiller still rests.

Palleske, describing Schiller's death, says, "Suddenly an electric shock seemed to vibrate through him, the most perfect peace lit up his countenance, his features were those of one calmly sleeping." And this is the impression this death-mask gives.

Carlyle in one of his flash-light pictures thus photographed Schiller—the negative was found in the commonplace-book of the late Lord Houghton—"He was a man with long red hair, aquiline nose, hollow cheeks, and covered with snuff."

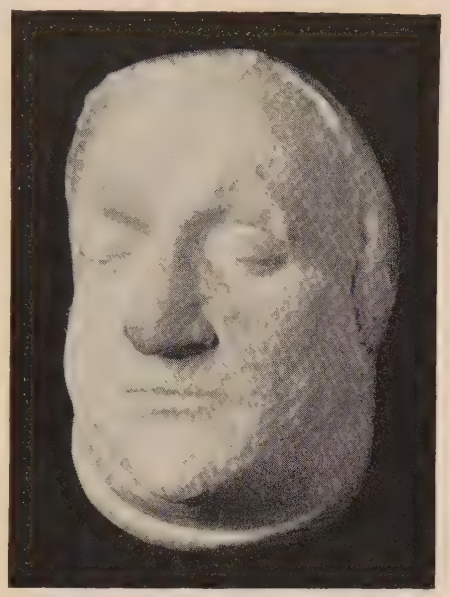
Beethoven's bones seem to have been disturbed but twice. His grave, in the Währing Cemetery at Vienna, having become almost uninhabitable from long neglect, he was reburied in the same spot in 1863; and in 1888 he was removed entirely to the Central Cemetery of Vienna, at Summering.

Beethoven's head is described by those who knew him in life as having been uncommonly large. His forehead was high and expanded. His eyes, when he laughed, seemed to sink into his head, although they were distended to an unusual degree when one of his musical ideas took possession of his mind. His mouth was well formed; his under lip protruded a little; his nose was rather broad. According to one authority "his skull [at the time of the first exhumation] was discovered to be very compact throughout, and about an inch thick"; according to another authority it was "a small skull and might have been supposed to belong to a man of restricted intellect, rather than to a genius like the great master." His left ear-shell, it is said, is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities of a harmonious family in England. The mask of his dead face is one of the few casts of notable men to be found in the Museum of the British Phrenological Association in Ludgate Circus, London. It reposes, in plaster, in that institution, by the side of the cast of the

head of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. George Scharf, of the National Portrait Gallery in London, is of the opinion that this mask of Beethoven was taken from the living face of the great musician.

Perhaps the best pen-picture of Mendelssohn in existence is that taken by Bayard Taylor, who wrote that "his eyes were dark, lustrous, and unfathomable. They were black, but without the usual opaqueness of black eyes; shining not with a surface light, but with a pure serene planetary flame. His brow, white and unwrinkled, was high, and nobly arched, with great breadth at the temples, and strongly resembling that of Poe. His nose had the Jewish prominence, without its usual coarseness: I remember particularly that the nostrils were as finely cut and as flexible as an Arab's. The lips were thin and rather long, but with an expression of undescribable sweetness in their delicate curves. His face was a long oval in form, and the complexion pale, but not pallid. As I looked upon him I said to myself—'The Prophet David!'"

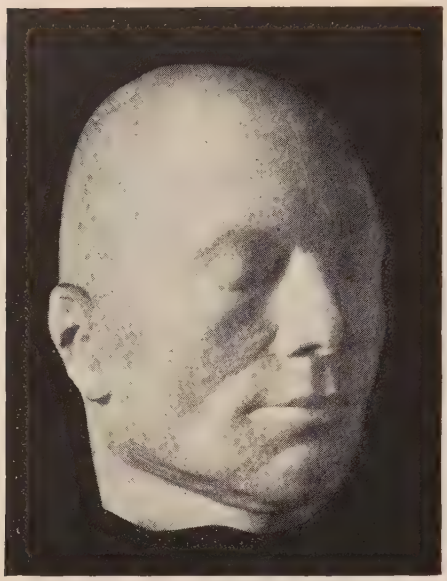
Lampadius, in his *Life of Mendelssohn*, says of his death: "His features soon assumed an almost glorified expression. So much he looked like one in sleep that some of his friends thought that it could not be death, an illusion which is often given to the eye of love. His friends Bendemann and Hübner took a cast of his features as he lay."



MIRABEAU.

MARAT.

It was discovered only a few months ago that the bones of Mirabeau had again gone astray They were carried in great pomp to the Pantheon in 1791; and were "depantheonized by order of the National Convention," with those of Marat, a year or two later. Marat's body was thrown into a common sewer in the Rue Montmartre; that of Mirabeau was placed, with no pomp whatever, in the cemetery of Saint-Marcel, the criminals' burying-ground, where, now that it is wanted once more, this time for honorable disposal, it cannot be found. Mirabeau's is the face of a man perfectly satisfied with his own achievements, and with his own personal appearance. He believed, and he was courageous enough to say, that pure physical beauty in man could only exist in a face which was pitted with small-pox, his own being so marked! And he looks here as if his last thought in life had been one of profound admiration for himself. An eye-witness of his funeral said to one of his biographers



ROBESPIERRE.

that, "except a single trace of physical suffering, one perceived with emotion the most noble calm and the sweetest smile upon that face, which seemed enwrapped in a living sleep, and occupied with an agreeable dream."

Marat and Robespierre are among the most enigmatical productions of a very enigmatical movement. During their lives they were not very beautiful in conduct, or very amiable in character; but the casts taken of their faces after their uncomfortable deaths are quiet and peaceful, and the effect they produce is one of loving rather than loathing. In the mask of each the cerebral development is small, especially in the region of the frontal bone; and phrenological experts who have examined them say that their development, or lack of development, taken with their facial traits, indicates ill-balanced minds.

Marat's face, as David painted him, is that of a North American Indian with a white skin. The contemporary portraits of Robespierre, on the other hand, represent a mild-mannered man of severe and pensive expression. According to Lamartine his forehead was good, but small and projecting over the temples, as if enlarged by the mass and embarrassed movements of his thoughts. His eyes, much veiled by their lids, and very sharp at the extremities, were deeply buried in the cavities of their orbits; they were of a soft blue-color. His nose, straight and small, was very wide at the nostrils, which were high and too expanded. His mouth was large, his lips thin and disagreeably contracted at each corner, his chin small and pointed. His complexion was yellow and livid. The habitual expression of his face was the superficial serenity of a grave mind, and a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and sweetness. There was *softness*, but of a sinister character. The dominant characteristic of his countenance was the prodigious and continued tension of brow, eyes, mouth, and all the facial muscles.

The masks of Mirabeau, Marat, and Robespierre are known to have been taken, in each case, after death, "by order of the National Assembly." Those of Marat and Robespierre in my collection are identical with the wax effigies in the "Chamber of Horrors" in Madam Tussaud's gallery in London, her catalogue asserting that they are "authentic."

The contemporaries of Sir Isaac Newton, like those of Kean, were all so much

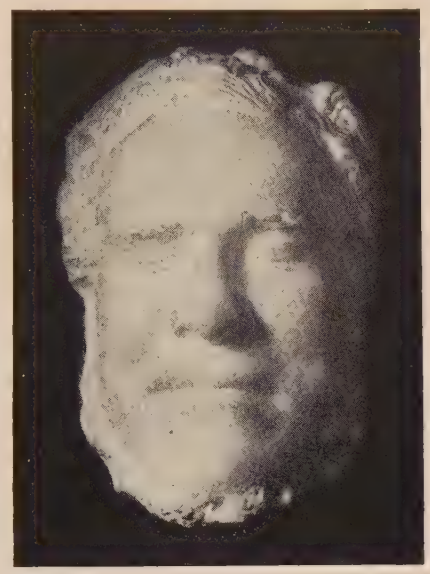
SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

impressed by what he knew and by what he did, that they seldom thought of posterity as caring to know how he looked, either in life or in death. From many different sources, however, we learn, in a fragmentary way, that he was "short but well-set, and inclined to be corpulent"; that "he had a very lively and piercing eye"; that "his hair was abundant and white as silver, without any baldness, and when his peruke was off was a venerable sight"; that "he was a man of no very prominent aspect"; that "his face was almost square, and that his chin had unusual width"; that "although he reached the great age of eighty-four, he retained until the last almost all of his teeth"; and that "his countenance was mild, pleasant, and comely." Bishop Atterbury said, "in the whole air of his face and make there was nothing of that penetrating sagacity which appears in his compositions. He had something rather languid in his look and manner, which did not raise any very great expectation in those who did not know him"; and Dr. Humphrey Newton, who was his assistant and amanuensis, said that during the many years of their intimate association he never knew him to laugh but once!

His death was not without pain, and his mask will not be recognized readily by those who are only familiar with his face as pictured and sculptured with his peruke on.

The terra-cotta bust of Newton, from the hands of Roubilliac himself, is in the British Museum. His bust and full-length statue in marble, by the same artist, belong to Trinity College, Cambridge. They were both, as is well known, based upon this mask of his face, taken after death, the original of which, made by Roubilliac, is now in the rooms of the Royal Society, at Burlington House in London. It was presented to that institution in 1829 by the then secretary of the society, Mr. Samuel Hunter Christie, and the officers of the society have no doubt of its authenticity. Mr. Christie found it by accident in the shop of a dealer in statuary, whose father had purchased it at the sale of Roubilliac's effects more than half a century before. The dealer parted with it for a few shillings, although he was satisfied that it was the mask of Newton, and by Roubilliac. Charles Richard Weld, in his *History of the Royal Society*, gives a steel engraving of it, and declares that "it presents all of the characteristic features of the society's former illustrious president." Only a few copies of it are known to exist, and it is one of the most valuable and important masks in the collection.

The contrasts between the profoundest of England's philosophers and the bravest of her bruisers are as marked in an intellectual as in a physical way. Ben Caunt, the pugilist, died in London in 1861, universally respected. He was, during the later years of his life, proprietor of the Coach and Horses, a public-house in St. Martin's Lane, much frequented by his old pupils, and by all of the prominent patrons of the prize-ring. He came to America in the early forties, giving a series of exhibitions throughout the country, but never engaging in any serious encounter here. He was a leader in his own profession, and at one time, perhaps, the best-known man in all England. His portrait, which once adorned the walls of cottage and palace, is still to be found in Mile's *Pugilistica*, taken at the period of his famous fight with "Bendigo" in 1842. His head is certainly a strong one, and in a phrenological way he was better than many of the men among his contemporaries who did better things.



BEN CAUNT, PRIZE-FIGHTER.

HOSTESS. "Geoffrey, I want you to dance with that little girl!"
GEOFFREY. "Oh, well—if I must, I *must*....."

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

LAST month the Easy Chair advised everybody to see a national nominating convention; but after the experience of this year at Minneapolis and Chicago, it seems to be probable that the convention will undergo fundamental changes. Seven cities contend for its presence, not for the sentiment of pride and reverence that stimulated the rival urban claims to have given birth to Homer, but for the purpose of turning a penny more or less honest. Not only is the great throng supposed to spend profusely at hotels and small shops, but a building is erected with accommodations for thousands of spectators, each one of whom pays extravagantly for his pleasure, and the receipts are appropriated by a body of enterprising citizens.

This scheme, however, is not likely to be attempted again after the late experience at Chicago. A huge, formless, ugly, and discreditable structure was devised called a wigwam, which was to be erected with a canvas roof; but a few days before the convention assembled a violent storm swept over the city, tore off the canvas, and, it was feared, wrenched the timbers so as to breed a certain natural sense of insecurity. It was doubtful whether the building could be made ready, and to allay apprehension it was necessary to publish a certificate that it would be safe. The throngs that poured into Chicago may be called hordes, and with incessant music so called, and shouts, and endless marching processions, a convention city does not suggest paradise.

The multitude occupied the wigwam at the appointed hour. The convention itself, comprising something less than a thousand delegates, filling a central space, around which and above which were galleries designed to hold twenty thousand people, a mass which no chairman's gavel or voice and no marshals or sergeants-at-arms could control; a well-drilled army or a regiment of armed police alone would be able to cope with the multitude. Just as the work began, a tremendous thunderstorm burst over the building. The roof was partly open, and there was a pitiful struggle to bring the canvas into play as a protection. But no resource was adequate. The building became so dark that there were fears of a panic; but electric lights were lit, and under the drip of the rain so that it was necessary to raise umbrellas, and amid the flashing glare of lightning and terrific peals of thunder, the deliberations began. Probably a more uncomfortable, apprehensive, and dismal crowd never proceeded to the work of such an occasion.

This condition was repeated every day. It was a week of heat and storms, and it was impossible to prevent the leakage. On the last night, when the angry excitement culminated, one of the electric lights fell, to the utmost consternation of the delegates. Fortunately no injury was done, but it was a fitting climax to the continuous disasters and annoyances of the session, which were at once more amusing and more exasperating because in no convention for many a year was there probably more angry bitterness of feeling.

But these untoward incidents might have occurred at any great convention. The distinction of this Chicago assembly was that it exhibited on the greatest scale a mischievous tendency, whose possibilities were perceived at the first of the great conventions — the convention of 1860—which met in a wigwam in Chicago and nominated Abraham Lincoln.

That convention was seated upon a stage, and the rest of the building was occupied by the multitude of spectators. It was, fortunately, an orderly as well as enthusiastic crowd, although it was said, even then, that the wigwam was intended to hold an Illinois crowd of ten thousand to compel the nomination of Lincoln. This year in Chicago the overpowering throngs in the galleries of the wigwam had their own way. They howled down the speaker whom they did not choose to hear. They insulted distinguished delegates. They shouted and stormed, and defied parliamentary authority and the police. Eminent orators denounced the mob, and the mob laughed and jeered.

The president of the convention, who was a scholarly man, as he sat powerless in the midst of the wild uproar, doubtless recalled the French convention of '93, when the *sans-culottes* thundered and shrieked their will from the galleries, and governed France by anarchical madness. The miserable folly of nominating the chief officer of the republic in such a

senseless pandemonium was evident to more than one delegate, who did not see the people in a raging mob. The people are the industrious citizens, busy at their work all over the land, not the idlers and worse of a great city. The orator who denounced the crowd as a mob of ruffians spoke for the people, and so especially did Mr. Collins, of Boston, who introduced a resolution providing that hereafter provision shall be made to accommodate the convention and the press, but not the assembly of a mob to dominate the proceedings.

Hereafter when a city appeals to the National Committee of a party for the National Convention, and promises a building that will hold ten or twenty thousand people, its claim, for that reason, should be rejected peremptorily.

THE part of the English-speaking race that inhabits the British Islands is apt to show among its more ignorant classes much more brutishness than is shown by the American branch of the race. Seventy and eighty years ago, when the American Englishman foolishly permitted himself to be very much disturbed by the gibes of the British traveller, who, seeing our sensitiveness, took especial pleasure in pricking and prodding us with his pen, which, after all, was more blunt than pointed—in those belligerent years our literary forefathers angrily retorted with the *tu quoque;* and there are pamphlets of the time which are mainly catalogues of incidents of brutality and outrage culled from the British newspapers.

"These dreadful people," said the Briton, "spit a great deal, and eat pease with a knife, and sit in their shirt sleeves at the theatre, and ask a great many questions, and speak the language somewhat differently from us. Pigs run at large in the streets of the city of New York, and in general it is a vain, vulgar, and boastful people." In the whole chorus of writers who exasperated us by such comments, there was no one of ability, no one who was worthy of attention, hardly one who could be called clever. But the effect upon our sensitiveness was undeniable, and none of them was visited with more wrath than a certain commonplace clergyman named Fidler, who might have been a curate in one of Miss Austen's novels, and whose dulness was so dense as to be entertaining.

The rejoinder, however, was always crushing. If Americans eat pease with a knife, Englishmen kicked their wives and sold them in open market, and every offence against social conventions on our part was set off by an offence against common humanity on the part of John Bull. The catalogue was long and painful, and it left the same impression of brutality among the lower English class that is derived from English novels of the last century, and from hints in Hogarth's pictures, and which is constantly confirmed by current reports. The latest of such stories is that of the missile thrown at Mr. Gladstone, and the riot at the speech of Mr. Stanley.

Our elections are excited, and there is sometimes a quarrel at the polls. But there is no breaking up the meetings of one party by the attacks of the other. Just after the adoption of the Constitution, Alexander Hamilton made a speech in the open air in New York, and stones were thrown at him; and in the hot campaigns that preceded the civil war there were sometimes violent interruptions of political meetings. But the custom of our campaigns is wholly different. Each side respects the meetings of the other, and a personal indignity from a Democratic opponent to Mr. Edmunds's speaking upon the stump would be resented upon all sides as warmly as a Republican assault upon Mr. Bayard.

Such a scene as that at Lambeth in London, where Mr. Stanley and his wife were driven from the platform by an angry mob, which sought to tear them from their carriage, and from which they escaped only with great difficulty, is wholly unknown in this part of the English-speaking world. Yet it seems to be very familiar in the British Islands. It springs from the same spirit that makes prize-fighting a national institution, and which made Taine feel that upon a certain kind of Englishman the veneer of civilization is very thin.

The *tu quoque* argument is not thought to be often very effective except to stir up wrath. To answer a charge of eating pease with a knife with the retort that it is better than kicking your wife, hardly advances the controversy toward a settlement. This, however, is natural, because the root of the controversy is that you are Dr. Fell. The Fidler kind of Englishman disliked our fathers because they

were Americans. He would not have been troubled by fellow-Englishmen who spat, and probably would not have remarked the fact. But it is observable in that droll old debate that while our offences were of taste and manners, the British were outrages of the person and of rights.

It should seem, therefore, that the record unconsciously shows some reason for consolation to the American that he is not an Englishman. The Fidler kind always assumes that the primordial curse is to have been born elsewhere than in England. Yet abstractly and upon a simple generalization it is probably as fair a fate to live in a country where people eat pease with a knife as in one where they kick their wives. At this moment the hum of an election fills both lands, and earnest appeals are made with eloquence from hundreds of platforms to thousands of people. Here, again, it may be safely said that the land in which the appeal may be made quietly and unassailed is, so far, a happier land than that in which it can be made only at the risk of life or limb.

The collateral truth which such observations suggest to all who are not of the mental density of the Fidler kind is that the American Englishman is not wholly desolate, and that the Englishman of the British Isles is to be often commiserated. To generalize from wife-kicking to national characteristics is dangerous, as, indeed, to draw any indictment against a nation. Yet Thackeray did accuse collective John Bull of the meanest of qualities—snobbery. "Brethren," he would have said, "let us go very gently. If our hapless kin beyond the sea eat pease with a knife, they do not kick their wives, and if they dine in cut-aways, their Gladstones and Stanleys may speak without fear of personal violence. We justly lament that the conduct of our Irish brethren at the polls and at election meetings demonstrates their inability for self-government. They unfortunately break each other's heads, and refuse to allow orators to speak whom the mob does not wish to hear, and even drive them from the platform. But in England the tranquillity and good order of our political assemblies, especially when candidates for Parliament are accompanied by their wives, illustrate our complete ability to govern ourselves."

There is, indeed, nothing more striking in our dear brother Bull than the accuracy of his self-knowledge, and his fine perception of the differences between himself and those who have not the good fortune to be of his blood.

No passage in Lowell is more familiar than "What is so rare as a day in June?" But a victim of actual June might interpolate a word and ask, what is so rare as a June day in June? That is to say, what is more infrequent in the month of June than a day which corresponds with the ideal June weather? A clear blue sky suffused with rounded fleecy clouds, the foliage everywhere fresh and full and lustrous, the bloom and fragrance of roses, a cool, sparkling air, and a feeling of vigorous and beautiful youth in the landscape—all this belongs to the thought of a June day, and this was the lovely image in the poet's mind.

But say, O Muse, how many such days were counted in the June of 1892? The foliage was full and fair, the roses bloomed, the thrush warbled in the thicket. But the days were tropical, the nights were suffocating, and the breath of the scirocco deprived the human frame of all elasticity. Listlessly swinging in a hammock and idly fanning, the weary waiter for a pulse of fresh, inspiring air was like the helpless mariner rocking in the doldrums and wooing a breeze in vain.

The spell continued by day and night. Angry storms darkened and flashed and thundered, signs of a strained and feverish temperature, but the welcome rain seemed merely to make the damp air heavier, and the last state was worse than the first. Energy was exhausted, the spring of activity was weakened, and Sirius raged in the sky which opened the roses. Whence came the fable that ours is a temperate zone? There are soft, mild, meditative days in autumn. There are a few suggestive days in spring. But there is no temperate season except those evanescent autumnal days. Our winter is as intemperate as our summer. The thermometer is always in extremes. We are a very sensible people; at least we say so with great unanimity, and if we do not know, who should? We know that in June the heat will be intolerable. The records show us a temperature of 89, of

90, of 92. It is an insupportable heat, destructive of pleasure and comfort. Now what is the distinction of sensible people? It is that they do sensible things. Do we stand that test?

This question is designed to make these observations practical. The preacher is constantly urged to come to a point. The reformer who complains of some abuse, some wrong, is challenged peremptorily with the question: "Well, what do you propose to do about it? What is your remedy? What do you suggest? Here you are complaining of the heat of June, and of its discomforts and its disagreeability. Probably your sole purpose is not to make us uncomfortable. You have some grand panacea. What is it? How are we to be comfortable in June?"

Let us have no compulsion nor undue haste. The Easy Chair was proceeding gently and gradually to a conclusion when it was beset with this unseemly interruption. It was saying that our climate is not temperate, but intemperate, and that the month of June is tropical, whatever may be true of other months. It was saying further, what surely no patriot will deny, that we are a very sensible people. Now, then, except for the somewhat impatient interruption, it would have asked some time since whether it is the mark of a sensible people to persist in doing with the mercury at 90 what could be done with the mercury unexacerbated, and with entire comfort and pleasure to everybody concerned?

The second week in June is fiery. Why, then, should so many colleges and academies and schools of every kind and degree persist in celebrating their Commencements, which means their closings, in that particular week? What orator wishes to commit himself to the delivery of a discourse when he and all his audience will be plunged in the utmost discomfort? Why not abandon the season which is known to be torrid to rest and recreation? In the southern Italian cities the traveller sees that the houses are very high and the streets very narrow. If May or June overtakes him still lingering under the charm, he observes that the pedestrian may be always in the shade. He perceives that a wise people, knowing the fervor of midsummer, mitigate its effect by every reasonable means, and take care that those who must be out of the house shall be protected from the fury of the sun.

That is to say, the wise Italians adjust their buildings and their streets to their ardent climate. Is there any good reason why wise Americans should not adjust their occasions to the ardors of their climate? As nothing is so rare as a June day in June, why should we assume that nothing is so common? Why should we deliberately make ourselves uncomfortable?

Editor's Study.

I.

THERE are two persons in every one. This is not the common accusation that a man seems to be one thing to himself and appears to be another thing to the world, but that there are two different personalities which the world is often permitted to see. The majority of men go through life without this disclosure, or pass with the simple comment that they are queer; and some win a sort of admiration from the fact that they are kind to their families, while they swindle everybody else, and prey on the world at large. The latter are in the category of the tolerated brigands who rob the rich of dollars and give cents to the poor. The world is touched by the action of the stalwart rogue who sacks a bank and sends a little of the swag to his aged mother. After all, he has a kind heart! There is no more mystery about this double action than there is about the politician who is affectionate to his wife and children while he makes his living by vicious bargains, buying votes, and otherwise corrupting the public morals and the springs of national life. These cases of ordinary men require no comment. It is the great author who is the most exasperating puzzle to mankind. The world insists upon reconciling the man and his writings. He cannot escape. He has expressed himself; he has turned his soul inside out—or is presumed to have done so; and when the public makes an inquisition into his personality, it demands conformity with the character of his writing. But behold! two men are usually disclosed, and biographies are writ-

ten and rewritten, and endless explanations are proposed, to make the author appear consistent with himself. Fortunate is the author, like Homer or Chaucer or Shakespeare, who leaves little or no record of his personality or of his acts, and compels the world to judge him by that which he gave to the world. The confusion arises when biography hunts him into the roots of his nature, and exhibits inconsistencies which destroy for us the pleasure given by his genius. Some authors are single-minded, and do exhibit in their productions their total character, their aspirations and enthusiasms. But many seem to have two natures, and present two distinct aspects. We should save ourselves from a good deal of confusion in criticism if we acknowledged this. Count Leo Tolstoï is an illustration in point. Even to casual observation he is a double man. He is a consummate literary artist. No other artist of modern times has greater power to touch the hidden springs of life, and reveal inner humanity with more directness and sincerity, and with more discerning genius. His workmanship as a literary artist is almost without flaw. He could not be the great novelist he is without soul and imagination. It is no contradiction of terms to call him the Idealist-Realist. This is, so far as this life is concerned, the immortal part of him. But he is also a socialistic crank. There is no other name for him. He is a man of vagaries and absurd theories. These are not absurd because they disagree with current theories of life, but absurd logically, and because they are inconsistent with any possible plan of the continued life of humanity; they are not only incomplete and disjointed conceptions of historical Christianity, but they are out of joint with any conception of an organizing, overruling Providence in human affairs. So far as these crude theories enter into his colossal fictions, they weaken them; and when they are revealed in his socialistic tracts, they confuse the public judgment about the entire work of the man. The world is indignant, and feels defrauded to see the author wasting his noble powers on futile vagaries. It insists on having one Tolstoï, and not two. While it is admiring his noble canvases, it is disgusted to see the artist dip his brush in mud and daub them out. What conception, it asks, can he have of the historic development of the race, or what of the omnipotence and wisdom of a Creator, when he declares that the human experiment on this globe is such a dismal failure that it ought to end immediately? Clearly this extraordinary personality will continue to be a worry to us unless we separate the artist, the genius in literature, from the man of social vagaries. Another man who has contrived to present himself in a twofold aspect, and set the world quarrelling about his real character, is Carlyle. For a person who holds by the eternal verities, and insists upon men living on a high pitch of heroism, it is an odd exhibition he makes of himself in the posthumous account of his futile journey to Paris with the Brownings. This has been a man of great soul, who worships heroes and force, and regards as pitiful anything in life that has not the stamp of courage and endurance. There is a good deal of growling at a disjointed world in his masterpieces, but it is the grumbling of a Titan, and has nothing petty in it. And lo! here is quite another sort of man, taking an ordinary journey, with all the appliances of civilization, who whines and finds fault incessantly like a puny creature. Nothing pleases him. For the men he meets he has little but sneers and detraction, and vents his ill-humor like a spoiled child. In his correspondence with Varnhagen von Ense (in the volume that contains his Paris screed) he is manly, grateful, even affectionate. Yet when he visited Berlin, Varnhagen quotes Tieck as saying of him that "his appearance was wretched, notwithstanding his ruddy face, his dress was extremely slovenly, and his behavior boorish; and it was evident that he was not unconscious of these things, but that he gloried in them." We have him again in the same humor as on the Paris journey, full of complaints of travellers' troubles, and generally disagreeable. And, indeed, this hero-worshipper seems to have spent much of his time in his Chelsea den growling over "the whole infernal caudle of things." A very great man, the author of *Burns* and of *Sartor*, and he lived with a very little man from Craigenputtoch.

II.

If people were as careless about what they eat as about what they read, dyspepsia would be much more common than it is now. It is a good deal a matter of

luck what falls into their hands to read. The facilities for distribution of literature are very imperfect. They have improved with the introduction of railways and railway book-stands, but the choice of the reading thus offered is not left to the intelligent public, but is much governed by purely commercial reasons, and little by any sound literary taste. The majority of the people are not in the habit of frequenting book-stores, as they do dry-goods and provision shops, to see what is new, suited to their tastes, and wholesome. A large portion of the country districts have no means of knowing about books or of buying them except from the travelling canvassers, whose prime motive is not to raise the intelligence of the country by what they distribute. A book-shop in the small cities as well as the large, and in villages, used to be an intellectual centre where readers met, not only to keep the run of the thought of the world, but to exchange ideas about it. Few are so now. Book-shops generally throughout the country have changed their character. The booksellers say that it does not pay to keep a stock of standard literature, nor to put on their counters the pick of the best books that are published every week. Their book-stalls have become shops of "notions," of stationery, of artists' materials, of various bric-à-brac, of games, of newspapers and periodicals, of the cheap and flimsy temporary product of a commercially directed press, with only an occasional real book that has attained exceptional notoriety. A new article of diet comes into general use usually through persistent and extensive advertising. Books are advertised liberally—for books—and more than they were formerly, because there are more newspapers, but the advertising is not as effective as it is in the case of things to wear and to eat. A good book rarely reaches its due audience. It is put forth by a good house, and has a distribution, which can be pretty accurately predicted, in certain limited channels. In the case of any good book there is no doubt that it would have ten readers where it now has one, if it were brought to the attention of those who would like it. The proof of this is the fact that the sale of a novel in book form is not injured, but often is aided, by its first appearance as a serial in some periodical or newspaper. There are many publics. The serial will have a certain audience; the book will find another (partly because the serial publication has advertised it); it might then go into a newspaper, or into many newspapers, and search out other audiences, and the chance is that a worthy book might run for a long time in various channels, and in several forms and styles, cheap and dear, without losing its strength of circulation. Many a volume of high character has a success within a limited circle, and is praised by the critics, and then drops out of notice when not a tenth of the people have ever heard of it who would be as likely to buy it as the few who did read it when it was first launched. There is somehow a defect in distribution. A good book ought to have a long life. If it is liked this year, there is no reason why it should not be liked ten years later, for meantime the reading public has changed; that which pleased the man of thirty will please the man who was only twenty when the book was published. It is difficult to say whether this imperfect distribution and this haste and waste in the treatment of the brain product are due to the method of publication, or to the rage of the public for something new. It is true that the literary taste changes in a generation or two, but we believe that it is the experience of publishers that a real book, which was popular a generation ago, will have, if properly revived, as large an audience with the new public as it had with the old. Books in this respect are like pictures, there is always a public for the best, when the public has an opportunity of seeing them. We believe that the publication of good literature, adhered to, pushed, and advertised, would be more profitable than the constant experiments with ephemeral trash; but it is useless to moralize about this in an age when there is such a pressure for publication of new things, and there are such vast manufactories which feel it a necessity to keep their hoppers full of the grain of the new crop. It may be said, however, that if there was anywhere a controlling desire to distribute good literature, rather than a manufacturer's notion of turning out any sort of product of paper, type, and ink, the public would be the gainer. And perhaps the publishers would find their account in a better educated public taste. The analogy does not hold all along the line, but usually the houses of merchandise

are more prosperous and permanent that deal in the staples of life than those that merely experiment with ephemeral novelties. The problem is how to bring books of value, or even books having an element of popularity, to the notice of the majority of possible buyers. In any other trade the profit is in pushing a good article to the limit of its circulation, rather than in being content with the local and small circulation of half a dozen inferior articles.

III.

But there is a more serious aspect of the book question, which is indicated by the falling off of the sale of books in the country book-stores. It is that books are being replaced by newspapers and periodicals; that is, of course, relatively, for the weekly publication lists of the world are still enormous and increasing. It is probably true that the respect for a book as a book has declined with the public. This may arise partly from the fact that so many things are put in covers which are not books, and that a large proportion of so-called books, including the majority of novels and of books of travel, are not so well written as the columns of the ordinary newspaper; but it is more likely due to a certain haste and impatience in the modern mind to come at information quickly, that which leads men to snatch their mental food from a newspaper paragraph, and often to be content with reading only the head-lines of that paragraph. There is also the desire to find an easy cut to knowledge, which induces women to meet in clubs twice a week to hear some bright woman, who has read the newspapers, tell them the news of the day. These paid and professional news-readers or venders are popular with those who cannot afford a quarter of an hour a day to glance at a newspaper, and to reflect for five minutes more upon the meaning of the intelligence of the whole planet which is daily spread before them. But for women who like to strengthen their minds by investigating for themselves, and not to be fed with a spoon, and for most men, there are visible reasons why newspapers and magazines are more read than books. There is more good writing in the newspapers and periodicals, at least in this country, than there used to be. Some of the brightest and best informed and trained minds in the land give their entire time and energy to the daily and weekly press. They do this under the law of supply and demand. They get better pay for this work than they could get, with few exceptions, for writing books. The newspaper is pushed as a commercial enterprise as it never was before, and it can afford to command the best talent to swell its circulation, upon which its profit from advertising depends. By this demand, doubtless, the higher, the spontaneous, literature loses, but the ephemeral gains in quality and in ability to satisfy the wants of the reading public. The authors of books, as a rule, have been inadequately paid for their labors. It is no reproach to them if they desire better pay and a larger public. It was always dignified to write for a first-class review or any periodical of character, but it is within the memory of this generation when the public saw with a shock of surprise the names of men of letters of high rank advertised as contributors to a weekly paper. But now if Mr. Gladstone were to write for the *Bunkum Flag-staff*, the fact of his appearing in that jubilee sheet would excite no comment, only perhaps curiosity to know how much he was paid. There has been a great breaking down of prejudice in the world of letters. It is yet to be demonstrated what effect the strong infusion of the commercial element will have upon literature. We are in a transition state just now, as the farmers say, between hay and grass, and it is possible that better pay will produce better literature. Good prices in the sixteenth century certainly stimulated good painting. Meantime there are other things to be considered besides the profit of publishers and the pay of literary workers. What is to be the effect upon the public taste, upon the mind of the public, not trained to any serious application in order to master a book that treats a subject adequately, but which daily fritters away time and attention upon a hundred subjects treated superficially of necessity, although cleverly and brilliantly? Will the power to master a book go the way of the desire to own one? In its swelling bulk the daily newspaper has become a magazine, and the magazine, in a generation that must run as it reads, takes the place of the book. Must we all go to making scrap-books in order to preserve the good things that fly on the leaves of the winged press? Or will there remain enough lovers of literature in cov-

ers to warrant authors and publishers in gathering together from the daily, the weekly, and the monthly the writings that a modest vanity hopes were not born to die?

IV.

If a distinctively American architecture could be created out of such stuff as dreams are made of, aided by the earthly suggestions of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, we might expect to astonish the world. A vague idea of such a construction has long been floating in the air, of buildings that should express the vastness of the country and the freely acting peculiarities of its people. The notions of what this should be are very nebulous. Traditional forms enter little into this conception, which may perhaps be defined as the aboriginal log cabin flowering into the grandiose picturesqueness of the buttes of the Arizona desert. But whatever it is, it will be a joy forever to those who never are so unfortunate as to see any other architecture, if it is only confessedly "American." This patriotic desire is paralleled by the belief in the practicability of an American financial and commercial system that shall be wholly independent of the rest of the world. And this at the period when more than ever before the world is bound together by swift ships and bands of steel, and when a pain or a joy or an emotion in any one part of the globe is instantly transported to every other member by an electric current. The simple truth is that this American experiment is not a "sport" without a parent, but the heir of the growth of the ages. And, of all things, its architecture cannot be the baseless fabric of a vision. Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, in his altogether admirable *Studies in American Architecture*, makes the wisest remark that has been printed on this subject when he says that "if American literature or painting or architecture be good, the Americanism of it may be safely left to take care of itself." This observation is so sound and comprehensive that a great many ambitious candidates might safely say that they would rather have made it than be President of the United States. What one ought to wish is good architecture, and that is not, as the author says, a question of morals, but of knowledge and competency. We should not expect much from a presumptive man of letters who did not know the alphabet, nor from a painter who had neither learned to draw nor to mix colors, nor shall we have any creditable architecture from men who have not thoroughly grasped the principles and styles already developed. There is no chance for the full display of individual genius unless a man is master of the tools of his art. Without technical knowledge there is no freedom, and traditional rules hinder only the individual development of the incompetent. As the author says, "the restraints in architecture of a recognized school, of a prevailing style, are useful and salutary in proportion to the absence of restraint that the architect is able to impose on himself." The American architect is working in an age when the idea of ornamental design has taken the place of sound construction, when "features" are more regarded than unity of effect, or, as Mr. Schuyler puts it, "the radical defect of modern architecture in general, if not of American architecture in particular, is the estrangement between architecture and building—between the poetry and prose, so to speak, of the art of building, which can never be disjoined without injury to both." The idea is not that the building as a whole must be constructed on sound architectural principles, but that you can build a house and put on the "architecture" afterwards. So it is, as an architect is quoted as saying, "that American architecture was the art of covering one thing with another thing to imitate a third thing, which, if genuine, would not be desirable." Once the laws of architecture are learned, and its historic genesis is kept in mind, and the best that has been done is known, genius will go on and go far in devising habitations and edifices that ought to express the character and provide for the wants of a civilized people, and bear some relation to the climate in which they live. But first knowledge and law. The attempt to Whitmanize architecture is not promising. The transferrence to the city streets of the bizarre constructions of sea-side idlers gives our towns the aspect of a perpetual picnic encampment. The carpenter's architecture when he did not know anything was preferable to his architecture since he has learned to be fantastic. Better decent monotony in form and color than a town which looks as if it were struck with the jimjams. Mr. Schuyler will excuse these untechnical terms in

which we call attention to a treatise which should have a great influence on the student and practitioner of architecture. If we ever have a style in any of the arts that can with any credit to us be called American, we may be sure that it will be a legitimate growth out of the past, and that in the freedom of ripe knowledge unrestrained genius will be stimulated to invention in the presence of new opportunities. But America is a vast country, with many climates, and it may have as many styles of domestic and public buildings as it has standard times.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of July.—In Congress the Senate passed the (Stewart) Free Silver Bill July 1st. The House passed a bill for the admission of Utah July 8th.

John W. Foster, of Indiana, was appointed, June 29th, to succeed James G. Blaine as Secretary of State.

Nelson W. Aldrich was re-elected United States Senator from Rhode Island June 14th.

The Democratic National Convention met at Chicago on the 21st of June, and nominated Grover Cleveland, of New York, for President, and Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, for Vice-President. The party through its platform reaffirmed its allegiance to the principles formulated by Jefferson and exemplified by his successors; deplored the existing tendency towards the centralization of power; stigmatized the policy of Federal control of elections as an act of legalized force and fraud full of danger to the republic; denounced the Republican policy of protection, and declared itself in favor of a tariff for revenue only; exclaimed against "sham reciprocity" with foreign nations; demanded the rigid enforcement of laws for the control of trusts and other combinations of capital; declared itself in favor of the coinage of silver and gold "without charge for mintage," and demanded the maintenance of the parity of value of gold, silver, and paper currency; called for the honest enforcement of all laws regulating the civil service; demanded the rigid prohibition of Chinese, pauper, and contract immigration, but denounced all efforts to restrict the immigration of "the industrious and worthy of foreign lands"; recommended the repeal of the prohibitory ten per cent. tax on State banks; approved the granting of liberal pensions to Union soldiers, but denounced the present administration of the pension office; asserted allegiance to the cause of popular education, and opposition to State interference with parental rights; recommended the passage of laws for the protection of railroad employés, for the abolition of the sweating system, of contract convict labor, and of the employment of children in factories; and declared its opposition to all sumptuary laws.

The National Convention of Prohibitionists, which met at Cincinnati June 30th, nominated John Bidwell, of California, for President, and J. B. Cranfall, of Texas, for Vice-President. It adopted a platform urging laws for the suppression of the liquor traffic; demanding woman suffrage; calling for government control of railroads, telegraphs, and other public corporations; demanding the restriction of immigration and the suppression of speculation in margins; favoring the free coinage of silver and gold, and calling for an increase in the volume of money; and declaring that tariff should be levied only as a retaliatory defence against foreign governments.

The National Convention of the People's Party met at Omaha on the 4th of July, and nominated James B. Weaver, of Iowa, for President, and James G. Field, of Virginia, for Vice-President. The platform declared the party to be in favor of the general union of the labor forces of the country; demanded the government control of all railroads and telegraphs, the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold, an increase in the amount of circulating currency, the establishment of a graduated income-tax, and the organization of a system of government savings-banks; and declared itself opposed to the ownership of land by aliens and by public corporations for purposes of speculation.

On the 30th of June the Homestead Iron-works, near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, were closed on account of a threatened strike among the workmen, and all members of labor unions were refused employment. On the 6th of July a force of Pinkerton men, who were employed for the purpose of protecting the works and the non-union employés, were attacked by the strikers. In the fight which ensued ten strikers and four detectives were killed, and more than 200 of the latter were wounded. The strikers remained in possession of the works. The civil authorities being powerless, an appeal was made to the Governor of the State. On the 10th he issued an order to the National Guard of Pennsylvania—8500 men—to repair to the scene of the disturbance for the purpose of restoring order and enforcing obedience to the laws.

The British Parliament was dissolved June 28th, having been in existence since August 5, 1886.

The elections held in Belgium in June for members of the Constituent Assembly resulted in favor of the Liberals by a small majority.

The Brazilian Congress, July 1st, extended General Peixoto's term of office as President until 1895.

DISASTERS.

June 14th.—In the harbor of Blaye, France, the tank-steamer *Petrolia* was struck by lightning, and fifteen persons were killed.

June 15th.—By the breaking down of the false work of a new bridge over the Licking River, Kentucky, more than twenty men were killed.

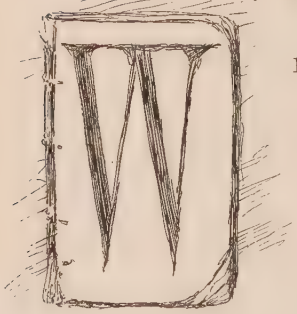
July 9th.—A great fire in St. John's, Newfoundland, destroyed property worth $20,000,000, and made 15,000 people homeless.

OBITUARY.

June 29th.—At Clinton, New York, Theodore W. Dwight, professor of law in Columbia College, aged seventy years.

July 10th.—At Bloomfield, New Jersey, George W. Bungay, author, aged seventy-four years.

July 12th.—In New York, Cyrus W. Field, aged seventy-three years.



HEN the war ended and the negroes were free there was a great enthusiasm for educating them. One of the first schools started was built on the edge of his place by Colonel Trigg, who got a little "school-marm," as they were termed, to come down and teach it. It was soon filled by the colored population, the pupils ranging from five to seventy-five years, all studying "a-b ab, e-b eb." Even "Uncle Jack Scott," the Colonel's head man, one of the old-timers, went in, and was transferred from the stable to the school-room. The Colonel fumed about it; but it was laid to the door of Uncle Jack's new wife, "Mrs. Scott," who was a "citified" lady, and had many airs. Uncle Jack was an acquisition to the school, and was given a prominent position by the stove, the little school-mistress paying him especial attention, putting him through his a-b abs and e-b ebs with much pride, and holding him up to her younger scholars as a shining example. A few days later Uncle Jack appeared armed with a long hickory, which he presented to the teacher with a remark about "lazy niggers needin' hick'ry 's much 's bread," and loud enough to be heard by the whole school. Miss Barr (called "Bear" by Mrs. Scott) took the hickory with visible emotion, made a speech to the school, and Uncle Jack, with much grandeur, went to his task. The lesson that day was b-a ba, b-e be. Unhappily, Uncle Jack had learned a-b ab, e-b eb too well, and b and a were never anything but ab, and b and e never anything but eb, no matter how they came. Miss Barr was at her wits' end. She had established her rules, and she stood by them. She would, had she believed it her duty, have gone to perdition without a tremor. One of her most invariable rules was to thrash for missing lessons. When Uncle Jack missed two days hand-running, she was in despair; but discipline was to be preserved, and after hours of painful suspense, when he still failed, she ordered him to stand up. He obeyed. She glanced around, seeking some alternative; fifty pairs of eyes were fastened upon her. She reached under her desk, and slowly drew out a hickory, the very one Uncle Jack had brought her. Fifty pairs of eyes showed their whites.

"Take off your coat."

There was a gasp throughout the room.

Uncle Jack paused a moment as if stupefied, then laid down his book and took off his coat.

"Take off your waistcoat."

He obeyed.

"You ain't gwine meck me teck off my shirt, is you?" he asked, tremulously.

"No. Clasp your hands."

He did so, and she raised the hickory and brought it down "swauo" across his back. Again there was a gasp throughout the room, which came every time a lick was given. Uncle Jack was the only one who uttered no sound. He stood like a statue. When she finished, he put on his coat and sat down. School was dismissed.

Next day Uncle Jack was at his old place at the stable.

"Why, I thought you were at school?" said his master, who had heard something of the trouble.

"Nor, suh; I got 'nough edication," he said. He stuck his curry-comb into his brush. There was a pause; then: "I tell you de fac', Marse Conn. I is too ole to be whupt by a ooman, an' a po' white ooman at dat."

It was several years after this that Uncle Jack was working one day at a water-gate, when the children came down the road from school. They stopped and peeped stolidly through the fence. Among them was "Jawnie," Mrs. Scott's hopeful, who had proved an apter scholar than his father. His bag was on his arm. He climbed over the fence, and from the bank gazed down apathetically at his father in the water below. Presently he said:

"Or, poppa, de teacher say you mus' git me a geography."

Uncle Jack's jaw set. He dug on as if he had not heard. Then he repeated to himself: "Geog'aphy—geog'aphy. Marse Conn, whut is dat? whut is a geog'aphy?" he asked, looking up.

"A geography?" said his master. "Why, a geography is a—is a book—a book that tells about places, and where they are, and so on." He gave a comprehensive sweep around the horizon.

"Yas, suh; now I understands," said Jack, going back to digging.

Presently he stopped, and looked up at "Jawnie." "I say, boy, you tell de teacher *I* say you better stick to you' a-b abs an' you' e-b ebs, an' let geog'aphy alone. You knows de way now to de spring an' de wood-pile an' de mill, an' when you gits a little bigger I's gwine to show you de way to de hoe-handle an' de cawn furrer, an' dats all de geog'aphy a nigger's got to know."

He dug on. THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THAT "early American" work, Allen's *Biographical Dictionary*, published in 1809, refers incidentally to persons bearing such names as Preserved Fish, Adam Eve, and Pickled Ham. These combinations indicate a certain whimsicality in the minds of those who made them. But equally striking effects sometimes make themselves apparent in a way leaving little room for doubt that they are accidental. The city hall of a certain American city was erected with a strict regard for honesty which does honor to all concerned. The three citizens of credit and renown who formed the construction committee saw that the work was done faithfully, and then handed back to the treasury a large surplus. The names of these gentlemen—inscribed on a small and not at all conspicuous plate in the building—are Robb, Steele, and Swindell.

In the same city, not long ago, two physicians happened to rent offices in the same house, and the wayfaring public saw displayed over its door the startling signs of Doctor Slay and Doctor Blood.

It would be strange if chance did not sometimes bring about a really appropriate conjunction of titles. It did this with great success in the case of a recent marriage ceremony, when a Miss Post and a Mr. Stump were fitly united by the Rev. Mr. Lockwood.

THE MODEL GALLEY-SLAVE.

IN the early part of Louis XVI.'s reign a German prince made a tour through the south of France, and was shown, among other points of interest, the port and naval arsenal of Toulon. Having expressed a wish to see the galley-slaves, he was conducted through the dock-yards where they were laboring, and, in compliment to his rank, permission was given to him to set free one convict.

Naturally wishing to use this privilege for the benefit of some one who really deserved it, the prince mingled with the criminals incognito, and asked one of them what he had done to be sent there.

"Nothing," growled the felon; "it's easy to imprison a man on a false charge."

"And you?" asked the prince of another.

"A minister had a spite against me," was the reply.

A third had been craftily implicated in the guilt of a designing villain; and so on. In fact, on their own showing, no more innocent and injured men had ever been wronged by human injustice. At length the prince espied a sad-looking man a little apart from the rest, and put the same question to him.

"It was all my own fault," said the convict.

"Your own fault?" echoed the prince.

"Yes," said the man, ruefully. "If I hadn't let myself get into idle ways I should never have been here. Idleness led me to drink, and drink emptied my pockets, and I took to thieving to fill them, and this is the end of it."

"Then, you rogue," cried the prince, "what business have *you* among all these innocent and high-principled men, who are here by no fault of their own? Why, by your own admission, you are enough to corrupt the whole gang; but I'll take care that you do not contaminate them any longer with your bad example. You shall be set at liberty this very day!"

AN EXPENSIVE LAMP SHADE.

HIGGINS, the street-car conductor, was on the night turn last week, and he did his sleeping in the daytime.

When he woke up from his much-needed rest one afternoon his industrious little wife brought out for his admiration a lamp shade made of colored tissue-paper. She had made it with her own pretty hands, and its scalloped border was perforated with innumerable little holes, through which the light of the parlor lamp would fall on the table.

"Tell me if you think it is pretty," demanded Mrs. Higgins, holding the shade out for her husband to inspect it.

"It looks lovely," began the man; but as his eyes fell on it more closely he turned pale, and said, in a hoarse voice, "You made those holes with my bell-punch?"

"Yes, dear, while you were asleep. But what makes you speak that way?" asked the little woman, greatly alarmed at the sudden change that had come over the unfortunate Higgins.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "only you've rung up enough fares on that lamp-shade to use up a year's salary. Every one of those holes will cost me five cents, that's all."

And the unhappy man groaned.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

COLONEL H. AND THE ROMAN BEGGAR.

COLONEL H., of Baltimore, settled in Rome some years since, and for a time received his mail at the bank, to which he always walked morning and afternoon, passing *en route* through the Piazza di Spagna, where a venerable beggar sat, and to whom he gave alms each time he passed. But after a few months' knowledge of Roman beggardom he suddenly ceased to drop the accustomed copper into the extended hat. Whereupon the beggar brought suit for 600 lire, which he claimed to have loaned to Colonel H., producing at the same time two witnesses to the fact. The victim of this trick lost no time in consulting a native lawyer, who remarked that while he had no doubt of the utter fraudulency of the claim, still the testimony of the beggar and two eye-witnesses must stand in the absence of any rebutting evidence; but that if the Colonel would spend half the sum involved he would undertake to defeat the stratagem. Outraged as he was, the Colonel concluded to accede to the attorney's terms; and when the case came up, and the beggar's two witnesses had testified to having seen the beggar lend the money to the defendant on a certain day, the latter's lawyer promptly called two witnesses who made oath that they had seen Colonel H. pay the money back to the beggar on a day that proved to be just a week after the date of the alleged negotiation—this to the amazement of the Colonel, and the consternation and defeat of the beggar.

ILE OF ERIN.

MR. G. was an Irishman of the old school, and of course possessed some peculiarities of speech. To discover whether he was conscious of them, I said to him: "Mr. G., I presume you have noticed among the curious things of our language that in many instances the same word does duty for various purposes, and may express several meanings, or designate several things widely different. For instance, the word isle you would not distinguish from the aisle of a church, or from o-i-l, except as it is written."

"Yis," responded Mr. G., "it is one of the fatures of a language drawn from so many soorces, that this word ile, as we spake it, should have its various manings distinguished only by its spilling. Were these various wurrds spilt aloike as well as pronounced oidentical, one could niver till the other from which."

JOHN PAUL.

ON THE BEST AUTHORITY.

A STORY is told of a trial for burglary in which one of the jurymen seemed to be so certain of the prisoner's innocence, and pleaded for him so eloquently and so convincingly, that the eleven others (who had no particular bias either way) allowed themselves to be argued into returning a verdict of "not guilty." A few days later fresh facts came to light, which proved the accused man's innocence beyond a doubt; and one of the eleven wavering jurymen, happening to meet with the man who had so powerfully influenced them all, thanked him warmly for having saved them from the commission of a great injustice.

"And yet, now I think of it," he added, "you could not have known *then* anything about these new facts, so how could you be so sure that the man was innocent?"

"Well," replied the other, "my chief reason for thinking that he did not commit the crime was that *I committed it myself.*"

Such authority was certainly not to be disputed; but a yet more startling case of the same kind occurred not many years ago in Paris, at the first representation of a tragedy that had for its closing scene the murder of a Swedish king, which had taken place nearly half a century earlier. All went well till the murder scene came on, when a very dignified old gentleman in the stage-box showed signs of strong dissatisfaction, and at length called out, angrily:

"Absurd! they've got it all wrong!"

The manager himself heard this plain-spoken comment, and being naturally disturbed by so sweeping a condemnation, he sought out the critic, and politely begged to know what fault he had to find with it.

"Why, my good sir," cried the old man, with an air of authority, "the whole grouping of the scene is incorrect. You have made them kill the king to the right of the door, whereas *we murdered him on the left!*"

A REQUEST.

SHE: "Your face is awfully tanned, and as you close your eyes in drinking, your eyelids make two little white spots that are dreadfully funny. Next time you see a mirror just close your eyes and notice how odd you look."

MISPLACED BRAGGING.

HE was a very tired-looking man. Dejection was written on every line of his face, and as I was a stranger in the village with nothing to do and no one to talk to, I relieved my own pent-up spirits by expressing my sympathy with him in his troubles, whatever they were.

"Thanks," he said. "My chief trouble seems to be that I am an idiot from Idiotville, and that is incurable. I just got into a bragging' match with a stranger up in the post-office. He bet he was richer'n I was, an' I took him up, just for a bluff. I told him everything I had an' more too, and after a while he gave in, sayin' as how he wouldn't have thought it. Then I said I'd swear to it, 'n' he said all right, an' I did, and by thunder who do you suppose he was?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Who?"

"The tax-assessor!" he moaned.

It certainly was a case of hard luck. V.

THE UNGENTLEMANLY MR. SCROD.

DURING a portion of the time when I was shining as the editor of the Zenith City *Clarion*, that region was infested by one Panhandle Scrod, of whom, as I am satisfied that he is now the late Mr. Scrod, I will say boldly that he was no gentleman. His one redeeming trait was that he was not twins.

Like the wind of the prairies, he blew where he listed, and persons of wisdom who did not admire his peculiar style were given to doing their carping where he was not likely to hear of it. One of his fads was dancing on the necks of his fellowmen, and his favorite pastime was what was locally known as "shooting up the town."

While engaged in this style of recreation, one afternoon, Mr. Scrod shot the bequeued lid off from the brain of Sing Yek, formerly of Hong Kong, and fled.

This of itself might not have been enough to cause the community to take concerted action against Mr. Scrod, but coming on top of a long series of sins, it was the last feather that broke the camel's back, and the Vigilance Committee bought a new rope. They also offered a reward of $15 for the body of Panhandle Scrod, dead or alive—dead preferred.

Late upon the following afternoon, Knud Knudson, formerly of Sweden, came up to my office and revealed to me his suspicions that Scrod was hiding 'neath the roof-tree of a partisan who lived out toward Rocky Comfort. I went over to see Dabbs the photographer at once. Dabbs and I frequently worked together and made several honest dollars through collaboration on syndicate work —I providing the descriptive matter, and Dabbs the photographs to illustrate the same.

We promptly decided to capture Scrod, and accordingly set out for that purpose early upon the following morning. Knud Knudson wore the brass-trimmed, bell-mouthed blunderbuss with which his grandfather, Lars Petterson, had shot dodos, great auks, and such like, over in Sweden many years ago. Dabbs was armed with his camera and a revolver, and I bore a revolver and note-book. Knud also carried a clothes-line.

The plan we mapped out was a good one. The desperado was to be captured, bound hand and foot, interviewed, and photographed. I was not only to write a thrilling account of his capture after a terrific struggle, but to worm a confession from him describing life as lived by a moral leper, and existence as seen through perennially red eyes. Dabbs was to photograph the villain in various poses, including that of being heroically captured.

We fondly figured that our joint work ought to bring us at least $50. The reward offered by the Vigilance Committee was to be Knud's. It was thus that we were prepared to do our part, but depending on Scrod to do his was but putting our trust in a broken reed. He was no gentleman.

He came upon us while we were peacefully dining in a little hollow, and happily counting our chickens even before we had secured our incubator. Knud was in doubt whether to buy a cyclone-insurance policy or a corner lot in the new cemetery with his $15. Dabbs decided to purchase several rods of film for his kodak. I proposed to expend my $25 for a silk hat and a suit of store clothes, and, thus arrayed, plunge headlong into the social swim.

And then Panhandle Scrod appeared on the rim of the hollow, mounted on a scraggly pony. In each hand he wore a revolver, the muzzle thereof pointing at our heads. He seemed to be perfectly acquainted with our mission. He came down and devoured our dinner, emptied our pockets, and pulled our noses all around.

Then he marched us all a mile across the prairie, reviling us all the way, and tied us to a wire fence with Knud's rope, after which he read in a resonant voice a scathing editorial attack upon himself of which I was the author. He then called our attention to the reward offered by the Vigilance Committee for his capture, and asked why we did not earn it. He seemed very angry because the committee had appraised him at only $15.

Next he photographed all of us with Dabbs's camera, after which he unwound a long bull-whip from the horn of his saddle. I came away then. He escorted me for three-quarters of a mile, accelerating my speed with the bull-whip, which I am convinced had a piece of wire twisted into the snapper. Fortunately we had provided no Tobasco sauce for dinner, or he would probably have anointed us with it after flaying us. He also forced Dabbs to photograph the distressing scene shortly after my departure.

When I had faded away in the distance, he gave Knud Knudson some of the same, well laid on, and Dabbs photographed that scene also. Then he made Dabbs stand on his head, and snapped the kodak on him while in that position, after which Dabbs came away.

While we were hiding in the timber outside of town, waiting for the coming of darkness, we pledged ourselves to say nothing about the unpleasant outcome of our expedition. But Scrod did not even have the decency to let it go at that, but sent a shamefully garbled account of the distressing affair to my editorial rival, who published it with glee.

Nor did Scrod content himself with that, but sent the kodak to a photographer in a neighboring settlement, who developed and printed its contents, and placed the views on sale in our town, where they were snapped up in a way that would make hot cakes blush.

Six months later I was a candidate for the office of mayor, and would undoubtedly have been triumphantly elected had not my opponent maliciously circulated a great number of photographs representing me in the act of fleeing across the prairie hotly pursued by a

CONSOLING THOUGHT.

"'Born June 29, 1829; died July 11, 1849.' Just think, Ethel, poor thing, she was only twenty. Sad, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Think how old she'd be if she'd lived,—and how awfully old-fashioned!"

smiling man deftly wielding a long, keen bull-whip. I was unanimously defeated.

But Scrod was not there to rejoice over my humiliation, for about a week after our expedition he came to the end of his rope, the same being in the hands of the Vigilance Committee at the time.

As he is still dead, I feel warranted in boldly saying that he was no gentleman.

TOM P. MORGAN.

TO A TRAGEDIAN.

THE play of Hamlet with the Dane left out
Is held to be the absurdest sort of sin;
But as you play it, sir, there is no doubt
'Tis twice as funny with the Dane left in.

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

OF an ex-Congressman of Florida the following story is told:

The honorable gentleman, who it seems is characterized by a sovereign contempt for all the annoyances lying in the power of insects to inflict upon the sons of men, was once showing over his place a tourist from the North.

"Don't the mosquitoes trouble you here?" inquired the visitor.

"They are pretty numerous," replied the ex-statesman, "but they don't bite—at least not to speak of."

To this the tourist, himself a witness to the contrary, dissented. To end matters the ex-Congressman proposed a wager of ten dollars that, bare to the waist, he could lie face down upon the ground for thirty minutes, during which time any motion on his part tending to drive away a visiting insect should be considered an admission of defeat. The proposition was accepted, and the ordeal entered upon at once.

It soon became apparent that though mosquitoes in swarms were feasting themselves to repletion, they possessed no powers of annoyance so far as the honorable gentleman was concerned, and that barring accidents he was a certain winner. Twenty-five minutes passed, and the ex-Congressman still remained motionless. A happy thought struck the tourist. Taking from his pocket a burning-glass that happened to be in his possession, he focussed it upon the bare flesh before him. The ex-Congressman stood it for a moment, then winced, twisted, and finally, unable to endure it longer, sprang to his feet with the remark,

"Well, Yank, you've won; but if you'll bar yellow-jackets, I'll go you another ten dollars."

B. C. MOORE.

MR. PETERS COMPLAINS.

THE meanest man I ever seen lives right next door to me.
He came to live in Myrtleville, I think, in eighty-three.
He'd been a merchant all his life in Boston or New York,
I can't remember which it was; his line was mostly pork.
He'd made a fortune bringin' pigs from out the woolly West,
And now he'd come to settle down 'nd give himself a rest.

He had six daughters and a boy—a college lad, they said—
And my, the airs them gals put on! They acted real high bred.
They wouldn't look at one of us; but we—we didn't care!
We'd laugh right out when they come by, their heads up in the air;
And our revenge we allers got when 't came to market-day;
For all the eatables they bought we made 'em roundly pay.

We charged 'em sixty cents for eggs; for milk we ast 'em ten;
And beets 'nd veg'tables went up to where they'd never been.
And we—we grinned, and sort o' said, "Be snobbish as you please,
We'll charge you for it when you come to buy your beans and pease."
And so it went for nigh four years without a break or hitch,
And all us farmers round about was feelin' pretty rich.

But one day that old skinflint said as how he thought he'd try
To raise his eggs and milk himself, his oats 'nd beans 'nd rye.
And blame me if he didn't! Spiled the market for our stuff
By eatin' what he'd raised himself; 'nd if he had enough,
By Jiminy, he'd send it out by freight to friends in town,
Which brought the total profits of the farmers' business down.

And that's why we all hate him! Just his meanness! Ain't it mean
To spend four dollars good hard cash for one small Lima-bean,
When you've a neighbor that don't ask no more than four or five
Per cent. above the market price for all the beans alive?
And ain't it mean to spend a pile to raise your own green pease,
When what you've paid for profit's went to give your neighbor ease?

I know that feller pays at least a dollar ten a peck
For all the oats he raises, and I seen a single check
For sixty dollars that he paid to get a bag o' seed,
That when it grew would yield about two dollars worth of feed.
I wish the boys would vote to send me down to Washington;
I'd call upon the gover'ment to see what could be done.

It's high time farmers got some sort of adder-quate return
For all the taxes they pays out; 'nd I'd take pains to learn
If any city snob 's a right to come 'nd use his gold
To take the bread out of our mouths, 'nd treat us stiff 'nd cold;
And if I couldn't make a law to cure this rank abuse,
I'd raise a dollar mortgage on my farm 'nd then vamoose!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SORCERY.—From a drawing by A. B. Frost.

HARPER'S

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THE BAPTISMAL FONT OF AMERICA.

BY FRANK H. MASON.

WHAT student of history, reading for the first time the pathetic history of Christopher Columbus, his long, humiliating struggle for recognition and the means of following his inspired dream to its triumphant realization, his subsequent unmerited disgrace and obscure, neglected death, has not instinctively resented the injustice which robbed him of the merited honor of giving to the hemisphere that he had discovered the signet of his name? That Columbus was the originator and leader of the expedition that found the New World was never, either in his time or since, seriously questioned; why, then, was it not christened "Columbus," in his name, rather than "America," in honor of the Florentine navigator, who never saw the western shore of the Atlantic until 1497, and then only in the capacity of pilot or supercargo, or at most technical navigator, on board a ship commanded by another officer? For more than three centuries Americus Vespucius rested under the obloquy of having by some audacious trick usurped the title of the realm which Columbus had given to Spain, and a long list of indignant writers—Servetus, Herrera, Solorzano, Tiraboschi, and Mañoz de Cazal—vied with each other in belittling the achievements of the supposed usurper, and holding his name up to public contempt.

It was not until 1837 that Alexander von Humboldt, in his *Critical Examination of the History and Geography of the New World*, pointed out the real culprit, and showed beyond question that the name "America" was first suggested in a small Latin treatise on cosmography, written by one Martin Waldseemüller, and published during the year 1507 at Saint Dié, a village situated in the upper valley of the river Meurthe, in southeastern Lorraine. This little book was entitled *Cosmographiae Introductio*—Introduction to Cosmography—and the story of its authorship and publication, and the unforeseen part that it played in christening the Western hemisphere, forms one of the most curious narratives in the whole record of bibliography. Whether Humboldt made this interesting discovery by mere accident of research, or was led to it by Foscarini or Bandini—who in two successive editions of *Solinus* had noted the suggestive passage in the *Cosmographiae*, without apparently comprehending its real importance—cannot now be ascertained. However this may have been, it was the author of *Cosmos* who first took up seriously the task of vindicating the long-maligned Florentine, and in so doing threw into the arena a topic in the discussion of which bibliographers have ransacked libraries, labored and disputed, until the whole line of evidence has been developed, arranged, and the demonstration made complete. A publication which in the dim early twilight of American history made the little hamlet of Saint Dié the godmother of our mighty continent is an object of no ordinary interest to Americans, and this fourth centenary of Columbus's discovery would seem to be a fitting moment in which to bring together in simple narrative form the substance of what is known concerning the *Cosmographiae* itself, the men by whom it was written and published, the place where they lived, and the motives by which their work was inspired.

I.—THE VOSGIAN GYMNASE.

The village of Saint Dié (Urbs Deodatus) was founded about 660 A.D., by Saint Deodate, ex-Bishop of Nevers, who,

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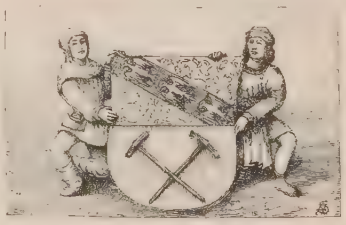
feeling himself called to an apostolic life, resigned his bishopric and retired to a lonely but pleasant valley near the source of the Meurthe, where, under the protection of Chilperic II., he founded a chapel, which he named "Galilee," at a point where the river is intersected by a small tributary named the Robache. The region was then almost a wilderness, and the valley which enshrined the primitive chapel was called the Vale of Galilee. The chapel in time expanded into a church, which was christened Notre Dame, and around this there was built up a powerful monastery, with beetling walls and circling moat—a citadel of refuge and defence for the followers of the cross. The troubled centuries that followed brought strife and persecution to both saint and sinner, and toward 990 A.D. the monastery of Saint Diez was secularized and converted into a chapitre or abbey of prebendary canons, under the immediate control of a mitred prelate called Grand Prévot, who, under the privileges accorded by both Church and crown, ruled the surrounding district with almost the authority of a king. Close outside the protecting walls of the citadel there grew up in course of time the secular village of Saint Deodat, the name of which was abridged successively to Saint Diez, Saint Diey, and finally, by an edict of Pope Leo IX., to the Saint Dié of modern times.

DUKE RENÉ II.—MEDALLION OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

If we may trust the testimony of certain secular historians, the sobriety and chastity of the canons of Saint Dié were not always above reproach—they feasted, drank, fought, and gallivanted; but, on the whole, they seem to have ruled strongly and well for the age in which they lived, and by the close of the fifteenth century the chapitre, then under the rule of Grand Prévot Louis de Dommartin, counted among its canons several men distinguished for their talents and learning. Among these the three most notable were the poet Pierre de Blarru, author of the "Nanciade," a stately Latin epic which celebrates the victory of Lorraine over the Burgundians at the battle of Nancy; Jean Basin, an accomplished linguist and rhetorician, whose elegant Latin was the pride of his associates; and Waltier, Gualtier, or Guatrin Lud, director-general of the mines of Lorraine and secretary to Duke René II., who was then the reigning sovereign of the province, and one of the most enlightened and versatile princes of his time. To these were added subsequently Martin Waldseemüller, from Freiburg in Baden, and Matthias Ringmann, a native of Schlettstadt in Alsace, both of whom were distinguished as linguists, geographers, and devotees of science and letters.

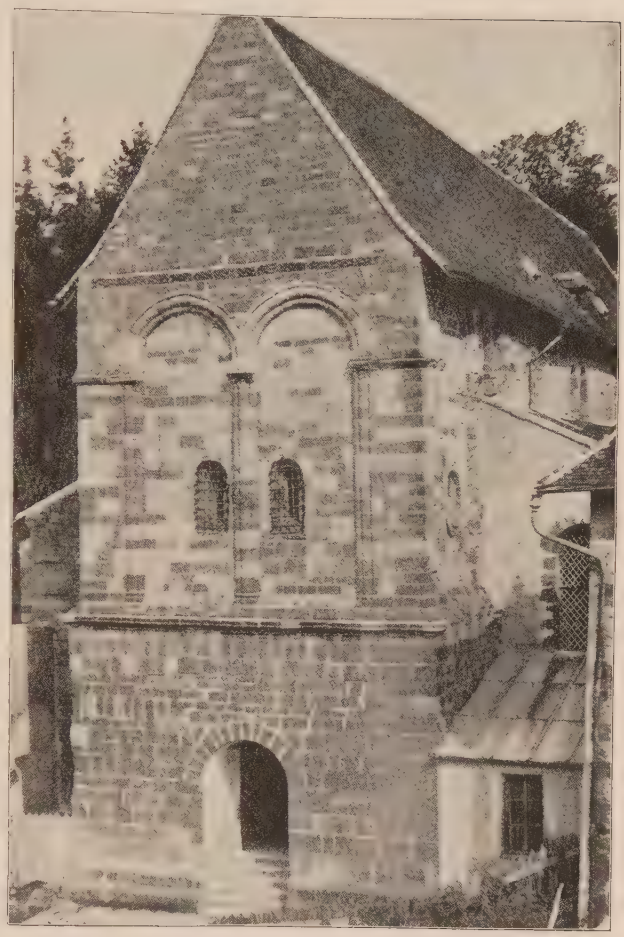
These five men and several others less notable, led by Guatrin Lud, and under the sympathetic patronage of Duke René, formed a club or society of learned and inquiring men, who about the beginning of the sixteenth century were associated at Saint Dié for mutual inspiration and assistance, under the title of "The Gymnase Vosgien," or Academy of the Vosges. This organization was not, as has been so often erroneously stated, a university, or in any sense a school or college for purposes of instruction, but a voluntary conclave of scholarly men, brought together by the sympathy resulting from similarity of tastes and purposes at a time when advanced culture was rare outside the



ARMS OF GUATRIN LUD.

larger cities and university towns. Similar clubs existed at that period in Heidelberg, Freiburg, Augsburg, and Basel, with all of which the gymnase at Saint Dié was in close and regular correspondence.

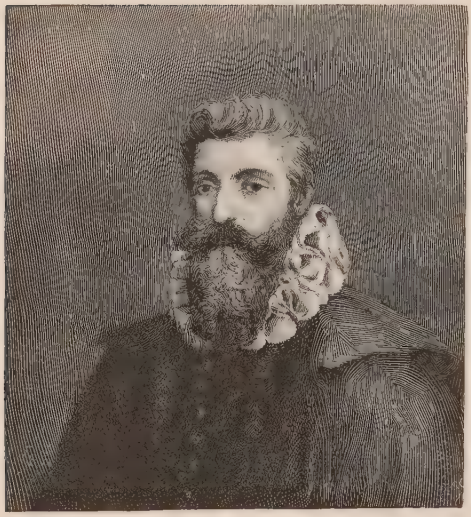
The *Cosmographiae Introductio*, as will hereinafter appear, was the collective product of the five principal members of the Vosgian Gymnase, and in view of their joint responsibility for its results, a brief personal introduction to each of them may be of interest at this point in the story. Portraiture in their time was in its infancy, but Lud and Ringmann were artists in their own right, and to this fact is due the portraits of four of the quintet which are here reproduced. Waldseemüller, as we shall see presently, quarrelled with his associates, and left the gymnase in anger; it is possibly due to this fact that no portrait of him is known to exist.



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME FOUNDED BY SAINT DIÉ IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

Duke René II., "King of Jerusalem and Sicily," was a grandson of "Good King René," and was not only a scholar and patriot, but a soldier of shining renown in an age when prowess on the field was the one sure title to fame. As the hero of the battle of Morat and the chivalrous conqueror of Charles the Bold, he figures conspicuously in the annals of his time. Upon his accession to the throne of Lorraine he found his country invaded and harassed by Charles and his Burgundians. After repeated but fruitless appeals to the King of France for promised aid, he raised a force of Swiss and Germans, and joining to these his own scanty but patriotic army, he fell upon and completely routed the invaders before the walls of Nancy in the year 1477, and there is to be seen to-day in the marshes near the town a cross, which marks the spot where the body of Charles was found among the débris of the fight. René gave his fallen adversary a magnificent burial, and devoted the remainder of his life to study, the encouragement of learning, and to repairing the fortunes of his war-wasted province. He died in 1508, and his epitaph tells us that he loved but three things, Justice, Peace, and Letters.

Guatrin Lud, the founder and controlling spirit of the gymnase, was born at Saint Dié about the year 1448. He came from a wealthy and distinguished family, his mother, Jeannette d'Ainveau, being a daughter of one of the noblest houses of Lorraine, and his father a soldier of distinction in the service of the King. Guatrin's elder brother, Jean, was secretary



GUATRIN LUD.

to Duke René, and he it was who wrote out from René's dictation the sketch of the battle of Nancy which served as a frame-work to the poet Blarru in his composition of the "Nanciade."

Lud was liberally educated, and at an early age was nominated by Duke René as canon of the Abbey of Saint Dié, and became subsequently the foremost personage in that institution. He was no mere politician of the cloister, but a man of broad, progressive intelligence, whose liberal and enlightened ideas were at constant variance with the purblind monkish system under which he had been reared. At the age of thirty he was Sonrier, or chief judicial officer of the abbey; he dispensed justice under authority of the Prévot, and had nominal control of what then served as the village police. He was a personal favorite of Duke René, to whom he had been appointed secretary in 1490. His brother Jean, director-general of the mines of Lorraine, died in 1504, and Guatrin was appointed to the vacancy thus created. The position was one of the most lucrative and important in the gift of the sovereign, and he fulfilled its duties with conspicuous zeal and ability. The mines of copper, silver, and iron in Lorraine had been neglected and mismanaged during the wars of the preceding century, and one of the most important tasks undertaken by René was their restoration to prosperity. In his capacity as director of the mines, Lud adopted a special coat of arms, bearing as a device the implements of mining on a shield supported by two kneeling figures, one in the costume of laborer, the other in that of master.

But his official duties did not divert him from the intellectual pursuits which united and absorbed the members of the gymnase. The discoveries of Christopher Columbus and other navigators had turned the attention of scholars everywhere to the study of cosmography, and it was determined by the gymnase to signalize itself and render a service to science by publishing a revised and improved edition of Ptolemy, with new maps and plates to represent the discoveries and progress that had been made since the eminent Alexandrian geometer had laid down his pen, more than thirteen hundred years before. The art of printing with movable types was then in its infancy, that is to say, hardly fifty years old. Printing facilities were everywhere rude and limited, and in order to carry out its plans, the gymnase needed a press and type of its own. Here the enterprise and wealth of Guatrin Lud came to the rescue. Already in 1494 he had set up in his house opposite the fountain in the principal street of Saint Dié a primitive printing-machine, equipped with a font of large round-faced type, on which had been printed the "bulle," or ordinance of a religious ceremony, entitled the "Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple." This ceremony was first celebrated by Canon

JEAN BASIN, FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY MATTHIAS RINGMANN.

Guatrin Lud on the 21st of November, 1494, and the "bulle," or programme, as printed by Lud, was apparently considered by him a much more important achievement than the ceremony itself. At the same time a paper-mill had been established near a spring of pure water in a neighboring meadow by one Jean Wisse, and by its water-mark—a bull's head in the centre of each sheet—most of the publications of Saint Dié during that period may be recognized. Nothing of importance is known to have been printed in the Lud printing-office for several years after 1494. The publishing which was done for the Church was ephemeral, and left no trace. The important fact was that the experience which was thus gained and the materials that were collected finally enabled the Gymnase of the Vosges to undertake the revised edition of Ptolemy, and that enterprise led, as we shall presently see, to the *Cosmographiae Introductio*, and gave to the little group of men who were engaged in it a permanent place in history.

Jean Basin, of Sandaucourt, the second member of the gymnase, was, like Guatrin Lud, a canon of the Abbey of Saint Dié, vicar of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and a classical scholar of unusual attainments. His leisure hours were devoted to literature; he edited and published the "Nanciade" after the death of its author, De Blarru, and played a busy and useful rôle in the work of the new printing-office, correcting manuscripts and proofs, making translations, and supplying an occasional dedication or bit of verse, as the case required. He was wealthy and benevolent, and inhabited a handsome canonical residence, which stood at the northwest corner of a block or irregular group of buildings, of which the house of Guatrin Lud, with its printing-office, formed the southeast, or diagonally opposite corner. The house of Jean Basin was partially destroyed by fire in 1554; but the walls and lower portions remained intact, so that the structure was rebuilt, or rather restored, with exactly its original form and dimensions, and in that condition it exists to-day, the most perfectly preserved domicile that remains from the Gymnase Vosgien.

Pierre de Blarru, author of the "Nanciade," was one of the most distinguished members of the gymnase, but as he was less directly concerned than the other four with the *Cosmographiae*, he has in this connection only an incidental interest as a curious type of the civilization of that period. Handsome in person, brilliant in talents, highly educated and

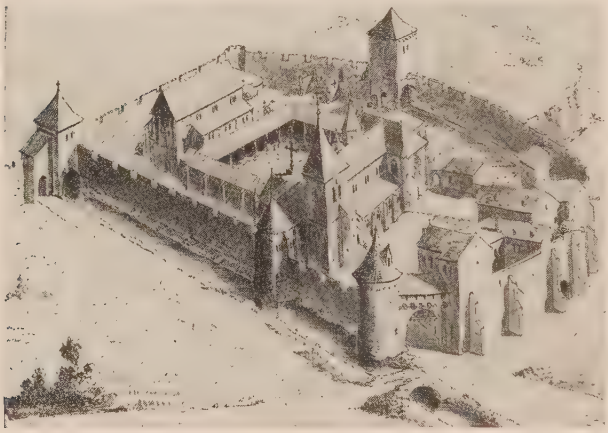
HOUSE OF JEAN BASIN.

connected, he had as a young man led a gay and dissolute life at Paris in the rollicking company of François Villon. Having drained the cup of pleasure to its dregs, he became a monk, and only left the monastery at the solicitation of Duke René, who made him his private secretary, and gave him a prebend at Saint Dié, where he was set at the task of writing the "Nanciade." De Blarru died in 1506, leaving the manuscript of his poem in the hands of Jean Basin.

We come now to the real author of the *Cosmographiae*, Martin Waldseemüller, and his learned and devoted assistant, Matthias Ringmann. A volume of nearly two hundred pages has been written, and was published at Paris in 1867, to set forth all that the indefatigable M. d'Ave-

sac had been able in years of patient research to discover and collate concerning the life and labors of this remarkable man, who, in a ten-line paragraph based upon imperfect information, had, in his garret at Saint Dié, decided for all future time and christened the Western continent with the name that it bears today. Not all that M. d'Avesac asserts in his somewhat verbose narrative has been everywhere accepted as conclusively proven, but the essential features of Waldseemüller's history are there established beyond dispute.

Of his family and antecedents little or nothing is known beyond the fact that his parents lived in Freiburg, where Martin was born about 1481, and on the 7th of December, 1490, was enrolled by Rector Conrad Knoll as a primary student in the university of that town, which had already become renowned as a seat of advanced learning. Notwithstanding his extreme youth, the boy became a laborious and brilliant student, with a marked taste for science and poesy. It was the custom for learned men in those times to conceal their personal identity under a classical pseudonyme, and accordingly the young graduate at Freiburg assumed a Greco-Latinized version of his family name, and called himself "Martinus Hylacomylus." That is, the German Wald-see-müller (miller of the lake in the woods) was converted into a combination of the Greek words "hyle" (forest) and "mylos" (miller), and as "Hylacomylus," "Ylacomilus," or "Ilacomilus," the Freiburger *savant* comes down to us through the centuries. At what precise date or under what circumstances he first went to Saint Dié can only be conjectured. It was apparently in 1504 or 1505, at which time he was in his twenty-second or twenty-third year. He was then an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, a skilful mathematician and draughtsman, and was inspired and excited by the geographical discoveries which were then reconstructing men's ideas of the physical globe. The pious members of the Vosgian Gymnase, whose proposed revision of Ptolemy was to be based on the original Greek text, apparently engaged for the work of revision the young secular scholar, who, being fresh from the university lectures, would possess all the latest information which had not yet become current in text-books, maps, or globes.



CITADEL OF SAINT DIÉ AT THE TIME OF THE GYMNASE VOSGIEN.

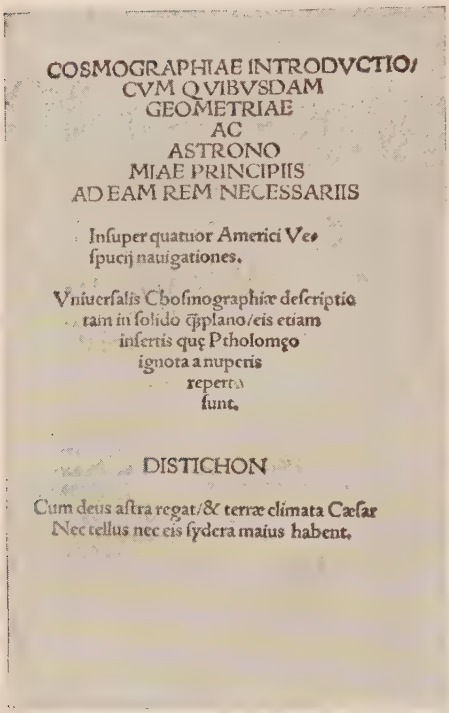
The new maps, charts, and tables were to form an important feature of the revised Ptolemy, and to aid in the work of preparing them, the gymnase called in the assistance of another ardent young *savant*, Matthias Ringmann, who, as the event proved, was admirably qualified for that duty. Ringmann was, from all accounts, a man of extraordinary zeal and versatility. Of his family nothing has been ascertained, but his parents must have been in comfortable circumstances to afford their son the careful and thorough education that he received. He was born in 1482, near the monastery of Paeris, in a valley of the Vosges. The monks recognized his precocity, and gave him careful rudimentary instruction, hoping to secure his bright intellect for the service of the Church; but he showed no inclination toward a religious calling, and at an early age he escaped from his saintly teachers and entered the University of Heidelberg, where he became a laborious student and enthusiastic disciple of the eminent Alsatian scientist Professor Jacques Wimpfeling. From Heidelberg he went

to Paris, where he continued his study of Greek, and underwent a course of instruction in poesy and literature under Andrelino, the renowned Latin rhetorician. This was about the year 1500, when the discoveries of Columbus, Cabot, and Alonzo de Ojeda had set the educated world aflame. Ringmann shared in the new enthusiasm, and took up a thorough course in mathematics and cosmography under Lefevre d'Etaples, then the most distinguished teacher of France in that department of science. He studied at Paris until 1503, when, at the age of twenty-one, he returned to Strasburg, bringing with him a copy of the memorable letter which Americus Vespucius had written from Cape Verde in June, 1501, to his patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, at Florence, giving a somewhat superficial account of his third voyage of discovery. This letter had been translated from Italian into French by Jean Giocondo, of Verona, and a small edition of it published at Paris. The letter was a mere sketch, written at an early date during the voyage, but it contained so much that was new and interesting that Ringmann translated it into Latin, and published it in pamphlet form at Strasburg in August, 1503, under the title, "De Ora Antarctic per regem Portugalliae pridem inventa."

MATTHIAS RINGMANN.

While still a student at Heidelberg he had assumed the classic title "Philesius Vogesigena"—Philetius of the Vosges—and under this mellifluous pseudonyme he now entered upon the serious work of his life. He was not only a ripe classical scholar, but was master of French, German, and Italian, and knew theoretically all that was then to be known of geography and astronomy. His publication of the Vespucius letter had given him admission to the world of literature; he wrote and published several short poems of more or less merit, and in March, 1506, he was called across the Vosges to Saint Dié, to assist Waldseemüller in the translation and preparation of maps for the forth-coming edition of Ptolemy.

Hylacomylus and Philetius entered upon their task with the ardor of devotees. The Ptolemaic text, which had become corrupted by filtration through six successive Latin editions, was carefully compared with the original Greek, errors of print and translation were corrected, and copious additions made to harmonize the work with recent discoveries. As the task progressed the two young men were constantly impressed with the absurdity of publishing as an authority on geography a treatise written during the second century of Christ, which contained little beyond the limits of the Roman Empire of that period, and no hint of the brilliant discoveries of later times. Just at this moment there arrived at Saint Dié a messenger from Duke René, at Nancy, bringing the manuscript of a report written by Americus Vespucius at Lisbon, under date of September 4, 1504, giving an account of the four successive voyages of discovery that he had made between May, 1497, and June, 1504. How remote from our day of telegraphs and railway mail service was that plodding age, when nearly two years were required for a piece of news like that to travel from Portugal to eastern France! But it came at last, and fell into ready and appreciative hands. Duke René, as the Mæcenas of



COSMOGRAPHIAE INTRODVCTIO/
CVM QVIBVSDAM
GEOMETRIAE
AC
ASTRONO
MIAE PRINCIPIIS
AD EAM REM NECESSARIIS

Insuper quatuor Americi Ve-
spucij nauigationes.

Vniuersalis Cbosmographiæ descriptio
tam in solido q̃plano/eis etiam
insertis quę Ptholomęo
ignota a nuperis
reperta
sunt.

DISTICHON

Cum deus astra regat/& terræ clímata Cæsar
Nec tellus nec eis sydera maius habent.

TITLE-PAGE OF "COSMOGRAPHIAE INTRODUCTIO."

the gymnase, had forwarded the manuscript to Guatrin Lud as material of obvious utility for the new edition of Ptolemy, and Lud of course turned it over to Waldseemüller and Ringmann. Unable to await, with such precious information in their hands, the slow evolution of the Ptolemy, they conceived the idea of issuing at once a new globe and planisphere to be designed by Ringmann, and in connection therewith a rudimentary treatise on cosmography, explaining the principles of latitude and longitude, the direction of winds and ocean currents, the zodiacal signs, etc. This was to be written by Waldseemüller; and as an appendix or second part of the volume there would be added the full text of Vespucius's narrative, which was then not only the latest and most complete, but the only written account that had been received in central Europe of the newly discovered lands beyond the sea.

The gymnase approved the plan, and thus was born the *Cosmographiae Introductio*, the little book with a destiny so far beyond the dreams of the men who wrote and gave it to the world. Latin was then the universal language of literature and science. Hylacomylus wrote his Rudiments in classic phrase which did credit to his university, and the long narrative of Vespucius was translated by Jean Basin into Latin the purity and grace of which are still admired. The book, as it was subsequently published, presented the anomaly of an original volume made up of two parts or subjects having only an incidental connection with each other; for it may well be doubted whether the Florentine Vespucius ever heard of Waldseemüller or the Vosgian Gymnase. Hylacomylus was, however, full of ardent admiration for the recital by Vespucius, and in several passages of his text alludes to it ("ut in sequentibus audietur") very much as a modern editorial writer refers to an important special telegram which appears in another column of his journal. The whole of the *Introductio* sparkles with the eagerness of its author to show how fully he realized the value and importance of the discoveries which, as he then supposed, had been made by Vespucius.

The manuscript of the *Cosmographiae* was begun during the summer of 1506, within a month, it may be, of the day when Christopher Columbus, poor, neglected, and discredited at court, was sinking into his unhonored grave. It was finished during the following winter, printers were engaged from Basel and Strasburg, and the first edition was published under the date of "vij kl. Maij," 1507, which corresponds to the 25th of April in that year.

The success of the enterprise was immediate and extraordinary. Four editions of the *Cosmographiae* were published at Saint Dié during the space of five months, two bearing the date of April 25th, and two more marked the "iiii kl. Septembris," which corresponds to the 29th of August.

II.—THE COSMOGRAPHIAE INTRODUCTIO

may be described as follows: The volume is in quarto, and comprises fifty-two leaves, besides one double or folding leaf, having on one side a map of the two hemispheres, and on the other a description of the same. Counting this folding leaf, the book contains, therefore, 108 pages of

twenty-seven lines each, printed in large roman type on strong hand-made paper. The water-mark in the paper is the bull's head. The pages are not numbered, but each leaf bears at the bottom a printer's mark, or "signature" ("Aij," "Aijj," etc.), to indicate the "form" or *cahier* to which it belongs. The first and second Saint Dié editions show numerous abbreviations and typographical errors incident to a publication hurriedly turned out in a new printing-office, but these were mainly corrected in the two subsequent issues, and the whole four rank as fine examples of the bookmakers' art of that period. The text of the title-page is identical in the four editions, but its typographical arrangement is so different that an expert can readily tell from the first line of the title to which of the successive issues a copy of the book belongs. In the first edition of April 25th the initial phrases of the title are thus arranged:

COSMOGRAPHIAE INTRODVCTIO/
CVM QVIBVS
DAM GEOME
TRIAE
AC
ASTRONO
MIAE PRINCIPIIS AD
EAM REM NECESSARIIS.
Insuper quatuor Americi Vespucij nauigationes.

The full title of the book may be translated as follows:

Introduction to cosmography, together with some principles of geometry necessary to the purpose. Also four voyages of Americus Vespucius. A description of universal geography, both stereometrical and planometrical, together with what was unknown to Ptolemy, and has been recently discovered. Distich: Neither the earth nor the stars possess anything greater than God or Cæsar, for God rules the stars and Cæsar the climes of the earth.

The date of publication appears at the end of the volume in three short lines at the base of the colophon, which is the special signature or trade-mark of the printing-office of Guatrin and Nicholas Lud at Saint Dié.

In the adjoining column is a *fac-simile* of the colophon and date as they appear in the first and second, usually known as the May, editions. In the third and fourth editions this mark is the same, except that the words "iiii kl. Septembris" replace "vij kl. Maij".

The meaning of this design is sufficiently obvious. S. D. stands for Saint Dié, G. L. for Guatrin Lud, N. L. for his brother Nicholas, and the two interlaced initials "I M" for Martinus Ilacomilus. The circle indicates the globe as the emblem of cosmography, and the double cross of Lorraine shows that the publication was made within that province and under the patronage of its reigning duke.

Returning now to the beginning of the volume, we find on the reverse of the title-page an eleven-line dedication addressed to Maximilian Augustus Cæsar by Ringmann, apostrophizing the Emperor as the Sacred Monarch of all the World, and commending to his favor the author of the present book, "who has dedicated it

COLOPHON OF THE "COSMOGRAPHIAE INTRODUCTIO," SHOWING DATE-MARK OF THE MAY EDITIONS.

to Thee in proof of his devotion." Then follows the formal dedication of the work to the Emperor Maximilian by Waldseemüller himself, in a high-sounding address, which, with its head-lines—"DIVO MAXIMILIANO CAESARI AUGUSTO MARTINUS ILACOMILVS FOELICITATEM OPTAT"—fills three entire pages, explaining the motives which inspired its author, who therein places himself under the protection of his "Sacred Majesty, who holds in his hands the empire of the earth," etc.

In view of what afterwards happened to this florid dedication, a translation of its opening paragraph will be interesting:

"For these reasons, in comparing on my own part, with the aid of some collaborators, the books of Ptolemy with the Greek text, and in addition thereto an examination of the four voyages of Americus Vespucius, I have prepared for the use of studious men and as a preparatory introduction a figure of the whole earth under the form of a globe and planisphere, and I have resolved to dedicate it to Your Majesty, who holds in his hands the do-

minion of the earth; persuading myself that under your ægis—like the shield of Achilles—I shall be protected from the intrigues of my rivals if I find that I shall have satisfied, at least partially, the mind of Your Majesty, so wise and discerning in these things. Hail, illustrious Emperor! From the city of Saint Dié, in the year 1507 after the birth of our Saviour."

The especial interest of this passage lies in its allusion to the jealous rivals of the author, and his premonition that they might, unless prevented by the ægis of the Emperor, seek to rob him of the credit of his work. This was precisely what happened, and we come now to the mystery of the four separate editions of 1507.

The book having been successfully launched at the end of April, Waldseemüller, worn and weary with his labor, left Saint Dié for a visit to Basel and Freiburg, where he went to spend the Easter holidays. During his absence the gymnase, moved, no doubt, by the immediate popularity of its first publication, felt that Waldseemüller had reserved to himself too exclusively the glory of its authorship, and had not given due credit to the gymnase, which had furnished the capital and printing facilities for publishing the work, as well as the narrative of Vespucius, which formed its most interesting chapters. The *cahier*, or sheet, which, when folded, formed the first six leaves, was therefore detached from such copies of the first edition as remained unsold, and a new form was printed and inserted in its place—presumably by direction of Guatrin Lud, and without the knowledge of Waldseemüller. In this reprinted first form the dedication to the Emperor Maximilian was so altered as to make the book appear to be the collective production of the Gymnase Vosgien.

The insertion of these six reprinted leaves into the original issue made what is now known as the second edition, in which the "Gymnasium Vosagense," instead of Martinus Ilacomilus, appears in the dedication as author of the book. The printer's trade-mark, enclosing the date on the final page, was not changed, and hence the so-called first and second editions both bear the legend, "Finished the VII May, 1507." How large these editions were cannot now be learned, but the supply was soon exhausted, and on August 25th of the same year the third edition was issued, with a new arrangement of the title-page and certain typographical corrections, but substantially identical with the second edition. At this second affront Waldseemüller seems to have lost patience, and he addressed a bitter complaint to his friend Ringmann, which he published in the *Margarita Philosophica*, at Strasburg, in which he denounces scornfully the greed and injustice of his former associates at Saint Dié.

This public appeal seems to have created a sensation, and to have touched the conscience of the gymnase, for shortly afterward a fourth and final Saint Dié edition of the *Cosmographiae* was issued, in which the original dedication of the first edition was restored intact, and Waldseemüller thereby reinstated as its author. The date-mark on the final page was again left unchanged, so that the third and fourth editions bear the same date, "iiii kl. Septembris," 1507, although there is good reason to believe that the fourth issue did not actually appear until the spring of the following year. This tardy act of justice did not appease the offended Hylacomylus. He broke off all connection with the gymnase, and instead of returning to Saint Dié, betook himself to Strasburg, where in 1509 he published, through the press of Jean Grüninger, a fifth and sadly degraded edition of the *Cosmographiae*, printed on coarse paper, with close Gothic type, a rude and unworthy sequence of the beautiful editions of Saint Dié. A final and still more degraded edition appeared in 1514 from the press of Jean de la Place, at Lyons, in which the original text was abbreviated and otherwise mutilated, and the whole dedicated to one Jacques Robuthet, a personage otherwise unknown to fame.

These successive issues of the *Cosmographiae* were spread over Europe, translated and reprinted in Italian and Spanish, copied and borrowed from without credit by other geographers of all races and tongues. A copy of the Strasburg edition found its way in 1524 to the library of Fernando Columbus, son of the great Admiral, at Seville, where it became one of the favorite volumes of that renowned collector of rare and interesting books. Fernando Columbus was an inveterate traveller, and from his copious notes written on the margins of the *Cos-*

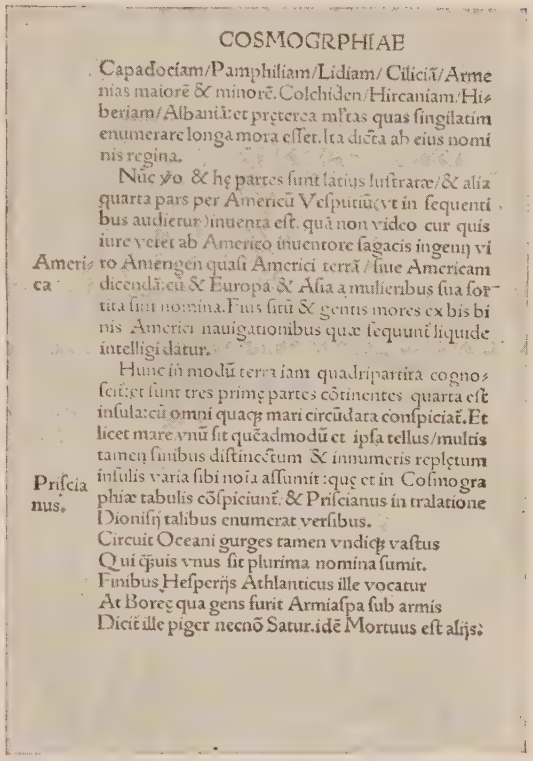
mographiae he would seem to have read it mainly for the information that it gave him on the geography and climate of Europe, and to have overlooked or ignored the rank injustice which it offered to the memory of his father. Fernando had this book in his possession during the fifteen years preceding his death, in 1539, and the fact that he did not in his famous *History of Christopher Columbus* denounce the *Cosmographiae* and its author is held by M. Harrisse and other experts to prove that the history attributed to Fernando was not in fact written by him or within his knowledge.

And thus, having fully accomplished its purpose, the little volume of Waldseemüller and the gymnase went the way of most books, dropped out of sight and was forgotten, until Humboldt's discovery, fifty years ago, again brought it before the world. It was then found to have become—notwithstanding its several editions three and a half centuries before—one of the rarest, as it is now one of the most precious, of books. Of the original first Saint Dié edition but one copy was known in 1867, when M. Harrisse published his *Bibliotheka Americana*. This was the famous Eyries-Yéméniz copy, which had been picked up for a franc in a Paris book-stall by Dr. Eyries, and at his death, in 1846, had been sold to M. Yéméniz, of Lyons, for 160 francs. When resold, in 1867, it brought 2000 francs, and went into a private collection at New York. Varnhagen cites two other copies of this edition which have been discovered since 1867, and a fourth is on record as belonging to the library of the Vatican, but at last accounts it had not been discovered.

Of the second edition there are three examples in the United States, a fourth in the Mazarin Library at Paris, and a fifth is the one in the Public Library at Berlin which was used by Humboldt when he wrote his *Examen Critique*.

Of the third edition, one copy is in the library at Nancy; another, lacking the folding leaf with map, is in the National Library at Paris, and a third and perfect specimen is in possession of Mr. Baer at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Of the fourth and last Saint Dié edition there are said to exist but two complete copies, one of which was at last accounts in the Lenox Library at New York, and the other in possession of M. Chartener at Metz. The Mazarin Library has also a mutilated copy of this edition containing only thirty-eight leaves.*



COSMOGRPHIAE

Capadociam/Pamphiliam/Lidiam/ Cilicią/Arme
nias maiorē & minorē. Colchiden/Hircaniam/Hi-
beriam/Albaniā:et pręterea multas quas singilatim
enumerare longa mora esset. Ita dicta ab eius nomi
nis regina.

Nūc vero & hę partes sunt latius lustratæ/& alia
quarta pars per Americū Vesputiū(vt in sequenti
bus audietur) inuenta est. quā non video cur quis
iure vetet ab Americo inuentore sagacis ingenij vi
ro Amengen quasi Americi terrā/siue Americam
dicendā:eū & Europa & Asia a mulieribus sua for
tita sunt nomina. Eius situ & gentis mores ex bis bi
nis Americi nauigationibus quæ sequunt liquide
intelligi datur.

Hunc in modū terra iam quadripartita cogno-
scit:et sunt tres primę partes cōtinentes quarta est
insula:cū omni quacę mari circūdata conspiciat. Et
licet mare vnū sit quēadmodū et ipsa tellus/multis
tamen sinibus distinctum & innumeris replętum
insulis varia sibi nosa assumit:quę et in Cosmogra
phiæ tabulis cōspiciunt. & Prisianus in tralatione
Dionisij talibus enumerat versibus.
Circuit Oceani gurges tamen vndicę vastus
Qui cęuis vnus sit plurima nomina sumit.
Finibus Hesperijs Athlanticus ille vocatur
At Boreę qua gens furit Armiaspa sub armis
Dicit ille piger necnō Satur. idē Mortuus est alijs:

Ameri-
ca

Prisci-
anus.

THE PAGE OF "COSMOGRAPHIAE INTRODUCTIO" IN WHICH THE NAME AMERICA IS FIRST MENTIONED.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE EDITION OWNED BY JOHN BOYD THACHER, OF ALBANY, NEW YORK.

* It is only fair to say that many bibliographers do not agree with the classification which we have here made of the four editions. The late Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, is the only authority who has been permitted to compare and collate these four alleged editions. He gave it as his opinion that the so-called first edition was made up by removing a few leaves of the so-called second edition, and substituting therefor six leaves in the so-called fourth edition. Moreover, the Eyries-Yéméniz copy is believed to be unique. The two copies cited by Varnhagen cannot be found, and the copy which was in

III.—THE FATEFUL PARAGRAPH.

We now return to the contents of this famous little volume, and the passage that has made it immortal. After the dedication to Maximilian already described comes the text of Waldseemüller's "rudiments of cosmography," in nine chapters or topics, which fill thirty-two pages.

Under the ninth title, "De quibusdam Cosmographiae rudimentis," the author, who has been describing Europe, Asia, and Africa as three climates or grand divisions of the globe as designated by Ptolemy, abruptly launches the following proposition, which, in deference to what it accomplished, is entitled to quotation in the original:

"Nunc vero & hec partes sunt latius lustratæ/& alia quarta pars per Americum Vesputium (vt in sequentibus audietur) inuenta est/quam non video cur quis iure vetet ab Americo inuentore sagacis ingenij viro Amerigen quasi Americi terram/siue Americam dicendam: cum & Europa & Asia a mulieribus sua fortita sint nomina."

"But, now that these parts have been more widely explored, and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vespucius (as will be seen hereinafter) I do not see why we may justly refuse to name it America, namely, the land of Americus or America, after its discoverer Americus, a man of sagacious mind, since both Europe and Asia derived their names from women."

"But for these seven lines," says M. Harrisse, "written by an obscure geographer in a little village of the Vosges, the Western hemisphere might have been called The Land of the Holy Cross, or Atlantis, or Iberia, or New India, or simply 'The Indies,' as it is designated officially in Spain to this day." As it was, however, the suggestion of Hylacomylus was promptly adopted by geographers everywhere; the new land beyond the Atlantic had by a stroke of a pen been christened for all coming time.

M. Jules Marcou, in a vain attempt to sustain his theory that the name America came from a tribe of Indians who in the time of Columbus inhabited what is now Honduras, undertook some years ago a critical study of the *Cosmographiae Introductio* for the purpose of discrediting the work of Waldseemüller. By a laborious comparison of the style and diction of each separate chapter he convinced himself that the first five chapters of the book were written by Guatrin Lud, with more or less assistance from Waldseemüller. The authorship of Chapter 8 he ascribes to Ringmann, and that of the sixth and ninth chapters to Jean Basin, who, if this hypothesis were true, would have been responsible for the suggestion of the name America. But all this is mere inference, and has been generally discarded. The evidence that Waldseemüller wrote the didactic portion of the *Cosmographiae* is too varied and conclusive to be set aside by any such fine-spun theory as that of Marcou.

Two years after the publication of the *Cosmographiae*, the *Globus Mundi* of Jean Grüninger appeared, sanctioning its suggestion, and calling the new continent simply "America"; and shortly afterwards the Spaniard Pomponius Mela, in his *Three Books on the Site of the Earth*, Johannes Schöner, on his globe, which may yet be seen at Nuremberg, and Peter Apianus in his famous map of 1520, as well as in his *Cosmographicus*, followed the same example. Already in 1510 Guatrin Lud had been able to say truthfully, in his *Grammatica Figurata*, that "Saint Diez is now a city known throughout the whole world, because it has given the name to America."

Ringmann died in 1511, at the age of twenty-nine, but Waldseemüller survived him ten years, and passed away in his forty-third year. The death of Duke René in 1508, and the defection of Waldseemüller, together with the preoccupation of Guatrin Lud by public affairs, had so weakened the working capacity of the gymnase printing-office that the death of Ringmann was the signal for its dissolution. Its type and press were sold to Jean Schott, of Strasburg, who in 1513 published the long-deferred edition of Ptolemy which had been projected by the gymnase. Waldseemüller, who now superintended its preparation for the press, had meanwhile found out his mistake about the real discoverer of America, and in the superb map which he added as a supplement to the work, the exact spot where Columbus first set foot on the mainland of the new hemisphere is designated by these words, "This land and the adjacent islands were discovered by Christopher Columbus, under the authority of the King of Spain." In the whole volume not a word about the discoveries of Americus Vespucius. But this silent ret-

the Vatican is now in the possession of a private collector in Albany, New York, with Harrisse's manuscript opinion that this is the long-sought Vatican copy.—Ed. Harper.

ribution came too late; the error had been graven so deeply that it could never be effaced.

It would be unjust to leave this part of the subject without some allusion to the three disputed points around which so much of the controversy engendered by the *Cosmographiae* has been waged. To whom was the report of Americus Vespucius, dated at Lisbon the 4th September, 1504, originally addressed; for what purpose was it written; and how did it come into the hands of Duke René of Lorraine?

Secondly, does the evidence which has been unearthed and ranged around the *Cosmographiae Introductio* of Saint Dié acquit or convict Vespucius of having purposely sought to secure for himself the credit of a discovery which he well knew belonged to Columbus?

Finally, did Vespucius actually make the first voyage that he describes in his narrative, viz., the one which ostensibly lasted from May, 1497, until October, 1498, during which he claims to have visited the Canaries, the gulfs of Honduras and Mexico, and rounded the capes of Florida as far as the Bermudas? or, if he did not make that voyage, as many able historians now doubt, what was his motive in falsely pretending to have made it?

The first of these propositions embraces several points which are still unsettled; we can only state the outlines of the dilemma. As published in the *Cosmographiae*, the narrative of Americus Vespucius is preceded by a long letter of transmittal, ostensibly written by Vespucius himself, and addressed to "The most Illustrious Renato, King of Jerusalem and Sicily," recommending to him that modest recital of the author's voyages, and reminding him of their youthful pleasures when they—René and Americus—were schoolfellows under the teachings of his uncle the pious Dominican friar, Giorgio Antonio Vespucci, at Florence. If this letter of transmittal be genuine, and was actually written by Vespucius as it was published in the *Cosmographiae*, it would go to prove that Duke René had studied as a boy at Florence, and was a chum of Vespucius, in which case we might infer that the latter sent the story of his wanderings to his former school-fellow as a natural and disinterested act of friendship. There is nothing in the letter or the report, nor in the fact of their having been sent by Vespucius to Duke René, which can fairly convict the former of any desire to claim for himself the credit of having discovered the New World.

PORTRAIT OF SAINT DEODATUS.—A PAGE FROM THE "GRADUEL," PRINTED IN SAINT DIÉ 1510–1514.

But in 1828 there was found in a library at Paris a printed copy in Italian of Americus's report addressed to "His Magnificence Messire Pierre Soderini, Perpetual Chief Standard Bearer to the Illustrious Republic of Florence." This had been published at Florence in 1505, and showed that the same narrative and letter of

transmittal had been written by Vespucius himself, and sent by him to Soderini by the hands of a messenger, Benvenuto Domenico, a Florentine, whom Vespucius commends to the favor of Soderini for his courtesy in bringing the documents. The letter of enclosure to Soderini also alludes to him as a schoolmate of Vespucius, but differs from the one to René in not naming his uncle, Giorgio Vespucius, as their teacher. But the evidence is conclusive that the narrative and letter of Vespucius to Soderini were published in Florence at least a year before the French version of the same was received at Nancy by Duke René. The question therefore remains, did Vespucius or some agent of his at Florence make the French translation there and send it to René with a new letter of enclosure written specially by Americus to René, or was the manuscript, as received at Saint Dié, simply a translation of the report and letter of Vespucius to Soderini, and was the latter so altered by Jean Basin in his translation as to appear to have been originally addressed to Duke René instead of Soderini? To suppose this is to accuse Basin, Guatrin Lud, and Waldseemüller of a deliberate fraud, in which the Duke René must have been a willing accomplice, for the letter of transmittal, ostensibly signed by Vespucius, and addressed to the Illustrious Renato, King of Jerusalem and Sicily, stood unchanged through all the four editions of Saint Dié. Until the controversy over this point arose, history did not show that René as a youth had ever studied at Florence, but closer search has shown that he might have been taken there by his father, Ferry de Vaudremont, when the latter was sent by his sovereign in 1460 to assist John of Calabria in his effort to recover the kingdom of Naples. The discussion has taken a range too wide to be followed here, but the most obvious conclusion seems to be that which was reached by Washington Irving in 1827—that Vespucius wrote the original report and letter of enclosure to Duke René, but sent a duplicate copy of both to Soderini, altering the text of his letter in the duplicate so as to adapt it to the facts of his antecedent relations with the Gonfalonier.

The original, sent to René, appeared in the *Cosmographiae* in 1507, the copy to Soderini was printed in Italy about 1505, and the two editions, confronting each other in modern controversy, have each been used to undermine the credibility of the other. There is nothing in either narrative or letter to show that Vespucius intended them for publication, and it is highly improbable that he ever heard of Waldseemüller or the *Cosmographiae*, for he remained in Spain, where he died, poor but honored, in 1512. If by anything which he wrote or did he sought to claim the original discovery of the New World, the fact has not been proven, and Columbus certainly did not know of or suspect it, for we find him at Seville in 1505, after his return from his last voyage, broken, feeble, and destitute, sending by Vespucius a letter to his son Diego at the Spanish court, commending to him the bearer, whom he, the Admiral, had commissioned to plead his cause with the obdurate King. The value of Vespucius for this mission lay in the fact that he had himself visited the Brazilian coast with Alonzo de Ojeda in 1499, and could confirm Columbus's account of the richness of that country.

As to the final charge that Vespucius in his letter claimed to have made a voyage in 1497 which he really did not make, the evidence seems to be against him, but at worst it only convicts him of an effort—out of all harmony with his otherwise upright life—to magnify his experience as a navigator, and thus secure new employment in that capacity from King Ferdinand, who was then inclined to treat him with neglect. This is perhaps begging the question, but the essential point in this connection is that not even this charge, if true, nor any other established fact, can fix upon Vespucius the stigma of having sought to give his name to the realm that had been found by Columbus. That which actually happened resulted, by curious accident, from the fact that he had a *penchant* for writing, which the more sedate and preoccupied Columbus had not.

Columbus was comparatively unknown during his lifetime except in Genoa and Spain, as also somewhat in Portugal, for the reason, mainly, that he wrote but little except letters to his sovereigns, and that little was not published until long afterwards. Americus Vespucius, on the other hand, kept an elaborate journal of his voyages, and wrote a concise, readable account of them after his return. This account, through the means above described, found its way into print, and gave

CLOISTER OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT DIÉ.

his name to the new continent, while the commanders of the ships in which he sailed, and a score of other navigators who sailed the Western seas from 1495 to 1504 —men of action, who did much but wrote little—were forgotten almost as soon as they were dead. Columbus died in 1506, six years before Vespucius, and both closed their eyes believing that the islands they had discovered were part of the East Indies, and the mainland along which they had cruised was the coast of China or Japan. Even Cuba was believed to be a part of the continent of Asia until it was circumnavigated in 1508. It is related that during the latter part of Columbus's first outward voyage a flock of land-birds flew over his ships in a southwesterly direction, and that the Admiral, yielding reluctantly to his clamorous and faint-hearted crew, changed his course to the southward, and landed on the island of Guanahani, whereas if his original due westward course had been continued he would have first reached the coast of North Carolina: the present United States would have then been the heritage of Ferdinand and Isabella, and New York would be to-day, like Havana, a port of Spain. Similarly trivial in its origin, but inflexible in its results, was the accident which, without the knowledge of Columbus or Vespucius, named the Western continent for the Florentine navigator instead of the Genoese discoverer.

Just as the name "Indian," given unwittingly by Columbus to the natives of Guanahani, where he first landed in 1492, has stood for all the aborigines of the New World through the four centuries during which it has been known as a separate continent, so the name "America," the ignorant but well-meant suggestion of an obscure inland geographer, has stood ever since, as if to typify the injustice and treachery which pursued the great discoverer through life, and followed him, poor, neglected, and disappointed, to the grave.

IV.—SAINT DIÉ, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The history of Saint Dié leads us through the barbarism and misery of the Middle Ages, the dreary centuries when the people were helpless vassals of Church and state, when prince and prelate were alike avaricious, cruel, and corrupt, and when the blood and substance of the peasantry were squandered in useless wars.

SAINT DIÉ, LOOKING SOUTHWARD FROM THE BRIDGE.

The chapitre of Saint Dié became embroiled with the neighboring monastery of Senones and with the bishopric of Toul, and the strife and dissension entailed by these quarrels were incredibly bitter and unrelenting.

We have seen that the rude chapel founded by St. Deodatus in the Vale of Galilee about A.D. 660 expanded during the ninth century into the "Petite Église" of Notre Dame, around which grew up a powerful monastery, enclosed by a fortress or citadel, capable of prolonged defence against every enemy except famine. In this monastery the bones of the pious St. Deodatus were preserved in a massive silver coffin, and became the accredited source of a long series of miracles, one of the most useful of which was their habit of causing the bells of the cathedral to ring on the approach of an enemy. During the eighth century the monks of Saint Diez lived under the ascetic rules of St. Benedict, rising at two o'clock in the morning to meditate on the psalms until dawn, and spending their days in labor, fastings, and humiliations of the flesh. This continued until 917–20, when the resistless Huns pillaged the monasteries, and so ruined the country that the few wretched survivors were forced to choose between starvation and subsistence on human flesh. The rapine and carnage lasted until A.D. 944, at which time there remained alive only a single monk in the monastery of Saint Dié. The town itself was in ruins and its inhabitants dispersed. After fifty years of slow recovery, the grass-grown monastery was secularized by royal authority as a chapitre or abbey of prebendary canons, and brought under a liberal and intelligent rule. The eminent Brunow, who was born at Eguisheim, near Saint Dié, in the year 1002, became successively Grand Prévot of the abbey, Bishop of Toul, and Pope of Rome under the title of Leo IX., and in all these capacities he was able to render important assistance in its restoration and development. Among other privileges which he secured for the chapitre was the authority to issue money. In 1065 the monastery was burned and nearly destroyed by some over-zealous pilgrims from Germany, who believed that the world was to end in chaos on a certain day, and that the surest way of carrying their favorite abiding-place to heaven would be to send it up in flame and smoke, which they did reverently and in good faith.

In the conflagration most of the records of the monastery were lost, but the original church of Notre Dame remained intact or but slightly damaged, and around it the cathedral and citadel walls were rebuilt. The twelfth century was a period of restoration, during which the chapitre again became so wealthy and powerful that during the wars of the next two hundred years it was an object of envy and rapine from all sides. Its independent and courageous assertion of its rights brought down upon it the vengeance of the Bishop of Toul, in whose diocese it was located, and the struggle for its control made a long and gloomy chapter of war and persecution, in which the peasantry of the Vale of Galilee were ground down to the lowest condition of poverty and servitude. The chapitre, however, held its ground, and by the end of the fifteenth century, when Duke René and Canons Guatrin Lud and Jean Basin came upon the scene, the situation was that which has been briefly indicated in the earlier portion of this sketch.

Morals in Church and state were at a low ebb. The Inquisition spread its terrors throughout Lorraine; a hundred and thirty-four persons were executed for witchcraft in a single year, and the confessions of the poor victims, wrung from them under torture, were sufficient to doom any persons thus accused of having shared in their alleged sorceries. The chapitre clung to its prerogatives with a grip of iron, and the revenues of its canons, although wrung from the life-blood of the people, were princely for that time. Taxation and tithes, added to the *corvées*, or enforced gratuitous labor on roads and public works, kept the peasant so poor and meagrely fed that epidemics of small-pox, plague, and malignant croup —the diphtheria of modern times—followed each other in rapid sequence, sweeping off in some instances one-sixth of the population of certain districts in a single year. Ignorance and superstition increased the terrors of these visitations: the stricken victims of pestilence were abandoned by the road-side or thrown into barns to perish of neglect and starvation.

The beneficent reign of Duke René II. brought some alleviation to these miseries. If he demanded of his people heroic services in battle, it was to defend their country from foreign aggression, and in return for their patriotism he sought to shield them from local oppression. Under his influence Canon Lud undertook at Saint Dié several important measures of reform. During an epidemic of the plague he established temporary hospitals into which the sick were gathered, and mendicants and vagabonds were forced to earn their own food and shelter by caring for them. He opened schools, and by edict and example sought to encourage and stimulate the people to higher and better lives. The period of the Vosgian Gymnase shines out as a bright oasis against the dark background of the centuries which preceded and followed it. The influence of Lud and his associates checked for a time the tortures and persecutions for witchcraft; the books that they published and collected turned public attention toward literature and learning; the dawn of a better civilization seemed to have come.

But the time was not yet ripe for such reforms, and before the good canons of the gymnase were cold in their graves the reaction had begun. Within five years the chapitre had joined in the frenzy of persecution against heresy and sorcery. The greedy canons impressed the peasantry into every service that would yield an additional revenue, the forests were cut away from the hills until the valleys, deprived of their natural protection from northerly winds, no longer bore the vine; the denuded heights poured down torrents which submerged the fields and destroyed the crops. As the vine perished, the potato was fortunately introduced from the New World, and this, doubling within a decade the food-producing capacity of the land, finally turned the scale and enabled the decimated population to regain lost ground. It is a curious fact that the introduction of the potato was savagely opposed by the Church, the priests insisting that the new-fangled tuber from the Indies was a lure and device of the evil one. But the canons of Saint Dié, who later on had the courage to defy the authority of Charles V., laughed at the priestly interdiction, planted the forbidden fruit, collected tithes of such as were planted by their vassals, and fed their people for years, while the peasants of war-worn but orthodox France were pinched with hunger.

Through trials and vicissitudes which

it is a relief to pass over in silence, the village of Saint Dié struggled along until the middle of the eighteenth century, when, on the 27th of July, 1757, it was swept by a conflagration which destroyed more than half of the secular portion of the town. At two o'clock in the afternoon, says the chronicle, the fire broke out in the shop of an iron-founder, near the bridge upon which the main street crossed the Meurthe. The houses were of wood, with high sloping roofs shingled with pitch-pine. A strong south wind was blowing, and within four hours a hundred and sixteen buildings, the homes of two hundred and eighty-eight families, were destroyed. The people were panic-stricken and fled to the hills, believing that the fire was the vengeance of Heaven, and that the end of the world had come. Such a visitation would have been fatal to Saint Dié but for two facts: the chapitre was spared as a rallying-point, and the country was then under the sceptre of King Stanislas of Poland. Hearing of the disaster, that liberal and enlightened monarch promptly sent supplies of food for the destitute, and then came in person to rally the people and superintend the rebuilding of the town. The main street, which had been nearly destroyed, was narrowed and rebuilt of stone, with roofs of tiles, and Stanislas gave a hundred thousand francs toward the construction of all the front walls on a uniform plan. Thus subsidized and favored, Saint Dié rose from its ashes fairer and greater than before, and a stone pillar in front of the Palace of Justice now attests the gratitude of the people to the King who so royally succored their forefathers in their hour of need.

To this simultaneous rebuilding of a large portion of the town is due the fact that it is one of the best built but least picturesque cities of Lorraine. But what it lost in picturesqueness it gained in sanitary and other advantages, and with its fine and sheltered position it is one of the most healthful towns of its size in central Europe.

Among the historic buildings that had been stricken by the conflagration were the home of Jean Basin, which lost its entire upper story, and the house of Guatrin Lud, wherein had been printed the *Cosmographiae* just two hundred and fifty years before. The latter was entirely destroyed, except the foundation walls, and on these was built, about 1759, the Pharmacie Bardy of to-day, whose genial proprietor, as president of the Archæological Society of Saint Dié, preserves not unworthily the traditions of a site hallowed by memories of Guatrin Lud and the gymnase.

Modern Saint Dié is a pleasant thriving town of nearly twelve thousand people, who are engaged mainly in weaving, spinning, tanning, and various industries connected with the manufacture and consumption of pine lumber, which grows abundantly in that picturesque region. The fertile Valley of Galilee is sheltered from the northern winds by a range of lofty wooded hills, chief among which towers a peak known as the Ormont, to the top of which the women of Lorraine still make pilgrimages, in the belief, inherited from pagan times, that a certain fairy holds there periodically a baby-fair, at which would-be mothers are enabled to select in advance the kind of infant that they would prefer. The Ormont and its neighboring summits, the Kemberg, the Spitzenberg, and the Sapin Sec, are clothed with noble forests, and the climate of the valley is mild, but tonic and pure. Saint Dié is the summer home of M. Jules Ferry, who has a pretty chalet on the hill-side southeast of the town, and a few other Parisians have villas in the suburbs; but for some reason—the proximity, perhaps, of Gerardmer and a dozen other spring and mountain resorts—the town is not known and visited by tourists as it deserves to be. It is the terminus of a railway which was originally laid out from Lunéville to Markirch in Alsace, but which stopped abruptly when the events of 1870 drew the new frontier of Germany across its path.

The cathedral, with its exquisite Gothic cloisters; the "Petite Église," archaic in its simplicity, but pure in style as a Grecian temple; the citadel walls of red sandstone, softened and enriched in color by the storms and sunshine of centuries—all these remain, stately and beautiful as ever; but the chapitre is no longer supreme, and a modern Protestant church, with its neatly slated spire and cushioned pews, stands near the centre of the town, to mark the foothold of a new faith. The mines of silver and copper which were operated under Guatrin Lud four hundred years ago are ruined and grass-grown, and a factory has usurped the

site of Jean Wisse's paper-mill, which furnished the white sheets for the *Cosmographiae.*

Perhaps the most modern characteristic of Saint Dié is its devotion to republican politics. Even in midsummer the walls are blazoned with posters reciting the demerits of this or that candidate in terms that must make their ears tingle to read, and the cafés and market-places are eloquent with political discussion. There is a veneering of Parisian smartness about the shops and restaurants, a band plays in the handsome park by the river on summer evenings, and except for Monsieur Bardy and his little group of amateur archæologists, it is doubtful whether half a dozen citizens of modern Saint Dié ever heard of the *Cosmographiae Introductio*, or suspect that they are living in the footprints of the men who gave America its name.

JANE FIELD.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a hot afternoon in August. Amanda Pratt had set all her windows wide open, but no breeze came in, only the fervid breath of the fields and the white road outside.

She sat at a front window and darned a white stocking; her long thin arms and her neck showed faintly through her old loose muslin sacque. The muslin was white, with a close-set lavender sprig, and she wore a cameo brooch at her throat. The blinds were closed, and she had to bend low over her mending in order to see in the green gloom.

Mrs. Babcock came toiling up the bank to the house, but Amanda did not notice her until she reached the front door. Then she fetched a great laboring sigh.

"Oh, hum!" said she, audibly, in a wrathful voice; "if I'd had any idea of it, I wouldn't have come a step."

Then Amanda looked out with a start. "Is that you, Mis' Babcock?" she called hospitably through the blind.

"Yes, it's me—what's left of me. Oh, hum! Oh, hum!"

Amanda ran and opened the door, and Mrs. Babcock entered, panting. She had a green umbrella, which she furled with difficulty at the door, and a palm-leaf fan. Her face, in the depths of her scooping green barége bonnet, was dank with perspiration and scowling with indignant misery. She sank into a chair, and fanned herself with a desperate air.

Amanda set her umbrella in the corner, then she stood looking sympathetically at her. "It's a pretty hot day, ain't it?" said she.

"I should think 'twas hot. Oh, hum!"

"Don't you want me to get you a tumbler of water?"

"I dun know. I don't drink much cold water; it don't agree with me very well. Oh, dear! You 'ain't got any of your beer made, I s'pose?"

"No, I 'ain't. I'm dreadful sorry. Don't you want a swaller of cold tea?"

"Well, I dun know, but I'll have jest a swaller, if you've got some. Oh, dear me, hum!"

Amanda went out hurriedly, and returned with a britannia teapot and a tumbler. She poured out some tea, and Mrs. Babcock drank with desperate gulps.

"I think cold tea is better for anybody than cold water in hot weather," said Amanda. "Won't you have another swaller, Mis' Babcock?"

Mrs. Babcock shook her head, and Amanda carried the teapot and tumbler back to the kitchen, then she seated herself again, and resumed her mending. Mrs. Babcock fanned and panted and eyed Amanda.

"You look cool enough in that old muslin sacque," said she, in a tone of vicious injury.

"Yes, it is real cool. I've kept this sacque on purpose for a real hot day."

"Well, it's dreadful long in the shoulder seams, 'cordin' to the way they make 'em now, but I s'pose it's cool. Oh, hum! I ruther guess I shouldn't have come out of the house, if I'd any idea how hot 'twas in the sun. Seems to me it's hot as an oven here. I should think you'd air off your house early in the mornin', an' then shut your windows tight, an' keep the heat out."

* Begun in May number, 1892.

"I know some folks do that way," said Amanda.

"Well, I always do, an' I guess 'most everybody does that's good housekeepers. It makes a sight of difference."

Amanda said nothing, but she sat straighter.

"I s'pose you don't have to make any fire from mornin' till night; seems as if you might keep cool."

"No, I don't have to."

"Well, I do. There I had to go to work to-day an' cook squash an' beans an' green corn. The men folks ain't satisfied if they don't have 'em in the time of 'em. I wish sometimes there wasn't no such thing as garden sauce. I tell 'em sometimes I guess if they had to get the things ready an' cook 'em themselves, they'd go without. Seems sometimes as if the whole creation was like a kitchen without any pump in it, specially contrived to make women folks extra work. Looks to me as if pease without pods could have been contrived pretty easy, and it does seem as if there wasn't any need of havin' strings on the beans."

"Mis' Green has got a kind of beans without any strings," said Amanda. "She brought me over some the other day, an' they were about the best I ever eat."

"Well, I know there is a kind without strings," returned Mrs. Babcock; "but I 'ain't got none in my garden, an' I never shall have. It ain't my lot to have things come easy. Seems as if it got hotter an' hotter. Why don't you open your front door?"

"Jest as sure as I do, the house will be swarmin' with flies."

"You'd ought to have a screen-door. I made Adoniram make me one five years ago, an' it's a real nice one; but I know, of course, you 'ain't got nobody to make one for you. Once in a while it seems as if men folks come in kinder handy, an' they'd ought to, when women work an' slave the way I do to fill 'em up. Mebbe some time when Adoniram ain't drove, I could get him to make a door for you. Mebbe some time next winter."

"I s'pose it would be nice," replied Amanda. "You're real kind to offer, Mis' Babcock."

"Well, I s'pose women that have men folks to do for 'em ought to be kind of obligin' sometimes to them that 'ain't. I'll see if I can't get Adoniram to make you a screen-door next winter. Seems to me it does get hotter an' hotter. For the land sakes, Amanda Pratt! what are you cuttin' that great hole in that stockin' heel for? Are you crazy?"

Amanda colored. "The other stockin's got a hole in it," said she, "an' I'm makin' 'em match."

"Cuttin' a great big hole in a stockin' heel on purpose to darn? Manda Pratt, you ain't?"

"I am," replied Amanda, with dignity.

"Well, if you ain't a double and twisted old maid!" gasped Mrs. Babcock.

Amanda's long face and her neck were a delicate red.

Mrs. Babcock laughed a loud sarcastic cackle. "I never—did!" she giggled.

Amanda opened her mouth as if to speak, then she shut it tightly, remembering the offer of the screen-door. She had had so few gifts in her whole life that she had a meek impulse of gratitude even if one were thrust into her hand hard enough to hurt her.

"Well," Mrs. Babcock continued, still sniggering unpleasantly, "I don't want to hurt your feelin's, Mandy; you needn't color up so; but I can't help laughin'."

"Laugh, then, if you want to," said Amanda, with a quick flash. She forgot the screen-door.

Mrs. Babcock drew her face down quickly. "Land, Mandy," said she, "don't get mad. I didn't mean anything. Anybody knows that old maids is jest as good as them that gets married. I 'ain't told you what I come over here for. I declare I got so terrible heated up, I couldn't think of nothin'. Look here, Mandy."

Amanda mended on the stocking foot drawn tightly over her left hand, and did not raise her eyes.

"Mandy, you ain't mad, be you? You know I didn't mean nothin'."

"I ain't mad," replied Amanda, in a constrained tone.

"Well, there ain't nothin' to be mad about. Look here, Mandy, how long is it since Mis' Field and Lois went?"

"About three months."

"Look here! I dun know what you'll say, but I think Mis' Green thought real favorable of it. Do you know how cheap you can go down to Boston an' back now?"

Amanda looked up. "No. Why?" said she.

Mrs. Babcock stopped fanning and leaned forward. "Amanda Pratt, you can go down to Boston an' back, an' be

gone a week, for—three dollars an' sixty cents."

Amanda stared back at her in a startled way.

"Lets you an' me an' Mis' Green go down an' see Mis' Field an' Lois," said Mrs. Babcock, in a tragic voice.

Amanda turned pale. "They don't live in Boston," she said, with a bewildered air.

"We can go down to Boston on the early train," replied Mrs. Babcock, importantly. "Then we can have all the afternoon to go round Boston an' see the sights, an' then, towards night, we can go out to Mis' Field's. Land, here's Mis' Green now! She said she'd come over as soon as Abby got home from school. I'm jest tellin' her about it, Mis' Green."

Mrs. Green stood in the doorway, smiling half shamefacedly. "I s'pose you think it's a dreadful silly plan, Mandy," said she, deprecatingly.

Amanda got up and pushed the rocking-chair in which she had been sitting towards the new-comer.

"Set down, do," said she. "I dun know, Mis' Green. I 'ain't had time to think it over, it's come so sudden." Amanda's face was collected, but her voice was full of agitation.

"Well," said Mrs. Green, "I 'ain't known which end my head is on since Mis' Babcock come in an' spoke of it. First I thought I couldn't go nohow, an' I dun know as I can now. Still, it does seem dreadful cheap to go down to Boston an' back, an' I 'ain't been down more'n four times in the last twenty years. I 'ain't been out gaddin' much, an' that's a fact."

"The longer you set down in one corner, the longer you can," remarked Mrs. Babcock. "I believe in goin' while you've got a chance, for my part."

"I 'ain't ever been to Boston," said Amanda, and her face had the wishful, far-away look that her grandfather's might have had when he thought of the sea.

"It does seem as if you'd ought to go once," said Mrs. Green.

"I say, lets start up an' go!" cried Mrs. Babcock, in an intense voice.

The three women looked at each other.

"Abby could keep house for father a few days," said Mrs. Green, as if to some carping judge; "an' it ain't goin' to cost much, an' I know father 'd say go."

"Well, I guess I can cook up enough victuals to last Adoniram and the boys whilst I'm gone," said Mrs. Babcock, defiantly; "I guess they can get along. Adoniram can make rye puddin', an' they can fill up on rye puddin' an' molasses. I'm a-goin'."

"I dun know," said Amanda, trembling. "I'm dreadful afraid I hadn't ought to."

"Well, I should think you could go, if Mis' Green an' I could," said Mrs. Babcock. "Here you 'ain't got nobody but jest yourself, an' 'ain't got to leave a thing cooked up nor nothin'."

"I would like to see Mis' Field an' Lois again, but it seems like a great undertakin'," sighed Amanda. "Then it's goin' to cost something."

"It ain't goin' to cost but jest three dollars an' sixty cents," said Mrs. Babcock. "I guess you can afford that, Mandy. There your tenement didn't stay vacant two weeks after the Fields went; the Simmonses came right in. I guess if I had rent-money, an' nobody but myself, I could afford to travel once in a while."

"Now you'd better make up your mind to go, Mandy," Mrs. Green said. "I think Mis' Field would be more pleased to see you than anybody in Green River. That's one thing I think about goin'. I know she'll be tickled almost to death to see us comin' in. Mis' Field's a real good woman. There wa'n't anybody in town I set more by than I did by her."

"When did you hear from her last, Mandy?" interposed Mrs. Babcock.

"About a month ago."

"I s'pose Lois is a good deal better?"

"Yes, I guess she is. Her mother said she seemed pretty well for her. I s'pose it agrees with her better down there."

"I s'pose there was a good deal more fuss made about her when she was here than there was any need of," said Mrs. Babcock, her whole face wrinkled upward contemptuously; "a great deal more fuss. There wa'n't nothin' ailed the girl if folks had let her alone, talkin' an' scarin' her mother to death. She was jest kind of run down with the spring weather. Young girls wilt down dreadful easy, an' spring up again. I've seen 'em. 'Twa'n't nothin'."

"Well, I dun know; she looked dreadfully," Mrs. Green said, with mild opposition.

"Well, you can see how much it amounted to," returned Mrs. Babcock,

with a triumphant sniff. "Folks ought to have been ashamed of themselves, scarin' Mis' Field the way they did about her. Seemed as if they was determined to have Lois go into consumption whether or no, an' was goin' to push her in, if they couldn't manage it no other way. I s'pose you've sent all Mis' Field's things down there, Mandy?"

"The furniture is all up garret," said Amanda. "All I've sent down was their clothes. Mis' Field had me pack 'em up in their two trunks, an' send 'em down to Lois. I didn't see why she didn't have me mark 'em to her."

"I should think it was kind of queer," said Mrs. Green. "Now s'pose we go, what had we better carry for clothes? We don't need no trunk."

"Of course we don't," said Mrs. Babcock, promptly. "We can each carry a bag. We ain't goin' to need much."

"I guess, if I went," said Amanda, "that I should carry this sacque to slip on, if it's as hot weather as 'tis now. I should have to do it up, but that ain't much work."

Mrs. Babcock eyed it. "Well, I dun know," said she; "it's pretty long in the shoulder seams. I dun know how much they dress down there where Mis' Field lives. Mebbe 'twould do."

"There's one thing I've been thinkin' about," Mrs. Green said, with an anxious air. "If we go down on that early train, an' stay all day in Boston, we shall have to buy us something to eat; we should get dreadful faint before we got out to Mis' Field's, and things are dreadful high in those places."

"Oh, land!" cried Mrs. Babcock, in a superior tone. "All we've got to do is to carry some luncheon with us. I'll make some pies, and you can bake some cookies, an' then we'll set down in Boston Common an' eat it. That's the way lots of folks do. That ain't nothin' to worry about. Well, now I think it's about time for us to decide whether or no we're goin'. I've got to go home an' git supper."

"I'll do jest as the rest say," said Mrs. Green. "I s'pose I can go. I s'pose father 'll say I'd better. An' Abby she was all for it, when I spoke about it to her. She thinks she can have the Fay girl over to stay with her, an' she wants me to buy her a dress in Boston, instead of gettin' it here."

"Well," said Amanda, with a sigh—she was quite pale—"I'll think of it."

"We've got to make up our minds," said Mrs. Babcock, sharply. "There ain't time for much thinkin'. The excursion starts day after to-morrow."

"I'll have my mind made up to-morrow mornin'," said Amanda. "I've got to think of it overnight, anyhow. I can't start right up an' say I'll go, without a minute to think about it." Her voice trembled nervously, but decision underlay it.

"I don't see why it ain't time enough if we decide to-morrow morning. I'd ruther like to think of it a little while longer," said Mrs. Green.

Mrs. Babcock got up. "Well," said she, "I'll send Adoniram round to-morrow mornin', an' you tell him what you've decided. I guess I shall go whether or no. I've got three men folks to leave, an' it's a good deal more of an undertakin' for me than some, but I ain't easy scart. I b'lieve in goin' once in a while."

"Well, I'll let you know in the mornin'. I jest want to think of it overnight," repeated Amanda, with dignified apology.

She went to the door with her guests. Mrs. Babcock spread her green umbrella, and descended the steps with a stiff sidewise motion.

"It's hotter than ever, I do believe," she groaned.

"Well, now I was jest thinkin' it was a little grain cooler," returned Mrs. Green, following in her wake. Her back was meekly bent; her face, shaded by a black sun-hat, was thrust forward with patient persistency. "There, I feel a little breeze now," she added.

"I guess all the breeze there is is in your own notion," retorted Mrs. Babcock. Her green umbrella bobbed energetically. She fanned at every step.

"Mebbe it's your fan," said the other woman.

Amanda went into the house and shut the door. She stood in the middle of the parlor and looked around. There was a certain amaze in her eyes, as if everything wore a new aspect. "They can talk all they've a mind to," she muttered, "it's a great undertakin'. S'pose anything happened? If anything happened to them whilst they were gone, there's folks enough to home to see to things. S'pose anything happened to me, there ain't anybody. If I go, I've got to leave

this house jest so. I've got to be sure the bureau drawers are all packed up, an' things swept and dusted, so folks won't make remarks. There's other things too. Everything's got to be thought of. There's the cat. I s'pose I could get Abby Green to come over an' feed her, but I dassen't trust her. Young girls ain't to be depended on. Ten chances to one she'd get to carryin' on with that Fay girl an' forgit all about that cat. She won't lap her milk out of anything but a clean saucer, neither, an' I don't believe Abby would look out for that. She always seemed to me kind of heedless. I dun know about the whole of it."

Amanda shook her head; her eyes were dilated; there was an anxious and eager expression in her face. She went into the kitchen, kindled a fire, and made herself a cup of tea, which she drank absently. She could not eat anything.

The cat came mewing at the door, and she let her in and fed her. "I dun know how she'd manage," she said, as she watched her lap the milk from the clean saucer beside the cooking-stove.

After she had put away the cat's saucer and her own teacup, she stood hesitating.

"Well, I don't care," said she, in a decisive tone; "I'm goin' to do it. It's got to be done, anyhow, whether I go or not. It's been on my mind for some time."

Amanda got out her best black dress from the closet, and sat down to alter the shoulder seams. "I don't care nothin' about this muslin sacque," said she, "but I ain't goin' to have Mis' Babcock measurin' my shoulder seams every single minute if I do go, an' they may be real dressy down where Mis' Field is."

Amanda sewed until ten o'clock, then she went to bed, but she slept little. She was up early the next morning. Adoniram Babcock came over about eight o'clock, the windows and blinds were all flung wide open, the braided rugs lay out in the yard. He put his gentle grizzled face in at one of the windows. There was a dusty odor. Amanda was sweeping vigorously, with a white handkerchief tied over her head. Her delicate face was all of a deep pink-color.

"Ann Lizy sent over to see if you'd made up your mind," said Adoniram.

Amanda started. "Good-mornin', Mr. Babcock. Yes, you can tell her I have. I'm a-goin'."

There was a reckless defiance of fate in Amanda's voice. She had a wild air as she stood there with the broom in a faint swirl of dust.

"Well, Ann Lizy 'll be glad you've made up your mind to. She's gone to bakin'," said the old man in the window.

"I've got to bake some too," said Amanda. She began sweeping again.

"I've jest been over to Mis' Green's, an' she says she's goin' if you do," said Mr. Babcock.

"Well, you tell her I'm goin'," said Amanda, with a long breath.

"I guess you'll have a good time," said the old man, turning away. "I tell Ann Lizy she can stay a month if she wants to. Me an' the boys can git along." He laughed a pleasant chuckle as he went off.

Amanda glanced after him. "I shouldn't care if I had a man to leave to look after the house," said she.

Amanda toiled all day, she swept and dusted every room in her little domicile. She put all her bureau drawers and closets in exquisite order. She did not neglect even the cellar and the garret. Mrs. Babcock, looking in at night, found her rolling out sugar gingerbread.

"For the land sakes, Mandy!" said she, "what are you cookin' by lamp-light for this awful hot night?"

"I'm makin' a little short gingerbread for luncheon."

"I don't see what you left it till this time of day for. What you got them irons on the stove for?"

"I've got to iron my muslin sacque. I've got it all washed an' starched."

"Ironin' this time of day! I'd like to know what you've been doin' ever since you got up."

"I've been gettin' everything in order, in case anything happened," replied Amanda. She tried to speak with cool composure, but her voice trembled. Her dignity failed her in this unwonted excitement.

"What's goin' to happen, for the land sake?" cried Mrs. Babcock.

"I dun know. None of us know. Things do happen sometimes."

Mrs. Babcock stared at her, half in contempt, half in alarm. "I hope you 'ain't had no forewarnin' that you ain't goin' to live nor anything," said she. "If you have, I should think you'd better stay to home."

"I 'ain't had no more forewarnin' than anybody," said Amanda. "All is, there ain't nobody in the other part of the house. The Simmonses all went yesterday to make a visit at her mother's, and in case anything should happen, I'm goin' to leave things lookin' so I'm willin' anybody should see 'em."

"Well," said Mrs. Babcock, "I guess you couldn't leave things so you'd be willin' anybody 'd see 'em if you had three men folks afoul of 'em for three days. I've got to be goin' if I git up for that four-o'clock train in the mornin'. I've made fifteen pies an' five loaves of bread, besides bakin' beans, to say nothin' of a great panful of doughnuts an' some cake. I 'ain't been up garret nor down cellar cleanin', an' if anything happens to me, I s'pose folks 'll see some dust an' cobwebs, but I've done considerable. Adoniram's goin' to take us all down in the covered wagon; he 'll be round about half past three."

Amanda lighted Mrs. Babcock out the front door; then she returned to her tasks. She did not go to bed that night. She had put her bedroom in perfect order, and would not disturb it. She lay down on her hard parlor sofa awhile, but she slept very little. At two o'clock she kindled a fire, made some tea, and cooked an egg for her breakfast; then she arrayed herself in her best dress. She was all ready, her bag and basket of luncheon packed and her bonnet on, at three o'clock. She sat down and folded her hands to wait, but presently started up. "I'm going to do it," said she. "I don't care, I am. I can't feel easy unless I do."

She got some writing-paper and pen and ink from the chimney cupboard and sat down at the table. She wrote rapidly, her lips pursed, her head to one side. Then she folded the paper, wrote on the outside, and arranged it conspicuously on the top of a leather-covered Bible on the centre of the table. "There!" said she. "It ain't regular, I s'pose, an' I 'ain't had any lawyer, but I guess they'd carry out my wishes if anything happened to me. I 'ain't got nobody but Cousin Rhoda Hill an' Cousin Maria Bennet; an' Rhoda don't need a cent, an' Maria 'd ought to have it all. This house will make her real comfortable, an' my clothes will fit her. I s'pose I'd have this dress on, but my black alpaca's pretty good. I s'pose Mis' Babcock would laugh, but I feel a good deal easier about goin'."

Amanda waited again; she blew out her lamp, for the early dawnlight strengthened. She listened intently for wheels, and looked anxiously at the clock. "It would be dreadful if we got left, after all," she said.

Suddenly the covered wagon came in sight; the white horse trotted at a good pace. Adoniram held the reins, and his wife sat beside him. Mrs. Green peered out from the back seat. "Mandy! Mandy!" Mrs. Babcock called before they reached the gate. But Amanda was already on the front door-step, fitting the key in the lock.

"I'm all ready," she answered, "jest as soon as I can get the door locked."

"We 'ain't got any too much time," cried Mrs. Babcock.

Amanda went down the path, with her basket and black valise and parasol. Adoniram got out and helped her into the wagon. She had to climb over the front seat. As they drove off she leaned out and gazed back at the house. Her tortoise-shell cat was coming around the corner.

"I do hope the cat will get along all right," she said, agitatedly. "I've fed her this mornin', an' I've left her enough milk till I get back—a saucerful for each day—an' Abby said she'd give her all the scraps off the table, you know, Mis' Green."

Mrs. Babcock turned around. "Now, Amanda Pratt," said she, "I'd like to know how in creation you've left a saucerful of milk for that cat for every day till you get back."

"I set ten saucers full of milk down cellar," replied Amanda, still staring back anxiously at the cat—"one for each day. I got extra milk last night on purpose. She likes it jest as well if it's sour, if the saucer's clean."

Amanda looked up with serious wonder at Mrs. Babcock, who was laughing shrilly. Mrs. Green too was smiling, and Adoniram chuckled.

"For the land sakes, Amanda Pratt!" gasped Mrs. Babcock, "you don't s'pose that cat is goin' to stint herself to a saucer a day? Why, she'll eat half of it all up before night."

Amanda stood up in the carriage. "I've got to go back, that's all," said she. "I ain't goin' to have that cat starve."

"Land sakes, set down!" cried Mrs. Babcock. "She won't starve. She can hunt."

"Abby'll feed her, I know," said Mrs. Green, pulling gently at her companion's arm. "Don't you worry, Mandy."

"Well, I guess I shouldn't worry about a cat with claws to catch mice in warm weather," said Mrs. Babcock, with a sarcastic titter. "It's goin' to be a dreadful hot day. Set down, Mandy. There ain't no use talkin' about goin' back. There ain't any time. Mis' Green an' me ain't goin' to stay to home on account of a cat."

Amanda subsided weakly. She felt strange, and not like herself. Mrs. Babcock seemed to recognize it by some subtle intuition. She would never have dared use such a tone towards her without subsequent concessions. Amanda had always had a certain dignity and persistency which had served to intimidate too presuming people; now she had lost it all.

"I'll write to Abby, jest as soon as I get down there, to give the cat her milk," whispered Mrs. Green, soothingly; and Amanda was comforted.

"I DUN KNOW HOW SHE'D MANAGE."

The covered wagon rolled along the country road towards the railroad station. Adoniram drove, and the three women sat up straight, and looked out with a strange interest, as if they had never seen the landscape before. The meadows were all filmy with cobwebs; there were patches of corn in the midst of them, and the long blades drooped limply. The flies swarmed thickly over the horse's back. The air was scalding; there was a slight current of cool freshness from the dewy ground, but it would soon be gone.

"It ain't goin' to rain," said Mrs. Babcock, "there's cobwebs on the grass, but it's goin' to be terrible hot."

They reached the station fifteen minutes before the train. After Adoniram had driven away, they sat in a row on a bench on the platform, with their baggage around them. They did not talk much, even Mrs. Babcock looked serious and contemplative in this momentary lull. Their thoughts reached past and beyond them to the homes they had left, and the new scenes ahead.

When the whistle of the train sounded they all stood up, and grasped their va-

lises tightly. Mrs. Green looked towards the coming train, her worn face under her black bonnet, between its smooth curves of gray hair, had all the sensitive earnestness which comes from generations of high breeding. She was, on her father's side, of a race of old New England ministers.

"Well, I dun know but I've been pretty faithful, an' minded my household the way women are enjoined to in the Scriptures; mebbe it's right for me to take this little vacation," she said, and her serious eyes were full of tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Jane Field, in her assumed character, had lived three months in Elliot, she was still unsuspected. She was not liked, and that made her secret safer. She was full of dogged resolution and audacity. She never refused to see a caller nor accept an invitation, but people never called upon her nor invited her when they could avoid it, and thus she was not so often exposed to contradictions and inconsistencies which might have betrayed her. Elliot people not only disliked her, they were full of outspoken indignation against her. The defiant watchful austerity which made her repel when she intended to encourage their advances had turned them against her, but more than that her supposed ill treatment of her orphan niece.

When Lois, the third week of her stay in Elliot, had gone to a dressmaker and asked for some sewing to do, the news was well over the village by night. "That woman, who has all John Maxwell's money, is too stingy and mean to support her niece, and she too delicate to work," people said. The dressmaker to whom Lois appealed did not for a minute hesitate to give her work, although she had already many women sewing for her, and she had just given Mrs. Maxwell's daughter Flora some.

"There!" said she, when Lois had gone out, "I ain't worth five hundred dollars in the world, I don't know how she'll sew, and I didn't need any extra help—it's takin' it right out of my pocket likely as not—but I couldn't turn off a cat that looked up at me the way that child did. She looks pinched. I don't believe that old woman gives her enough to eat. Of all the mean work—worth all that money, and sending her niece out to get sewing to do! I don't believe but what she's 'most starved her."

It was true that Lois for the last week had not had enough to eat, but neither had her mother. The two had been eking out the remnants of Lois's school-money as best they might. There were many provisions in the pantry and cellar of the Maxwell house, but they would touch none of them. Some money which Mr. Tuxbury had paid to Mrs. Field — the first instalment from the revenue of her estate—she had put carefully away in a sugar-bowl on the top shelf of the china closet, and had not spent a penny of it. After Lois begun to sew, her slender earnings provided them with the most frugal fare. Mrs. Field eked it out in every way that she could. She had a little vegetable garden and kept a few hens. As the season advanced, she scoured the berry pastures, and spent many hours stooping painfully over the low bushes. Three months from the time at which she came to Elliot, on the day on which her neighbors started from Green River to visit her, she was out in the pasture trying to fill her pail with blueberries. All the sunlight seemed to centre on her black figure like a burning-glass; the thick growth of sweet-fern around the blueberry bushes sent a hot and stifling aroma into her face; the wild flowers hung limply, like delicate painted rags, and the rocks were like furnaces. Mrs. Field went out soon after dinner, and at half past five she was still picking; the berries were not very plentiful.

Lois, at home, wondered why she did not return, and the more because there was a thunder-storm coming up. There was a heavy cloud in the northwest, and a steady low rumble of thunder. Lois sat out in the front yard sewing; her face was pink and moist with the heat; the sleeves of her old white muslin dress clung to her arms. Presently the gate clicked, and Mrs. Jane Maxwell's daughter Flora came towards her over the grass.

"Hullo!" said she.

"Hullo!" returned Lois.

"It's a terrible day—isn't it?"

"Terrible!"

Lois got up, but Flora would not take her chair. She sat down clumsily on the pine needles, and fanned herself with the cover of a book she carried.

"MRS. GREEN LOOKED TOWARDS THE COMING TRAIN."

"I've just been down to the library and got this book," she remarked.

"Is it good?"

"They say it's real good. Addie Green's been reading it."

Flora wore a bright blue cambric dress and a brown straw hat. Her figure was stout and high-shouldered; her dull-complexioned face full of placid force. She was not very young, and she looked much older than she was; and people had wondered how George Freeman, who was handsome and much courted by the girls, as well as younger than she, had come to marry her. They also wondered how her mother, who had been so bitterly opposed to the match, had given in, and was now living so amicably with the young couple; they had been on the alert for a furious village feud. But when Flora and her husband had returned from their stolen wedding tour, Mrs. Maxwell had met them at the depot and bidden them home with her with vociferous ardor, and the next Sunday Flora had gone to church in the new silk. There had been a conflict of two wills, and one had covered its defeat with a parade of victory. Mrs. Maxwell had talked a great deal about her daughter's marriage and how well she had done.

"There's a thunder-shower coming up," Flora said, after a little. "Where's your aunt?"

"Gone berrying."

"She'll get caught in the shower, if she don't look out. What makes you work so steady this hot day, Lois?"

"I've got to get this done."

"There isn't any need of your working so hard."

Lois said nothing.

"If your aunt ain't willing to do for you, it's time you had somebody else to," persisted Flora. "I wish I had had the money, on your account. I wouldn't have let you work so. You look better than you did when you came here, but you look tired. I heard somebody else say so the other day."

Flora said the last with a meaning smile. Lois blushed.

"Yes, I did," Flora repeated. "I don't suppose you can guess who 'twas?"

Lois said nothing; she bent her hot face closer over her work.

"See here, Lois," said Flora. She hesitated, with her eyes fixed warily on Lois,

then she went on: "What makes you treat Francis so queer lately?"

"I didn't know I had," replied Lois, evasively.

"You don't treat him a bit the way you did at first."

"I don't know what you mean, Flora."

"Well, if you don't, it's no matter," returned Flora. "Francis hasn't said anything about it to me; you needn't think he has. All is, you'll never find a better fellow than he is, Lois Field, I don't care where you go."

Flora spoke with slow warmth. Lois's face quivered.

"If you don't take care, you'll never get married at all," said Flora, half laughing.

Lois sat up straight. "I shall never get married to anybody," said she. "That's one thing I won't do. I'll die first."

Flora stared at her. "Why, why not?" said she.

"I won't."

"I never knew what happiness was until I got married," said Flora. Then she flushed up suddenly all over her steady face.

Lois, too, started and blushed, as if the other girl's speech had struck some answering chord in her. The two were silent a moment. Lois sewed; Flora stared off through the trees at the darkening sky. The low rumble of thunder was incessant.

"George is one of the best husbands that ever a girl had," said Flora, in a tender, shamed voice; "but Francis would make just as good a one."

Lois made no reply. She almost turned her back towards Flora as she sewed.

"I guess you'll change your mind some time about getting married," Flora said.

"No, I never will," returned Lois.

"Well, I suppose if you don't, you'll have money enough to take care of yourself with some time, as far as that goes," said Flora. Her voice had a sarcastic ring.

"I shall never have one cent of that Maxwell money!" said Lois, with sudden fire. "I'll tell you that much once for all!" Her eyes fairly gleamed in her delicate burning face.

"Why, you scare me! What is the matter?" cried Flora.

Lois took a stitch. "Nothing," said she.

"You'd ought to have the money, of course," said Flora, in a bewildered way. "Who else would have it?"

"I don't know," said Lois. "You are the one that ought to have it."

Flora laughed. "Land, I don't want it!" said she. "George earns plenty for us to live on. She's your own aunt, and of course she'll have to leave it to you, if she does act so miserly with it now. There, I know she's your aunt, Lois, and I don't suppose I ought to speak so, but I can't help it. After all, it don't make much difference, or it needn't, whether you have it or not. I've begun to think money is the very least part of anything in this world, and I want you to be looking out for something else too, Lois."

"I can't look out for money or something else, either. You don't know," said Lois, in a pitiful voice.

Then came a flash, and then a great crash of thunder. The tempest was about to break.

Flora started up abruptly. "I must run," she shouted through a sudden gust of wind. "Good-by."

Flora sped out of the yard. Her blue dress, lashing around her feet, changed color in the ghastly light of the storm. Some flying leaves struck her in the face. At the gate a cloud of dust from the road nearly blinded her. She realized in a bewildered fashion that there were three women on the other side, struggling frantically with the latch.

"Does Mis' Jane Field live here?" inquired one of them, breathlessly.

"No," replied Flora; "that isn't her name."

"She don't?"

"No," gasped Flora, her head lowered before the wind.

"Well, I want to know, ain't this the old Maxwell place?"

"Yes," said Flora.

Some great drops of rain begun to fall; there was another flash. The woman struggled mightily, and prevailed over the gate latch. She pushed it open. "Well, I don't care," said she; "I'm comin' in, whether or no. I dun know but my bonnet strings will spot, and I ain't goin' to have my best clothes soaked. It's mighty funny nobody knows where Mis' Field lives; but this is the old Maxwell house, where she wrote Mandy she lived, an' I'm goin' in."

Flora stood aside, and the three women entered with a rush. Lois, standing

near the front door, saw them coming through the greenish-yellow gloom, their three black figures scudding before the wind like black-sailed ships.

"Land sakes!" shrieked out Mrs. Babcock, "there's Lois now! Lois, how are you? I'd like to know what that girl we met at the gate meant tellin' us they didn't live here. Why, Lois Field, how do you do? Where's your mother? I guess we'd better step right in, an' not stop to talk. It's an awful tempest. I'm dreadful afraid my bonnet trimmin' will spot."

They all scurried up the steps and into the house. Then the women turned and kissed Lois, and raised a little clamor of delight over her. She stood panting. She did not ask them into the sitting-room. Her head whirled. It seemed to her that the end of everything had come.

But Mrs. Babcock turned towards the sitting-room door. She had pulled off her bonnet, and was wiping it anxiously with her handkerchief. "This is the way, ain't it?" said she.

Lois followed them in helplessly. The room was dark as night, for the shutters were closed. Mrs. Babcock flung one open peremptorily.

"We'll break our necks here if we don't have some light," she said.

The hail began to rattle on the window-panes.

"It's hailin'!" the women chorussed.

"Are your windows all shut?" Mrs. Babcock demanded of Lois.

And the girl said, in a dazed way, that the bedroom windows were open, and then went mechanically to shut them.

"Shut the blinds too!" screamed Mrs. Babcock. "The hail's comin' in this side terrible heavy. I'm afraid it 'll break the glass." Mrs. Babcock herself, her face screwed tightly against an onslaught of wind and hail, shut the blinds, and the room was again plunged in darkness. "We'll have to stan' it," said she. "Mis' Field don't want her windows all broke in. That's dreadful sharp!"

Thunder shook the house like an explosion. The women looked at each other with awed faces.

"Where is your mother? Why don't she come in here?" Mrs. Babcock asked excitedly of Lois returning from the bedroom.

"She's gone berrying," replied Lois, feebly. She sank into a chair.

"Gone berryin'!" screamed Mrs. Babcock; and the other women echoed her.

"Yes, 'm."

"When did she go?"

"Right after dinner."

"Right after dinner, an' she 'ain't got home yet! Out in this awful tempest! Well, she'll be killed. You'll never see her again, that's all. A berry pasture is the most dangerous place in creation in a thunder-shower. Out berryin' in all this hail an' thunder an' lightnin'!"

Mrs. Green pressed close up to Lois. "'Ain't you any idea where she's gone?" said she. "If you have, I'll jest slip off my dress skirt, an' you give me an old shawl, an' I'll go with you an' see if we can't find her."

"I'll go too," cried Amanda. "Don't you know which way she went, Lois?"

Just then the south side door slammed sharply.

"She's come," said Lois, in a strained voice.

"Well, I'm thankful!" cried Mrs. Green. "Hadn't you better run out an' help her off with her wet things, Lois?"

But the sitting-room door opened, and Mrs. Field stood there, a tall black shadow hardly shaped out from the gloom. The women all arose and hurried towards her. There was a shrill flurry of greeting. Mrs. Field's voice arose high and terrified above it.

"Who is it?" she cried out. "Who's here?"

"Why, your old neighbors, Mrs. Field. Don't you know us—Mandy an' Mis' Green an' Mis' Babcock? We come down on an excursion ticket to Boston—only three dollars an' sixty cents—an' we thought we'd surprise you."

"Ain't you dreadful wet, Mis' Field?" interposed Mrs. Green's solicitous voice.

"You'd better go an' change your dress," said Amanda.

"When did you come?" said Mrs. Field.

"Jest now. For the land sakes, Mis' Field, your dress is soppin' wet! Do go an' change it, or you'll catch your death of cold."

Mrs. Field did not stir. The hail pelted on the windows.

"Now you go right along an' change it," cried Mrs. Babcock.

"Well," said Mrs. Field, vaguely, "mebbe I'd better." She fumbled her way unsteadily towards her bedroom door.

"You go help her; it's dark as a pocket," said Mrs. Babcock imperatively to Lois; and the girl followed her mother.

"They act dreadful queer, seems to me," whispered Mrs. Babcock when the bedroom door was closed.

"I guess it's jest because they're so surprised to see us," Mrs. Green whispered back.

"Well, if I ain't wanted, I can go back where I come from, if I do have to throw the money away," Mrs. Babcock said, almost aloud. "I think they act queer, both on 'em. I should think they might seem a little mite more pleased to see three old neighbors so."

"Mebbe it's the thunder-shower that's kind of dazed 'em," said Amanda. She herself was much afraid of a thunder-shower. She had her feet well drawn up, and her hand over her eyes.

"It's a mercy Mis' Field wa'n't killed out in it," said Mrs. Green.

"I don't see what in creation she staid out so in it for," rejoined Mrs. Babcock. "She must have seen the cloud comin' up. This is a pretty big house, ain't it? An' I should think it was furnished nice, near's I can see, but it's terrible old-fashioned."

Amanda, huddled up in her chair, looked warily at the strange shadows in this unfamiliar room, and wished she were at home.

The storm increased rather than diminished. When Mrs. Field and Lois returned, all the women, at Mrs. Babcock's order, drew their chairs close together in the middle of the room.

"I've always heard that was the safest place," said she. "That was the way old Dr. Barnes always used to do. He had thirteen children; nine of 'em was girls. Whenever he saw a thunder-shower comin' up, he used to make Mis' Barnes an' the children go into the parlor, an' then they'd all set in the middle of the floor, an' he'd offer prayer. He used to say he'd do his part an' get in the safest place he knew of, an' then ask the Lord to help him. Mandy Pratt!"

"What say, Mis' Babcock?" returned Amanda, trembling.

"Have you got your hoop-skirt on?"

Amanda sprung up. "Yes, I have. I forgot it!"

"For the land sakes! I should think, scared as you pretend to be in a thunder-shower, you'd thought of that. Do go in the bedroom an' drop it off this minute! Lois, you go with her."

While Amanda and Lois were gone there was a slight lull in the storm.

"I guess it's kind of lettin' up," said Mrs. Babcock. "This is a nice house you've got here, ain't it, Mis' Field?"

"Yes, 'tis," replied Jane Field.

"I s'pose there was a good deal of nice furniture in it, wa'n't there?"

"Considerable."

"Was there nice beddin'?"

"Yes."

"I s'pose there was plenty of table-cloths an' such things? Have you bought any new furniture, Mis' Field?"

"No, I 'ain't," said Mrs. Field. She moved her chair a little to make room for Lois and Amanda when they returned. Lois sat next her mother.

"I didn't know but you had. I thought mebbe the furniture was kinder old-fashioned. Have you— Oh, ain't it awful?"

The storm had gathered itself like an animal for a fiercer onset. The room was lit up with a wild play of blue fire. The thunder crashed closely in its wake.

"Oh, we hadn't ought to talk of anything but the mercy of the Lord an' our sins!" wailed Mrs. Babcock. "Don't let's talk of anything else. That struck somewheres near. There's no knowin' where it'll come next. I never see such a shower. We don't have any like it in Green River. Oh, I hope we're all prepared!"

"That's the principal thing," said Mrs. Green, in a solemn, trembling voice.

Amanda said nothing. She thought of her will; a vision of the nicely ordered rooms she had left seemed to show out before her in the flare of the lightning; in spite of her terror it was a comfort to her.

"We'd ought to be thankful in a time like this that we 'ain't any of us got any great wickedness on our consciences," said Mrs. Babcock. "It must be terrible for them that have, thinkin' they may die any minute when the next flash comes. I don't envy 'em."

"It must be terrible," assented Mrs. Green, like an amen.

"It's bad enough with the sins we've got on all our minds, the best of us," continued Mrs. Babcock. "Think how them that's broken God's commandments an' committed murders an' robberies must feel. I shouldn't think they could stan' it, unless they burst right out an' confessed to everybody—should you, Mis' Field?"

"I guess so," said Mrs. Field, in a hard voice.

Mrs. Babcock said no more; somehow she and the others felt repelled. They all sat in silence except for awed ejaculations when now and then came a louder crash of thunder. All at once, after a sharp flash, there was a wild clamor in the street; a bell clanged out.

"It's struck! it's struck!" shrieked Mrs. Babcock.

"Oh, it ain't this house, is it?" Amanda wailed.

They all rushed to the windows and flung open the blinds, a red glare filled the room; a large barn nearly opposite was on fire. They clutched each other, and watched the red gush of flame. The barn burned as if lighted at every corner.

"Are there any cows or horses in it?" panted Mrs. Babcock. "Oh, ain't it dreadful? Are there any, Mis' Field?"

"I dun know," said Mrs. Field.

She stood like a grim statue, the red light of the fire in her face. Lois was sobbing. Mrs. Green had put an arm around her.

"Don't, Lois, don't," she kept saying, in a solemn, agitated voice. "The Lord will overrule it all; it is He speakin' in it."

The women watched while the street filled with people, and the barn burned down. It did not take long. The storm began to lull rapidly. The thunder came at long intervals, and the hail turned into a gentle rain. Finally Mrs. Field went out in the kitchen to prepare supper, and Lois followed her.

"I never see anything like the way she acts," said Mrs. Babcock, cautiously.

"She always was kind of quiet," rejoined Mrs. Green.

"Quiet! She acts as if she'd had thunder an' lightnin' an' hail an' barns burnt down every day since she's been here. I never see anybody act so queer."

"I 'most wish I'd staid to home," said Amanda.

"Well, I wouldn't be backin' out the minute I'd got here, if I was you," returned Mrs. Babcock, sharply. "It's comin' cooler, that's one thing, an' you won't need that white sacque. I should think you'd feel kinder glad of it, for them shoulder seams did look pretty long to what they wear 'em. An' I dare say folks here are pretty dressy. I declare I shall be kinder glad when supper's ready. I feel real faint to my stomach, as if I'd like somethin' hearty. I should have gone into one of them places in Boston if things hadn't been so awful dear."

But when Mrs. Field finally called them out to partake of the meal which she had prepared, there was little to satisfy an eager appetite. Nothing but the berries for which she had toiled so hard, a few thin slices of bread, no butter, and no tea, so little sugar in the bowl that the guests sprinkled it sparingly on their berries.

"I'll tell you what 'tis," Mrs. Babcock whispered when they were upstairs in their chambers that night, "Mis' Field has grown tight since she got all that money. Sometimes it does work that way. I believe we should starve to death if we staid here long. If it wa'n't for gittin' my money's worth, I should be for goin' home to-morrow. No butter an' no tea after we've come that long journey. I never heard of such a thing."

"I don't care anything about the butter and the tea," rejoined Amanda, "but I 'most feel as if I'd better go home tomorrow."

"If," said Mrs. Babcock, "you want to go home instead of gitting the good of that excursion ticket, that you can stay a week on, you can, Amanda Pratt. I'm goin' to stay now, if it kills me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLUMBUS.

BY PROFESSOR DR. S. RUGE.

"Das freie Meer befreit den Geist."
(The free sea sets the spirit free.)

WITH this stately line of Goethe's on our lips, we too will join in the great pæan which in every part of the globe and in every civilized land is raised to celebrate the discovery of the New World.

The man who trusted his ship unconditionally to the open sea, and carried mankind along in his wake, was the liberator of the race. That is the idea at the bottom of the great anniversary connected with the name of Columbus.

Prince Henry of Portugal is praised as "The Sailor" because he was the first to

send ships out (in the early years of the fifteenth century) to explore the west coast of Africa; he even lived to hear that his fleets had penetrated to the Gulf of Guinea; and in the reign of his successors Africa was completely circumnavigated, and the sea route to India discovered. But still we must never forget that, strictly speaking, the Portuguese merely felt their way along the coast in all these voyages; that the coast-line served for a leading-string, holding to which they felt themselves safe; that they only dared to leave the land in regions with which they had long been acquainted; and that the discovery of America preceded the discovery of the sea route round Africa by Vasco da Gama.

So it is Columbus's first voyage (1492) which opens the gates of the ocean, and so brings all parts of the world into communication.

When we think of the immeasurable results of the first voyage across the Atlantic, we are tempted to conceive the leader of the expedition as a man who has broken free from all traditions. On the contrary, he was held fast in the dark prison of Middle Age theories, in the fetters of a blind belief in authority; he was lost in the labyrinth of sophistical mysticism — lost as but few of his contemporaries, and among them still fewer sailors, were lost. Like Don Quixote, he dreamt of the revival of a faded chivalry; he looked for a renewal of the Crusades, for the destruction of every enemy of the holy faith by fire and sword. He believed absolutely in the fulfilment of childish prophecies in his own person; and declared himself the Apostle of the Triune God.

This marvellous contrast between the person of the discoverer and his achievements explains the fact that the interest of his contemporaries was so soon diverted from the man and directed to his deeds. This, too, is the reason why we have so little information about the life and development of this wonderful man. A literary quarrel has sprung up concerning almost every important event in his life. The year of his birth has been hotly disputed; nor is it yet known in what house he first saw the light. These questions are important, but to this day we cannot answer them with certainty; the materials at our command only enable us to reckon up probabilities with more or less confidence. We know nothing of his education, and are justifiably suspicious of the statement in an old prejudiced life, attributed to his son, that he studied at Pavia. It is not known when he went to Portugal, nor when he proceeded to Spain. We do not even know where he first set foot in the New World. It is impossible to identify with certainty the island which he named San Salvador. There are strong reasons for supposing that the life entitled *Historie*, which appeared in the name of his son Ferdinand, does not, in the form in which we have it — the printed edition of 1571 — owe its origin to Ferdinand. It follows that the statements of this book cannot be accepted without careful consideration. Our knowledge of the Admiral's life has hitherto been confidently built upon this book; take it away, and the whole structure becomes unsteady. In fact, there is not a single great man whose genius has left its mark upon the world about whose personality there is so much doubt as is the case with Columbus. Let us try, with the help of the latest and most trustworthy researches, to trace the story of the life and development of the great man of Genoa. A Genoese we may certainly call him, though one biassed historian would have us believe that he was born in Corsica. He comes, then, from a city which has had a great influence on the history of commerce. We may assert with absolute certainty that we owe to Italian seamen the first accurate knowledge of the Atlantic, the first maps of the eastern parts of the ocean. The use of the compass and its adaptation to nautical purposes began in Italy. With this trustworthy guide over the boundless prospect the Italian seaman committed his ship with confidence to the ocean waves; and it was the practical Italian sailor who, with the help of the magnetic needle, made those wonderful charts which from the thirteenth century onward represent to us with marvellous fidelity, almost with the accuracy of the mirror, the coast of the whole Mediterranean, from the foot of Mount Lebanon and the slopes of the Caucasus to the Pillars of Hercules. Fortunately a number of these documents have been preserved in archives and libraries: and though the earliest parchment of the kind which has come down to us bears the date 1311, we may infer from the high degree of accuracy

that had even then been reached, that years had passed since the task of making these surveys had commenced. There is no more striking evidence of the extensive knowledge then possessed of the Western ocean than is presented by these remarkable relics, and it is of the greatest importance that we should know what progress had been made in the middle of the fifteenth century in the acquisition of clear and definite knowledge of the stretches of ocean in the neighborhood of Europe and North Africa, for it was at this time that certain ideas were gradually taking a more definite shape, a group of ideas which culminated, towards the end of the century, in the plan of a voyage westward across the ocean; and Columbus was the first to put the plan into execution.

Let us look at Andrea Bianco's map, of the year 1448. It extends from Great Britain to Cape Verde, and gives us a correct picture of the eastern boundary of the Atlantic; it also covers a considerable portion of the ocean. The islands here given cannot claim to be drawn as correctly as the coast of Europe, and some of them are entirely imaginary. The Azores, which we find first in 1351, and the Canary Islands are in their proper place. As the Azores do not lie at the edge of the map, we may infer that ships had sailed out beyond them, though without throwing any light on the dark region that lay to the west. And if this part of the ocean had at this time been ploughed by the keels of European ships, then half the distance from Lisbon past the Azores to Halifax had already been traversed. At the beginning of the fifteenth century a great mythical figure rises from the waves—the island Antilia. We are not told who was the discoverer of this land, but as time passed the belief in its existence grew stronger and stronger, and on nearly all maps of this century it played in the extreme West the part which Ultima Thule plays in the North. We do not know who were the unintentional invaders of the distant ocean, where no islands help the wanderer; but the Italian names show to what nation they belonged. Still more important is the fact that the Italians were the school-masters of the Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and English in nautical matters. As early as 1116 and 1120 Genoese ship-builders and sailors were in the service of the Spaniards in their struggle with the Moors. In 1291 and 1345 two Genoese are mentioned as Castilian admirals. The Portuguese, too, were first taught sea-craft by the Italians. In Portugal the activity of the Genoese began about the same date, namely, 1103 or 1104, when Count Henry of Portugal made his crusade with the help of Genoese ships. Between 1307 and 1404 the Genoese family Pessagno supplied the Portuguese with several admirals. It was the Genoese who before the year 1304 rediscovered the Canaries. In the later voyages of the Portuguese on the west coast of Africa, carried out on a definite plan by Prince Henry, Genoese sailors were especially active. We meet the names Usidomare, Perestrello, Noli, Cadamosto; to the last-named we owe the earliest detailed account of a voyage to Guinea. And it may not be out of place to mention that the Genoese ventured, as early as the year 1291, to make an independent attempt to find a direct route to India by going round Africa. The expedition was a failure.

In France, too, and in England the Genoese were the teachers of navigation. Louis VII., Philip the Beautiful, Louis IX., took entire Genoese fleets into their service, and raised the best captains to the rank of admirals. By order of Francis I., Verazzano made a voyage of discovery to the coast of the United States some time later than 1524. As to England, it will suffice to mention the two Italian contemporaries of Columbus, Giovanni and Sebastian Cabot, who saw the new continent even before Columbus.

Nowhere was a livelier interest taken in the great Western sea than in Italy, especially at Genoa. Towards the close of the fifteenth century Italian agents and correspondents, merchants and captains, ambassadors and diplomatists, were to be found in all important towns in Spain and Portugal. The Italians were the quickest in spreading the news of the recent discoveries at sea. The account of the first voyage of Columbus (1493) was printed three times in Rome; once in Spain. The earliest collections of books of travel were made in Italy—at Venice in 1504, at Vicenza in 1507. Later translations appeared in Paris and Nuremberg.

Columbus was born in Genoa, either in the town itself or in the territory belonging to the town. He calls himself a Genoese, and describes the town as his

birthplace; and the men among whom he lived in Spain (Peter Martyr, Las Casas, and Oviedo among others) say that he came from Genoa.

There are legal documents preserved in their original form since the fifteenth century in the archives of Genoa and Savona, there are also copies of still earlier originals, which leave no doubt that Columbus did not belong to the nobility, nor yet to a family of position which had lost its wealth. He came from the burgher class; he was the scion of a humble family of handicraftsmen, who lived in the neighborhood of Genoa, and moved later on to the capital. They gained their living by wool-weaving, and kept to this trade in Genoa. Columbus himself in legal papers is frequently described as a weaver. The original home of this country weaver's family was in a valley of the Ligurian Apennines, in the valley of the river Lavagna or the valley of Fontanabuona, east of Genoa. The grandfather of our hero, Giovanni Colombo, settled in Quinto, a place on the coast about six English miles east of Genoa, and one of his sons, Domenico, moved to the town in 1439. Like all his near relations, his brothers and his cousins on the father's side, he was a wool-weaver; he married Susanna Fontanarossa, from Bisagno, a village which also lies east of Genoa. They had four sons and one daughter; the eldest was Christopher Columbus, the future Spanish Admiral and Viceroy of India.

The father was engaged in trade in Genoa for a considerable period: besides his work as a weaver, he bought and sold landed property, kept a wine shop, and did a little business in cheese. By this means he amassed a certain fortune, for he possessed two houses in the suburb of Genoa outside the Porta S. Andrea. The house which he lived in at this time has been found out by trustworthy researches in the neighborhood. It now bears the number 37 in the Vico dritto del Ponticello. It was in this house that the discoverer of America spent his early years, and here probably he was born. And as it is certain that he passed his youth in this house, we cannot consider that the Council of Genoa acted rashly in 1887 when it resolved to buy this famous house for 31,500 lire, though it has been much altered in the course of 400 years. The following inscription has been put up: NVLLA DOMVS TITVLO DIGNIOR. HÆIC PATERNIS IN ÆDIBVS CHRISTOPHORVS COLVMBVS PVERITIAM PRIMAMQVE IVVENTVTEM TRANSEGIT.

We are now able to fix the date of his birth as, approximately, 1446 or 1447, the evidence being a legal deed in which Columbus makes formal declaration of his age. This document is dated October 31, 1470. On that day Christopher Columbus appeared before the court in Genoa. The document runs as follows: "Christopher Columbus, son of Domenico, over nineteen years old, in the presence and with the consent of his father, who was present." It follows that on October 31, 1470, he was between twenty and twenty-five years of age; he must therefore have been born between October 31, 1446, and October 31, 1451.

Soon after this, in the winter 1470–1, the father left Genoa and moved to Savona. In spite of his exertions in various directions he was not so prosperous as before; he grew poor, and had to sell his houses in Genoa. In Savona again he kept a wine shop, besides working as a weaver. At this period the son Christopher is twice mentioned in the Savona records—on the 20th of March, 1472, and the 7th of August, 1473; on the former occasion he is distinctly called a wool-weaver (*lanerius*). An important sentence is added in this document of March 20, 1472, stating that he had reached the age prescribed by the law, *i. e.*, that he had completed his twenty-fifth year. At this date, then, Columbus was more than twenty-five years old, and must, therefore, have been born before March 20, 1447. We can therefore with certainty place his birth in 1446 or the spring of 1447.

The young man was now independent. After 1473 we lose sight of him altogether in Italy. Not long after he appears in Portugal. The father was sinking lower and lower into poverty, and the paternal house was not the place for Columbus; he had higher aims in view. Up to this time he had been recognized as a weaver by trade; but this circumstance would not prevent him from seeking, like his father, to gain a livelihood in other ways at the same time. What more natural than that he should go to sea? At sea Genoa and Venice ranked as the most important cities in Europe.

At Genoa, and all along the coast of the Riviera, the sea was the centre of existence; every business, every occupation, led to the sea, to the ships which carried the merchants' goods and the captains who loved voyages of adventure. The progress of the Portuguese discoveries in Africa was becoming known throughout the land; it was said that mountains of gold might be bought for a mere nothing. It was natural enough that the spirit of the time should seize hold on the young Columbus. So he went to Portugal to seek his fortune. No doubt he had before this been engaged frequently in coasting voyages, and had taken the opportunity to do a little business on a small scale. We have evidence in a legal document that he was concerned in a wine business in 1470. At this period he visited the Greek islands, and we learn that he reached Chios. It is quite possible that he had some little experience of sea life at a very early age, as he tells us himself, though he did not give up his principal occupation as a weaver. In the year 1471 the great expedition from Lisbon to Guinea, under the leadership of Joño de Santarem and Pedro Escalone, had taken place. A rich, luxuriant country had been found. An exaggerated report of its wealth spread far and wide. Gold, it was said, might be had in abundance, as well as ivory and pepper. This was attractive to enterprising people. If Columbus wanted to gain anything in Portugal, it could only be as a sailor. He had to pretend, therefore, that he had lived at sea ever since his boyhood. We hear no more of the weaving; so completely does he keep silence about the humble position of his family that the chroniclers and historians of the time in Spain and Portugal can only tell us that he was a Genoese. This fact Columbus always emphasized, for his connection with the influential seaport could not be other than a recommendation.

There are quite a number of piquant anecdotes in circulation, which gain credence from the fact that they are taken from the *Historie*, of which Ferdinand Columbus is alleged to be the author. But it is impossible that Ferdinand Columbus composed the *Historie* in the form in which the book has come down to us—we have nothing earlier than the Venice edition of 1571—though it may contain genuine pieces of his work, for Ferdinand, who, as is well known, was a learned author and a capable seaman, always felt that he was an Italian; he always spoke Italian on his voyages; he made his will in that language, and mixed almost exclusively with Italians; and yet it is asserted that in spite of himself, and in opposition to his natural inclination, he wrote the *Historie* in Spanish. We learn from the title-page that the Italian edition is a translation. This, however, is only external evidence. The internal evidence, the contradictions contained in the book itself, are more important. All the world knows and has long known that Christopher Columbus was a Genoese; he tells us so himself: "By birth I belong to the city of Genoa." Is it possible that his son was not aware of this fact? Are we to believe, can we believe, the statement of the *Historie* that Ferdinand did not know when and where his father was born—that he knew nothing of his father's early years? This is only one of the many evidently false statements in the book.

If, then, we are to regard this tale as a *lie*—we are forced to speak plainly—we are fully justified in refusing to accept as strictly true the story told in the *Historie* that in the month of February (!), 1477, Columbus sailed 100 leagues (*leghe*) beyond Iceland (Tile, *i. e.* Thule), and by his own incorrect calculation reached at least 80° latitude north. Lest we should be inclined to suspect a printer's error in the figures, the author of the *Historie* goes on to say explicitly in words that the south of Iceland lies at a distance of 73°, not 63°, from the equator. Now if even the southern part of Iceland is to be placed so far north, and Columbus sailed 100 leagues beyond the northern extremity of the island, we must suppose him to have reached at least 80°. Did the sailor himself reckon the degree of latitude which he gives? Was he in charge of the expedition? If it was really a correction of earlier statements about the position of the island, how is it that later maps took no notice of it? There is not one on which we find Iceland in the position which Columbus gave it. And he sailed 100 leagues farther, and that in February! And lastly, how is it that a seaman uses the old doubtful classical name Thule, while sea-charts only know of Iceland? That is suspicious. And we are told that all this information was

contained in a treatise by Columbus on the habitability of all five zones. Where is this treatise? Unfortunately, lost. Well, all sorts of information are to be obtained from manuscripts which have got lost.

We must also regard with like suspicion another story from the same source of the miraculous deeds of Columbus. Of course the hero of the *Historie* must enter Portugal in a striking manner. We must have a real *coup de théâtre.* An ordinary mortal who wanted to take part in the discoveries in Africa would make his way quietly from Genoa to Lisbon as a sailor, and would then try to find work according to his trade. But that is far too simple a proceeding for the future discoverer of America. For him a furious sea-fight off Cape St. Vincent must be provided. The ship is on fire. Columbus leaps overboard, and swims a distance of two leagues to land. And so even at his début in Portugal he is accompanied by a due measure of fanfaronade. The reader may think that the battle off Cape St. Vincent was a pure fiction. Not at all. The battle took place, but in 1485, when Columbus was already living in Spain.

The following story will show how easily he may have been mistaken for another Columbus, and the name is as common in Italy as Meier or Müller is in Germany. In 1477 the Italian Lomellino mentions in a letter that a certain Colombo was in the port of Lisbon with his ships. This man was described by every one as a man of Savona. No wonder that modern historians have supposed him to be our Columbus; and yet, beyond a doubt, he was the notorious corsair Vincenz Colombo, who was hanged as a pirate in December, 1492. But we need not trouble ourselves with these stories. We shall not find it so difficult to believe a statement which occurs in another part of the *Historie:* "I have sailed," says Columbus, "over the whole Mediterranean. I have been as far north as England (though not to Ireland), and as far south as Guinea." He stated, in his own handwriting in Cardinal d'Ailly's work—his favorite book—that he had seen Castle Mina on the Gold Coast.

We will now turn to the statements which concern his stay in Portugal, and may therefore be regarded as trustworthy, as really historical.

By a great piece of good fortune Columbus became connected with a family of position. In the Convent of the Saints ("de Santos," not "ogni Santi" (All Saints), as we find in the *Historie*) ladies of noble family lived, wearing the dress of nuns, but always retaining the right to come out into the world and marry. Columbus used to go there to mass, and there he became acquainted with Filippa Moniz, and won her love. She was the daughter of the feudal lord and hereditary captain of Porto Santo, an island near Madeira. Her father, Bartolomeo Perestrello, a nobleman from Piacenza, had married Elizabeth Moniz as his second wife, but had died in the spring of 1458. The widow was associated with her brother, Diego Gil Moniz, in the guardianship of her son, Bartolomeo Perestrello the younger, a child of eight years. The elder Bartolomeo's first wife had a son by a previous marriage, Pedro Correa da Cuntra, who was intrusted with the management of the affairs of Porto Santo during the minority of the young Bartolomeo; he only held the post till 1473. When Columbus arrived in Portugal, therefore, Bartolomeo had already taken the government of the island into his own hands. Whether Columbus ever lived at Porto Santo after his marriage must remain doubtful. We really know nothing of his married life. In the rough copy of a letter, probably written in 1500, Columbus mourns over the fact that he had left his wife and children when he came to Spain to carry out his projects, and would never see them again.* This brief communication, again, throws a curious light on the statement of the *Historie*, that Columbus did not leave Portugal till after his wife's death. We know little about his life. Perhaps he was occupied in making maps. Whether he lived at Porto Santo, and there looked through the papers left by his father-in-law, and collected all the vague, uncertain information about the islands and countries in the distant ocean, or whether he remained at Lisbon and made voyages thence, we cannot decide one way or the other with certainty. But on one or two points we have information. It is probable that he visited England, and that in 1477 he went to Bristol, then the most im-

* "Y como vine á servir estos principes de tan lejos, y *dejé muger y fijos que* jamás vi por ello." Navarrete, Colece, ii., p. 283. Second edition.

portant port. Certainly he undertook the voyage to the Gold Coast later on, after 1481. These voyages gave him his schooling in knowledge of the sea. It was in Portugal, too, that he formed his plan of making a voyage westward to Asia. The Florentine doctor, Paul Toscanelli, was the first to give a definite shape to this idea.

The true theory of the rotundity of the earth, which classical antiquity had clearly formulated, but which in the earlier Middle Ages had been ridiculed as an idle fancy of the philosophers or proscribed as an impious heresy, gained credit again in the fourteenth century, and in the fifteenth was disputed by no person of education. And if there were only three continents —and these made up the old world—it was necessary to suppose that Asia formed the western boundary of the ocean. The extreme east of Asia was, owing to the rotundity of the earth, also the extreme west. But then, how wide was the ocean? How far east did Asia extend from the Mediterranean? The best answer to these questions was given by Marco Polo, the most distinguished traveller of the Middle Ages, a Venetian by birth. At the end of the thirteenth century he spent about twenty-five years in travelling as a merchant. He made his way right through Asia, visited the busy ports of China, and thence sailed round India back to Persia. Without scientific training, but endowed with an open, receptive mind, he gathered impressions in the highlands of Asia, the fruit fields of China, and on the tropical coast of the Sunda Isles, and wrote an account of what he had seen. It is not surprising that he overestimates the distances traversed in his journeys through the Asiatic mountain country and his voyages, which took him far south of China. It was very natural that all who afterwards read the story of his trayels—and Columbus possessed a copy—should imagine the extent of Asia to be much greater than is really the case. And the more Asia was enlarged in this fashion, the more the ocean contracted. And this conclusion was all the more welcome because the whole shining array of classical authors, from the great Aristotle downwards, had taught that the ocean was relatively small, and that the land made up by far the greater part of the surface of the earth.

After Marco Polo, yet another Italian, Nicolo de Conti, had been in India (at the beginning of the fifteenth century), and had reached the Spice Islands by way of the Sunda Isles. After his return he made a report of his journey to the Pope, and Toscanelli also gained information from him by word of mouth. Toscanelli possessed energy and genius. His experience of life was wide. He lived to be a hundred years old, and he had considerable geographical knowledge. It was natural enough that such a man should conceive the idea of representing in visible form on a globe the distribution of land and water. The coast-line of Europe from Scotland southwards, and the western coast of Africa as far as Guinea, had been correctly depicted by the skilled cartographers of Italy and Spain. Now it was necessary, from the information given by Polo in writing and by Conti in conversation, to construct a picture of the position and size of the countries of Asia, a picture which might claim to give a true, or, at all events, a probable, presentation of the facts. A sketch made it quite clear to the Italian cosmographer that the western ocean was very small. The conviction gradually grew stronger, and he came to think that a man in the neighborhood of Mexico, for example—if I may borrow the geographical language of our own time—would be on the east coast of Japan. He knew how the Portuguese were exerting themselves to find a way to India round Africa. From the Italian agents at Lisbon he constantly heard of new attempts. His sketch map showed him that this route must be decidedly longer, even without taking into account the fact that no one had the least idea how far Africa extended to the south. He wished to put the Portuguese on the right track, and with this object he made an indirect application to the King of Portugal. His letter to the King's confessor, Canon Hernam Martiny, at Lisbon, is dated from Florence, June 25, 1474, and assures for him the honor of being the first to project a voyage to the west.

At this time Columbus was scarcely established in Lisbon, and it is impossible that he should have heard of the letter at once, as it was intended in the first instance only for the King and his intimate councillors. The project was regarded with little favor in Portugal, at all events on the part of the crown, and was probably kept as a state secret. But

even if this had not been the case, it is inconceivable that an absolute stranger, a common sailor, without money and without friends, should have heard of the matter at once. It was only at a later period—in my opinion it was *years* later—that Columbus showed an interest in the idea. His social position at Lisbon was now established. He could speak Portuguese with such freedom that no one would take him for a foreigner. His relationship with a distinguished family would make access to the court possible to him. News was continually coming in from the ocean. His active mind and his lively fancy were occupied more and more with the great sea in the west. It was at this time, probably at the beginning of the eighties, that he applied to Toscanelli and asked for information. It is necessary to preface Toscanelli's letter with this explanation, because, as we shall see, the letter itself has been tampered with. Toscanelli wrote to Columbus as follows: "I perceive your great and noble desire to travel to the land where the spices grow. I therefore send as an answer to your letter a copy of a letter which I sent *a few days ago* to one of my friends, who was in the service of his Majesty the King of Portugal *before the Castilian wars*, in answer to one which he was commissioned by the King to address me on the subjects concerned, and I send you a nautical map which corresponds with the one I sent him." The letter to Martiny referred to belongs to June, 1474, and is, as Toscanelli says, not the first which he had written to Portugal about the matter. We are therefore justified in assuming that Columbus had not conceived a similar plan when Toscanelli had already sketched a map to illustrate it.

In the letter given above there is a contradiction involved in the italicized words which cannot possibly have come from Toscanelli's pen; the intention of claiming priority for Columbus is as clear as daylight. The Castilian wars fell in the years 1474–9. The expression "*before* the Castilian wars" could only be employed if the wars were at an end—that is, after 1479—otherwise a man would write "before the *beginning* of the wars." But then Toscanelli could not refer to his letter of June 25, 1474, as having been sent "a few days ago." If instead of "days" we read "years," the whole thing is intelligible. We get this letter only in the *Historie*. The object of the writer of the *Historie* is to claim for Columbus as early as 1474 the idea of a journey to the west. The plan of a voyage to the west was sketched out and described in this famous letter with such assurance, such certainty of success, that any sailor could steer his way thereby. Toscanelli had added an accurate map, on which the coasts of well-known countries were to be seen depicted with great exactness; he had introduced the islands Antilia and Zipangu (Japan), and China, according to calculations made from Polo's travels, and had described the route in such definite terms that a man might steer blindly by it. Columbus had this plan on board on his first voyage, and guided himself thereby. On September 25, 1492, he sent it to his captain on the *Pinta*, Martin Alonso Pinzon, no doubt that he might take counsel with this experienced seaman concerning the direction in which they should continue their voyage—a matter about which he may well have begun to feel hesitation. The question was whether they could put entire trust in Toscanelli's map. We learn this from a passage from the log-books of the first voyage, extracts from which are given by Las Casas. He remarks with reference to this passage: "This is the map which the doctor Paulo [Toscanelli] the Florentine sent him. It is, together with some other articles which belonged to the Admiral, in my possession." The original is now, unfortunately, lost, but we may, I think, prove the existence of a copy which will be equally useful. About the time when Columbus left Portugal, another foreigner, a German named Martin Behaim, made his appearance. He soon obtained influence in Lisbon through his knowledge of nautical instruments, the uses of which he had learned from his former teacher, the famous astronomer Regiomontanus. As cosmographer he accompanied the Portuguese voyage of discovery which, under the command of Diego Cão, nearly reached the Cape. He was afterwards knighted, and was a *persona grata* at court. Every map or chart which had any bearing on the new discoveries was at his disposal. Is it conceivable, then, that Toscanelli's map remained unknown to him? In the year 1492, at his native city of Numerberg, he made a globe for the use of his fellow-citizens, which is still preserved.

America had not yet been discovered; the western ocean and the coast of Asia could only be drawn in accordance with Polo's statements, or from the information supplied by the spoken or written words of other travellers. It is a curious fact that one may use Behaim's globe to illustrate Toscanelli's letter; one finds that not only Toscanelli's statements, but also the remarks which on his first voyage Columbus made with reference to Toscanelli's map, suit Behaim's globe admirably. We may surely conjecture that Behaim copied the ocean and surrounding lands from Toscanelli's map.

Other maps of the sixteenth century follow the same original. Not till 1570 do all traces of it disappear from the delineation of eastern Asia. In this part of the world Toscanelli's influence is maintained till the Portuguese penetrate from India into the Japanese waters. We may therefore with confidence insert Behaim's map as a copy of Toscanelli's, and trace out on it the plan of the Florentine doctor; it is the map which Columbus followed almost slavishly.

If one carefully follows the voyage, one is confirmed in the opinion that Columbus was guided by an authority. That cannot be questioned; but still there remains to the Genoese the undiminished glory of having held to his purpose with wonderful tenacity and perseverance till, after years of waiting, he accomplished it. It was he who actually did the great deed; that is his title to honor. And among the nations all the glory falls to Italy. A *Venetian* explores the eastern limits of Asia, and describes the rich lands that he saw. A *Florentine* builds upon his narrative the plan of a voyage to the west. A *Genoese* carries out the plan, but instead of reaching Asia, he discovers a new world, and this new world is called America, after a *Florentine*. The services of the Italians could scarcely be stated more forcibly in a few words.

In his letter Toscanelli describes the accompanying map in the following words: "From Lisbon in a straight line to the west there are twenty-six spaces marked on the map, each space containing 250 milliares, till you come to the great and noble city of Quinsay [now known as Hang-Chow, in China]. This distance embraces nearly the third part of the circumference of the earth. The city of Quinsay is in the province of Mangi [South China], near the province of Katay [China], where the King's residence is. But from the island Antilia (known to you by the name Sete Cidades) to the famous island Cippangu [Japan] there are ten spaces. This island is very rich in gold, pearls, and precious stones; the temples and palaces are covered with solid gold. The unimportant stretches of sea must be crossed by routes which are not yet known." We see from this that Toscanelli described the course which Columbus was to steer from Lisbon, past Antilia and Zipangu, to China, and even gave him the distances on the map. There was also

BEHAIM'S MAP, COPIED FROM TOSCANELLI'S.

a book which Columbus eagerly studied, which greatly strengthened his desire to make a voyage to the west. This was a description of the earth written about 1410 by the Cardinal of Cambray, Pierre d'Ailly (Petrus de Alliaco), with the title, then very popular, *Imago Mundi* (a Picture of the World). All the knowledge of the past, from the Greeks and Romans down to the fathers of the Church and the Arabian writers, is collected together in a vast mass, without much discrimination. From this work Columbus drew all his cosmographical knowledge. He quotes no book more frequently; he took it with him on all his voyages, and sought help from it in unknown seas. Relying on the authority of the *Imago Mundi*, Columbus believed and maintained that only one-seventh of the surface of the globe was covered with water. It followed that his idea of sailing across the sea would be comparatively easy to carry out.

Columbus probably also brought forward other reasons when he first proposed his voyage in Portugal, the same reasons which he gave later in Spain. His argument could not be effectual except in the fanatical time of the Crusades. He affirmed that he was called by God to fulfil certain important prophecies before the destruction of the world. All the blessings of the true faith were to be brought from Spain to peoples not yet known, and this in a short space of time, so that all the nations might yet be gathered under the banner of Christianity. The most serious resistance to the faith was at that time offered by the Mohammedans, and this even in the Mediterranean. But the end of the world could not and must not come before the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem had been wrested from the Saracens, and this could only be accomplished by force of arms. Great wealth would be necessary for the purpose, and this wealth—gold and pearls and precious stones—lay hidden in the distant East. He would reach the East by the ocean route westward. "Columbus," says one of our greatest historians, Leopold von Ranke—"Columbus lived in an atmosphere of purely spiritual ideas, and had not the least notion of a vast continent occupying nearly half of the western sea.... When he landed in the Antilles, he believed he would find gold and silver with which to fight the Mohammedans and get possession of the Holy Land. Never has a sublime mistake led to so sublime a discovery." (*Weltgeschichte*, vol. ix., p. 129.)

It was probably in the year 1483 that Columbus brought forward his proposal in Lisbon. The King laid it before his learned advisers, the royal confessor Diego Ortiz, Bishop of Ceuta, and his two body-physicians, Rodrigo and Joseph. But when they read the confused mass of dogmas and specious reasons which Columbus gave, they could not support the proposal or recommend it to the King.

At the end of 1484 or the beginning of 1485 Columbus left Portugal. He was forced to fly. He had to retire secretly from his adopted country, because he had come into conflict, we do not know in what way, with the Portuguese tribunals.

He went to the south of Spain, and soon found a powerful protector in the Duke of Medina-Celi, who lived at Puerto de Sa. Maria. Till the beginning of the year 1486 he remained in the duke's house, either as his guest or in his service. The duke wanted to prevent him from going to France or England, as he was already purposing to do in the hope of finding an opportunity of putting his plan into execution. In January, 1486, he had the good fortune, through the influence of Cardinal Mendoza, of Toledo, to be presented to the Queen of Castile and Leon, and to be permitted to lay his project before her. But with this began a long period of trials and difficulties for the impatient discoverer. On January 24, 1486, he entered the service of the Queen, and received a post to which a small salary was attached. But in Spain also it was necessary first to state reasons for the proposed undertaking which would bear examination, and to prove its practical use, before any one would produce the necessary funds. The eloquence of the Ligurian was not in itself sufficient to win the victory.

In order to follow his thoughts and plans we may compare a number of his utterances preserved in his later records and letters. "I have associated," he writes, "with scientific men, clerical and lay, of the Latin Church and the Greek, with Jews and Moors, and many others. To that end the Lord gave me the spirit of understanding. In the science of navigation He endowed me richly; of astronomy, and also of geometry and arithmetic, He gave me what was necessary." On

another occasion Columbus writes: "I came to your Majesty as the Messenger of the Blessed Trinity. . . . Notwithstanding all the troubles that befell me, I was certain that my undertaking would succeed, and I held firmly to this opinion, for all else will perish, save only the Word of God. And indeed God speaks very clearly of these lands by the mouth of Isaiah in many passages of Holy Writ, and He declares that the knowledge of His Holy Name shall be spread through the lands from Spain." Columbus is here thinking of Isaiah, xxiv. 16: "From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous." "The uttermost part of the earth" referred to Spain.

These prophecies must be fulfilled soon if Christianity was to be proclaimed over the whole earth. "St. Augustine teaches that the end of the world will come 7000 years after its creation. This is also the opinion of holy theologians and of Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly. And as, according to the calculations of King Alfonso of Portugal, 6845 years have already passed, there remains but a very short space of time before the end of the world."

Whether sober Spaniards who possessed any knowledge of or took any interest in cosmography were able to accept this strange mixture of false interpretation of biblical and classical prophecies with cosmographical calculations, we cannot decide. A story is current to the effect that Columbus was obliged to hold a disputation at Salamanca concerning his project. But when we trace the story to its source, and find that it is not mentioned before 1619, we are justified in asking whence, after the lapse of more than a century, the legend was derived. It is certain, however, that the project was carefully considered, and that Columbus had influential supporters, and that if it was impossible to proceed at once with the execution of the plan, the difficult position in which Ferdinand and Isabella then stood must not by any means be left out of account. The matter was not forgotten, and in the mean while Columbus remained in the Queen's service. "For fortunately," says Humboldt, "the erroneous views which then prevailed favored the execution of the project, and inspired a courage which would probably have been damped by a more exact knowledge of the dimensions of the globe, the geographical position (of eastern Asia), the vast extent of the intervening sea, and the small size of the continent." Discussions of the subject were first held in the winter of 1486–7, but the decision was still put off. Columbus at last lost patience; as early as 1488 his brother Bartolomeo went, doubtless by his wish, to France and England to make his ideas known; but the journey was in vain.

Thus, in painful delay and suspense, passed the years 1489 and 1490. Columbus, almost unknown in Spain, lived now at Seville, now at Cordova. In spite of all pressure, the council appointed to inquire into the matter reported, even in 1491, that till the end of the Moorish wars and the fall of Granada their Majesties would not be free to approach the subject more nearly. Seven years had Columbus waited.

Columbus had passed his fortieth year. If he delayed longer, his strength would consume away before he had taken the first step towards the realization of his hopes. With a heavy heart he resolved to go to France, where the way had been prepared for him, and bring his personal influence to the aid of the cause. He intended to leave Spain and embark at Huelva on the *Rio Tinto*. On his way there he visited the convent of Rabida. Here his fortune changed. The prior of the convent, Juan Perez, the Queen's confessor, took the matter up, and in person urgently directed her attention to the proposal. The consequence was that in a very short time the Queen declared herself ready to provide ships as soon as the long-expected surrender of the last Moorish town, Granada, should take place. In the mean while sufficient money was placed at the disposal of Columbus, and he was summoned to appear at court.

Fortunately soon after this, in January, 1492, the city of Granada fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and the power of the Mohammedans in Spain, which had lasted nearly eight hundred years, came to an end. From a political point of view nothing now stood in the way of the undertaking; but still there remained one obstacle to overcome, an obstacle of the existence of which neither the Queen nor the influential friends of Columbus had any idea. This lay in the extravagant claims which the navigator made in case of a successful issue to the voy-

age. He demanded that he should be granted the rank and dignity of an Admiral; that himself and his family should be raised to the nobility; that he should occupy the position of Viceroy in the undiscovered countries, and should have the right to name three men for the higher administrative posts. He asked for a tenth part of the royal revenues from the gold, silver, precious stones, pearls, and spices; and if he provided the eighth part of the expenses incurred in equipping a ship or a fleet, he claimed an eighth part of the profits. The Queen refused. The very man who professed to be the messenger of the Blessed Trinity, who declared himself called by God, in the short space of 150 years which still remained to the world, to discover the gold countries, get possession of Jerusalem, overthrow Islam, and gather the most remote heathens into the temple of Christianity—the man who pursued such pure and unselfish ideals turned out to be such a good man of business that he did not disdain earthly riches and worldly honors for himself and his descendants even to the third and fourth generations. The Queen refused. Her pride was roused. But Columbus abated not a jot of his demands. For the second time he turned his back on the Spanish court; it was said that he had had definite promises made him in France, on which he relied. His friends interceded for him once more at the Spanish court, and actually succeeded in inducing the Queen to change her mind. On April 17th the contract was ratified.

The preparation of the ships was at once taken in hand. Fabulous stories are told of the needy condition in which the Queen stood; the Moorish wars had exhausted the treasury, and her jewels were already pawned. But the sum necessary for the equipment of three small ships amounted only to 1,140,000 maravedis, and if we reckon the maravedi as equal to one and a half centimes, this would be equivalent to 17,000 francs, a more considerable sum at that time than now, but still not extravagant. And as the treasurer, Luis de Santangel, advanced the sum, we may suppose that he knew best whether he could reckon on being repaid. The little port of Palos, from which the expedition was to sail, was also forced to contribute the hire of two caravels for two months and the pay of the crew for four. The prospects of the undertaking were materially advanced through the energetic interest shown in it by the influential naval family of Pinzon, four representatives of which declared themselves ready to take part in the expedition. This made it so popular that there was no more difficulty in collecting a sufficient number of men.

Three quite small ships were provided to make this first voyage right across the Atlantic—so small that only the largest, the Admiral's ship, was decked all over. The others were open boats, decked fore and aft. The biggest, the *Marigalante* (or *Sa. Maria*), was commanded by Columbus; Martin Alonso Pinzon was captain of the *Pinta;* and his brother, Vicente Yañez Pinzon, of the *Niña.* The crews numbered probably (according to Las Casas) only ninety men, and consisted almost exclusively of Spaniards. Only one Englishman and one Irishman are mentioned. On August 3, 1492, the little squadron stood out to sea, and steered first for the Canaries. Thence they were to sail straight past Antilia to Japan and China. From the first Columbus kept an exact diary, which was intended for the King and Queen. Unfortunately we only possess two sets of extracts, given by Las Casas, which, as they stand, are not altogether consistent, but in the main give us the same particulars.

One strange circumstance, unique in the whole history of navigation, must be mentioned. Columbus kept two journals, one secretly, the other publicly. In the former he registered exactly the distances they had traversed according to his calculation; in the latter he put down the amount every day as less than this by eight or ten leagues (*leguas*), that the growing number of leagues might not make the sailors feel timid and faint-hearted, if their eager lookout should not be rewarded with a sight of land as soon as had been calculated and announced. Las Casas faithfully records all the double measurements in the two diaries, and praises the trick as a remarkable sign of wisdom in the captain. But we prefer to give the proceeding its true name. Columbus's public diary was simply false.

Towards the end of September Columbus thought that he was near the island of Antilia. He looked about for it in vain, but he did not want to waste time in seeking for it, and left it lying on

his right hand, as he supposed, for again many signs of land had been descried in the north. On October 1st Columbus estimated the distance traversed since leaving the Canaries at 707 Spanish leagues (6 kilometres, or about $3\frac{3}{4}$ English miles, to the league), but he announced it as amounting only to 584 leagues. This calculation, however, being made according to the speed of the voyage, was not very exact. On the *Niña* the pilot reckoned the distance at 650 leagues, on the *Pinta* at 634. As they sailed farther, and again and again the land spied in the distance vanished on a nearer view, the crew became more and more difficult to manage. They wanted to turn back, and it is even said that they threatened to throw overboard the Ligurian fellow who had brought them out to perish.

We may well doubt the truth of the romantic story of a compact between the Admiral and the mutineers, by the terms of which Columbus was given three days' grace, after which, if the ocean had not revealed its secrets, he was to turn back. Columbus seems to have hesitated sometimes as they went on and on and still, contrary to all his reckoning, found no limit to the ocean; but he had an excellent support in Alonso Pinzon, who pushed fearlessly forward. It was he who induced Columbus on October 7th, when the voyage had lasted a month, to steer no longer due west, but to turn in a southwesterly direction. And now unquestionable signs of land near at hand began to multiply, and every one was on the lookout in the hope of being the first to see the shore; for the Queen had promised a reward of 10,000 maravedis (150 francs) to the man who should first set eyes on the long-sought land. At last, on October 12th, at two o'clock in the morning, a sailor named Rodrigo of Triana saw from the *Pinta*, which was in advance, the low shores of an island shining in the morning light. A not very fine trait in the character of Columbus is revealed by his assertion at a later time that he had seen a light moving along the shore at ten o'clock on the previous evening, and therefore had the first claim to the reward. And he actually had the money paid to him. If we consider the probable distance of the ship from land at ten o'clock in the evening, and if we remember that the island was a flat coral island, it will be obvious that, owing to the rotundity of the earth, it would have been impossible to see even the tree-tops on the island. A light on the shore would certainly have been invisible. At the best, Columbus made a mistake.

The joyful news was communicated to the two ships in the rear by the firing of a cannon on the *Pinta*. They were only two leagues (*leguas*) from land, and as soon as the sun rose a small green island (*una isleta*) was to be seen. "This island," writes Las Casas, "is fifteen *leguas* long, quite flat, without a single hill; like all the Lucaya Islands, it resembles a garden full of fresh green shrubs. It was called Guanahaní, the last syllable pronounced long and accented. In the middle was a lagoon of good sweet drinking-water. It was thickly populated with Lucayos (so the inhabitants of the little islands are called), *i. e.*, inhabitants of cayos, or islands."

This, then, was the first American country on which the Admiral set foot. On the morning of October 12, 1492, he solemnly took possession of the island, and christened it San Salvador. There can be no doubt that it was one of the Lucayas, or Bahamas; but which of them? On this point a hot dispute has arisen among the learned, and when one examines and arranges all the hypotheses, one is astonished to find that no less than five islands are put forward all claiming to have borne the name Guanahaní.

If we go through the group of the Bahamas from north to south, we find the following islands suggested: Cat Island, or Guanima, Watling Island, Samaná, Mariguana, and Turk's Island. Alexander von Humboldt and Washington Irving are in favor of Cat Island; the excellent Spanish historian Muñoz and the Englishman Captain Becher, of Watling Island; the two Americans Fox and H. Harrisse, of Samaná; the Portuguese writer Varnhagen, of Mariguana; and, lastly, Turk's Island receives the support of the admirable Spanish historian Navarrete, to whom we owe an excellent collection of old records concerning Columbus and the early history of the New World. Thus every one of these five theories is supported by a writer of distinction, who has collected all the trustworthy evidence in favor of his opinion. With the description by Las Casas quoted above, no island agrees so well as Watling Island, and the name San Salvador is gen-

erally printed by it on our maps. An additional reason in its favor is supplied by the following notice, taken from an old description of the Spanish colonies, unfortunately not dated: "Guanani, a little islet near Guanima, the first land in India that Columbus discovered, and to which he gave the name San Salvador." (Guanani una isleta pequeña junto á Guanima, la primera tierra de los Indias que descubrio Colon, á quien pusso por nombre San Salvador.—Coleccion de doc. ined. por l. descubr. xv., p. 431.) But still we cannot be certain that we are right.

Starting from the Bahamas, and sailing in a southwesterly direction, Columbus on October 28th reached Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles, whose beauty charmed him. The wonderful tropical scenery inspired him to write many a brilliant description. It is still a disputed question which port in this island he first touched at. Columbus took Cuba to be the mainland of eastern Asia, and as at that time all countries washed by the Indian Ocean from Madagascar and Habesh right round to China were considered parts of India—the country being merely divided into Greater, Middle, and Lesser India, and into Hither and Further India—it was natural enough that from the very first day of his discoveries, from October 12th, Columbus called the naked inhabitants of the islands Indios. Hence we get our name "Indians" for the aborigines of America. Hence throughout the voyage to the west all the countries are called West India. According to Toscanelli's map, Columbus must now have passed Zipangu. On Behaim's globe the following words are written on this part of the sea: "Here are found many marvels, sirens and other fishes." He naturally looked out for these marvels as carefully as for Antilia and Zipangu, and as he did not find them, he writes in his diary that he has not yet found any sirens. On the 14th of November he thought he saw before him the innumerable islands which on his map extended along the coast of eastern Asia. These remarks of his show how great a value Toscanelli's map possessed in his eyes, and how blindly he followed it. The natural result was that he never suspected that he was in quite a different region from that represented on his map. Instead of the crowded markets and rich fleets which he had expected, Columbus found a naked, untutored people. There was scarcely a boat on the shore; nothing that deserved the name of a town. He heard a language of which his learned interpreter, who understood Hebrew, Chaldee, and something of Arabic, could not make out a single word. Columbus turned eastward again, discovered Haiti, and on December 24th lost his ship, which was wrecked on the coast of that island. With the two remaining he started homewards. After weathering a dangerous storm he reached Portugal, whence he proceeded to Spain.

The news of the success of the voyage spread like wildfire. It was generally assumed that Columbus had reached Asia. He was at this time looked upon with the highest favor, and it may even be said that for a short time he was popular. This is perhaps the proper place to give a slight sketch of the personal appearance of the discoverer as his contemporaries have pictured him. We must rest satisfied with words, as, unfortunately, no authentic picture exists. It is true that a number of portraits, differing widely from one another, have been circulated, and have been declared to be genuine; but we cannot regard any of them as authentic, and that for a very simple reason: at the end of the fifteenth century there were no portrait-painters in Spain. As we do not even possess a genuine portrait of Ferdinand and Isabella, we certainly cannot expect to find one of Columbus, who for a much shorter time attracted the attention of the world. Moreover, among the writers of the early part of the sixteenth century there is no trace of the existence of an authentic picture. According to the description of his contemporaries, Columbus was tall; his face was rather long, his complexion ruddy, and his skin freckled; he had bright gray eyes and a Roman nose.

While his enthusiastic delight at the success of his voyage was still fresh, he wrote from the Azores to Luis de Santangel, and from Lisbon to Rafael Sanchez. The world was looking eagerly for news of the expedition, and these letters brought the first intimation of the discovery of a new continent. They were printed in Latin and also in German, both at Rome and Ulm, and published in the form of a newspaper—a word which was then used for the first time. The whole of Christendom, thinks the delighted mari-

ner, must rejoice with Spain at the termination of the voyage and the discovery of the sea route to India. Processions must be organized and sacred festivals celebrated; the churches must be adorned with green boughs; loud songs of joy shall re-echo through heaven and earth. He had, indeed, discovered beautiful islands of great size, and they seemed to him, through his exaggerated estimate of the length of the voyage, greater than they really were. He thought, for instance, that Haiti was bigger than Spain. And he had brought home gold nuggets and other marvellous things; but India itself, the land of wonders, described in the writings of the ancients and the reports of later travellers, he had not seen; the lands where the spices grow, the rich markets of the East, he had not reached. Men of learning of the more cautious kind reserved their opinion, and put off the day of rejoicing. Peter Martyr, in a letter of October 1, 1493, writes that Columbus claims to have reached the Indian islands east of Asia. He does not wish absolutely to deny the truth of this statement, but considering the size of the circumference of the earth, he thinks that one should adopt a different opinion. But it was a very promising beginning, and it was obviously desirable that these discoveries should be followed up. So a stately fleet of seventeen ships was soon collected, and manned with 1200 armed men. Nobles and priests, civilians and soldiers, took part together with the peasantry in this first attempt to colonize the "Newfound Islands." Columbus was not content with the title of "Admiral of the Ocean." He wished also to be made Viceroy of India. He took a somewhat more southerly direction, arrived, after a prosperous voyage of twenty days, at the Lesser Antilles, Marigalante, Guadeloupe, etc., reached Porto Rico on November 15, 1493, and Haiti on November 22d. The Spaniards who, to the number of thirty-seven to forty, had been left behind in the wooden fort at Navidad (Nativity) in Haiti on the first voyage, had either been killed or had died a natural death. The fort itself was burnt down. This was not encouraging for the new colonists. The position of Navidad was unhealthy. Another site was found; but once again a mistake was made. The new fort and town, Isabella, were soon abandoned. A few ruins may still be seen hidden in a wood.

Leaving his brother Diego as Governor, Columbus proceeded with three ships in a southwesterly direction to continue his explorations, and in May, 1494, came on the island of Jamaica, whence he crossed to Cuba. The dangerous and confusing mass of green islands, rocks, and reefs on the south side of this the greatest of the Antilles he took to be the Asiatic Archipelago, which, according to Polo's account, included more than seven thousand islands. The audacious plagiarist who, under the name of John Mandeville, deceived and delighted the Western world (for he was widely read) with the story of his journey in the far East, also knew of these strange groups of islands. They were supposed to number 7459. Columbus had his book on board. He therefore received constant support in his belief that he was on Asiatic ground. Probably Toscanelli had given this island-set sea on his map, just as we find it on Behaim's globe. And when by the island of Pinos he saw the coast of Cuba stretching southwards, he was entirely convinced that the continent of Asia lay before his eyes. According to his reckoning he was only thirty meridians (one-twelfth the circumference of the earth) from the Golden Chersonesus, *i. e.*, the peninsula of Malacca. The bad condition of his ships forced him to turn back, but before he did so he made all his men swear a solemn oath that they believed Cuba to be the continent of Asia. Did Columbus think that he thus obtained the strongest proof in favor of his opinion? He turned back, and with difficulty reached the little island of Mona, between Haiti and Porto Rico, where his health broke down, and he had to give up the idea of exploring further. The mental agitation and the excessive exertion to which he had been subjected for many weeks overpowered him. The four Greater Antilles and some of the Lesser Antilles and the Bahamas had now been discovered, and this splendid domain extended over a space of twenty-five meridians. The further west the travellers sailed, the larger the lands they found. At Haiti Columbus recovered, but not sufficiently to undertake fresh expeditions. Also difficulties had already arisen among the Spaniards in the colonies. Fortunately the Admiral's brother, Bartolomeo, who had also been raised to the nobility in Spain, appeared with three ships to help Columbus. To him Colum-

bus was able to intrust the colonies when, in the spring of 1496, he returned to Spain, taking back with him 200 of the emigrants. They had been bitterly disappointed in their expectations, and now proved a burden to the new community, and, besides, they added strength to the dissatisfied party, which is never wanting in such undertakings. The gold found in the mountains of Haiti served to support the assertion that they had found the golden land of Ophir, to which in the gray ages of the past King Hiram of Tyre and Solomon the wise had sent forth their ships. It is a wonderful mixture—John Mandeville the liar and Solomon the wise on the same page!

The third expedition, for which Columbus was urgent, was delayed by various events affecting the royal family, and especially by the death of the Crown-Prince, Don Juan. He started with six ships from the mouth of the Guadalquivir on May 30, 1498. He sent on three ships straight to the colony at Haiti, while with the other three he steered nearer the equator than before, for, according to the belief of the time, it was only in the tropics, where the natives were black, that the most valuable products, pearls, precious stones, gold, and spices, were to be found; the further from the equator, the lighter the color of the skin, and the less valuable the products. So he steered this time past the Canaries to the Cape Verde Islands, and thence across the open sea, and on July 31, 1498, arrived at Trinidad, the most southerly of the Lesser Antilles, from which he reached the American continent at the mouth of the Orinoco.

In the course of his description of the newly discovered lands there is a hint which, if Columbus had followed it up, might have led him to the truth. He writes: "Suppose that the above-mentioned river [the Orinoco] rose not in the earthly paradise, but in some great country to the south, the learned world would be astonished to find that there is another continent of which up till now nothing has been known." Had Columbus astonished the world with this theory, eleven years later that quarter of the globe would have received the name not of Amerigo Vespucci, but of the man who really discovered it. But when he found himself face to face with new facts and could not appeal to authority, he dared not do justice to his facts.

He had scarcely reached the north coast of South America when he was compelled by want of provisions, anxiety about his colonies, and the critical condition of his vessels to steer due north for Haiti. We need not here relate how he found nothing but discord and confusion, how he tried by wrong methods to restore order, and how he showed in this difficult position that he was no match for a troop of insolent soldiers, and not a born ruler of men. His evil days were come. In consequence of the many complaints and the numerous unfavorable reports received from the New World, a Governor, Francisco de Bobadilla, was sent out from Spain, armed by the crown with absolute power. He arrived at Haiti in August, 1500, and began to exercise his authority in very arbitrary fashion. He sent both the Viceroy and his brother Diego back to Europe in chains. In so doing he undoubtedly went further than was intended. As soon as the King and Queen heard of it, they hastened to openly disavow such an act. Columbus was treated with becoming respect, and 2000 ducats were at once sent to him that he might travel in due state, and make his appearance at court. The story of his coming to court was improved in later times by a romantic addition; it was said that, in true theatrical fashion, he appeared in chains on the steps of the throne. But it is not difficult to believe the statement that speech failed him at the audience, when he thought of the insult done him. The King and Queen tried in various ways to honor and to compensate the poor broken man who had contributed so much to their glory; but on one point, in spite of all the pressure put upon them, they remained firm—Columbus did not receive again the rank of Viceroy. Bobadilla, who had not proved an impartial ruler, was soon replaced by Ovando. This was a satisfaction to Columbus, and he also had the pleasure of knowing that, as the colonies settled down, more emigrants again ventured to trust themselves to the sea, and go to seek their fortunes in San Domingo, as the new capital of Haiti was called. In February, 1502, thirty ships carried 2500 emigrants across the water.

About the time that Columbus saw his own reputation fading away in the New World, Vasco da Gama returned home safely from his first voyage to India properly so called (September, 1499).

This gave Columbus a new impulse. As he could not get back the governorship, he offered himself for a voyage which might take him to this Portuguese India. In the mean time great tracts of the South American continent had been made known by his former companions Vicente Yañez Pinzon and Hojeda, and by Vespucci. This gave a definite direction to the Admiral's plans. With four vessels (fifty to seventy tons) and 150 men he started from Cadiz on May 9, 1502, for his last voyage. His brother Bartolomeo went with him. "I journey in the name of the Holy Trinity, and I hope for victory," he wrote at the beginning of the voyage to Father Gorricio at Seville. He steered the old course, straight for San Domingo, wishing to show himself to his colony as Admiral of a fleet; but, to his sorrow, Ovando forbade his landing. He foresaw and escaped from a storm in which, in spite of his warnings, a portion of the homeward-bound Spanish fleet, with his enemy Bobadilla on board, went down. He left Haiti on July 14th, and sailed past Cuba to Yucatan, where, for the first time, he met a civilized American people, the Mayas. He imagined that he would find a channel penetrating the continent further south. He therefore made his way very laboriously against wind and current along the coast of Central America. The Honduras coast took him in an easterly direction till he reached Cape Gracias-á-Dios. It was not till he got beyond this promontory that the sea, agitated by a succession of tropical thunder-storms, became somewhat calmer; hence the name, in which he expressed his gratitude for deliverance, Cape Thank God. The vessels had suffered seriously, and the voyage of discovery could only be continued with difficulty. In the neighborhood of the present "Greytown" the men had a long rest; the ships were repaired, and the store of provisions replenished. The report of the Indians that gold was found in abundance in the region to the southeast induced the discoverer on October 5th to go further, and soon, to his great delight, he saw the first specimen of fine gold, which an Indian was wearing like a medal on his breast. This was in the Cerabaro (Carambaru) district. "Here I obtained information," Columbus writes, "about the gold mines in the province Ciamba, which I was seeking. Two Indians carried me to Carambaru, where the people were going about naked, with gold mirrors round their necks." This remark is worthy of notice for two reasons. In the first place, Columbus was seeking Ciamba, and believed himself to be in the neighborhood. Ciamba may be seen on Toscanelli's map. Marco tells us of a kingdom of this name in Further India. Columbus, then, clung to the end of his voyages to the idea that he was on the coast of Asia, and in this belief he died. But for the little anachronism, we might say that during his lifetime Columbus would have vigorously protested against being called the discoverer of America. The words quoted from Columbus's letter are also important for another reason. The question has in recent times been asked—it is a very unprofitable question—whether on his third and fourth voyages Columbus really set foot on the continent of America. There can, of course, be no question about the first two voyages: he did not even get within sight of the coast. But here we have a perfectly definite statement: "Two Indians carried me to Carambaru." He went on to the southern limits of the present state of Costa Rica, and there, in the island-studded Bay of Chiriqui, he heard the first tidings of the great ocean. The account was indistinct enough, but it confirmed him in his opinion that he had reached the Golden Chersonesus, and that the sea on the western side must be (in modern phrase) the Bay of Bengal. He was seeking for a channel by which he might make his way into this sea. The coast abounds in gold. It received the name of Veragua after the Indian tribe who dwelt there. The name is interesting because it was borne by the descendants of Columbus, the Dukes of Veragua. In this case again Columbus did not see the consequences of his geographical error. If, as he believed, he was, at the most, ten days' journey from the mouth of the Ganges; if, as all his authorities agreed, he was on the Golden Chersonesus, half-way around the globe—then the earth could not possibly have so large a circumference as up to that time had been supposed. He had already sailed half round it, and the direct voyage could be made from Spain in four or five weeks. But he did not hesitate to complete the geographical structure which his imagination had raised. From Jamaica he writes

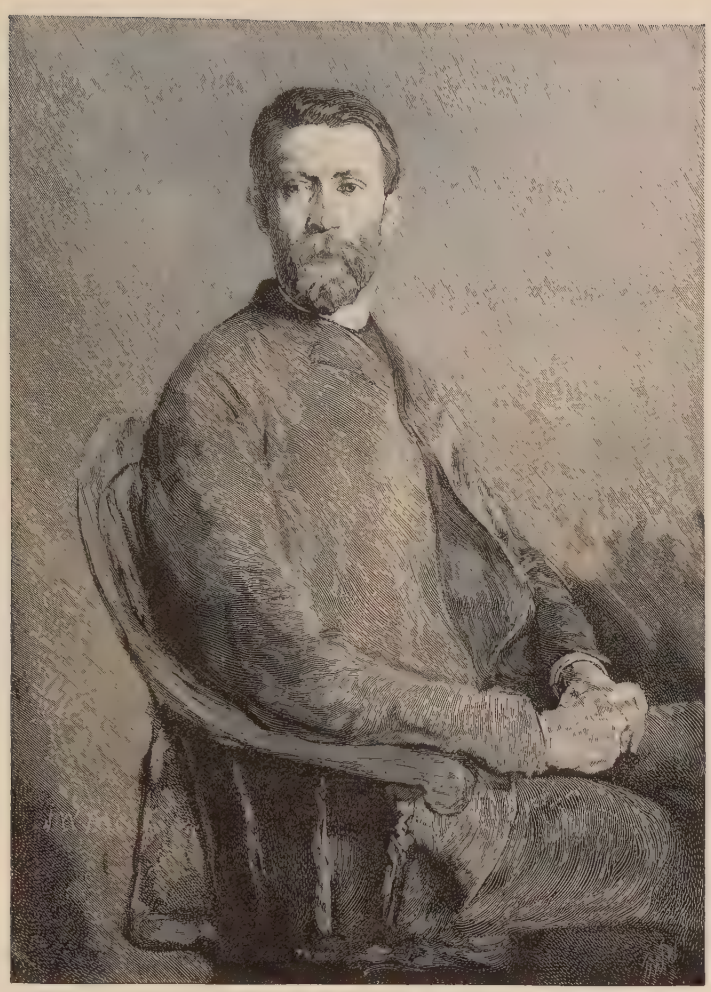
to the King and Queen, "The earth is not so large as is generally supposed."

Amid frightful tropical thunder-storms Columbus worked his way east along the Isthmus of Panama. The worm-eaten ships hardly kept above water, and he was continually obliged to run inshore to save them. At last he was driven back to Veragua. One ship after another was lost or had to be given up. Several attempts at establishing a position on the coast of Veragua were frustrated by the stubborn resistance of the Indians. The first ship was lost in April, 1503, on the coast of Veragua, when Columbus was starting for the second time in an easterly direction. The second he had to leave at Porto Bello. With the only two remaining to him he endeavored to make his way from the Gulf of Darien to Jamaica, but he was driven out of his course, and reached, first, the Little Cayman Island south of Cuba. Hence he hoped to sail straight home; but he was overtaken by bad weather, in which one ship lost three anchors. He was obliged to steer for Jamaica. The water rose higher and higher in the hold, and the only possibility of saving the lives of his men lay in running the ships ashore. This was on June 25, 1503, in the Bay of Santa Gloria, now called, after the discoverer, Cristobal's Bay. The ships sank and were lost, and their timbers served for the construction of forts against unexpected attacks of the Indians. Thus ended in signal catastrophe the glorious work of the great traveller. The discoverer of the New World was left a helpless shipwrecked man, with the remnant of his crew, on the shore of a savage island. Fortunately it was not very far from his settlement at San Domingo. A message must be sent over, asking that the Admiral and his people might be rescued. The perilous mission was undertaken by the faithful Diego Mendez, and on the second attempt successfully carried out in two canoes specially equipped for the sea-voyage.

Ovando suspected that the whole story of Columbus's shipwreck was invented to give him an opportunity for visiting Haiti and taking up quarters there, and he let months pass before he sent the necessary help. It was not till September 12, 1504, that Columbus began his last journey home, on another man's ship, his whole squadron gone. Ill, wretched, bent in body, and broken in spirit, he trod once more the soil of Spain. No one troubled himself any longer about him; his arrival passed almost unnoticed. Peter Martyr, who ten years before had boasted of his friendship, does not speak of the last voyages of the Italian in his letters. His chief patron, Queen Isabella, died soon after he landed (November 26, 1504), and he had now no influential friends at court. King Ferdinand had never taken a warm interest in his travels. It cannot, indeed, be said without gross exaggeration that the Admiral lived in actual poverty, or that he lacked the necessaries of life. But in Spain he altogether outlived his reputation, and he felt unutterably desolate. When, on May 21, 1506, he died at Valladolid, the occurrence attracted no notice in the little town. The chronicle of the town which covers this period, and which carefully records every trifle which served to swell the gossip of the place, does not give a syllable to the death of the discoverer of the New World.

Well for him that he did not live long enough to hear of the grossest insult which was offered to his name. A year after his death the New World was named, not after the bold seaman Don Cristobal Colon, but after the Florentine merchant Amerigo Vespucci.

But enough! We began with a quotation from Goethe; we may fitly end with one. It has been proved in recent times that Columbus was not of noble birth; that he did not study in Pavia; that he was not a sailor from his boyhood. We may feel convinced that he did not originate the plan of his voyage; that he was throughout the victim of erroneous cosmographical theories. It may be granted that his mathematical and astronomical knowledge was weak, and his nautical performances not remarkable. But still this remains to him: the resolution to do the deed; the invincible courage which made him persevere through years of scorn and insult, which made him devote his life to the idea. His deed makes him immortal. In Goethe's play Faust is pondering over the translation of the first verse of St. John's Gospel. He finds the rendering "In the beginning was the *Word*" unsatisfactory; one after the other he tries "In the beginning was the Thought, the Power"; and at last finds the solution, "In the beginning was the *Deed*." By this deed of his, Columbus gave us the New World.



A. B. FROST.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

IN the comprehensive list of American artists which in 1867 was supposed to include all worthy workers in that wide field, there is the name of one professional illustrator, and of one only. It need not be inferred from this fact that there was only one professional illustrator, or that some of the artists enumerated were not also illustrators. But the art of illustrating was held in this country much as the silversmith's or the wood-carver's art is still held—only exceptional ability and marked popular success were sufficient to bring a craftsman into the category of "serious artists." And so, in a list of over a hundred and fifty names, which certainly does not err on the side of narrow exclusiveness, we find the name of but one man who made illustration the business of his life. And we have no doubt that many of his colleagues wondered why Mr. F. O. C. Darley wasted his fine talent on so trivial and unworthy a task as the making of pictures for story-books.

This point of view seems strange to us.

A GAME OF CHECKERS.

It reminds us of Gandish and the glorious hantique, of "Boadishia," and "Beauty, Valor, Commerce, and Liberty condoling with Britannia on the death of Admiral Viscount Nelson." But we must remember that it is characteristic of the art of a young country to take itself too seriously, and to think that a great picture cannot be painted without a subject at least as large as a volcano or the court of King Solomon. And, after all, there was something earnest and honest about this grandiose spirit, even if it was neither catholic nor expansive.

But it made many bad painters out of men who might have been good illustrators, and it made the art of illustration an impossibility in this country so long as its unfriendly influence lasted.

That influence ended with the civil war. Times became "flush"; Americans saw more of European art than they had ever seen before; and, on the other hand, a quickened spirit of nationalism led to a demand for and a supply of American-made books.

This is not the place to tell how the art of illustration has grown in this country since the days of '67 or '68, when Mr. J. W. Ehninger's illustrations to an Arthurian legend were reproduced by photography, because they were considered too delicate to intrust to the engraver's burin. It would be curious reading to tell of the brave, half-empirical efforts of the earlier engravers, from Anthony and Linton to the late Mr. Juengling, to better their craft as a reproductive art, and of the struggle between true wood-engraving and the newly invented reproductive processes — a struggle in which both sides gained strength, in the end consenting to a fair division of a much larger field than they had dreamed of fighting for at the outset. I have said as much as this only to show how poor a forecast John Frost, LL.D., would have thought it, had he been told, on the 19th of January, 1851, that his

new-born son, Arthur Burdett Frost, was to win fame and fortune as a maker of pictures for books.

In 1874 there was published in Philadelphia a book of humorous sketches by a writer whose talent had greater possibilities than he ever gave it credit for. In the preface to *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, by "Max Adeler," the author, Mr. Charles Heber Clarke, said: "If this little venture shall achieve popularity, I must attribute the fact largely to the admirable pictures with which it has been adorned by the artists whose names appear upon the title-page. . . . I wish to direct attention especially to the humorous pictures of Mr. Arthur B. Frost. This artist makes his first appearance before the public in these pages. These are the only drawings upon wood that he has ever executed, and they are so nicely illustrative of the text, they display so much originality and versatility, and they have such genial humor, with so little extravagance and exaggeration, that they seem to me surely to give promise of a prosperous career for the artist."

It is hard to see in those coarse woodcuts, that look as if they were carved with a penknife, the touch of Mr. Frost's firm and facile hand. Those who know his work to-day must find it difficult to realize that these rough productions represented a positive superiority to the efforts of other young men of his day and generation; yet they did, and the fact was immediately recognized. But, as we look at those cuts to-day, it seems as if that engraver could have killed any genius that ever lived.

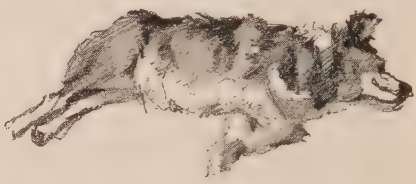
That Mr. Frost ever thought of appearing before the world as an illustrator is wholly due to the judgment, foresight, and firmness of the late Mr. William J. Clarke, a brother of the humorist. This gentleman may be called a patron of art without violating etymology or good taste, for he took a fatherly interest in every young man of talent and ambition. He was a faithful friend to Mr. Frost from the

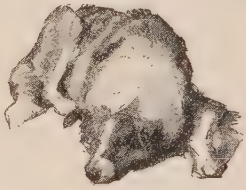
SOME STUDIES OF A GENTLEMAN PUTTING DOWN A CARPET.

time of the young man's earliest struggles, and it was he who insisted that Mr. Frost should undertake the work of illustrating *Out of the Hurly-Burly*. Mr. Frost was a lithographer at the time—a bad one, he tells us—and we may believe that a man who saw nature as he saw it would hardly be able to put much heart into the dull mechanic toil of commercial lithography. He certainly felt a deep distrust of his powers as an illustrator. He thought he could not do the work, and he would not have done it had not Mr. Clarke come in with a subjunctive imperative and declared that he should. He did it, and within a year he was working on the New York *Graphic*. In 1876 he entered the studio of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and drew side by side with Mr. Abbey, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Reinhart—surely a remarkable quartette in the silent art.

Then and there began a career of persistent toil and steady growth. Mr. Frost made himself the first of "comic artists," to use a vile term for want of a better.* This position was most readily accorded him by his brother comedians of the pencil, who long ago learned to consider him "easily the king-pin of the whole lot of us," as one of the ablest of them put it. Then came the graver work by which he is best known to-day.

An artist would probably speak of the honesty of Mr. Frost's art as its principal characteristic. Thorough draughtsmanship is the foundation of his success. He is never obliged to resort to trick or device, or to employ meretricious effects. He never has to "puzzle" bad or doubtful drawing. He is never in the position of the painter of beclouded battle-pieces to whom a cruel friend said, "Great heavens, Pulner, what *will* become of



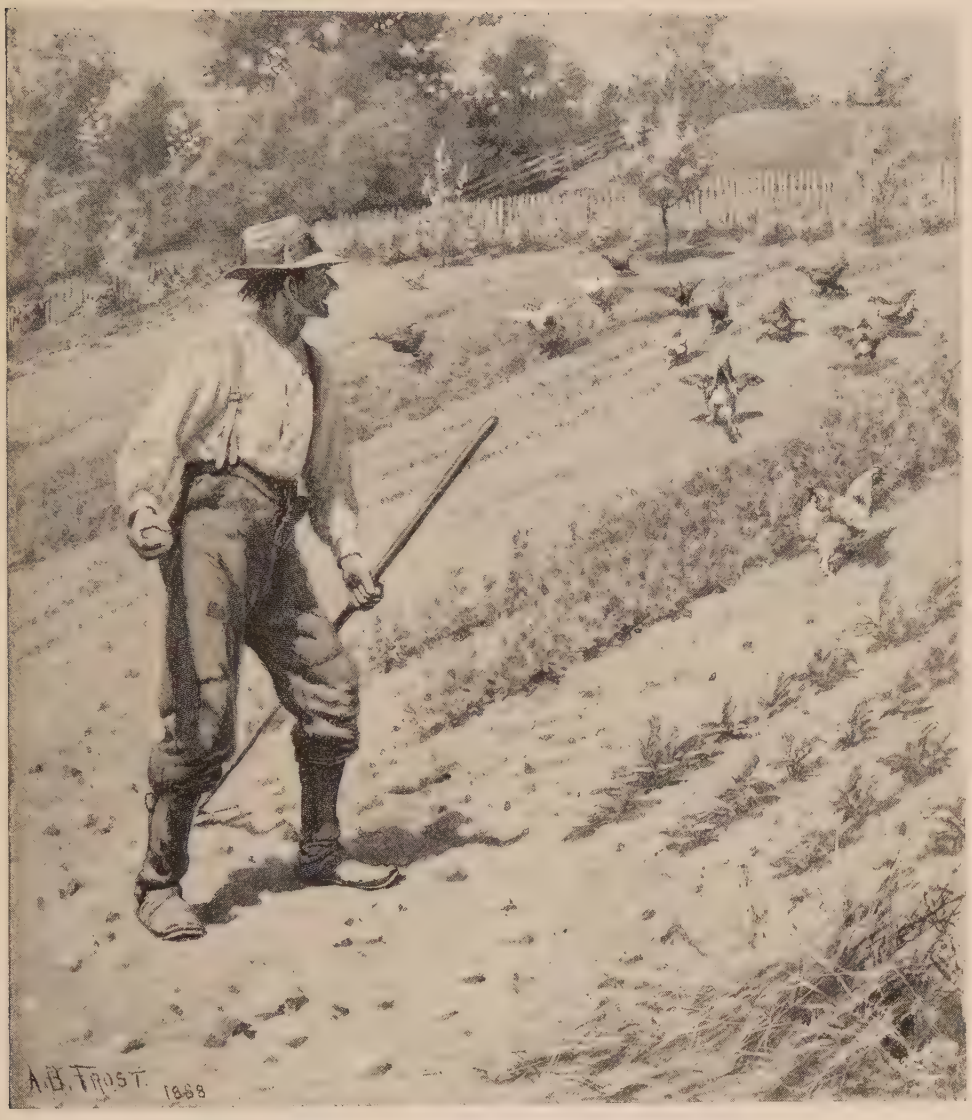


you when smokeless powder comes into general use?"

But it seems to me that its catholicity is the highest attribute of his art. The artistic tendency of the day is strongly toward specialism. An artist too often achieves fame because he paints snow well, or veined marble, or because he has brought out the unsuspected possibilities of the textural treat-

A SKETCH.

* I call this a vile term, and the worst of it is that it calls for definition. The "comic artist," as I take it, is the artist who draws what are known in the profession as "comics," pure and simple—pictures that are true to nature and funny at the same time. There are few who devote themselves to this line of work, though there are many whose drawing involves the element of humor. Not to be too intimately invidious, let me illustrate from a few European examples. Tenniel is a cartoonist in *Punch;* in his illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland* he is a master of the grotesque. To this latter class of grotesque artists belong Busch, Oberländer, Harry Furness, Linley Sambourne, Sullivan, and many others. Harburger is a character artist. Du Maurier and Schlittgen are social satirists; as is Mars, in his peculiar way. Of the men who draw things as they are, and who are humorous in their drawing, Keene, who follows in the footsteps of Leech, is perhaps the best known.



"DURN THEM HENS!"

ment of sole-leather. How frequently does the haunter of studios hear the pitiful apology for a meaningless background, "I'm no landscape-painter, of course you know"! How frequently does the landscape-painter who has tried to help out his picture—"just for the composition, you see"—with an ill-drawn figure or two, plead feebly, "I don't go in for figures, you know"!

Once, when I was a boy, I sat in the studio of a kindly old painter, who had his specialty. He had painted his picture, or what he regarded as his picture, and he was filling his canvas up with a perfunctory landscape. I looked on with interest.

"What sort of tree is that, sir?" I asked at length, in all simplicity and sincerity.

The old gentleman turned around with wide-open, astonished eyes. "What sort of tree?" he repeated. "Why, *I* don't know. *Any* sort of tree—er—er—just a *tree!*"

Mr. Frost's world is not thus one-sided. It is not only that he draws all that he has to draw correctly and effectively. He draws all the elements that compose his picture with the same interest and sympathy. His attention to the figure does not dim his clear sight to the ground on which it stands; to the significance and character of its surroundings. This broad sympathy with all visible things is to be seen in every drawing—the most ambitious or the most modest. When Mr. Frost draws a trapper in the woods of Maine or Canada, his artistic interest does not cease with the portrayal of the sturdy solitary. Behind that fine figure he shows us the woods that make him what he is, and he conveys to us a clear suggestion of the sadness with which their desolation clouds the spirit, and of the mysterious thrall of unspeakable, incomprehensible delight that at the same time holds us heart and soul communicants in the great secret of the wilderness.

This seems a simple thing to pick out as the best and most vital characteristic of an artist's work; and it is a simple thing—as simple a thing as planning a pyramid, or writing "*Che faro senza Eurydice?*" But look around you, and see how few men among those who create for us in the arts have this same simple accord with the world which they make it their business to describe, to depict, to reproduce, and to interpret. There is no more distinctive mark of the art of our day than the tendency of our artists toward the judicious elimination from their work of all the things that they cannot do, and toward the concentration of all their powers upon the things they can do. There is an engaging modesty implied in this tendency, and it is certainly better to do one thing well than a dozen things indifferently; and yet, if you carry out the idea involved to its logical conclusion, you must introduce into art the system that has been introduced with deplorable results into artisanship, and make the collaboration of specialists the one way of producing a work that is good all around. It is a system that has given us much trouble with chairs and tables, and has played the deuce with the dignity and self-respect of "labor"; and it is a system which has led to an over-dependence upon glue in the wood-worker's handicraft, and might suggest some correlative iniquity—perhaps in the photographic line—to the graphic artist.

We have not yet reached the point of artistic collaboration; but we have got far enough toward it to feel an especial gratitude for the work of a man who looks upon all he sees with a kindly and catholic friendliness; who marks out no limitations for his art; who can be as friendly with a mountain as with a man; to whom nothing is alien, nothing unsympathetic or uninteresting, nothing unworthy of thoughtful and affectionate study.

It is this way of viewing his world that gives Mr. Frost's pictures the charm of a convincing naturalness. You will find this charm in all his work—even in his slightest "comic." Indeed, it is most effective, in a certain sense, because it is least expected, in these lighter productions. Take, for instance, a certain little picture of a gentleman "gardening for pleasure." His setting is hardly more than indicated, but a hot day was never more unmistakably hinted. The air is hot. The flat landscape is hot. In a few lines, that look careless and unstudied, the artist has made atmosphere and scenery add "artistic verisimilitude" to a figure which tells its story in a way that would have more than satisfied any less conscientious humorist. Or look at his incomparable cat—the cat who has swallowed the rat poison by mistake. I

am afraid that most "comic artists" would have put that cat in a tenement-house, for the sake of the incidental low comedy to be derived from the accessories. But Mr. Frost draws just enough of that hapless cat's home to tell you that she lived in a household of comfortable re-

GEORGIA CRACKERS.

spectability, and, by a delicate suggestion of contrast, accentuates her unconventional and desperate acrobatics. You can be sure that some dear old maiden lady, in a spotless white cap, watched that cat with horror and alarm, and with a dim idea that the decent proprieties of life were outraged by an unreserved exhibition of stomachic discomfort.

This is not the usual method of the men who portray the laughable side of life. They draw their embodied jest, and put behind it a background composed on the principle upon which the dear old gentleman I have spoken of constructed his tree. And it must not be supposed that Mr. Frost's backgrounds are only happy thoughts. I have seen one modest "comic" redrawn, wholly or in part, five several times, to get just the proper effect —the effect that made you remember that picture as you would have remembered it if the thing had really happened; if you had stood on the very ground and seen it all with your own eyes.

When I first read *Rudder Grange*, I must confess that I did not quite believe it; it was not that the author's art was at fault, but that his inspiration seemed too good to be true. But since Mr. Frost illustrated that ever-delightful book, I am sure, in my inmost soul, that there once was a singularly blessed family who lived in a canal-boat, and were in all other respects as charming as Mr. Stockton would have us believe.

The most casual observer must take note of Mr. Frost's success in producing atmospheric effects that are unmistakably and characteristically American, as well as of his remarkable insight into the American type of face and figure. Those who have learned to know and feel the charm of this native individuality will be glad to learn that Mr. Frost comes fairly by his sympathetic understanding of his countrymen, and the sky under which they live. On both the father's and the mother's side his ancestry is American back to 1633, or thereabouts. His father was born in Kennebunk, Maine, in the first year of this century. He made Philadelphia his home in 1830. He married Miss Sarah Ann Burdett, of Boston. John Frost received his degree of LL.D. from Harvard University, where he was graduated in 1822.

His son went into the hard business of life at fifteen years of age, in an engraver's employ. For six months he ran errands, and scarcely touched a block. Then, according to his own account, he

was told that he had no talent for drawing, and very little for running errands. It was then that he became a lithographer. I wonder if his first employer ever got one of Mr. Frost's blocks to engrave?

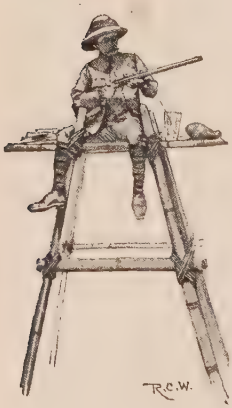
Mr. Frost has been his own drawing-master for the most part; but he attributes his first acquirements in "solid drawing" to his evening studies in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts under Thomas Eakins. For about a year, from 1877 to 1878, he worked in England, but the cloudier heavens had no charm for him, and he returned to the neighborhood of Philadelphia to work at his art and play at farming. "My farm," he has explained, "is my steam-yacht." Any one who knows the expensive luxury of amateur farming will be glad that Mr. Frost is not obliged to confine himself to a steam-yacht.

And here let me perform an act of formal courtesy to which I am impelled partly by a desire to ingratiate myself with a future generation. In the fall of 1883 Mr. Frost married. His wife is an artist, trained in the German school, a daughter of the late Moro Phillips, of Philadelphia. In the latter part of 1887 a son was born to them, and his parents have recorded a solemn vow that that son shall be an artist. It gives me great pleasure to introduce a second Frost to the public.

Of Mr. Frost the man I do not propose to speak here, mainly because he and I share an old-fashioned idea that the man who labors for the public, whether with pen or pencil or on the boards, reserves to himself the right to shut his own house door behind him, and that it is only as an artist that the public has any privilege of intimacy with him, and this idea we share, I am glad to say, with Charles Lamb and William Makepeace Thackeray. But if you must know what manner of man he is, I will ask you to turn to his portrait, where Mr. Alexander, taking advantage of a subtler and more generous art than is at my command, has caught the very essence and spirit of his sitter's character and individuality, as Mr. Alexander has a way of doing. If you will look at that portrait, I think you will understand why so few are jealous of Mr. Frost who might well envy him, and why so many wish him not only the success that his art and his industry must always insure to him, but all the good and all the happiness that life has in store for him who makes the best of it.

TIGER-HUNTING IN MYSORE.

BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



AFTER Prince Albert Victor had left Mysore, during his recent visit to India, I remained in that city for about four weeks, to paint during that time a life-size equestrian picture of H. H. the Maharajah. He had promised that I should get some tiger-shooting, and we daily expected to receive news of a "kill" somewhere in the neighborhood. By a "kill" is meant when a tiger has attacked and carried off a cow or any other animal, when the news is at once sent off to that effect for the sportsmen to come and shoot it.

My time passed very pleasantly meanwhile, working during the hottest part of the day, with, in the evening, polo or drives, and sometimes performances of native plays in the Maharajah's native theatre, which is built in the best of Western style, with very good scenery and machinery indeed, varied now and then with an interesting nautch.

The tiger is not such a very great misfortune to the neighborhood where he happens to have fixed his abode. His chase gives pleasure, excitement, and exercise to the many hard-worked officials, whose lives would be those of uninterrupted routine were it not for this recreation. It is also of great assistance to the district officials, as it makes them much better acquainted with the people under their charge, and they get to know out-of-the-way places which, but for this sport, they would never have visited.

ON THE WAY TO THE TIGER-NETTING.

The tiger is a very necessary evil in India, and were it not for him, deer and wild-boar would increase to such numbers that the cultivation of the land would become an immense hardship, and almost an impossibility; he keeps them within bounds, and relieves the ryots from watching their fields by night in the unhealthy localities.

We are accustomed in England to hear constant war preached against this animal for its total extermination; but this ought only to be in cases of the destructive cattle-killer or man-eater, and these ought to be got rid of at any cost. The villagers are always extremely careful of their good cattle, watching them well and keeping them grazing on the border of fields where they are working, and would be very sorry if the tiger were exterminated; of course they themselves are often carried off by man-eaters. But tigers of this class are luckily very scarce.

Tigers are still numerous in the state of Mysore, and panthers have often been killed in the city itself quite recently. I believe that in Mysore the largest tigers in India are to be found. Some have been killed quite lately by sportsmen measuring nearly ten feet six inches from the nose to the tip of the tail. There are two kept by the Maharajah in the courtyard of his cattle-stables that measure very little short of that.

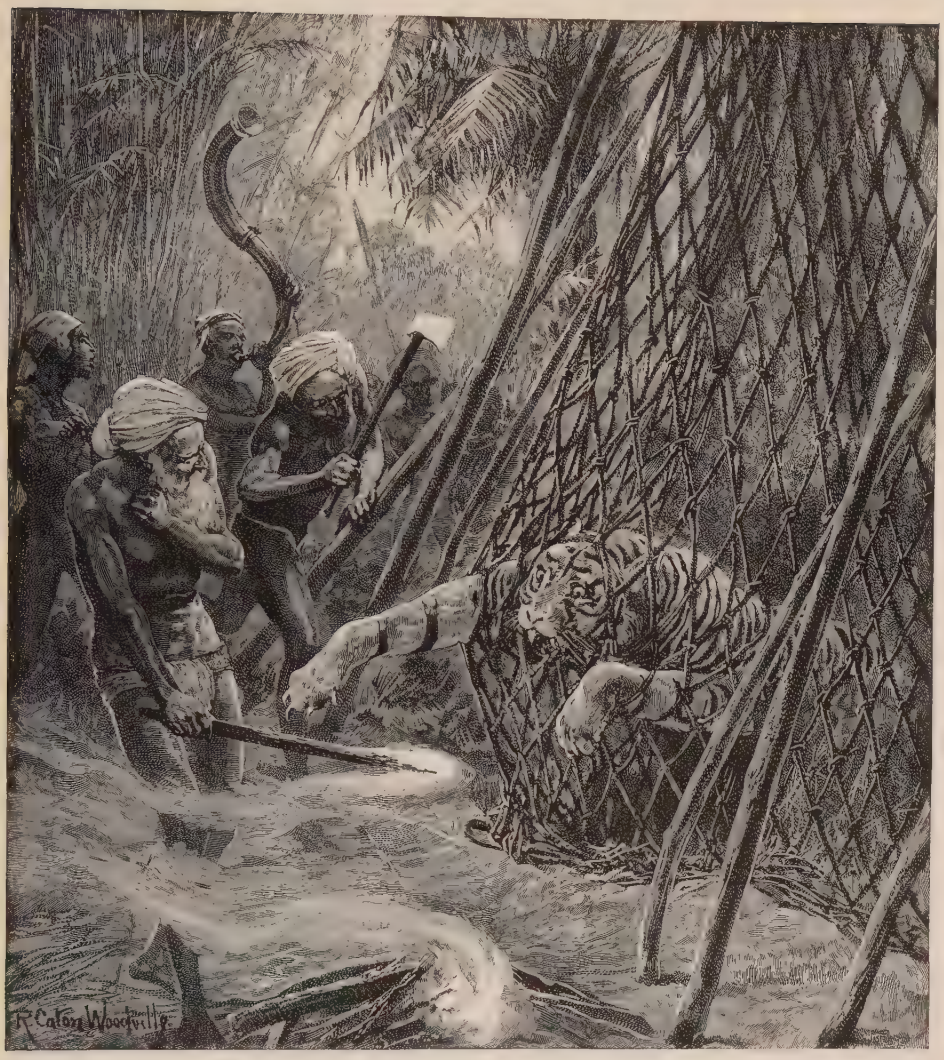
Time was going on and the picture almost completed, so that I quite despaired of having any sport. I had an off day now and then from my work to chase the black buck, of which there are many there, and capital sport they give you, too, stalking them on the plains. You have to go for them with as much if not more care than the Scotch red deer, and they are equally good venison to eat, too. I shot a good many of them, and their graceful tapering heads are now adorning the walls of my studio. One day I shot a hyena, but her hide was not worth taking. I also bagged a couple of wolves in the grounds of the Upper Residency.

At last news came of a "kill" about sixteen miles from the city, and the Ma-

harajah made at once all arrangements for an early start on the next morning. He is one of the most liberal-minded native noblemen in India, and in every way his manners and habits are those of an exceptionally well-mannered European. This cannot always be said of the native gentlemen of India. He was educated after the late Maharajah's death, during his minority, by Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I., his guardian. He is quite English in all his ways, although Hindoo by religion, and an excellent musician.

At an early hour the next morning we met at the palace for an early start. The company consisted of H. H. the Maharajah, G.C.S.I.; Lord Claud Hamilton, A.D.C. to her Majesty the Queen; Surgeon-Major Benson; Mr. Meiklejohn, Resident Magistrate; Mr. Vinicomb Davey, Mr. Charrington, Mr. McHutchin, and myself. We mounted the Maharajah's drag, and with a small escort of H. H.'s body-guard, were soon on the road to the jungle.

It was about sixteen miles to the place of our destination, and we changed horses four times, so that the distance was covered in about an hour and a half. How pretty and yet how strange to the eyes of the European were the dark-skinned escorts in their scarlet tunics, with red and white pennants fluttering from their lances! The Maharajah was dressed in the latest of coaching coats, with a crimson and gold turban, driving his four-in-hand in the English coach. Truly a mixture of East and West! We passed the race-course on our right, and on the left the flat-topped Chamundi Hill, the retreats of the European residents during the hot weather peeping out amongst the shady tops of the trees; past green and watery rice fields, villages with their happy-looking inhabitants standing in the doorways of sun-baked clay houses. But the longest road has a turning, and the end of ours came very soon, and we came to where the jungle—that is, a lighter belt of forest that we had to first penetrate—joined the road, and here we mounted our ponies and rode off to the place of the "kill." Several mounted elephants, but I preferred a pony, as on him you can go where you want to and stop when you like. We passed several small villages in the jungle, simply clusters of a few huts, and always decorated with little green triumphal arches, made of palm branches and colored streamers of calico, erected in our honor. The villagers met us with joy cries, blowing enormous cholera-horns that nearly deafened us forever after. Some of the vegetation was most beautiful—groups of teak, palm-trees, and wild vines, intersected with large clumps of the feathery bamboo. The road, winding over and round small hills, gave us views of miles and miles of country covered with dense forest. At last we were met by a native magistrate of the district, who reported that the tiger was surrounded by beaters at the "kill," and only waited our pleasure to be killed himself. We had to dismount, and a walk of half a mile brought us to a small clearing, where some eighty natives were erecting *mechâns*, or small platforms, for us to shoot from, all chattering like monkeys, and making as much noise as possible. The Maharajah and the old hands at this business looked disgusted, and the native magistrate was secretly cursed by all. However, we made a try when the stands were ready. These had been erected in a line about fifty yards from each other, and were so low that we could easily swing ourselves to the top of them; in fact, only about six feet from the ground. They had no screens, and altogether were very shaky. After we had taken our places, the discharge of an old matchlock, the bullet of which we heard whizzing in our direction, gave the signal that the drive had commenced. A most unearthly row was started; yells and hootings, blowing of cholera-horns, and beating of tomtoms were heard in every direction, and we were getting really interested and full of excitement and expectation. A solitary hare hopped past us, but of course was allowed to go unmolested. The driving seemed to be carried on, though, in a very disjointed and unorganized sort of way, and on one side the noise ceased altogether, leaving that part quite open. It proved afterwards that no tiger had been killed or hunted in that particular neighborhood for some years, and the ryots were utterly unaccustomed to their work, and numbered not one trained shikarri amongst them. The native magistrate who had organized the affair had not taken any trouble in the matter, or we had been too hasty, and ought to have waited a day or two for better arrangements to have been made. The drivers themselves appearing



A CHARGE AGAINST THE NETTING.

showed that our tiger was *non est*, and we had drawn a blank! Empty-handed a return had to be made, but hope of success in a few days, when the Maharajah would have got his experienced trackers at work, kept us in good spirits. We passed the "kill" on our way back; it was a very fat cow, and the tiger had dragged her for nearly half a mile into very dense jungle. He had partly devoured her already. The villagers said he had lain by her the whole morning, and had escaped by mid-day, when the noise and chopping in erecting the mecháns had commenced.

The driving had been done in a very inefficient and careless manner, the ryots huddling together in order to form a better square with their spears in the event of a charge. The Maharajah, on reaching home, at once ordered the netting to be sent to the ground to surround the tiger on his return. This "tiger-netting" is never used naturally on the grass plains of Nepaul, but only, I believe, in the state of Mysore, where it is abso-

lutely necessary, although it may seem unsportsmanlike, as the jungle is so impenetrably thick that it is the only way to bring the game to bay. The nets, of which many are used, are made of half-inch rope of cocoanut fibre, with a nine-inch mesh, and are each about forty feet long by twelve feet in width. They are used in two different ways; one is to surround the tiger with them at night, and the other is to place them in a line and drive him into it, as he will then try to break through, and so entangle himself that he is easily speared by the natives. The only castes who take part in this sport are the "Oopligas," who use spears with handles about eight feet in length, with blades three inches wide and twelve long. It is a very curious thing that tigers never attempt to jump over these nets, which they very easily could do; panthers have often been known to jump over. When the tiger has been safely netted in, he is kept there for two or three days, and often shot through the meshes without a chance being given him to try and regain his freedom. The nets are held up by forked sticks inclining towards the interior, and the end near the ground is well pegged down and logs of wood turned inside it, the remainder being turned up so that for four feet above the ground the netting is doubled. He is driven into a *cul-de-sac* formed of this netting, and the end is then quickly closed, forming a circle of about three hundred yards in diameter; then all underwood is cleared around it in a belt of about ten or fifteen feet in width. After this parties with choppers enter the enclosure and cut two paths crossing each other, so that by watching these the exact locality into which "Stripes" has moved can be easily ascertained. This cutting of paths inside an enclosure, with an enraged animal wandering about, very hungry perhaps, and furious at being caged in, would appear to those who do not know his nature to be foolhardy, and inviting certain death to some, at any rate; but as long as the men keep well together, a tiger will not charge upon them. Should he have received a wound, it is very difficult to persuade the natives to venture inside. The Maharajah had given orders for a cow to be tethered not far from the old "kill," to provide the tiger with a new attraction in the shape of fresh beef; and, sure enough, after four days of patient waiting, news was brought that at last he was really safely enclosed, and all preparations made for some certain sport. So we again drove out, the day after receiving the tidings, with guns and rifles, eager for the prey.

On reaching the nets we found all activity and bustle; crowds of ryots were at work perfecting the enclosure, armed with their long broad spears. The nets had been erected by a small pond surrounded with beautiful trees and foliage, intersected with the bamboo and palm. The villagers had kept large fires burning, but in spite of these the tiger had charged the nets several times during the night, trying to break through. The whole arrangement this time was under the care and direction of the Maharajah's brother-in-law, and he had been up the whole night long keeping the men up to their work. The bush inside was very dense, and it was impossible to see through in any direction for more than two or three paces. The tiger was now keeping very quiet, and no sign was seen or heard of him. The mechâns were five in number, built on each side of the pond, and it was proposed now to open the nets on that side for the tiger to pass out and take his chance for freedom, running the gauntlet of our fire; of course he would have to cross the pond, which was only a few feet deep at the most, and which he could easily clear in a few bounds. We all took our places and prepared a warm reception for him. On the first stand were the Maharajah and Lord Claud Hamilton; on the second, the Dewan or Chief Minister of State of Mysore, who had only just that minute arrived, and myself; on the third, Mr. Charrington; on the fourth, on the left side, facing the opening, Mr. Meiklejohn and Dr. Benson; on the fifth, Mr. Vinicomb Davey and Mr. McHutchin. Suddenly, with a loud rush, a rocket was discharged by the Master of the Horse into the bush; then an awful row was started all round, with tomtoms and cholera-horns; shots in plenty were fired with matchlocks. But "Stripes" took not the slightest notice of all this and remained immovable; rocket after rocket was sent into every nook and corner, but without any result, and as the time was drawing near for our return journey we were again expecting a blank day; and our surmises proved quite correct. We began to fear that the tiger only

SHOOTING THE TIGER.

existed in the imagination of the natives, and they had enclosed only the bush, and reported his night charges simply to give us hope.

However, after a few more ineffectual attempts we had to give it up, and hope for better things on the morrow. The next day saw us really started in time, and we reached the nets a little after mid-day, and this time we were firmly determined to enter the enclosure on foot and "beard the tiger in his den," should he again prove obdurate to all other persuasion. The mechâns were much improved by the addition of screens of branches and bamboo, and the netting had been carried on from the opening, forming a broad road across the pond with its swampy banks, and at the same time preventing the tiger from attacking the mechâns. As before, large fires had been kept burning the whole night, and again several charges against the netting had been made, and the ryots said they could easily have speared him several times; but of course they had strict injunctions to the contrary. We walked all round the netting, but could not get a glimpse of the tiger anywhere. We were just on our way to the mechâns, when a wild screaming and yelling took place on the side opposite the opening; we all rushed round, and just got a glimpse of the brute as he disappeared again into the thick cover; he had again made one of his charges to try for freedom. The Maharajah now decided to reduce the cover inside the enclosure, and about fifty men were ordered in with billhooks and hatchets for that purpose; but many of them shirked this, as the tiger was by this time getting very hungry, having been enclosed without the tempting bait of the cow that was tethered for him, and, of course, no food was placed inside the enclosure for him. We, in the mean time, sat down to a light breakfast of green cocoanuts and fresh figs.

Many of the wives and daughters of the men who were inside chopping away were surrounding the netting, some calling to encourage them and some to caution them against being too foolhardy and rash. Once there was a tremendous panic inside, and all of them came flying back, tumbling over each other pell-mell, and taking no notice whatever of the Master of the Horse, thinking the tiger was after them. It was most comical to see them trying to get over or under the netting in the most frantic hurry. This, of course, had all been made fast and secure by being very firmly held down by logs of wood, etc., and in their hurry they became quite blind in their endeavors to get through. Some had an arm or a leg through, others their heads, and all wriggled like so many eels in a similar position. One or two tried to climb over, but the netting collapsed with them, and covered them in a tangle of ropes. Their comrades *outside* the netting meanwhile were greatly delighted, and thought it great fun pushing them back everywhere when attempting to get out, and adding to their fright as much as possible, reminding one of the beasts in a menagerie being stirred up with a long pole. Of course it was anything but a pleasant position to be in for these nearly naked natives, had the tiger charged them, since they had only a billhook as an arm of defence and a simple loin-cloth as their only covering. After a while, finding it had been only a false alarm, they quieted down a little, and were persuaded to go on with their work of reducing the bush inside. After sufficient of this had been done, the encircling nets were reduced to that amount in circumference, and we were all summoned to take our places, as on the day before, on the mechâns. The natives took up their positions, and we assumed the most comfortable attitude, with our rifles at hand ready, as we might now at any moment get a shot, there being every reason to believe the brute would soon leave the cover. Again the Master of the Horse sent a number of rockets into the bushes, the cholera-horns and tomtoms going on with renewed energy all the time, while now and then there was a discharge from a matchlock. The tiger now began to feel really uncomfortable, and uttered short savage cries and roars, and kept wandering from one part of the cover to the other, all the while grumbling to himself. Suddenly we thought the time for a shot had come. Inside the net where the opening had been made was a small clearing of about twenty yards in diameter, and she—for we could now see that it was a tigress—advanced to the centre of it, lashing her sides furiously with her tail, and marching up and down. She evidently mistrusted the open too much to risk a sortie. Then with a most graceful bound she cleared quite twenty-five feet, and en-

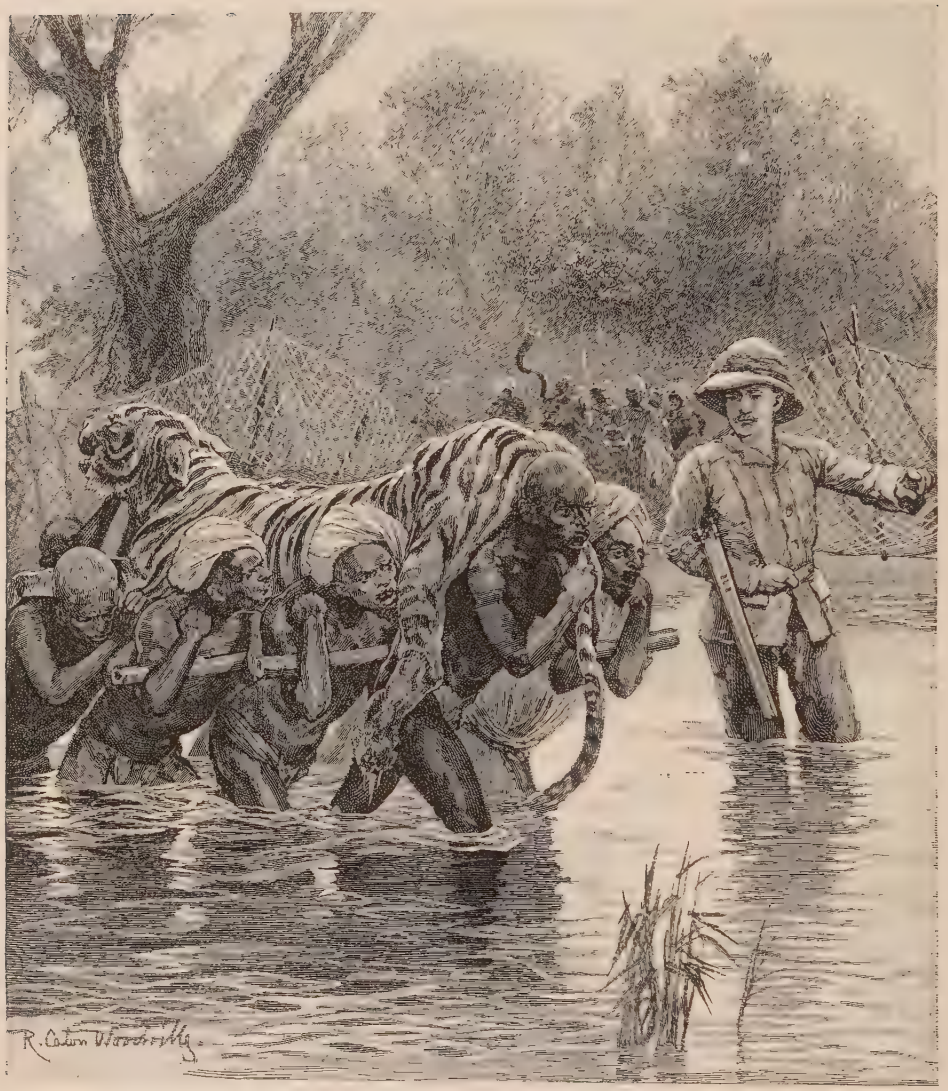
deavored again to break through just under Meiklejohn's stand. We had agreed only to fire when she had left the enclosure and should pass the stands in the open, so he did not fire although it was a great temptation, as he could easily have done so. A few pricks with the spears and a firebrand dashed into her face soon made her retire again. She did not remain inactive for long this time, though, as she soon made another charge on the opposite side, and collared the *saree* of a woman who had been quietly sitting with her back outside against the netting, eating a green cocoanut. She quickly unwound herself out of her dress, and ran yelling away, dressed in nothing but her *cholee*, which is a little jacket reaching just below her armpits. These natives, although by nature the greatest cowards, are yet incomprehensibly careless in all their ways. They will walk about at night when perfectly dark in their gardens and fields that are known to be infested with cobras and other poisonous reptiles; and not possessing sufficient forethought to carry a lantern, or not caring to take the trouble, naturally often meet a horrible death in this way.

The tigress, in her rage, tore the garment into ribbons, taking no notice of the petty annoyances given to her with spear points and sharpened bamboos, and with a triumphant look over this small victory, slowly walked back into the bush. How grand she looked in her freedom! In size, she appeared to us at the time quite as large as one of the Mysore cattle, that is, of about the same size as a Kerry bull. She certainly was very large, and no longer young. After perfect silence and inactivity on her part for about half an hour she suddenly appeared in the open by the entrance again, and made a most determined attempt to get through the right side just under the Maharajah's mechán, seizing in her teeth through the meshes a long cloth of a native that they wear on their shoulders. The man, fortunately for himself, clasped a small tree that stood a little way off from the netting, but the cloth refused to unwind itself, and we thought he was doomed to be drawn within the tigress's reach, he all the while howling and screaming in the most energetic manner.

The Maharajah would now have fired, but could not do so with safety, as there were too many natives in close proximity who were flitting about in front of his rifle, and they took no notice of his commands to get out of the way, but kept on dancing about, shrieking, and prodding at the tigress with their spears, making a perfect babel of din and confusion, until the Master of the Horse, discharging a rocket within a foot or two of her face, sent her howling back into the bush in double-quick time, where we could hear her wild plunging about, evidently trying to get some of the sparks out of her eyes. She did not keep quiet for long there, as she soon appeared in the opening, and with a few long, quick, and graceful bounds made for the swampy part, and plunged into the pond, trying to make for the jungle beyond. The firing as she passed each mechán became general, but she showed no signs of being even wounded as she entered deeper water and disappeared altogether into a belt of Spanish cane. Naturally we became very much excited, and began to fear that we had lost her, as she might have made her way quietly through the reeds into the jungle beyond. A few of us, now perfectly indifferent to all danger, jumped from our strongholds to cut off her retreat and to track her in the pond. It was an anxious and exciting moment for us, as she might have broken out upon us at any moment then, and attacked us on quite equal terms. Benson, who was slowly making his way directly in her track in the pond, suddenly came upon a large body in the muddy water and stopped, examining it with his foot, and then bending down and feeling it with his hand. "Here she is," he shouted, "stone-dead!" and, sure enough, she was lying at the bottom of the pond, with life quite extinct. We all, with the exception of *one*, claimed the honor of having fired the fatal shot, and laid claim to the skin. The exception, as the tigress rushed past his mechán, had his solar topee pushed over his eyes in the act of bringing up his rifle to his shoulder by his companion's elbow in a similar movement.

Benson shouted to the natives in Hindostani to come and bring up the body to terra firma. Half a dozen men soon brought her out on a kind of improvised bamboo litter, making all the time the curious cry that they always make when carrying their heavy toddy jars or other big burdens.

Many may scoff at this kind of "sport,"



BRINGING THE DEAD TIGRESS OUT OF THE POND.

and think it such as no true sportsman ought ever to allow himself to be associated with; but in defence of this tiger-netting I must say that unless done in this way, it must be left altogether alone. The jungle in this part of Mysore abounds with large bushes, each covering many yards of ground, and with the most pertinacious of thorns, through which no human being, unless he wriggled himself flat on the ground, could possibly pass. In Bengal and Nepaul, as I said before, tigers are hunted with elephants, but the country there is open, and covered only with grass six or eight feet high, and no trees. In this part of Mysore an elephant with his howdah could not possibly pass amongst these low trees, which scarcely allow room in some parts for even a man to walk upright; and for this reason beating for them is almost always unsuccessful, as it always gives the tiger a chance, of which he is not slow to avail himself, of sneaking out of the way. So

the only two methods that are practical really here are "netting," and sitting up all night in a tree by a "kill" waiting for the tiger to return to his food. Almost all sportsmen have tried this latter, and generally been disappointed, as I was in another part of India, and have always solemnly vowed that each occasion should be their very last, only to be found at it again on the very next opportunity. Some really like this solitary watching, but it has very many drawbacks to its enjoyment. Several Indian sportsmen, who have killed their forty or fifty tigers, have told me they had been nearly always unsuccessful with it. It is very wearisome work sitting from about four o'clock in the afternoon until daybreak next day, always on the alert to see something that does not come; and with the darkness mosquitoes come in quantities, and perhaps a scorpion will ferret you out, or, worse than all, you may be visited by the red ant. It is very uncertain when a tiger will return to the "kill." He may do so as early as three or four in the afternoon, or just before daybreak, or not at all, often being frightened away, perhaps by some unforeseen circumstance. The slightest rustle will make him stop, and once his suspicions are aroused, he will not venture near. To shoot him on foot by stalking is an impossibility. The sportsmen will occasionally come upon a tiger when after other game, and may then have a chance of a shot. If there are a few men who keep together, a tiger, even if wounded, will think twice before charging into the middle of them, and will always shirk the last ten or fifteen feet. None but the most foolhardy or utterly ignorant would venture to follow a wounded tiger into long grass or very close cover, where it has every advantage, and the hunter may be seized before he has time to raise his rifle. One of the tiger's greatest aids in his attacks is his voice, the sudden coughing roar of which is paralyzing to the coolest, and of course for a certain shot the nerves must be perfectly steady, with "no flinching."

Our tigress, when laid out, proved to be a very fine large brute, measuring just over ten feet from nose to tip of tail; and we found, to our great chagrin and sorrow, upon her being cut open, that in about another fortnight she would have given birth to four young ones. This accounted for her timidity and dislike to leave the cover, and no doubt she was not as active as she might otherwise have been. We found that only *one* shot had struck her, and this was right into the middle of her forehead and into the brain, and had been done with a twelve-bore; so there could be no further question as to who had really killed her, and all doubts were thus set at rest, as, with the exception of one, all were using .450 or .500 bore Expresses. That exception and lucky man was Mr. Vinicomb Davey, who had a twelve-bore rifle, and a capital shot it proved itself—fairly in the middle of the head, the hardened bullet smashing through the skull and lodging deep in the vertebræ of the neck, penetrating some five inches of solid bone in its course. This was a capital performance for a so-called ball-gun.

The sun was now getting low, the tigress was placed upon an elephant, and we mounted our horses, well pleased with our exciting and interesting day, for the homeward journey.

EDUCATION IN THE WEST.

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES F. THWING.

EDUCATION in the West is a microcosm of life in the West. Largeness of plan, vigor of endeavor, hopefulness, self-confidence, aggressiveness, desire to have the best, characterize the Western people. The education, therefore, which the Western people either have or wish to have is large in plan, vigorous in method, progressive, and directed towards securing every advantage. This education is in part a growth, and in part it may be said to be indigenous. It has gone forward, improving with the betterment of the people. Also, it came to the West with the people themselves; its principles were a part of the intellectual, ethical, and Christian constitution of the settlers. To a new country the best and the worst people come; the best come who have the wisdom and bravery which make pioneers, and the worst come who have nothing to lose, and may gain something through a change. It may be said that the best people who came into the Western States,

beginning with Ohio at the beginning of the century, and still going westward with each decade, have, on the whole, controlled civilization. The worst have not ruled. The good, the best, have proved themselves masters. The mastery is indicated in no way more significant than in the cause of education.

Precious, therefore, to the West is the cause of education. History proves this preciousness; so also do present disposition and endeavor. This preciousness concerns education of every grade. The common school touches the people, of course, more closely than the college. But the college and the university, no less than the common school, have been and are the objects of joyous sacrifice. The immense grants of land made by the general government to the cause of education are evidence of the interest rather of the whole people in the cause than of the people in the West. Between the years 1785 and 1862 these grants amounted to no less than one hundred and forty millions of acres. These grants were made largely, though by no means entirely, for the benefit of the Western States. And these grants, although having for their origin a love of education no less strong in the East than in the West, have resulted in giving to the West the foundation of a system of public education which should approach perfection. Already the twelve States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, the two Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas, have permanent school funds of sixty-seven millions of dollars—a larger sum by a few millions than all the other States possess.

The interest of the people of the West in education is indicated in no better way than by the test of the dollar. The financial measurement of interest may be applied with the greatest accuracy and significance to the salaries paid for instruction, and also to the cost of the education of each pupil. The average salary a month paid each man teaching in the public schools of the United States is $42 43. The lowest below this average is the salary paid in those States known as the South Atlantic States, beginning with Delaware and ending with Florida, which is $28 11. The next lowest is represented in the States of the South Central Division, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, which is $40 59. Above the average of $42 43 is found the salary paid in the North Central States, $43 09, and also the salary paid in the North Atlantic States, $48 20. The furthest above it is the salary paid in the extreme Western States, which is $64 81. The highest average salary paid a month in any State to a man teaching in the public school is to be credited to Massachusetts, $108 88; but the next highest salary paid is that found in Colorado, $95 21. A study of the figures of salaries paid to women who are teachers in the public schools exhibits a similar result. The average salary each month paid in the United States is $34 27. The States of the South Atlantic fall below this standard with an average of $27 07; of the South Central Division with an average of $33 45; of the North Atlantic Division with an average of $32 46; and also of the North Central Division with an average of $34 07. But the States of the extreme West rise above this standard, showing $56 62. It is thus made evident that women teaching in the schools of all the Western States, beginning with Ohio, receive an income considerably larger than that which their sisters receive who teach in the States of New England, in New York, and Pennsylvania. Colorado pays its teachers more than Massachusetts; Ohio gives its teachers twice as much as Maine; and the teachers of Illinois receive more than twice what the teachers of Vermont receive.

A test more comprehensive of the generosity of the people of the West toward public education is seen in the entire cost of the education of each pupil. The last report of the Commissioner of Education, whence are drawn these facts, shows that the average daily cost of education for each pupil in the public schools in the United States is 12 cents 3 mills. Below this average are most of the Southern States, with an average of 7 cents 7 mills. Above it are all the remaining States. Next to it in order are found the central States of the West, having an average of 13 cents and 1 mill, and following the nine States of the North Atlantic, 13 cents 2 mills, and also above them each of the eleven States and Territories of the extreme West, with 21 cents 6 mills.

These expenditures represent in the main expenditures for education embodied in what is usually called the common or the public school, beginning with the

primary and ending with the high. This education is throughout the United States regarded as the function of the State itself. But what is called the higher education is in the West regarded quite as much the function of the State as high education itself or the lowest education. The contrast in this respect between the older and the newer States is sharp. The older States usually cease to give a formal education to the people with that afforded by the high-school and the school for training teachers. The Western commonwealth regards its duty as not done till it has established the college and schools fitting for the law and medicine. The university is the crown of the system of public education of each State. The larger part of the annual revenue of the university is derived from the taxes which the people of the State annually assess on themselves. The university holds a large and apparently a permanent place in the respect and even in the affections of its constituents. If its government is still more or less subject to partisan prejudices, its welfare is the object of common regard and endeavor. It is to be confessed that most State universities are obliged to use all their influence with the Legislatures of their States for getting the money they need for their work. Every State university, like every other college that is at all good, feels poor and ought to be poor—so far do its needs exceed its means of supply. Every Legislature, too, having control of money, if it is at all worthy of this control, is inclined to keep a firm hand upon the lid of the public chest. Therefore, between the interests of the State and the interests of the university almost necessarily arises a conflict. I recently asked a professor in the University of —— to pay me a visit. He replied that he could not come then as the "president was at —— lobbying for the appropriation"! But this customary contest indicates less a lack of loyalty to the university than the conservative tendency which characterizes all treasurers. Possibly, too, the farmer of the Western State, noble man as he is, and appreciative of the best things, is inclined to feel at times that it takes too many bushels of corn to pay the salaries of "those university professors." But, after all, the State usually gives what the university can show it needs. The buildings which the commonwealth erects are noble. It would be hard to find a finer building than that which crowns the hill overlooking the historic town of Lawrence, Kansas, or college halls more noble than those which rise upon the bluffs of the Mississippi at Minneapolis. The salaries paid professors, too, are usually as high as are paid at the better colleges of New England, and the salaries paid the presidents are, taken as a whole, the highest salaries paid anywhere. The intellectual atmosphere of the State University is popularly interpreted as technical or utilitarian. Some ground for the opinion exists. The material interests of the people are constantly before the Board of Regents. A member of this board of one State university recently said to me that it was more the function of a State university to have a dental school than a law school. But the merely technical idea and ideal are becoming less prevalent. The practical is with each passing year receiving a broader interpretation. Who would say that the teaching of the humanities is less worthy in the University of Michigan than the teaching of the sciences, or, indeed, less noble than is anywhere given?

A difficult part in the administration of the State universities is the religious attitude. This side is possibly no more difficult than is found in the administration of the public-school system. One party may desire the university to be quite as strong in its Christian influences as is the denominational college; another party may wish it to be entirely free from influences of this sort. But it is evident that the right course for the university to adopt is for it to be as Christian as the State is Christian. This course also may be said to represent the duty of the university. How far the State is Christian it is not now necessary to discuss. Such a principle of administration tends to produce harmony and effectiveness.

The State university, however, is not the earliest example of the enthusiasm of the people for higher education. As Harvard College was founded before the public-school system of Massachusetts Bay was brought into full legal form, so the college incorporated by individuals was formed in many States a generation before the State universities. Colleges are founded out of either religious enthusiasm, or the desire to erect a monument to a family or an individual, or the purpose to promote an extension of knowledge, or

the downright love for man. All these motives are often united in the founding of a college. The religious motive may be, of course, one with the philanthropic. The religious motive is usually, too, denominational as well as Christian. In some cases the denominational purpose seems to be stronger than the Christian, although such narrowness is exceptional. The one purpose of founding a college, as is borne upon the shield of the oldest college, "For Christ and the Church," has been more common than all others. It is significant, and yet not significant, that the colleges founded in each new State are Christian, and hold close affiliations with certain Churches. Christianity and the higher education are brothers, or, if one will change the family figure, father and son, mother and daughter. I do not now recall but one conspicuous college, and that a college more in name than in method, founded upon atheistic or irreligious principles. The history of Harvard and of Yale, of the settlers of Massachusetts and of Connecticut, is repeated in a score of Western colleges and Western States. These two oldest colleges in New England were founded for the Church, even with the express purpose of training ministers. The colleges which sprang up within a decade after the first frame houses were built in Ohio and Minnesota were founded with the very same aim. To call over their names is, to one knowing their history, reciting the works of those ministers known as "home missionaries." These colleges represent logic made into history. The logic of these early settlers was, "We have come to this new territory to make it Christian; we cannot make it Christian without a ministry; we cannot have a ministry without a college." Therefore they founded the college, and sacrificed for it. These colleges, like the ministers and like the people of the new States, were poor in purse. But the colleges, it must be said, were less poor than the people. The people so richly gave of their poverty that the college was better off than were they. The history of the sacrifices that went into the building of Harvard and of Yale was again illustrated. The people had few or no silver things to give, as were given by the settlers of Massachusetts Bay for endowing the college at Cambridge, but they did give, as the people of the bay gave, their corn meal and the firstlings of their flocks. It illustrates at once the poverty of the college and the poverty of the people that one subscription to a certain college of the West was paid in clocks, and that another was paid—not, I hope, to indicate its mortality, but rather its immortal life —in tombstones.

But no new college planted in new soil can worthily endow itself. From the first times until the present the colleges of the West have turned to the East for money. As the benefactions of the mother country for the older colleges of New England, and also for William and Mary, began with their foundation, and continued many years, so also began and continued the benefactions of the people of the older States for the colleges of the new. It is probable that no less than nine dollars out of every ten that have gone into Western colleges have come from the purses of Boston and New York, and of the older States and towns. The names borne by scores of these colleges are evidence of their origin. The names also attached to their professorships point to their Eastern foundation. No other method of endowment was possible. Although the West is rapidly gaining in riches, it is still true that the East is as much richer than the West as the bank clearings of New York are larger than those of Chicago, or than those of all other Western cities put together. That great form of wealth, the development of which has been at once the cause and the result of the development of the West, the railroad, is owned chiefly in both bond and stock in the East. The mines of the West are Eastern mines. The mortgages upon the land of the West are Eastern mortgages. It was therefore not only a necessity, but also in the line of the fitness of things, that the East should give of its wealth toward the endowment of the colleges of the West. Having proved its own generous impulse, the West could well appeal to the East for the endowment of the higher education.

Yet in the last decade the West, gaining in riches without losing in generous impulse, has begun to endow its own institutions. Leonard Case nobly founded a scientific school in Cleveland; Amasa Stone made noble benefactions toward a college and university, benefactions which are worthily continued by his representatives. John L. Woods, of Cleveland, in his

own lifetime, has silently and wisely made large offerings. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, has, to each of at least five institutions in or near his city, given from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. It is not unusual to find a Western man giving fifty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars to one college, but in these times such single sums fail to command special attention. The time has now come when the colleges of the older Western States must depend upon themselves for their endowment. The colleges of the newer Western States alone have the right to go to the extreme East or to come to the old new West.

The recent foundations in Chicago and near San Francisco stand apart. The Leland Stanford Junior University is the creation of a man and of a woman, with the purpose of making it the worthiest memorial it is possible for a parent to erect to a child. It is also a creation of the West, by the West, for the West, and for all. The evident aim of its establishment is commemorative; but also the desire is manifest that the memorial shall be used, as stated in the charter, "to qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life," and "to promote the public welfare."

The University of Chicago has its origin in the wisdom and generosity of a single man. But his wisdom and generosity have been supported by not a few coadjutors. This university represents wealth at once Western and Eastern. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, although having a home in New York, is also a resident of Cleveland, where he has two homes, and where also his early commercial life was spent and commercial success achieved. The great benefactions, therefore, of Mr. Rockefeller represent rather a gift of the West to the West than of the East to the West. But these benefactions made by one not a citizen of Chicago have touched the Chicago purse. "It is a shame," said one of the merchants of Chicago, "that Chicago has not done more for the university," and straightway promised to give one-tenth of a million dollar fund to be raised in the city for the university.

This great foundation was not laid suddenly, as to the public vision it seemed to be laid. I break no confidence in saying that for several years Mr. Rockefeller and other leading members of the Baptist denomination had been considering the question as to the building up of a university which should in certain respects be under Baptist control, and which also might be regarded as an agency or offering of the Baptist Church for the higher education of the American people. For a long time it seemed as if New York might be selected as the place for the location of such an establishment. When Chicago was mentioned as the possible place, a distinguished president of a distinguished Baptist seminary of theology said, "I would as soon think of building a university in the Fiji Islands as in Chicago." But now he knows, as every one knows, that it was wise to lay this foundation where it is laid.

It is just to say that out of denominational propagandisms have sprung many of the colleges of the West; and as these propagandisms are pretty numerous, so also the colleges are correspondingly numerous. It is of course easy to become indignant at the great number of colleges found in certain States, for some of them are not colleges, only high-schools, and not very high either. Not a few of them, which are not the worthiest, are perhaps the more arrogant as they are the less worthy. But such arrogance shows the strength of a vigorous life. Most of these colleges, however, are doing honest work, and some of them excellent. If not many of their professors are great scholars or great teachers, the type of character formed in their students is solid, hearty, real. Not a few of their graduates enter the ministry of their Church, and the proportion of the graduates of the Western colleges who do become ministers is larger than is found among the colleges of the East. Their multiplicity serves other purposes, too, than sectarian aggressiveness. Propinquity is, to a young man or young woman, a strong reason for going to college. Many a boy wants an education because he has seen the buildings of a college and the fellows, and likes the life which they represent. I have sometimes thought that the ubiquity of the Ohio man in places of power is owing to the ubiquity of the Ohio college.

The popular disposition toward the higher education is further indicated in the prevalence of what is called coeducation. The best intellectual training is to be had by and for women as well as men. It may be said that coeducation

was a necessity of a necessity. Coeducation arose from poverty. The people were determined that their daughters should have as good an education as their sons. Their purses did not allow their founding colleges for each; they therefore founded colleges for both. In the State university coeducation is based on a different principle. The university is a part of the system of public education. Therefore to exclude one sex would be an injustice as grave as to exclude one sex from the grammar-school. The colleges for both men and women represent, with certain conspicuous exceptions, the type. In the whole country four types of woman's education as related to man's are now made clear—separate education, coeducation, co-ordinate education, and the annex. In the East separate education is the rule; in the West, coeducation. The annex method has its most conspicuous illustration at Cambridge. The system which I denominate co-ordinate consists in a college for men and a college for women as a part of a university, each having its own faculty and buildings, yet the members of the two faculties of the same departments interchanging work, the students separate in respect to recitations, yet being in the same grades and studies. This system has its first eminent example in the Western Reserve University of Cleveland, and it seems to unite the advantages of coeducation and of separate education without the disadvantages of either. Throughout the West the method of coeducation is probably more popular with the people as educators than as parents. The colleges for women in Massachusetts and New York receive a large share of their students from the West. The scholarship of the girls brought into competition with boys is, of course, as good as that of the boys. It is certainly true that girls put more conscience into their work. If students in coeducational institutions are prone to become too deeply interested in each other—and girls in college are no less charming to boys than girls out of college—they are usually sent away. The college authorities use great wisdom in adjusting delicate relations. It would be rash to say that the co-educational type is permanent. In the opinion of a few it is a transient form arising from poverty, and will pass away with the condition which gave it birth. In the opinion of others it represents the highest and best type.

The right idea of a college education prevails. This idea is that education consists less in knowledge than in knowing; less in thought than in the right method of thinking; less in quantity than in quality; less in memory than in reasoning. It is commonly believed that the mind should be made, to use the figure of a wheat-growing people, less an elevator for storing intellectual wheat than a mill for grinding intellectual products. In respect to the right conception of education, the West, like the East, has reached the proper point of view. There was a time, twenty years ago, when certain colleges of the East were supposed to represent the principle that education consists in knowledge. Other colleges were supposed to represent the principle that education consists in training, discipline. The latter conception has come to prevail. Seldom is dissent heard. All colleges, East and West, North and South, now unite in the general sentiment and principle.

In the establishment of most of these colleges graduates of the colleges of New York, Pennsylvania, and the New England States had control. The influence of the men who came from New Haven and from Cambridge excelled the influence of men from other colleges, although not a few from other colleges had much influence. The Yale graduates, however, had more and most power. Indeed, to-day, as in the past, one finds a larger number of Yale than of Harvard men throughout the West. One reason at least is to my thought clear. It lies in the greater missionary or evangelizing spirit which characterized Yale in the earlier or middle decades of the present century. At that time Harvard was supposed to be under the control of those who were members of the Unitarian Church. This Church, despite its high aims and the choice culture of its adherents, was not moved by missionary motives and methods. But Yale, largely controlled by a Church long eminent in missionary propagandism, sent its ministers as missionaries to Ohio, Illinois, and other territory. These are the men who founded Illinois College and other colleges as a part of their plan of evangelizing the new commonwealths. It is characteristic of the

college man to be true to his college mother as to the mother who bore him. Therefore the graduates of Yale controlled; therefore the Yale spirit was and is more powerful in the West than the Harvard spirit; therefore, also, the graduates of Yale would send students desiring to go East for an education to Yale; and therefore, also, one to-day finds in the principal cities the clubs of Yale men larger than the clubs of Harvard. Of course the old unorthodox attitude of Harvard has long passed away, but the reputation has not yet passed away. The older college is rapidly making friends in the newer parts of the New World. It is securing an increasing number of students. The free spirit of Harvard appeals to the temper of the West.

The movement is still strong among the people of the West to send their children to the colleges of the East. The idea is common that the Eastern college has something which the Western college has not. It is difficult to define this something. Indeed, it would be difficult for most fathers and mothers of the West to state with precision what reasons influence them. I am inclined to think that the reasons are comprehended in a general reason, a reason so general that it is hard for words to catch and hold it. But the reason lies, I think, in the fact that the East has age. Its history is longer and richer than the history of the West. Its social adjustments are regarded as more fixed. Its academic past is richer. The personality of its colleges is larger and stronger. And it is not to be denied that this reason has value. The college whose life goes back a thousand years, more or less, as Oxford's, or two hundred and fifty years, as Harvard's, may and should exert a different influence over a student from that exerted by a college founded in 1882. And in what does this influence consist? It consists, in part at least, in at once minimizing and enlarging the personality of the student. No boy can enroll himself as one among thousands of students who have preceded him without coming to feel how exceedingly small he himself is. This feeling is the same feeling which one has in Rome or in Athens, reflecting on the uselessness of human endeavor in general, and of his own endeavor in particular. Such a feeling, though bad enough for the ordinary man, is very good indeed for the ambitious boy to have. The feeling tends to convert his airy, cloudy sentiments, if he be a boy at all vigorous, into the power of hard, noble work. But if this entrance into the historic life of an old college minimizes personality, it also enlarges it. The boy comes to feel that all this long and rich life is a part of his life, and he a part of it. He is a companion of the worthies who have wrought well. He sees a great cloud of witnesses, and is conscious that they see him. Such sentiments have worth. I suppose that many a student at Yale and Harvard would say that these sentiments were simply nonsense in their actual power over a student. But whether so or not, they are, I apprehend, the chief reasons which move parents to send their children to the Eastern colleges. For the teaching in the colleges of the West is excellent, the courses of study are broad, the spirit of work among the students is very hearty, the undergraduate life is democratic, and the downright simple discipline of intellect exceedingly vigorous.

For the worth of a college, whether Eastern or Western, of the Old World or the New, consists not in its history or in its material equipment, but in the men who compose its teaching force. Cardinal Newman was right in saying that the university could be put into shanties or tents, but it should have great teachers. The teachers in the colleges of the West do, as a whole, represent large and noble personalities. As a rule, great scholars go with great libraries and laboratories, or rather great libraries and laboratories go with great scholars; and the great libraries and great laboratories have been in the East. Yet not a few of the great scholars and thinkers and administrators have done at least a part of their work through the Western college. In one college in Ohio within the space of a dozen years there were members of the faculty Laurens P. Hickok, afterwards for many years acting as president of Union College; Elias Loomis, the mathematician; Clement Long, the metaphysician; Nathan Perkins Seymour, the eminent Greek scholar and teacher; Elijah P. Barrows, the Hebraist; Henry N. Day, the philosopher; Samuel St. John, the chemist; Samuel C. Bartlett, afterwards president of Dartmouth; and Charles A. Young, the astronomer. Such a list is unique. I do not know of so magnificent a man in any

Western college as Williams College had for half a century in Mark Hopkins; but as for that, no other American college has had such a man. As one reflects upon the presidents and professors of Western institutions he is impressed with certain characteristics. They are men like the West itself, aggressive, versatile, hopeful, and thoroughly human. They do not write so many books as do their associates of Eastern colleges, but they are more in touch with life itself. Possibly the ideal president and the ideal teacher of the college is embodied in one who should combine aggressiveness with wisdom, versatility with thoroughness, large hopefulness with great power of endurance, and a love for learning with a love for men.

Yet, of course, the effect of the training of a college is composed in part of the work of the students as well as the worth of the teacher. But the average amount of work done by the average college man is larger, I think, in the Western than in the Eastern college. Fewer students are sent, more come, to college. The Western student has less money, and four years of study means larger financial sacrifice. The motives leading him to a mercantile life are stronger, and therefore, having resisted them and entered college, he is the less inclined to make college days play days. In the West fewer men go to college by reason of family prestige. The effect of athletics is, on the whole, good, both East and West, though in every class certain men wreck the frail bark of education on the rocks of baseball and football. But the temptations to over-indulgence in sports are less strong in the prairie than in the sea-shore college. Though, on the whole, the Western student works harder than the Eastern, yet, at the peril of writing like a doctrinaire, I venture to say both could devote a few more hours per week to philosophy and physics without incurring very serious risks to physical health.

I fear this brief paper may give to the reader the impression that it is a part of that buncombe which is supposed to characterize the talk and writing of folk living in the West, even if their residence be brief as is mine. But if this be so, I wish in particular to say there are at least three things to which Western colleges and Western people should give special heed. The people of the West should exercise more careful discrimination as to the worth of their own institutions. The West has colleges which are doing first-rate work, under first-rate conditions, by first-rate methods, and through first-rate teachers. It also has institutions which it would be a compliment to call second-rate. But many people have not come to discriminate between the worth of these institutions. To them a college is a college. But the people should know which are the best, and should support the best worthily. The people, moreover, should see to it that the professors in the colleges receive worthy salaries. Salaries, as I have said, in State universities are respectable, but the salaries in many other colleges are not respectable. The best of motives, the Christian, holds not a few teachers in these institutions. Their salaries are beggarly pittances—so beggarly that the faces of those who receive them have a paleness other than scholarly. It is too bad. The University of Chicago is setting a worthy example, and although laying harder work upon the presidents and trustees of other colleges to secure larger endowments for increased salaries, every one is grateful for this example and inspiration. The people of the West also should direct their attention toward the improvement of the high-schools and the establishment of academies. Although certain high-schools of the West are as good as can be had anywhere, yet many of them are content with other than the best work, with other than the wisest methods, and with other than a full course. The course should be enlarged. If it should not be made less scientific, as it should not be, it should be made more literary, more classical. In the great State of Ohio the free public high-schools of only three cities are regularly teaching Greek. Academies and the partially endowed schools of a few other towns offer instruction in this language. But these and similar defects and deficiencies the Western people see and will remove. American life has a strong self-corrective tendency. This tendency is nowhere stronger than in the West. The tendency will touch more and more mightily the educational movement. To have the best is a characteristic of the West; and when this giant of the West rouses himself in his full strength, he will build the finest system of education in school and college as he has built the longest railroads and the largest flour mills.

NOTRE DAME AT SUNSET.

PARIS ALONG THE SEINE.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.

"OH, Paris," cries Sainte-Beuve, the great critic, "c'est chez toi qu'il est doux de vivre, c'est chez toi que je veux mourir!" To live and to die in Paris has been the aspiration of many other great geniuses besides Sainte-Beuve. Ever since the city sprang from the mud of the Île de la Cité, natives and foreigners have been singing an incessant chorus of praise in its honor. During the past fifteen hundred years the lovers of Paris have been celebrating the glory of their mistress, whose fame has been continuously growing in splendor; for since the fourth century of our era, when Julian was proclaimed emperor by the legions in his "dear town of Lutetia," Paris has been a true capital—"the pride of France and one of the noblest ornaments of the world," as Montaigne says. It was then that the Gallo-Roman city awoke to a consciousness of power, intelligence, and material splendor of life. From that date Paris may be said to have had a life of its own, and, to judge from the testimony of contemporary witnesses, that life of Paris already possessed the peculiar charm which distinguishes it at the present day, and makes it different from the life of any other city in the world—a charm which is independent of exterior beauty and magnificence, but, as it were, inherent in the intellectual atmosphere and soul of the city.

To endeavor to reconstitute by an effort of imagination the Paris of the fourth century, or the Paris of the later days when the prudence and courage of Sainte Geneviève saved the city from the Huns and the Franks, would be vain, and it would lead us to digress far from our purpose, which is rather to speak of the life of Paris in its intense and present

reality. And yet we cannot wholly separate the past from the present. The shadow of the ancient days will from time to time inevitably rise before our eyes and veil modernity with a golden halo of magniloquent souvenir. As we walk along the Seine and stand on the Quai Henri IV., near the Pont de l'Estacade, looking southwestward, beyond the wharves covered with barrels and various merchandise, the eye passes above the regular line of the quay and embraces a vast wooded landscape that sweeps up from the river to the Montagne Sainte Geneviève—a broad vista of sky and verdure crowned by the domes of the Val de Grâce, the Pantheon, and the belfry of Saint Étienne du Mont. On the fertile and smiling slope of the Montagne Sainte Geneviève were the palaces and the military establishments of the Gallo-Roman emperors. On this hill, that now bears the name of the patron saint of the city, Julian passed studious winters, surrounded by learned men, with whom it was his chief pleasure to converse. In this improvised academy of the Cæsar's court may we not trace the foreshadowing of the great academies and schools that were destined to glorify the Montagne Sainte Geneviève when it became in later years the Latin Quarter, and when the Gallo-Roman town of Lutetia rose in the eyes of the world to the glory of a modern Athens?

II.

In the view depicted in our engraving the artist has looked down upon Paris from one of the upper windows of the Pavillon de Flore, as it were from a hillside; and while a spring cloud was sprinkling the fresh verdure, he has noted the grand panorama of the Seine and its bridges, the turrets of the Conciergerie, the dome of the Tribunal of Commerce, the spire of the Sainte Chapelle, the towers of Notre Dame, the Palace of the Institute, the Mint and its smoking chimney; in the distance the Montagne Sainte Geneviève with the dome of the Pantheon suspended as it were in the air; and in the foreground the Pont du Carrousel, the river with its trains of barges, and the Port of Saint Nicolas du Louvre nestling beneath the trees, with the London steamer moored to the quay-side.

No one who has visited Paris can forget the incomparable group of palaces which the eye embraces from this Pont du Carrousel, with the grand silhouette of Notre Dame in the centre, and, to the left, the roofs and belfry of the Hôtel de Ville, the old Gothic tower of Saint Jacques, the monumental regularity of the quays, shaded with fine trees, and the great palace of the Louvre, whose interminable façades and admirable galleries resume the history of the glory and genius of France from the time of Philip Augustus, and the history of French architecture since the days of Francis I. In the year 1529, Pierre Lescot, the architect, and Jean Goujon, the sculptor, began the actual palace, conceiving and executing it with an abundance of imagination, a sureness of taste, a delicate perfection of symmetry, and a richness and harmony of ornament that make it a most complete expression of the style of the French Renaissance. To the Louvre of Pierre Lescot innumerable additions have been made at various epochs and in various styles. Henri IV. built the Pavillon de Flore, but it was reserved for Carpeaux, in our own days, to consummate its decoration with a high relief group that is one of the purest masterpieces of modern art. Cathérine de Medicis built the wing where antique sculpture is now placed. Louis XIII. and his architect finished the palace around the great court-yard of the Louvre. Louis XIV. built the Galerie d'Apollon. Marie de Medicis and Anne of Austria in turn contributed to the sumptuous decoration of their dwelling. To Louis XIV. and to Claude Perrault, a doctor by profession but an engineer by taste, the Louvre is indebted for its grand colonnade, one of the finest monuments of Paris. Napoleon I. added largely to the splendor of the Louvre, and Napoleon III. finally completed the work by joining the palace of the Louvre to that of the Tuileries on the side both of the river and of the Rue de Rivoli, thus carrying to perfect fulfilment the symmetrical plan of this incomparable series of monuments. The Palace of the Tuileries, alas, has disappeared, but the aspect of the Louvre only gains in immensity and grandeur by the clearing of the ground between the two extreme pavilions, which has left an uninterrupted sweep of broad promenade planted with gardens and avenues of trees from the Place du Carrousel and the Jardin des Tuileries up the Champs Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe.

From the noble lines of the Louvre

VIEW FROM PAVILLON DE FLORE

and from its magnificent galleries, following majestically the shady avenue of the quay, the eye wanders across the river and lingers for a moment on the cupola and the classic façade of the Institut de France, built in the seventeenth century in accordance with the testament of Cardinal Mazarin, and occupied by the five academies that form the Institute only since the year 1806. Then we look up the stream, and enjoy that unique view of Notre Dame and the Île de la Cité which at all moments of the day and of the night is one of the marvels of Paris—a vision of vast splendor that the changing hour bathes in the mystery of changing hues, now silvery gray, now violet, now rose, now blue; in the daytime brilliant with the gayety of sunshine; at night a black mass of imposing silhouettes standing out darkly against the starry sky.

THE LOUVRE—VIEW FROM PONT NEUF.

III.

The Île de la Cité is gradually being transformed into a sort of acropolis, or sacred enclosure devoted to great public monuments. At one end of the island, towards the Pont Neuf and the statue of Henri IV., there remains a picturesque block of old houses whose gables and chimneys play an important rôle in the famous view from the bridge. At the other end of the island, between Notre Dame and the river on the north side, there are four narrow streets—the Rues du Cloître, des Chantres, Chanoinesse, and des Marmousets—where the buildings are of ancient date, having formerly been exclusively reserved for the dwellings of the canons of the cathedral. But, with these exceptions, there remains nothing of the primitive aspect of the mediæval city of Paris, with its many churches, mansions, and thickly clustered houses. Far from being crowded, the modern Île de la Cité tends to look bare and deserted; its immense and severe monuments—the Palais de Justice, the Tribunal of Commerce, the Prefecture of Police, the barracks, and the great hospital of the Hôtel Dieu—are surrounded by broad and open spaces; the Sainte Chapelle alone, instead of being disengaged from obtrusive neighbors, like the other historical monuments of Paris, has been entirely hidden from view, with the exception of the summit of its roof and its gracile spire, by the agglomeration of buildings of all periods which form the Palais de Justice, and resume the development of French architecture from the time of Saint Louis to that of Napoleon III.

MONSTER OF NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame, on the other hand, has been disengaged on all sides; each façade is freely presented; and the front, with its grand portal and towers, can be viewed as a whole both from near and from afar, thanks to the great open space of the *parvis* and the extended perspective of the quays and river. In the same way the apsis may be seen in its complete development from the charming garden that occupies the site of the now demolished archbishop's palace. Admirably restored by Viollet-le-Duc and Lassus in the middle of the present century, Notre Dame is certainly the most perfect of French ogival churches, and a model of the ecclesiastical architecture of the thirteenth century. Nevertheless, one doubts whether it has gained by being isolated, and whether it has not lost something of its imposing and severe character by being cleared of all the parasitical constructions, the narrow streets, the humble dwellings, and quaint old shops and stalls that sought the shelter of its shadow in former times. That the Gothic cathedral, with its forest of flying buttresses and the diversity of its varied symbolism and ornamentation, was conceived with a view to being presented to the eye in its entirety, seems scarcely a tenable view. We may even go further and affirm that the isolation of these complex monuments was never anticipated by the architects, who built them almost invariably in the close and crowded neighborhood of houses, as if to invite the intimacy of the population. For these Gothic cathedrals had a

VIEW FROM THE PONT DU JOUR.

profound and widely reaching signification.

Apart from all political considerations, and examined purely from the moral, the sentimental, and the educational points of view, the Gothic cathedral of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was a popular encyclopædia of religion, knowledge, and general edification. As it was recorded in the proceedings of the second council of Nicæa, "the holy Catholic Church brings all our senses into play in order to guide us to penitence and to the observation of the commandments of God; it endeavors to lead us not only by the hearing, but by the sight, in the desire that it has to perfect our morals." Hence the wealth of statues, bass-reliefs, carvings, paintings, and symbolic ornaments that decorate the ancient churches of Europe. Hence the prodigious iconography of the façade of Notre Dame, resuming the whole Christian epopee and the religious ideal of the Middle Ages in all its naïveté and terror on the tympanum of the great door. In the centre Christ is represented with his feet on the lion and the dragon, and around the Saviour are figured the twelve apostles, with symbols of their martyrdom or their distinctive qualities; the twelve virtues and the twelve vices; the wise and the foolish virgins; and, completing the *ensemble*, the graphic scene of the last judgment. Two angels blow trumpets; the dead rise from their graves; kings, knights, peasants, and noble dames all answer this supreme call; Saint Michael holds the scales wherewith to weigh the souls; to the right, the elect, clad in long robes and wearing crowns, see the heavens open to them; to the left, the demons drag away the unrighteous strung along a chain—a bishop, a king, a knight, clerks and laymen and women, all pell-mell, with terror and anguish depicted on their faces. In the upper part of the tympanum of the great portal, Christ seated, with his feet on the globe, shows his wounded body; two angels standing, one on each side, hold in their hands the instruments of the passion; behind the angels, the Virgin and Saint John kneel and intercede for mankind; while the six mouldings that

form the archivolt and frame the composition are sculptured with chaplets of angels, prophets, doctors, martyrs, and virgins. The northern and southern doors are also decorated with admirable statues and high reliefs. Then between the doors are colossal statues of Saint Denis and Saint Étienne, and of the Church and of the Synagogue, while over the arches are the twenty-four kings of Judah, and above, in the gallery, isolated statues of Adam and Eve, and in the centre the Virgin accompanied by two angels.

SAINTE CHAPELLE AND PONT SAINT MICHEL.

In contrast with the serene spirituality of this majestic façade, at one time gorgeous with color and gilding, we have only to look upwards to the roof and the towers in order to see a legion of monsters of stone, beasts, chimeras, and birds, and strange combinations of human and animal forms, prodigies of abnormal creation, such as Saint John saw in the hallucinations of Patmos. Such are those grotesque beings that stand with their fore paws on the parapet of the towers of Notre Dame, and look down with astonishment at the city below, while the stone birds open their beaks as if to utter stupid cries, and fix their fierce eye on some prey that they can never seize; for all these monsters are captives in the tower, built into the very stones when they are not carved out of them, like that quaint devil at one corner of the tower, who rests his head lazily on his two hands, and lolls his tongue out at the people in the street. The towers and the whole roof of Notre Dame bristle with innumerable monsters that seem, as it were, imprisoned in these lofty solitudes, from which they peep out wistfully here and there.

All this imagery, sacred and grotesque, edifying and admonitory, was intended to be the daily guide of citizens, the open book that all could read as they passed. Coming along the narrow streets that radiated from the cathedral, the Parisians of old caught sight not of the whole monument, or even of a façade, but of a single tower, of a sculptured door, of an arched buttress, or of a quaint gargoyle, and thus the smallest details were presented as if in a frame, and so acquired a value and a power of action that they have perhaps lost now that the vast monument is thrust upon the view in its entirety, and with all the profusion of its symbolism, which remains mere confusion until systematic and reasoned observation has discovered the key to the labyrinth of storied stone. However, to regret the vanished picturesqueness of the old surroundings of Notre Dame is useless; the spirit of the past has gone the way of past things; the

cathedral has become an object in the museum of the world's marvels and a subject of vague wonderment for tourists; but at the same time it remains a theme for the reveries of mystic dreamers, and a joy for all who appreciate the beauty of splendid architecture closing the perspectives of river and tree-lined quays. Notre Dame is the purest jewel of the many fair monuments that adorn the banks of the Seine—"the first of our rivers," as Michelet calls it, "the most civilizable and the most perfectible."

IV.

The entrance to Venice by the Grand Canal is famous among the great sights of the world. If one entered Paris by the Seine and landed at the Hôtel de Ville, the impression received would perhaps be as striking as that produced by the antique palaces of the city of gondolas, and certainly more various.

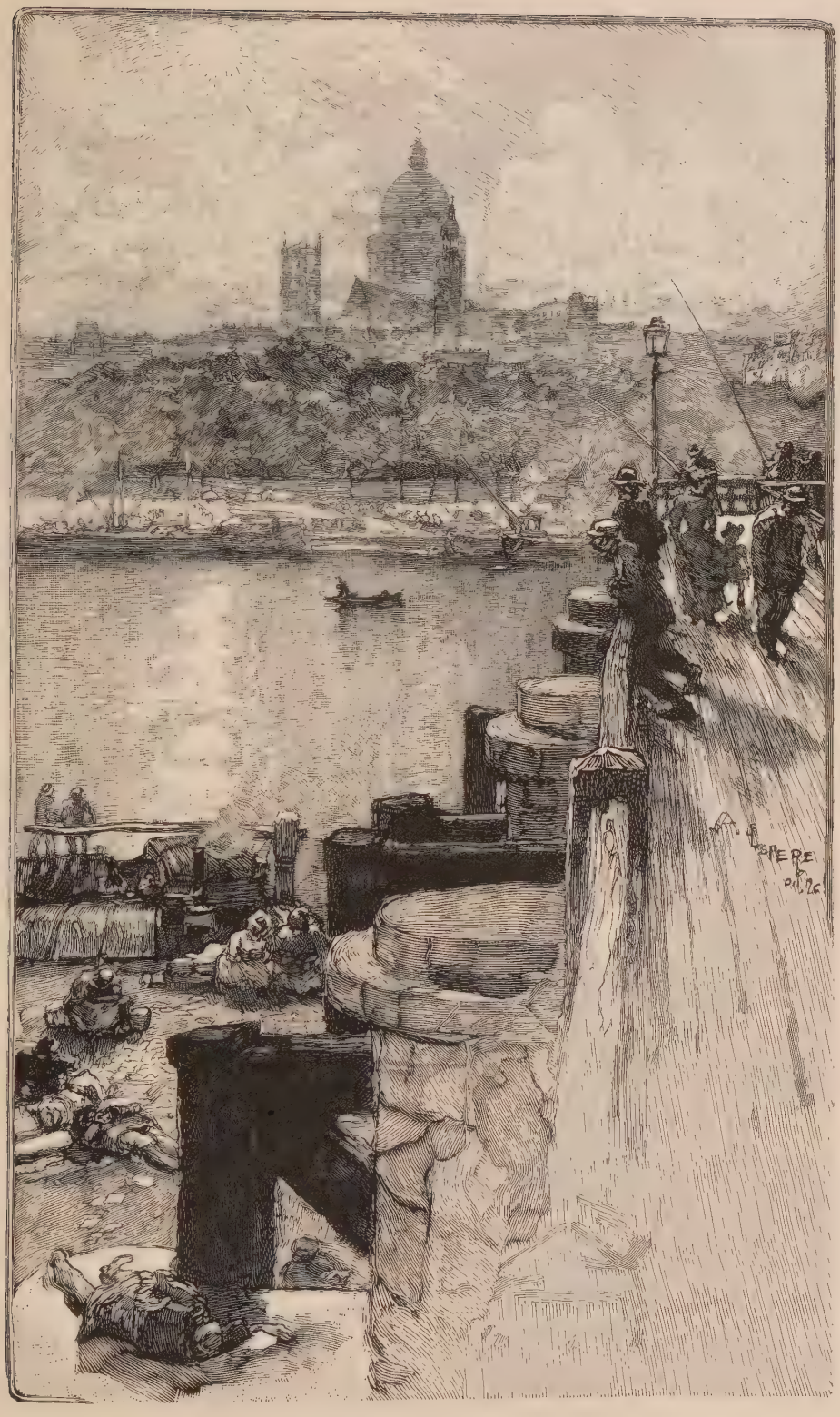
From afar the position of the capital is announced by the Eiffel Tower. At the fortifications the city asserts itself by the great viaduct of the circular railway that crosses the river at the Pont du Jour, the extremity of Paris, a centre of cheap popular pleasures and the terminus of the city steamboats. Along the bank there are cafés-concerts, shooting-galleries, wooden horses, peep-shows, public-houses, and restaurants where the populace delights to eat fried gudgeons and to drink the sour wines of Suresnes, with the accompaniment of blatant barrel-organs and ambulant musicians. The point of view is vulgar, but the panorama as we ascend the stream is imposing. On the left is the amphitheatre of the Trocadéro, with its fountains and cascades, a souvenir of the universal exhibition of 1878. In the middle of the river, on the point of an island, is the familiar silhouette of a reduction of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, a symbol of international sympathy, if not perhaps a masterpiece of art. On the right rise the stupendous iron tower and the glittering domes of the buildings of the universal exhibition of 1889. In the background extends the vague horizon of the immense city, of modern Paris, the outcome of the revolution of 1789, of democratic Paris, which owes its supremacy to the great 14th of July. Successively Gaulish, Roman, Carlovingian, feudal, monarchical, and revolutionary, Paris has ascended from darkness to light, from unconsciousness to consciousness, from servitude to liberty, from despotism to democracy. "Rome has more majesty," wrote Victor Hugo, "Trèves has more antiquity, Venice has more beauty, Naples has more grace, London has more wealth. What, then, has Paris? The Revolution.

"Paris is the pivot town on which at a given day the history of the world turned.

"Palermo has Etna, Paris has thought. Constantinople is nearer to the sun, Paris is nearer to civilization. Athens built the Parthenon, but Paris demolished the Bastille."

All along the river the silhouette of the Eiffel Tower, that monstrous plaything of humanity, that gigantic point of exclamation which Progress set up at the entrance of the world's fair in the centennial year of Liberty, will pursue us. At each step we turn to it as a standard or a contrast as we advance between rows of palaces and of quays lined with luxuriant trees; past the modest glass galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie, which seemed so gorgeous when the world's fair found sufficient room in them in 1867; past the Esplanade des Invalides and the dome that carries us back to Louis XIV.; past the embassies and ministries on the Quai d'Orsay; past the classic temple where the deputies meet to discuss and to make laws; past the place which used to be called the Place Louis XV., until one day it was called Place de la Révolution, and in 1795 Place de la Concorde, after it had been stained with the blood of Louis XVI., of Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Anacharsis Clootz, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and how many others! Almost every inch of Paris is historic ground, and it needs but an ordinary memory to people the streets with illustrious phantoms.

Beyond the Place de la Concorde we pass between the vast garden of the Tuileries, and the ruins of the Cour des Comptes. The former reminds us of the Empire, the latter of the Commune. Then we pass the Louvre and the Quai Voltaire, dear to book-lovers, where the parapets are fringed with boxes full of books and pamphlets that invite the passer-by to hunt if, haply, he may find some rare neglected treasure, some pearl lost in the rubbish heap. Here we are in the heart of Paris, and the cradle of the city is before our eyes, the Île de la Cité, with



THE PANTHEON, FROM THE PONT DE L'ESTACADE.

Notre Dame and La Sainte Chapelle; the crowded bridges; the palaces of learning and of pleasure; the Palais de l'Institut; the École des Beaux-Arts; the Mint; the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois; the Theatre and Place du Châtelet; the Conciergerie with its pointed towers; the ancient Gothic tower of Saint Jacques; and at last the elegant silhouette of the Hôtel de Ville, with its innumerable statues of eminent citizens on the façade, and its gilded men-at-arms guarding the belfry and the roof. In the centre of the river façade of the municipal palace stands the bronze statue of Étienne Marcel, the Prévôt des Marchands, who played so important a rôle in the grave events of the middle of the fourteenth century, and almost succeeded in advancing the date of the revolution of 1789 by four centuries.

V.

Étienne Marcel is one of those great figures of Parisian history that have helped the city to become the capital. It was he who led the movement that transported the *parloir aux bourgeois*, or city hall, from the Montagne Sainte Geneviève to the Place de Grève, where it still stands. The bourgeois had wished for years to have the right of meeting in a hall near their quarter—near to the streets where they had their looms, their work-shops, and their offices. The kings refused, for if the chiefs of the guilds and the provost of the merchants were allowed to meet on the Place de Grève, it would be as if the populace had its Louvre beside the Louvre of the crown. In 1357, when the king was unsuccessful in battle, although the bourgeois had given him plenty of money, the mob became master of Paris, took some practical lessons in the art of revolution, conquered the Hôtel de Ville on the Place de Grève, and carried Étienne Marcel there in triumph.

At the States-General in 1355, Étienne Marcel, the spokesman of the third estate and of the loyal towns, declared that they were all ready to live and die with the king, provided only the king would live better and allow the bourgeois to have a hand in arranging his life for him. "Requérons de parler ensemble et de nous réunir," said Marcel, humbly ("We claim to meet and to speak together"). "And then the Chancellor," adds Froissart, "said, 'We grant the claim'" ("Lors le chancelier dit, 'nous l'octroyons'").

This was the beginning of the end of monarchy, and the beginning of the reign of Paris; and when, a little later, King John was conquered and captured at Poitiers, and France was left without army, without king, and with a young prince of nineteen summers, the Dauphin Charles, for only guide and sovereign, Paris, with its provost of the merchants, took the initiative of government. The revolution of Étienne Marcel was the greatest effort that Paris ever made as capital and heart of France, greater even than the effort of 1789, for then Paris had the sympathies of all France, whereas, under Étienne Marcel, Paris acted almost alone for the sake of France. The aim of this revolution was noble and just, but when the victory was nearly won, it was spoiled by excesses and crimes. The spirit of imprudence and error blinded Étienne Marcel, and brought him to a violent and ignominious end, and all that the people of Paris remembered of the revolutionary days of the fourteenth century was the taste for blood and the appetite for pillage, which they have never lost. Since Étienne Marcel, Paris has been a city of intermittent revolutions; from the rival factions of Armagnac and Bourgogne to the massacre of the night of Saint Bartholomew, when the Seine was stained with blood as far as Rouen; from the riots of the Ligue and the Fronde to the great riot which ended in the capture and destruction of the Bastille; from the Commune of 1793 to the Commune of 1871—Paris has always been the leader and initiator of the national disorders as well as of the national life; of the noble movements as well as of the most pernicious and detestable excesses. And yet, as the calm and perspicacious Vauban said, "Paris is to France what the head is to the human body; it is the true heart of the kingdom, the common mother of France, by whom all the people of this great state subsist, and with whom this kingdom could not dispense without declining considerably."

From Notre Dame to the Eiffel Tower the journey of civilization has been great and glorious. From the Bastille column to the new Hôtel de Ville we see what the permanent will of Paris can do. At first, Paris was clustered around Notre Dame on the Île de la Cité. Under Philip Augustus the surface of the city covered a thousand acres, and its inhabitants

CANAL SAINT MARTIN—WASH-HOUSE AND PLASTER-UNLOADERS.

numbered 100,000 souls. Under Louis XIV. the population reached 550,000. In the eighteenth century, Paris, with 650,000 inhabitants, made the Revolution, destroyed the Bastille, and began to pull the great tocsin to whose sounds the world is still listening. Only nowadays Paris has nearly two and a half millions of inhabitants to pull the bell-rope, and the sound is much mightier than it was since the tocsin has become purely a clangor of peace, industry, and genius.

VI.

La plaine est mère, la rivière est nourrice. In the topographical predestination of Paris to be the capital of France, the elements of river and plain have been all-important. The plain has been the producer of riches, and the river the carrier that has made them productive. When we approach Paris from the side of the Loire we cross the fertile plains of La Beauce, the great granary; on the Burgundy side the hills and slopes are covered with vineyards; in the fat pastures of Normandy may be seen countless herds of cattle; on the north, the south, the east, and the west the capital is surrounded by zones of forests—the forests of Orleans, Rambouillet, Versailles, Saint Germain, Marly, Montmorency, Bondy, Chantilly, Compiègne, Villers-Cotterets, Senart, Fontainebleau, without counting the reserves of La Nièvre; in the centre of the valley of the Seine we find stone at Montrouge, plaster at Montmartre, bricks at Vaugirard, and paving-stones at Fontainebleau. Thus nature has provided all that is necessary for building a capital and nourishing its population, and the long collaboration of nature and man has produced that mighty city, the monster and the masterpiece, Paris, the pivot on which the history of modern humanity has turned.

The origin of the wealth and glory of Paris is the Seine. The first trade of the primitive inhabitants of Lutetia was that of watermen. Their future and their whole fortune lay in the river and its navigation. With the progress of the city the navigation has increased until, at the present day, Paris is the fourth in importance of all the ports of France, coming immediately after Bordeaux, the first being Marseilles, and the second Havre.

The arms of Paris, souvenir of Isis and of the ancient industry of the Lutetians, thus remain as significant as ever, and there is even a prospect that they may ac-

CANAL SAINT MARTIN—LOCK AND BOAT-HAULERS.

quire greater fulness of meaning in the future, for the dream of Paris is to become a seaport, by means of the canalization of the Seine and the construction of lateral ship-canals between the capital and Rouen, above which point large ocean vessels at present cannot penetrate.

The average visitor to Paris rarely realizes the importance of the Seine as a commercial route, and unless he has the blessed gift of lounging and the will to loaf and comprehend things by intuition and sympathy rather than by the study of his guide-book, he runs the risk of not seeing some of the most picturesque and restful bits of the town. The professional tourist and his mentor pay but small attention to the Seine. They remark the numerous bridges and the steamboats, *mouches* and *hirondelles*, "flies" and "swallows," as they are poetically called, that ply between Charenton and Auteuil, or run from the Louvre as far as Saint Cloud and Suresnes; but apart from this passenger service they know very little about the river. The sentimental idler, on the other hand, knows that the river is rich in variety and incident, and that delicious hours may be spent by the dreamer who has the leisure to loiter on the bridges and along the quays, and to feast his eyes on simple phases and combinations of life, nature, and art. From the almost superhuman patience of the fishermen who line the quays and make them bristle with long bamboo poles, the loiterer may take example of hopefulness and perseverance. From the family groups that sit along the shore lost in contemplation of the water, and from the children who play on the sand heaps while their mothers sew and gossip, just as they might do at the sea-side, the thoughtful spectator may conclude that the source of happiness is within each one of us, in the prism of illusion that gives to reality the aspect that our fancy pleases.

How many pretexts for idling and looking on are offered by the banks of the Seine! A passing train of boats, a fisherman casting his net, a steamer gliding under the bridge, two men beating a carpet, an ambulant specialist carding a mattress on the tow-path, a steam-crane hoisting sand from a barge and deposit-

ing it in a pyramid on the bank—anything and everything that takes place on the water or along the embankments of the Seine suffices to interest a group of citizens, and causes them to halt and gaze. The parapet of one of the bridges seems literally black with people, all leaning over the rail, and watching with the most intense interest. Watching what? Simply a dog swimming in the river, and retrieving the stick that his master throws for him. A still larger and more respectfully attentive crowd will be drawn by the fascinating spectacle of a handsome poodle being clipped and washed by one of those artists whose stock in trade consists of a box, a pair of shears, and an inscription or sign such as the following: "Pascal, tondeur. Tond les chiens, coupe les chats et les oreilles. Va-t-en ville." Pascal and his rivals operate along the river at the points where the quays slope gently down into the water. They wash, soap, bathe, brush, and comb house-dogs in general; and they shear the poodles with an art and an inventive tastefulness that are without parallel in any country of the world, for while they shave the dog's hind quarters, they yet leave bands and arabesques of wool that relieve the nudity, together with rings of wool around the legs, and coquettish tufts which give distinction to the tail. The dog-clipper, like the human hair-dresser, is an artist; he studies every subject that is intrusted to his care, and arranges the coiffure in each case according to the character of the poodle. To one he gives a modest and unobtrusive head, and cuts the hair about his nose so that the mustache remains as unworldly as that of an English country curate. To another he reserves by a clever turn of the clippers one of those flaring and impertinent mustaches to which silly girls hang their hearts. All these niceties and finesses the pensive idler observes and notes; and he remarks, too, the disdainful way in which the poodle with the impertinent mustache holds out his paw after his toilet is finished, when the gentleman who accompanies him, evidently a flunky of very superior grade, clasps between the frills of the left fore leg a dainty gold bracelet bearing the name and the coronet of the

PONT MARIE—HORSES BATHING.

QUAI DE LA RAPÉE—STATION NEAR PONT D'AUSTERLITZ.

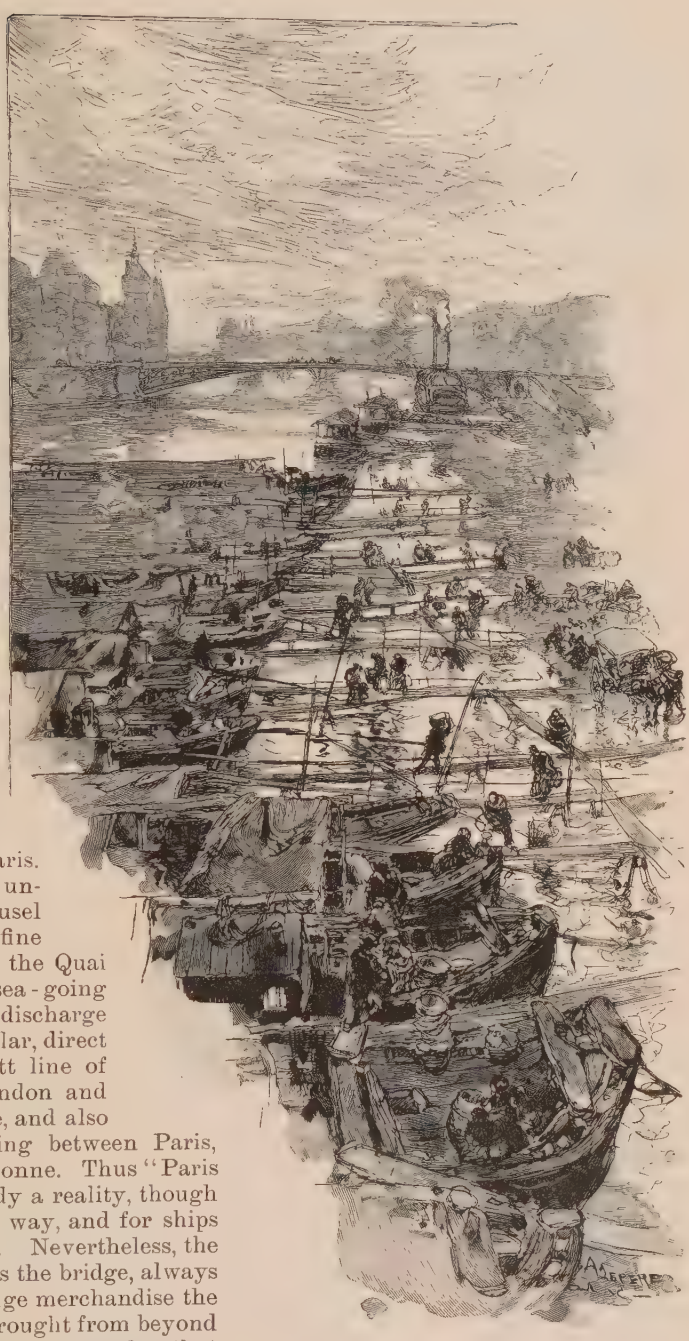
poodle's aristocratic mistress. This last detail of his toilet having been attended to, the poodle departs with the flunky, followed by the admiring eyes of the deeply impressed public; and in the afternoon he will be seen in the Bois de Boulogne accompanying his pretty mistress, Madame la Marquise de B., and surveying the fashionable world from the cushions of her elegant victoria.

Another bathing scene that attracts the loungers is that of the horses. All along the quays, at intervals on both sides of the river, a space is marked out by means of great floating logs attached together and tied to the bank at the ends. Particularly in the late afternoon hours the draymen bring their horses and ride them into these baths until the water almost covers their backs. The horses from the cavalry barracks are also bathed in the same way, and what with the wonderful background of trees and monuments, the sunset effect, the long shadows, the glowing sky, and the glistening water, the scene is always one that delights the painter as well as the simple-minded idler, who submits unconsciously to the charm of the evening hour and to the joy of the moment. The Seine, like Paris itself, is universal; its variety is such that you can always find a bit that completes the dream towards which your soul is tending, just as in the street scenery of Paris you can find souvenirs or suggestions of all the provinces of France and of all the countries of Europe. What, for instance, can be more rural, more provincial, more full of the sentiment and poetry of declining day, than the landscape depicted in our illustration? The three figures sitting on a log, the tired horses, the glistening, mysterious water, the floating wash-house with its chimney, the moored lighters, the bridge with the trees and buildings—surely all this is the portrait of some lazy country place where the days are long and where men are calm and patient. No. This is a bit of the Seine at Paris. It is the bathing-place for horses just above Notre Dame, and the bridge is the Pont Marie, which connects the Île Saint Louis with the Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville; in other words, it is a spot in the very heart of the capital.

Not far from this Pont Marie is a delightfully picturesque spot, greatly appreciated for other reasons by the small boys of the quarter; this is the marché aux pommes, or apple market. The fruit comes chiefly from Normandy, and is brought in great lighters roofed over with boards and tarpaulin. These lighters are moored off the quay almost facing the Hôtel de Ville, where they remain in permanence all through the autumn and winter until there is no more fruit. The apple trade is busiest in the winter, of course, when the waters of the Seine frequently swell and overflow the banks, and then the floating market has to be connected with the shore by means of improvised bridges of broad planks with hand-rails, along which the stevedores run with baskets of fruit balanced on their shoulders. Such is the scene shown in our wintry sketch, where we see the apple market, the flooded quay, a smoking wash-house, and in the background the Palais de Justice, the Conciergerie with its pepper-box towers, and in the far background the majestic silhouette of the

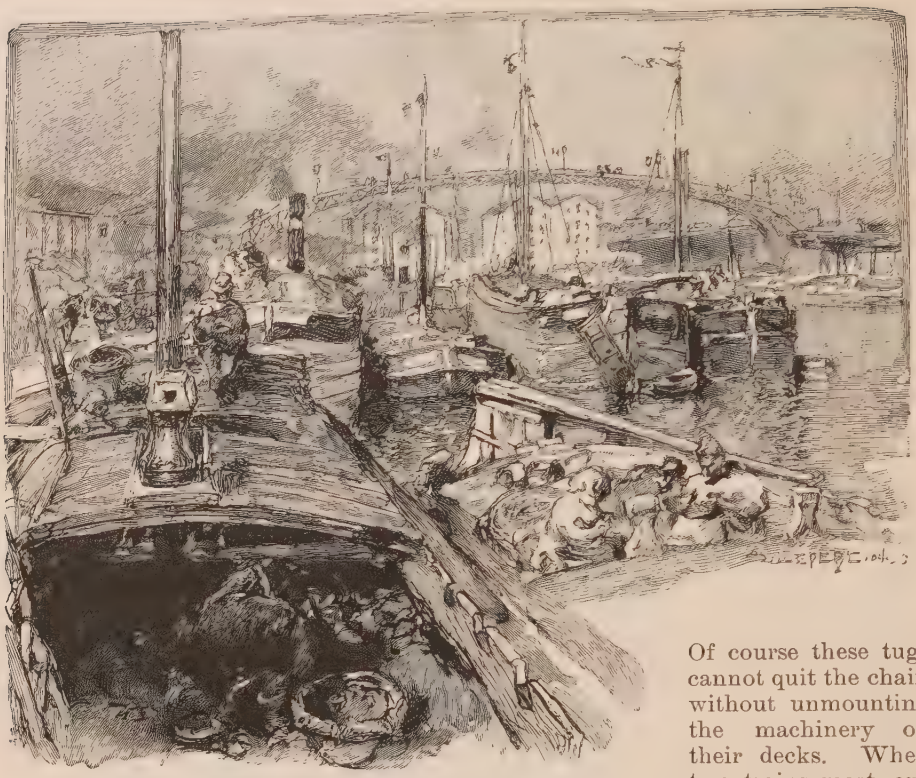
Louvre. Elsewhere along the quays we find here and there two or three boats moored in permanence like the fruit-lighters, with the inscription "Marché au charbon, gros et détail." These lighters come chiefly from the timber country of the Morvan, and with its load below and above the water each one contains many thousands of bushels of charcoal, and becomes in itself, as the inscription says, a wholesale and retail charcoal market.

The point on the river that seems to attract more than any other the respectful curiosity of the Parisians is the Port Saint Nicolas du Louvre. This is the true seaport of Paris. At this quay, nestling under the Pont du Carrousel and shaded by the fine trees that grow along the Quai des Tuileries, the sea-going ships cast anchor and discharge their cargo. The regular, direct service of the Burnett line of steamers between London and Paris starts from here, and also some steamers running between Paris, Brest, Nantes, and Bayonne. Thus "Paris port de mer" is already a reality, though of course in a modest way, and for ships of light draught only. Nevertheless, the Parisians, as they cross the bridge, always look to see what strange merchandise the English steamer has brought from beyond the seas, and few of them remember that hundreds of years ago Lutetia was the intermediary port through which the products of the East and the wines of Greece and Italy passed on their way from Marseilles to the great island of the Britons.



THE APPLE MARKET.

Of this ancient line of traffic by way of the Seine, the Saône, and the Rhone we are reminded by the numerous tug-boats and barges that we see plying on the river,



BASSIN DE LA VILLETTE.

with the names *Havre*, *Paris*, *Lyon*, printed on the prows and sterns. Besides the ordinary tug-boats, we notice strange iron hulks pierced with port-holes, and looking not unlike gunboats. In the hold of these hulks there is a steam-engine, and on the flush deck six broad grooved pulleys or drums fixed in sets of three on two parallel axles, and moved by big cog-wheels worked directly by the engine. Now along the bed of the Seine from Rouen to Paris and from Paris to Montereau, and along the bed of the Yonne from Montereau to La Roche, there lies an iron chain with links about three inches long. Each of the tug-boats in question is attached to this chain, which is caught up by a pulley at one end of the deck, wound round each of the six pulleys in the middle, and passed back into the water over a pulley at the other end of the deck. The tug is round at both ends, and winds itself along backwards or forwards, pulling on the chain, and dragging a string of ten or fifteen huge barges. Of course these tugs cannot quit the chain without unmounting the machinery on their decks. When two trains meet, one going up stream and the other down, the tugs simply exchange trains and retrace their course, the one that was coming up going back with the down train, and the one that was coming down going up again with the up train. The chain is kept in position along the bed of the river merely by its own weight. The speed of these chain tugs is not great, but their dragging power is enormous. More rapid service is provided by screw tug-boats and by very long barges with paddle-wheels in the stern. All these varieties of tugs and many descriptions of river and canal barges may be studied from the picturesque Pont de l'Estacade and along the Quai de la Rapée, where are the offices of various lines of inland navigation. And what informal offices they are! Mere wooden toy houses, with flowers growing on the roofs, and nasturtiums trained round the windows. Nevertheless, this is a busy part of the city. It is true that nobody seems to be in a great hurry. The employés work in a leisurely way, and find plenty of time to chat with the customs officers, who lounge

about watchfully, clad in tasteful green uniforms. But still, business proceeds all the same. Carts are going to and fro from morning until night, the steam-cranes swing round and rattle their chains, and merchandise is loaded and unloaded. The cargo is building-iron, plaster, cement, drain-pipes, tiles, crockery, fire-wood, barrels of wine, sacks of flour, mineral-waters from Vals and Orezza. The return freight for the first-class boats is sugar and Parisian manufactured articles, and for the ordinary barges and canal-boats little except empty barrels, which they carry back to Burgundy to be refilled.

At the end of the Quai de la Rapée is the entrance to the Canal Saint-Martin, which passes through a tunnel under the Place de la Bastille and under the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, and comes to light again in the Faubourg Saint-Martin, following the Quai de Valmy and the Quai de Jemmappes until it reaches the Bassin de la Villette, where are the great commercial docks of Paris, lined with endless warehouses and immense depots for grain and miscellaneous merchandise. The aspect of the great basin of La Villette is very interesting, and a certain strangeness is given to the view of the *ensemble* by the gigantic iron *passerelle*, or foot-bridge, which has been thrown across it with a height of span that might have been useful had the docks been destined to receive full-rigged ships, but which seems pretentious considering that the river steamers have only short funnels, and the canal-boats boast merely a modest mast to carry their tow-line. However, we cannot complain. The great *passerelle* is decidedly picturesque, especially towards mid-day, when it is crossed by informal processions of laughing and joyous girls, who come out of the neighboring workshops to lunch upon fried potatoes, and to give the chance lounger an idea of the type of feminine beauty that prevails in the faubourgs.

Along the quays of the Seine, of the Canal Saint-Martin, and of the Bassin de la Villette we find merchandise that is brought literally from all parts of the world to Paris by water. By means of the Seine, Paris is in water communication with Rouen and Havre, and consequently with the great ocean lines. On the Quai de la Rapée we see steamers and trains of barges that go to Nancy, Épinal, and Les Vosges, there being a waterway from Paris to Strasburg and the Rhine by the Marne and the canal of the Marne, while by the river Oise and its three canals of Saint-Quentin, the Sambre, and the Ardennes we can reach the basin of the Scheldt and the Meuse, and bring slowly but cheaply to Paris the products of the coal-fields of Mons and Charleroi. As for Lyons, the centre of France, and Marseilles, the great port of the Mediterranean, they are placed in water communication with Paris by two routes. By one route we go up the Seine as far as Saint-Mammès, and then take the Canal du Loing, the Canal de Briare, the Canal latéral de la Loire, and the Canal du Centre, which leads into the Saône, by which we reach Lyons and the Rhône. By another route we go up the Yonne and gain the Saône by the Canal de Bourgogne, while by the Canal de l'Est we can push into Germany and Switzerland.

Barges go to and fro from Paris along these routes, bringing various cargoes, but principally building materials, fire-wood, coal, gravel, sand, and wine. Towards Bercy the banks of the Seine are covered with thousands of barrels of wine; between Notre Dame and Auteuil the quays are occupied by enormous piles of fire-wood, mountains of sand and pebbles, heaps of rough millstone, or *meulière*, used for the foundations of Parisian buildings. Along the Canal Saint-Martin the quays are encumbered with huge blocks of building-stone, and between the barges and the warehouses there is a perpetual going to and fro of laborious men carrying on their shoulders bags of plaster of Paris and cement or baskets of coal, the former white as millers, the latter black as negroes. The Canal Saint-Martin is divided by a succession of locks, between which the boats are hauled by human strength and patience. Two or three men hitch themselves on to a rope, and with slow and short steps, pressing and straining doggedly between each one, they pull and pull, and the heavy barge follows sluggishly. Often the barge that is being towed along in this painful way is a microcosm in itself. Apart from the cargo and the nautical accessories, you see in the stern a neat little house, where the bargee and his wife live. The wife is preparing the soup and peeling carrots and potatoes, while the children play on the roof with the dog. Suddenly from

the square box amidships there issues a dolent and piercing sound; two long ears and a shaggy head emerge from the door, and we recognize the long-suffering donkey, whose function it is to haul the barge along the narrow canals of central France. While the barges are in port the donkey gets hauled in his turn, and has nothing to do but to rest in his box and enjoy, as we do, the spectacle of the busy movement of the quays, the teams of horses that drag huge wagons, the stevedores hurrying to and fro and bending under their loads, and along the edge of the canal the floating wash-houses, where the laundresses of the faubourg beat their linen with petulant bats, and gossip with a vehemency and picturesqueness of language that no grammar and no professor can teach. For the laundresses, like all the Parisians, participate in the essential and permanent advantage of Paris over all the other cities of the universe: they drink in ideas with the air they breathe, and their conversation is as sparkling and full of genius as that of the wits who sit at Tortoni's and evolve clever sayings for the boulevard journals.

The washer-women of the Seine and the stevedores of the quays appreciate Paris, we may be sure, in the same spirit if not with the same intensity as Sainte-Beuve, Goethe, and the Emperor Julian. They love Paris in the soul of Paris.

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXXV.

"WELL, old fellow, I've got some good news for you," said Mr. Brandreth, when Ray showed himself at the door of the publisher's little den the next morning. Ray thought that he carried the record of the event he had witnessed in every lineament, but Mr. Brandreth could have seen nothing unusual in his face. "The editor of *Every Evening* has just been here, and he wants to see you about taking hold of his literary department." Ray stared blankly. Mr. Brandreth went on with generous pleasure: "He's had some trouble with the man who's been doing it, and it's come to a complete break at last, and now he wants you to try. He's got some new ideas about it. He wants to make something specially literary of the Saturday issue; he has a notion of restoring the old-fashioned serial. If you take charge, you could work in the *Modern Romeo* on him; and then, if it succeeds as a serial, we can republish it in book-form! Better see him at once! Isn't it funny how things turn out? He said he was coming down town in a Broadway car, and happened to catch sight of Coquelin's name on a poster at the theatre, and it made him think of you. He'd always liked that thing you did for him, and when he got down here, he jumped out and came in to ask about you. I talked you into him good and strong, and he wants to see you."

Ray listened in nerveless passivity to news that would have transported him with hope a few hours before. Mr. Brandreth might well have mistaken his absent stare for the effect of such a rapture. He said, as a man does when tempted a little beyond prudence by the pleasure he is giving:

"The fact is, I've been thinking about that work of yours myself. I want to try *some* novel for the summer trade; and I want you to let me see it again. I want to read it myself this time. They say a publisher oughtn't to know anything about the inside of a book, but I think we might make an exception of yours." Ray's face remained unchanged, and Mr. Brandreth now asked, with a sudden perception of its strangeness: "Hello! What's the matter? Anything gone wrong with you?"

"No, no," Ray struggled out, "not with me. But—"

"Nothing new with the Hugheses, I hope?" said Mr. Brandreth, with mounting alarm. "Miss Hughes was to have come back to work this morning, but she hasn't yet. No more diphtheria, I hope? By Jove, my dear fellow, I don't think you ought to come here if there is! I don't think it's quite fair to me."

"It isn't diphtheria," Ray gasped. "But they're in great trouble. I hardly know how to tell you. That wretched creature, Denton, has killed himself. He's been

* Begun in March number, 1892.

off his base for some time, and I've been dreading— I've been there all night with them. He took prussic acid, and died instantly. Mr. Hughes and I had a struggle with him to prevent—prevent him; and the old man got a wrench, and then he had a hemorrhage. He is very weak from it, but the doctor's brought him round for the present. Miss Hughes wanted me to come and tell you."

"Has it got out yet?" Mr. Brandreth asked. "Are the reporters on to it?"

"The fact has to come out officially through the doctor, but it isn't known yet."

"I wish it hadn't happened," said Mr. Brandreth. "It will be an awful scandal."

There had been a moment with Ray too when the scandal of the fact was all he felt. "Yes," he said, mechanically.

"You see," Mr. Brandreth explained, "those fellows will rummage round in every direction, for every bit of collateral information, relevant and irrelevant, and they will make as much as they can of the fact that Miss Hughes was employed here."

"I see," said Ray.

Mr. Brandreth fell into a rueful muse, but he plucked himself out of it with self-reproachful decency. "It's awful for them, poor things!"

"It's the best thing that could have happened, under the circumstances," said Ray, with a coldness that surprised himself, and a lingering resentment toward Denton that the physical struggle had left in his nerves. "It was a question whether he should kill himself, or kill some one else. He had a mania of sacrifice, of atonement. Somebody had to be offered up. He was a crank." Ray pronounced the word with a strong disgust, as if there were nothing worse to be said of a man. He paused, and then he went on. "I shall have to tell you all about it, Brandreth;" and he went over the event again, and spared nothing.

Mr. Brandreth listened with starting eyes. As if the additional details greatly discouraged him, he said, "I don't think those things can be kept from coming out. It will be a terrible scandal. Of course, I pity the family; and Miss Hughes. It's strange that they could keep living on with such a danger hanging over them for weeks and months, and not try to do anything about it—not have him shut up."

"The doctor says we've no idea what sort of things people keep living on with," said Ray, gloomily. "The danger isn't always there, and the hope is. The trouble keeps on, and in most cases nothing happens. The doctor says nothing would have happened in this case, probably, if the man had staid quietly in the country, in the routine he was used to. But when he had the stress of new circumstances put on him, with the anxieties and the chances, and all the miseries around him, his mind gave way; I don't suppose it was ever a very strong one."

"Oh, I don't see how the strongest stands it, in this infernal hurly-burly," said Mr. Brandreth, with an introspective air. He added, with no effect of relief from his reflection, "I don't know what I'm going to say to my wife when all this comes out. I've got to prepare her, somehow—her and her mother. Look here! Why couldn't you go up to Mr. Chapley's with me, and see him? He wasn't very well yesterday, and said he wouldn't be down till this afternoon. My wife's going there to lunch, and we can get them all together before the evening papers are out. Then I think we could make them see it in the right light. What do you say?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't go with you. If I can be of any use," said Ray, with an inward regret that he could think of no excuse for not going.

"I think you can be of the greatest use," said Mr. Brandreth. He called a clerk, and left word with him that he should not be in again till after lunch. "You see," he explained, as they walked out together, "if we can get the story to Mrs. Brandreth and her mother before it comes to them in print it won't seem half as bad. Some fellow is going to get hold of the case and work it for all it is worth. He is going to unearth Mr. Hughes's whole history, and exploit him as a reformer and a philosopher. He's going to find out everybody who knows him or has ever had anything to do with him, and interview people right and left."

Ray had to acknowledge that this was but too probable. He quailed to think of the publicity which he must achieve in the newspapers, and how he must figure before the people of Midland, who had expected such a different celebrity for him.

"You must look out for yourself.

I'm going to put Mr. Chapley on his guard, and warn the ladies not to see any reporters or answer any questions. By-the-way, does Mr. Kane know about this yet?"

"I've just come from his place; he wasn't at home; I left a note for him."

"I wonder if we hadn't better go round that way and tell him?" Mr. Brandreth faltered a moment, and then pushed on. "Or, no! He's a wary old bird, and I don't think he'll say anything that will commit anybody." They walked on in silence for a while before Mr. Brandreth said, with an air of relevance, "Of course I shouldn't want you to count too much upon our being able to do anything with your book this year, after all."

"Of course," said Ray. "If I'm mixed up with this business in the papers, my name won't be a very good one for a respectable house to conjure with for some years to come. Perhaps never."

At that moment he was mere egoist, feeling nothing but the mockery and the malice of fortune; all his compassion for the hapless creatures whose misery had involved him died within him.

"Oh, I don't mean that, exactly," said Mr. Brandreth. "But isn't it curious how we're all bound together here? It's enough to make one forswear all intercourse with his fellow-beings. Here we are in the same boat with people whom I didn't know the existence of six months ago; and because Mr. Chapley has stood by his old friend and tried to help him along, he will probably be pilloried with him before the public as a fellow-Tolstoïan, and people all over the country that used to order their books through us will think we're in sympathy with the anarchists, and won't have any more to do with us than if we had published the *Kreuzer Sonata.*"

Ray thought how he had never asked to know the Hugheses at all, and was not justly responsible for them, even through a tie of ancient friendship. But in the presence of Mr. Brandreth's shameless anxieties, he was ashamed to air his own. He only said, cynically: "Yes, it appears that a homicidal lunatic can't take himself harmlessly out of the world. His fate reaches out in every direction, and covers everybody that knew him with confusion. And they talk of a moral government of the universe!"

"Yes!" said Mr. Brandreth, with as much satisfaction in Ray's scorn of the order of things as his mild nature could probably feel.

At Mr. Chapley's house they learned that Mrs. Brandreth had brought the baby to spend the day with her mother. Her sister, whom Ray knew, met the two men at the door on her way out to a young ladies' lunch, and told them they would find her father in his library. She said Mr. Kane was there with him; and Mr. Brandreth, with a glance at Ray, said, "Well, that's first-rate!" and explained, as they pushed on up stairs, "He may be able to suggest something."

Kane did not suggest anything at once. He listened in silence and without apparent feeling to Ray's story.

"Dear me!" Mr. Chapley lamented. "Dreadful, dreadful! Poor David must be in a sad state about it! And I'm not fit to go to him!"

"He wouldn't expect you, sir," Mr. Brandreth began.

"I don't know; he would certainly come to me if I were in trouble. Dear, dear! Was the hemorrhage very exhausting, Mr.—er—Ray?"

Ray gave the doctor's word that there was no immediate danger from it, and Mr. Brandreth made haste to say that he had come to tell the ladies about the affair before they saw it in the papers, and to caution them against saying anything if reporters called.

"Yes, that's very well," said Mr. Chapley. "But I see nothing detrimental to us in the facts."

"No, sir. Not unless they're distorted, and—in connection with your peculiar views, sir. When those fellows get on to your old friendship with Mr. Hughes, and *his* peculiar views, there's no telling what they won't make of them." Kane glanced round at Ray with arched eyes and pursed mouth. Mr. Brandreth turned toward Ray, and asked sweetly, "Should you mind my lighting one of these after-dinner pastilles?" He indicated the slender stem in the little silver holder on the mantel. "Of course there's no danger of infection now; but it would be a little more reassuring to my wife, especially as she's got the boy here with her."

"By all means," said Ray, and the pastille began sending up a delicate thread of pungent blue smoke, while Mr. Brandreth went for his wife and mother-in-law.

"It seems to me you're in a parlous state, Henry," said Kane. "I don't see but you'll have to renounce Tolstoï and all his works if you ever get out of this trouble. I'm sorry for you. It takes away half the satisfaction I feel at the lifting of that incubus from poor David's life. I think I'd better go." He rose, and went over to give his hand to Mr. Chapley, where he sat in a reclining-chair.

Mr. Chapley clung to him, and said feebly: "No, no! Don't go, Kane. We shall need your advice, and—and—counsel," and while Kane hesitated, Mr. Brandreth came in with the ladies, who wore a look of mystified impatience.

"I thought they had better hear it from you, Mr. Ray," he said; and for the third time Ray detailed the tragical incidents. He felt as if he had been inculpating himself.

Then Mrs. Chapley said: "It is what we might have expected from the beginning. But if it will be a warning to Mr. Chaply—"

Mrs. Brandreth turned upon her mother with a tone that startled Mr. Chapley from the attitude of gentle sufferance in which he sat resting his chin upon his hand. "I don't see what warning there can be for papa in such a dreadful thing. Do you think he's likely to take prussic acid?"

"I don't say that, you know well enough, child. But I shall be quite satisfied if it is the last of Tolstoïsm in *this* family."

"It has nothing to do with Tolstoï," Mrs. Brandreth returned, with surprising energy. "If we'd all been living simply in the country, that wretched creature's mind wouldn't have been preyed upon by the misery of the city."

"There's more insanity in proportion to the population in the country than there is in the city," Mrs. Chapley began.

Mrs. Brandreth ignored her statistical contribution. "There's no more danger of father's going out to live on a farm, or in a community, than there is of his taking poison; and at any rate he hasn't got anything to do with what's happened. He's just been faithful to his old friend, and he's given his daughter work. I don't care how much the newspapers bring that in. We haven't done anything wrong."

Mr. Brandreth looked at his wife in evident surprise; her mother said, "Well, my dear!"

Her father gently urged: "I don't think you've quite understood your mother. She doesn't look at life from my point of view."

"No, Henry, I'm thankful to say I don't," Mrs. Chapley broke in; "and I don't know anybody who does. If I had followed you and your prophet, we shouldn't have had a roof over our heads."

"A good many people have no roofs over their heads," Mr. Chapley meekly suggested.

"That's no reason why we shouldn't," said his wife.

"No; you're right there, my dear. That's the hopeless part of it. Perhaps poor David is right, and the man who attempts to solve the problem of altruism singly and in his own life—"

Mrs. Brandreth would not let him finish. "The question is, what are we going to do for these poor things in their trouble?" She looked at Ray, who had sat by trying in his sense of intrusion and superfluity to shrink into as small a space as possible. He now blushed to find himself appealed to. He had not seen Mrs. Brandreth often, and he had not reversed his first impression of a narrow, anxious, housewifely spirit in her, sufficient to the demands of young motherhood, but of few and scanty general sympathies. "When did you see them last?" she asked.

He told her, and she said, "Well, I am going right up there with Percy."

"And bring back the scarlet fever to your child!" cried her mother. "You shall neither of you go, as long as I have anything to say about it. Or, if you do, you shall not come back to this house, and I shall keep the baby here till there isn't the least fear of danger; and I don't know how long that will be." All the grandmother rose in Mrs. Chapley; she lifted her voice, and in the transport of her alarm and indignation she suddenly appealed to Mr. Kane from the wilfulness she evidently feared in her daughter: "What do you think, Mr. Kane?"

"I wouldn't presume to decide such a question finally; it's too important," Kane said, in his mellow murmur. "But I wish that for the moment Mrs. Brandreth would let me be the bearer of her kind messages and inquiries. If you haven't been in the habit of calling there—"

"I have never been there at all, I'm sorry to say," Mrs. Brandreth frankly declared.

"Ah! Well, I don't see what could come of it, just at present; and there might be some lingering infection."

"It has been carried in clothes across the ocean months afterwards, and in letters," Mrs. Chapley triumphed.

Kane abandoned the point to her. "The situation might be very much worse for the Hugheses, as I was saying to Henry before you came in. The Powers are not commonly so considerate. It seems to me distinctly the best thing that could have happened, at least as far as Denton is concerned."

"Surely," said Mrs. Chapley, "you don't approve of suicide?"

"Not in the case of sane and happy people," Kane blandly replied. "The suicide of such persons should be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. But there seem to be extenuating circumstances in the present instance: I hope the coroner's jury will deal leniently with the culprit. I must go and see if I can do anything for David. Probably I can't. It's always a question in these cases whether you are not adding to the sufferings of the mourners by your efforts to alleviate them; but you can only solve it at their expense by trying."

"And you will let us know," said Mrs. Chapley, "whether *we* can do anything, Mr. Kane."

Mrs. Brandreth did not openly persist in her determination to go to the Hugheses. She said, "Yes, be sure you let us know;" and when Kane had gone on an errand of mercy which he owned was distasteful to him, her husband followed Ray down to the door.

"You see what splendid courage she has," he whispered, with a backward glance up the stairs. "I must confess that it surprised me, after all I've seen her go through, that stand she took with her mother. But I don't altogether wonder at it: they were disagreeing about keeping up the belladonna when I found them, upstairs, and I guess Mrs. Brandreth's opposition naturally carried over into this question about the Hugheses. Of course Mrs. Chapley means well, but if Mrs. Brandreth could once be got from under her influence she would be twice the woman she is. I think she's right about the effect of our connection with the family before the public. They can't make anything wrong out of it, no matter how they twist it or turn it. I'm not afraid. After all, it isn't as if Mr. Hughes was one of those howling socialists. An old-time Brook Farmer—it's a kind of literary tradition; it's like being an original abolitionist. I'm going to see if I can't get a glimpse of that book of his without committing myself. Well, let me know how you get on. I wouldn't let that chance on *Every Evening* slip. Better see the man. Confound the papers! I hope they won't drag us in!"

XXXVI.

A few lines, with some misspelling of names, told the story of the suicide and inquest in the afternoon papers, and it dwindled into still smaller space and finer print the next morning. The publicity which those least concerned had most dreaded was spared them. Ray himself appeared in print as a witness named Bray; there was no search into the past of Hughes and his family, or their present relations; none of the rich sensations of the case were exploited; it was treated as one of those every-day tragedies without significance or importance, which abound in the history of great cities, and are forgotten as rapidly as they occur. The earth closed over the hapless wretch for whom the dream of duty tormenting us all, more or less, had turned to such a hideous nightmare, and those whom his death threatened even more than his life drew consciously or unconsciously a long breath of freedom.

Mr. Brandreth's courage rose with his escape; there came a moment when he was ready to face the worst; the moment did not come till the danger of the worst was past. Then he showed himself even eager to retrieve the effect of anxieties not compatible with a scrupulous self-respect.

"Why should we laugh at him?" Kane philosophized, in talking the matter over with Ray. "The ideals of generosity and self-devotion are preposterous in our circumstances. He was quite right to be cautious, to be prudent, to protect his business and his bosom from the invasion of others' misfortunes, and to look anxiously out for the main chance. Who would do it for him, if he neglected this first and most obvious duty? He has be-

haved most thoughtfully and kindly toward Peace through it all, and I can't blame him for not thrusting himself forward to offer help when nothing could really be done."

Kane had himself remained discreetly in the background, and had not cumbered his old acquaintance with offers of service. He kept away from the funeral, but he afterwards visited Hughes frequently, though he recognized nothing more than the obligation of the early kindness between them. This had been affected by many years of separation and wide divergence of opinion, and it was doubtful whether his visits were altogether a pleasure to the invalid. They disputed a good deal, and sometimes when Hughes lost his voice from excitement and exhaustion, Kane's deep pipe kept on in a cool smooth assumption of positions which Hughes was physically unable to assail.

Mr. Chapley went out of town to his country place in Massachusetts, to try and get back his strength after a touch of the grippe. The Sunday conventicles had to be given up because Hughes could no longer lead them, and could not suffer the leadership of others. He was left mainly for society and consolation to the young fellow who did not let him feel that he differed from him, and was always gently patient with him.

Ray had outlived the grudge he felt at Kane for delivering him over to bonds of duty which he shirked so lightly himself; but this was perhaps because they were no longer a burden. It was not possible for him to refuse his presence to the old man when he saw that it was his sole pleasure; he had come to share the pleasure of these meetings himself. As the days which must be fewer and fewer went by he tried to come every day, and Peace usually found him sitting with her father when she reached home at the end of the afternoon. Ray could get there first because his work on the newspaper was of a more flexible and desultory sort; and he often brought a bundle of books for review with him, and talked them over with Hughes, for whom he was a perspective of the literary world, with its affairs and events. Hughes took a vivid interest in the management of Ray's department of *Every Evening*, and gave him advice about it, charging him not to allow it to be merely æsthetic, but to imbue it with an ethical quality; he maintained that literature should be the handmaid of reform; he regretted that he had not cast the material of *The World Revisited* in the form of fiction, which would have given it a charm impossible to a merely polemical treatise.

"I'm convinced that if I had it in that shape it would readily find a publisher, and I'm going to see what I can do to work it over as soon as I'm about again."

"I hope you'll be luckier than I've been with fiction," said Ray. "I don't know but it might be a good plan to turn *A Modern Romeo* into a polemical treatise. We might change about, Mr. Hughes."

Hughes said, "Why don't you bring your story up here and read it to me?"

"Wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of your helpless condition?" Ray asked. "Just at present my chief's looking over it, to see if it won't do for the *feuilleton* we're going to try. He won't want it; but it affords a little respite for you, Mr. Hughes, as long as he thinks he may."

He knew that Peace must share his constraint in speaking of his book. When they were alone for a little while before he went away that evening he said to her, "You have never told me yet that you forgave me for my bad behavior about my book the last time we talked about it."

"Did you wish me to tell you?" she asked, gently. "I thought I needn't."

"Yes; do," he urged. "You thought I was wrong?"

"Yes," she assented.

"Then you ought to say, in so many words, 'I forgive you.'"

He waited, but she would not speak.

"Why can't you say that?"

She did not answer, but after a while said, "I think what I did was a good reason for—"

"My being in the wrong? Then why did you do it? Can't you tell me that?"

"Not—now."

"Some time?"

"Perhaps," she murmured.

"Then I may ask you again?"

She was silent, sitting by the window in the little back room, where her head was dimly outlined against the late twilight. Between the rushing trains at the front they could hear Mrs. Denton talking to her father, joking and laughing. Our philosophy of tragedy is that it alters the

nature of those involved, as if it were some spiritual chemistry combining the elements of character anew. But it is really an incident of our being, and, for all we can perceive, is of no more vital effect than many storms in the material world. What it does not destroy, it leaves essentially unchanged. The light creature whom its forces had beaten to the earth, rose again with the elasticity of light things, when it had passed. She was meant to be what she was made, and even Ray, with the severity of his young morality, and the paucity of his experience, perceived that the frivolity which shocked him was comfort and cheer to the sick old man. She sat with him, and babbled and jested, with her cat in her lap; and Ray saw with a generous resentment that she must always have been his favorite. There was probably a responsive lightness in Hughes's own soul to which hers brought the balm of kinship and of perfect sympathy. There was no apparent consciousness of his preference in the sisters; each in her way accepted it as something just and fit. Peace looked after the small housekeeping, and her sister had more and more the care of their father.

Mrs. Denton's buoyant temperament served a better purpose in the economy of sorrow than a farther-sighted seriousness. In virtue of all that Ray had ever read or fancied of such experiences, the deaths that had bereaved her ought to have chastened and sobered her, and he could not forgive her because she could not wear the black of a hushed and spiritless behavior. It even shocked him that Peace did nothing to constrain her, but took her from moment to moment as she showed herself, and encouraged her cheerful talk, and smiled at her jokes. He could not yet understand how the girl's love was a solvent of all questions that harass the helpless reason, and embitter us with the faults of others; but from time to time he had a sense of quality in her that awed him from all other sense of her. There is something in the heart of man that puts a woman's charm before all else, and that enables evil and foolish women to find husbands, while good and wise women die unwed. But in the soul of incontaminate youth there is often a passionate refusal to accept this instinct as the highest. The ideal of womanhood is then something too pure and hallowed even for the dreams of love. It was something like this, a mystical reverence or a fantastic exaltation, which removed Ray further from Peace in what might have joined their lives than he was the first day they met, when he began to weave about her the reveries which she had no more part in than if they had been the dreams of his sleep. They were of the stuff of his literature, and like the innumerably trooping, insubstantial fancies that followed each other through his brain from nothing in his experience. When they ceased to play, as they must after the little romance of that first meeting had yielded to acquaintance, what had taken their place? At the end of the half-year which had united them in the intimacy of those strange events and experiences, he could not have made sure of anything but a sort of indignant compassion that drew him near her, and the fantastic sentiment that held him aloof. The resentment in his pity was toward himself as much as her father; when he saw her in the isolation where the old man's preference for her sister left her, he blamed himself as much as them.

Peace blamed no one by word or look. He doubted if she saw it, till he ventured one day to speak of her father's fondness for her sister, and then she answered that he would always rather have Jenny with him than any one else. Ray returned some commonplaces, not too sincere, about the compensation the care of her father must be to Mrs. Denton in her bereavement, and Peace answered as frankly as before that they had got each other back again. "Father didn't want her to marry Ansel, and he didn't care for the children. He couldn't help that; he was too old; and after we were all shut up here together they fretted him."

She sighed gently, in the way she had, and Ray said, with the fatuity of comforters, "I suppose they are better off out of this world."

"They were born into this world," she answered.

"Yes," he had to own.

He saw how truly and deeply she grieved for the little ones, and he realized without umbrage that she mourned their wretched father too, with an affection as simple and pure. There were times when he thought how tragical it would be for her to have cared for Den-

ton, in the way his wife cared so little; and then his fancy created a situation in whose unreality it ran riot. But all the time he knew that he was feigning these things, and that there was no more truth in them than in the supposition which he indulged at other times that he was himself in love with Mrs. Denton, and always had been, and this was the reason why he could not care for Peace. It was the effect in both cases of the æsthetic temperament, which is as often the slave as the master of its reveries.

It was in Mrs. Denton's favor with him that she did not let the drift of their father's affections away from Peace carry her with them. The earthward bodily decline of the invalid implied a lapse from the higher sympathies to the lower, and she seemed to have some vague perception of this, which she formulated in her own way, once, when she wished to account for the sick man's refusal of some service from Peace which he accepted from herself.

"He has more use for me here, Peace, because I'm of the earth, earthy, but he'll want you somewhere else."

The old man clung to the world with a hope that admitted at least no open question of his living. He said that as soon as the spring fairly opened, and the weather would allow him to go out without taking more cold, he should carry his manuscript about to the different publishers, and offer it personally. He thought his plan carefully out, and talked it over with Ray, whom he showed that his own failure with his novel was from a want of address in these interviews. He proposed to do something for Ray's novel as soon as he secured a publisher for himself, and again he bade him bring it and read it to him. Ray afterwards realized with shame that he would have consented to this if Hughes had persisted. But the invitation was probably a mere grace of civility with him, an effect of the exuberant faith he had in his own success.

As the season advanced, and the heat within-doors increased, they had to open the windows, and then the infernal uproar of the avenue filled the room, so that they could not hear one another speak till the windows were closed again. But the rush and clank of the elevated trains, the perpetual passage of the surface cars, with the clatter of their horses' hoofs, and the clash of the air-slitting bells, the grind and jolt of the heavy trucks, the wild clatter of express carts across the rails or up and down the tracks, the sound of feet and voices, the cries of the fruit-venders, and the whiffs of laughter and blasphemy that floated up from the turmoil below like filthy odors, seemed not so keenly to afflict the sick man, or to rend his nerves with the anguish that forced the others to shut it all out, and rather stifle in the heat. Yet, in some sort, he felt it too, for once when Ray spoke of it, he said yes, it was atrocious. "But," he added, "I am glad I came and placed myself where I could fully realize the hideousness of a competitive metropolis. All these abominations of sight and sound, these horrible discords, that offend every sense, physically express the spiritual principle underlying the whole social frame-work. It has been immensely instructive to me, and I have got some color of it into my book: not enough, of course, but infinitely more than I could possibly have imagined. No one can imagine the horror, the squalor, the cruel and senseless turpitude which these things typify, except in their presence. I have merely represented the facts in regard to them, and have left imagination free to deal with the ideal city as a contrast, with its peaceful streets, cleanly and quiet, its stately ranks of beautiful dwellings, its noble piles of civic and religious architecture, its shaded and colonnaded avenues, its parks and gardens, and all planned and built, not from the greed and the fraud of competition, but from the generous and unselfish spirit of emulation, wherein men join to achieve the best instead of separating to get the most. Think of a city operated by science, as every city might be now, without one of the wretched animals tamed by the savage man, and still perpetuated by the savage man for the awkward and imperfect uses of a barbarous society! A city without a horse, where electricity brought every man and everything silently to the door. Jenny! Get me that manuscript, will you? The part I was writing on to-day—in the desk—the middle drawer—I should like to read—"

Mrs. Denton dropped her cat from her lap and ran to get the manuscript. But when she brought it to her father, and he arranged the leaves with fluttering fingers, he could not read. He gasped out a few syllables, and in the paroxysm of

coughing which began, he thrust the manuscript toward Ray.

"He wants you to take it," said Peace. "You can take it home with you. You can give it to me in the morning."

Ray took it, and stood by, looking on, not knowing how to come to their help for the sick man's relief, and anxious not to cumber them. When they had got him quiet again, and Ray had once more thrown up the window, and let in the mild night air which came laden with that delirium of the frenzied city, Peace followed him into the little back room, where they stood a moment.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, "why don't you get him away from here, where he could be a little more out of the noise? It's enough to drive a well man mad."

"He doesn't feel it as if he were well," she answered. "We have tried to get him to let us bring his bed out here. But he won't. I think," she added, "that he believes it would be a bad omen to change."

"Surely," said Ray, "a man like your father couldn't care for that ridiculous superstition. What possible connection could his changing to a quieter place have with his living or--"

"It isn't a matter of reason with him. I can see how he's gone back to his early life in a great many things in these few days. He hasn't been so much like himself for a long time as he has to-night."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He says to let him have his own way about it. He says that—the noise can't make any difference—now."

They were in the dark; but he knew from her voice that tears were in her eyes. He felt for her hand to say good-night. When he had found it, he held it a moment, and then he kissed it. But no thrill or glow of the heart justified him in what he had done. At the best he could excuse it as an impulse of pity.

XXXVII.

The editor of *Every Evening* gave Ray his manuscript back. He had evidently no expectation that Ray could have any personal feeling about it, or could view it apart from the interests of the paper. He himself betrayed no personal feeling where the paper was concerned, and he probably could have conceived of none in Ray.

"I don't think it will do for us," he said. "It is a good story, and I read it all through, but I don't believe it would succeed as a serial. What do you think, yourself?"

"I?" said Ray. "How could I have an unprejudiced opinion?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't. You know what we want; we've talked it over enough; and you ought to know whether this is the kind of thing. Anyhow, it's within your province to decide. I don't think it will do, but if you think it will, I'm satisfied. You must take the responsibility. I leave it to you, and I mean business."

Ray thought how old Kane would be amused if he could know of the situation, how he would inspect and comment it from every side, and try to get novel phrases for it. He believed himself that no author had ever been quite in his place before; it was like something in Gilbert's operas; it was as if a prisoner were invited to try himself and pronounce his own penalty. His chief seemed to see no joke in the affair; he remained soberly and somewhat severely waiting for Ray's decision.

"I'm afraid you're right," said Ray. "I don't think it would do for *Every Evening*. Even if it would, I should doubt the taste of working in something of my own on the reader at the beginning."

"I shouldn't care for that," said the chief, "if it were the thing."

Ray winced, but the chief did not see it. Now, as always, it was merely and simply a question of the paper. He added carelessly,

"I should think such a story as that would succeed as a book."

"I wish you could get some publisher to think so."

The chief had nothing to say to that. He opened his desk and began to write.

In spite of the rejected manuscript lying on the table before him, Ray made out a very fair day's work himself, and then he took it up town with him. He did not go at once to his hotel, but pushed on as far as Chapley's, where he hoped to see Peace before she went home, and ask how her father was getting on; he had not visited Hughes for several days; and he made himself this excuse. What he really wished was to confront the girl and divine her thoughts concerning himself. He must do that, now; but

if it were not for the cruelty of forsaking the old man, it might be the kindest and best thing never to go near any of them again.

He had the temporary relief of finding her gone home when he reached Chapley's. Mr. Brandreth was there, and he welcomed Ray with something more than his usual cordiality.

"Look here," he said, shutting the door of his little room. "Have you got that story of yours where you could put your hand on it at once?"

"I can put my hand on it instantly," said Ray, and he touched it.

"Oh!" Mr. Brandreth returned, a little daunted. "I didn't know you carried it around with you."

"I don't usually—or only when I've got it from some publisher who doesn't want it."

"I thought it had been the rounds," said Mr. Brandreth, still uneasily.

"Oh, it's an editor, this time. It's just been offered to me for serial use in *Every Evening*, and I've declined it."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Brandreth smiled in mystification.

"Exactly what I say." Ray explained the affair as it had occurred. "It makes me feel like Brutus and the son of Brutus rolled into one. I'm going round to old Kane, to give the facts away to him. I think he'll enjoy them."

"Well! Hold on! What did the chief say about it?"

"Oh, he liked it. Everybody likes it, but nobody wants it. He said he thought it would succeed as a book. The editors all think that. The publishers think it would succeed as a serial."

Ray carried it off buoyantly, and enjoyed the sort of daze Mr. Brandreth was in.

"See here," said the publisher, "I want you to leave that manuscript with me."

"Again?"

"Yes. I've never read it myself yet, you know."

"Take it and be happy!" Ray bestowed it upon him with dramatic effusion.

"No, seriously!" said Mr. Brandreth. "I want to talk with you. Sit down, won't you? You know the first time you were in here, I told you I was anxious to get Chapley & Co. in line as a publishing house again; I didn't like the way we were dropping out and turning into mere jobbers. You remember?"

Ray nodded.

"Well, sir, I've never lost sight of that idea, and I've been keeping one eye out for a good novel, to start with, ever since. I haven't found it, I don't mind telling you. You see, all the established reputations are in the hands of other publishers, and you can't get them away without paying ridiculous money, and violating the comity of the trade at the same time. If we are to start new, we must start with a new man."

"I don't know whether I'm a new man or not," said Ray, "if you're working up to me. Sometimes I feel like a pretty old one. I think I came to New York about the beginning of the Christian era. But *A Modern Romeo* is as fresh as ever. It has the dew of the morning on it still—rubbed off in spots by the nose of the professional smeller."

"Well," said Mr. Brandreth, "it's new enough for all practical purposes. I want you to let me take it home with me."

"Which of the leading orchestras would you like to have accompany you to your door?" asked Ray.

"No, no! Don't expect too much!" Mr. Brandreth entreated.

"I don't expect anything," Ray protested.

"Well, that's right—that's the only business basis. But if it *should* happen to be the thing, I don't believe you'd be personally any happier about it than I should."

"Oh, thank you!"

"I'm not a fatalist—"

"But it would look a good deal like fatalism."

"Yes, it would. It would look as if it were really intended to be, if it came back to us now, after it had been round to everybody else."

"Yes; but if it was fated from the beginning, I don't see why you didn't take it in the beginning. I should rather wonder what all the bother had been for."

"You might say that," Mr. Brandreth admitted.

Ray went off on the wave of potential prosperity, and got Kane to come out and dine with him. They decided upon Martin's, where the dinner cost twice as much as at Ray's hotel, and had more the air of being a fine dinner; and they got a table in the corner, and Ray ordered a bottle of champagne.

"Yes," said Kane, "that is the right drink for a man who wishes to spend his

money before he has got it. It's the true gambler's beverage."

"You needn't drink it," said Ray. "You shall have the *vin ordinaire* that's included in the price of the dinner."

"Oh, I don't mind a glass of champagne now and then, after I've brought my host under condemnation for ordering it," said Kane.

"And I want to let my heart out to-night," Ray pursued. "I may not have the chance to-morrow. Besides, as to the gambling, it isn't I betting on my book; it's Brandreth. I don't understand yet why he wants to do it. To be sure, it isn't a great risk he's taking."

"I rather think he *has* to take some risks just now," said Kane, significantly. He lowered his soft voice an octave as he went on. "I'm afraid that poor Henry, in his pursuit of personal perfectability, has let things get rather behindhand in his business. I don't blame him—you know I never blame people—for there is always a question as to which is the cause and which is the effect in such matters. My dear old friend may have begun to let his business go to the bad because he had got interested in his soul, or he may have turned to his soul for refuge because he knew his business had begun to go to the bad. At any rate, he seems to have found the usual difficulty in serving God and Mammon; only, in this case Mammon has got the worst of it, for once: I suppose one ought to be glad of that. But the fact is that Henry has lost heart in business; he doesn't respect business; he has a bad conscience; he wants to be out of it. I had a long talk with him before he went into the country, and I couldn't help pitying him. I don't think his wife and daughter even will ever get him back to New York. He knows it's rather selfish to condemn them to the dulness of a country life, and that it's rather selfish to leave young Brandreth to take the brunt of affairs here alone. But what are you to do in a world like this, where a man can't get rid of one bad conscience without laying in another?"

In his pleasure with his paradox Kane suffered Ray to fill up his glass a second time. Then he looked dissatisfied, and Ray divined the cause. "Did you word that quite to your mind?"

"No, I didn't. It's too diffuse. Suppose we say that in our conditions no man can do right without doing harm?"

"That's more succinct," said Ray. "Is it known at all that they're in difficulties?"

Kane smoothly ignored the question. "I fancy that the wrong is in Henry's desire to cut himself loose from the ties that bind us all together here. Poor David has the right of that. We must stand or fall together in the pass we've come to; and we cannot helpfully eschew the world except by remaining in it." He took up Ray's question after a moment's pause. "No, it isn't known that they're in difficulties, and I don't say that it's so. Their affairs have simply been allowed to run down, and Henry has left Brandreth to gather them up single-handed. I don't know that Brandreth will complain. It leaves him unhampered, even if he can do nothing with his hands but clutch at straws."

"Such straws as the *Modern Romeo*?" Ray asked. "It seems to me that *I* have a case of conscience here. Is it right for me to let Mr. Brandreth bet his money on my book when there are so many chances of his losing?"

"Let us hope he won't finally bet," Kane suggested, and he smiled at the refusal which instantly came into Ray's eyes. "But if he does, we must leave the end with God. People," he mused on, "used to leave the end with God a great deal oftener than they do now. I remember that I did, myself, once. It was easier. I think I will go back to it. There is something very curious in our relation to the divine. God is where we believe He is, and He is a daily Providence or not, as we choose. People used to see His hand in a corner, or a deal, which prospered them, though it ruined others. They may be ashamed to do that now. But we might get back to faith by taking a wider sweep, and seeing God in our personal disadvantages—finding Him not only in luck but in bad luck. Chance may be a larger law, with an orbit far transcending the range of the little statutes by which fire always burns and water always finds its level."

"That is a better Hard Saying than the other," Ray mocked. "'I' faith an excellent song.' Have some more champagne. Now go on; but let us talk of *A Modern Romeo*."

"We will drink to it," said Kane, with an air of piety.

XXXVIII.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Brandreth when he found Ray waiting for him in his little room the next morning, "I haven't slept a wink all night."

Ray had not slept a wink himself, and he had not been able to keep away from Chapley's in his fear and his hope concerning his book. He hoped Mr. Brandreth might have looked at it; he feared he had not. His heart began to go down, but he paused in his despair at the smiles that Mr. Brandreth broke into.

"It was that book of yours. I thought I would just dip into it after dinner, and try a chapter or two on Mrs. Brandreth; but I read on till eleven o'clock, and then she went to bed, and I kept at it till I finished it, about three this morning. Then the baby took up the strain for about half an hour, and finished *me*."

Ray did not know what to say. He gasped out, "I'm proud to have been associated with young Mr. Brandreth in destroying his father's rest."

The publisher did not heed this poor attempt at nonchalance. "I left the manuscript for Mrs. Brandreth—she called me back to make sure, before I got out of doors—and if she likes it as well to the end— But I know she will! She likes you, Ray."

"Does she?" Ray faintly questioned back.

"Yes; she thinks you're all kinds of a nice fellow, and that you've been rather sacrificed in some ways. She thinks you behaved splendidly in that Denton business."

Ray remained mutely astonished at the flattering opinions of Mrs. Brandreth; he had suspected them so little. Her husband went on, smiling:

"She wasn't long making out the original of your hero." Ray blushed consciously, but made no attempt to disown the self-portraiture. "Of course," said Mr. Brandreth, "we're all in the dark about the heroine. But Mrs. Brandreth doesn't care so much for her."

Now that he was launched upon the characters of the story, Mr. Brandreth discussed them all, and went over the incidents with the author, whose brain reeled with the ecstasy of beholding them objectively in the flattering light of another's appreciation.

"Well," said Mr. Brandreth, at last, when Ray found strength to rise from this debauch of praise, "you'll hear from me, now, very soon. I've made up my mind about the story, and unless Mrs. Brandreth should hate it very much before she gets through with it— Curious about women, isn't it, how they always take the personal view? I believe the main reason why my wife dislikes your heroine is because she got her mixed up with the girl that took the part of Juliet away from her in our out-door theatricals. I tell her that you and I are not only the two Percys, we're the two Romeos, too. She thinks your heroine is rather weak; of course you meant her to be so."

Ray had not, but he said that he had; and he made a noisy pretence of thinking the two Romeos a prodigious joke. His complaisance brought its punishment.

"Oh!" said Mr. Brandreth, "I must tell you a singular thing that happened. Just as I got to that place where he shoots himself, you know, and she starts up out of her hypnotic trance, our baby gave a frightful yell, and Mrs. Brandreth woke and thought the house was on fire. I suppose the little fellow had a bad dream: it's strange what dreams babies *do* have! But wasn't it odd, happening when I was wrought up so? Looks like telepathy, doesn't it? Of course my mind's always on the child. By-the-way, if this thing goes, you must try a telepathic story. It hasn't been done yet."

"Magnificent!" said Ray. "I'll do it!"

They got away from each other, and Ray went down to his work at the *Every Evening* office. He enslaved himself to it by an effort twice as costly as that of writing when he was in the deepest and darkest of his despair; his hope danced before him, and there was a tumult in his pulses which he could quiet a little only by convincing himself that as yet he had no promise from Mr. Brandreth, and that if the baby had given Mrs. Brandreth a bad day, it was quite within the range of possibility that the publisher might, after all, have perfectly good reasons for rejecting his book. He insisted with himself upon this view of the case; it was the only one that he could steady his nerves with; and besides, he somehow felt that if he could feign it strenuously enough, the fates would be propitiated, and the reverse would happen.

It is uncertain whether it was his pretence that produced the result intended, but in the evening Mr. Brandreth came

down to Ray's hotel to say that he had made up his mind to take the book.

"We talked it over at dinner, and my wife made me come right down and tell you. She said you had been kept in suspense long enough, and she wasn't going to let you go overnight. It's the first book *we've* ever taken, and I guess she feels a little romantic about the new departure. By-the-way, we found out what ailed the baby. It was a pin that had got loose, and stuck up through the sheet in his crib. You can't trust those nurses a moment. But I believe that telepathic idea is a good one."

"Yes, yes; it is," said Ray. Now that the certainty of acceptance had come, he was sobered by it, and he could not rejoice openly, though he was afraid he was disappointing Mr. Brandreth. He could only say, "It's awfully kind of Mrs. Brandreth to think of me."

"That's her way," said Mr. Brandreth; and he added, briskly: "Well, now, let's come down to business. How do you want to publish? Want to make your own plates?"

"No," Ray faltered; "I can't afford to do that; I had one such offer—"

"I supposed you wouldn't," Mr. Brandreth cut in, "but I thought I'd ask. Well, then, we'll make the plates ourselves, and we'll pay you ten per cent. on the retail price of the book. That is the classic arrangement with authors, and I think it's fair." When he said this he swallowed, as if there were something in his throat, and added, "Up to a certain point. And as we take all the risk, I think we ought to have— You see, on one side it's a perfect lottery, and on the other side it's a dead certainty. You can't count on the public, but you can count on the landlord, the salesman, the bookkeeper, the printer, and the paper-maker. We're at all the expense—rent, clerk-hire, plates, printing, binding, and advertising, and the author takes no risk whatever."

It occurred to Ray afterwards that an author took the risk of losing his labor if his book failed; but the public estimates the artist's time at the same pecuniary value as the sitting hen's, and the artist insensibly accepts the estimate. Ray did not think of his point in season to urge it, but it would hardly have availed if he had. He was tremulously eager to close with Mr. Brandreth on any terms, and after they had agreed, he was afraid he had taken advantage of him.

When the thing was done it was like everything else. He had dwelt so long and intensely upon it in a thousand reveries that he had perhaps exhausted his possibilities of emotion concerning it. At any rate he found himself curiously cold; he wrote to his father about it, and he wrote to Sanderson, who would be sure to make a paragraph for the *Echo*, and unless Hanks Brothers killed his paragraph, would electrify Midland with the news. Ray forecast the matter and the manner of the paragraph, but it did not excite him.

"What is the trouble with me?" he asked Kane, whom he hastened to tell his news. "I ought to be in a transport; I'm not in anything of the kind."

"Ah! That is very interesting. No doubt you'll come to it. I had a friend once who was accepted in marriage by the object of his affections. His first state was apathy, mixed, as nearly as I could understand, with dismay. He became more enthusiastic later on, and lived ever after in the belief that he was one of the most fortunate of men. But I think we are the victims of conventional acceptations in regard to most of the great affairs of life. We are taught that we shall feel so and so about such and such things: about success in love or in literature; about the birth of our first-born; about death. But probably no man feels as he expected to feel about these things. He finds them of exactly the same quality as all other experiences; there may be a little more or a little less about them, but there isn't any essential difference. Perhaps when we come to die ourselves, it will be as simply and naturally as—as—"

"As having a book accepted by a publisher," Ray suggested.

"Exactly!" said Kane, and he breathed out his deep mellow laugh.

"Well, you needn't go on. I'm sufficiently accounted for." Ray rose, and Kane asked him what his hurry was, and where he was going.

"I'm going up to tell the Hugheses."

"Ah! then I won't offer to go with you," said Kane. "I approve of your constancy, but I have my own philosophy of such things. I think David would have done much better to stay where he was; I do not wish to punish him for

coming to meet the world, and reform it on its own ground; but I could have told him he would get beaten. He is a thinker, or a dreamer, if you please, and in his community he had just the right sort of distance. He could pose the world just as he wished, and turn it in this light and in that. But here he sees the exceptions to his rules, and when I am with him I find myself the prey of a desire to dwell on the exceptions, and I know that I afflict him. I always did, and I feel it the part of humanity to keep away from him. I am glad that I do, for I dislike very much being with sick people. Of course I shall go as often as decency requires. For Decency," Kane concluded, with the effect of producing a Hard Saying, "transcends Humanity. So many reformers forget that," he added.

The days were now getting so long that they had just lighted the lamps in Hughes's room when Ray came in, a little after seven. He had a few words with Peace in the family room first, and she told him that her father had passed a bad day, and she did not know whether he was asleep or not.

"Then I'll go away again," said Ray.

"No, no; if he is awake, he will like to see you. He always does. And now he can't see you much oftener."

"Oh, Peace! Do you really think so?"

"The doctor says so. There is no hope any more." There was no faltering in her voice, and its steadiness strengthened Ray, standing so close to one who stood so close to death.

"Does he—your father—know?"

"I can't tell. He is always so hopeful. And Jenny won't hear of giving up. She is with him more than I am, and she says he has a great deal of strength yet. He can still work at his book a little. He has every part of it in mind so clearly that he can tell her what to do when he has the strength to speak. The worst is, when his voice fails him—he gets impatient. That was what brought on his hemorrhage to-day."

"Peace! I am ashamed to think why I came to-night. But I hoped it might interest him."

"About your book? Oh yes. Mr. Brandreth spoke to me about it. I thought you would like to tell him."

"Thank you," said Ray. He was silent for a moment. She stood against the pale light of one of the windows, a shadowy outline, and he felt as if they were two translated spirits meeting there exterior to the world and all its interests; he made a mental note of his impression for use some time. But now he said: "I thought I should like to tell him, too. But after all, I'm not so sure. I'm not like you, Peace. And I suppose I'm punished for my egotism in the very hour of my triumph. It isn't like a triumph; it's like—nothing. I've looked forward to this so long—I've counted on it so much—I've expected it to be like having the world in my hand. But if I shut my hand, it's empty."

He knew that he was appealing to her for comfort, and he expected her to respond as she did.

"That's because you don't realize it yet. When you do, it will seem the great thing that it is."

"Do you think it's a great thing?"

"As great as any success can be."

"Do you think it will succeed?"

"Mr. Brandreth thinks it will. He's very hopeful about it."

"Sometimes I wish it would fail. I don't believe it deserves to succeed. I'm ashamed of it in places. Have I any right to let him foist it on the public if I don't perfectly respect it? You wouldn't if it were yours."

He wished her to deny that it was bad in any part, but she did not. She merely said: "I suppose that's the way our work always seems to us when it's done. There must be a time when we ought to leave what we've done to others: it's for them, not for ourselves; why shouldn't they judge it?"

"Yes; that is true! How generous you are! How can you endure to talk to me of my book? But I suppose you think that if I can stand it, you can."

"I will go in, now," said Peace, ignoring the drift of his words, "and see if father is awake." She returned in a moment, and murmured softly, "Come!"

"Here is Mr. Ray, father," said Mrs. Denton. She had to lift her voice to make the sick man hear, for the window was open, and the maniacal clamor of the street flooded the chamber. Hughes lay at his thin full-length in his bed, like one already dead.

He stirred a little at the sound of his daughter's voice, and when he had taken in the fact of Ray's presence, he signed to her to shut the window. The smells

of the street, and the sick, hot whiffs from the passing trains were excluded; the powerful odors of the useless drugs burdened the air; by the light of the lamp shaded from Hughes's eyes Ray could see the red blotches on his sheet and pillow.

He no longer spoke, but he could write with a pencil on the little memorandum-block which lay on the stand by his bed. When Peace said, "Father, Mr. Ray has come to tell you that his book has been accepted; Chapley & Co. are going to publish it," the old man's face lighted up. He waved his hand toward the stand, and Mrs. Denton put the block and pencil in it, and held the lamp for him to see.

Ray took the block, and read, faintly scribbled on it: "Good! You must get them to take my *World Revisited.*"

The sick man smiled as Ray turned his eyes toward him from the paper.

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Denton, after a moment. "Some secret? What is it, father?" she pursued, with the lightness that evidently pleased him, for he smiled again, and an inner light shone through his glassy eyes. "Tell us, Mr. Ray!"

Hughes shook his head weakly, still smiling, and Ray put the leaf in his pocket. Then he took up the old man's long hand where it lay inert on the bed.

"I will do my very best, Mr. Hughes. I will do everything that I possibly can."

XXXIX.

A purpose had instantly formed itself in Ray's mind which he instantly set himself to carry out. It was none the less a burden because he tried to think it heroic and knew it to be fantastic; and it was in a mood of equally blended devotion and resentment that he disciplined himself to fulfil it. It was shocking to criticise the dying man's prayer from any such point of view, but he could not help doing so, and censuring it for a want of taste, for a want of consideration. He did not account for the hope of good to the world which Hughes must have had in urging him to befriend his book; he could only regard it as a piece of literature, and judge the author's motives by his own, which he was fully aware were primarily selfish.

But he went direct to Mr. Brandreth and laid the matter before him.

"Now I'm going to suggest something," he hurried on, "which may strike you as ridiculous, but I'm thoroughly in earnest about it. I've read Mr. Hughes's book, first and last, all through, and it's good literature, I can assure you of that. I don't know about the principles in it, but I know it's very original and from a perfectly new stand-point, and I believe it would make a great hit."

Mr. Brandreth listened, evidently shaken. "I couldn't do it, now. I'm making a venture with your book."

"That's just what I'm coming to. Don't make your venture with my book; make it with his! I solemnly believe that his would be the safest venture of the two; I believe it would stand two chances to one of mine."

"Well, I'll look at it for the fall."

"It will be too late, then, as far as Hughes is concerned. It's now or never, with him! You want to come out with a book that will draw attention to your house, as well as succeed. I believe that Hughes's book will be an immense success. It has a taking name, and it's a novel and taking conception. It 'll make no end of talk."

"It's too late!" said Mr. Brandreth. "I couldn't take such a book as that without passing it round among all our readers, and you know what that means. Besides, I've begun to make my plans for getting out your book at once. There isn't any time to lose. I've sent out a lot of literary notes, and you'll see them in every leading paper to-morrow morning. I'll have Mr. Hughes's book faithfully examined, and if I can see my way to it—I tell you, I believe I shall make a success of the *Modern Romeo.* I like the title better and better. I think you'll be pleased with the way I've primed the press. I've tried to avoid all vulgar claptrap, and yet I believe I've contrived to pique the public curiosity."

He went on to tell Ray some of the things he had said in his paragraphs, and Ray listened with that mingled shame and pleasure which the artist must feel whenever the commercial side of his life presents itself.

"I kept Miss Hughes pretty late this afternoon, working the things into shape, so as to get them to the papers at once. I just give her the main points, and she has such a neat touch."

Ray left his publisher with a light heart, and a pious sense of the divine favor. He had conceived of a difficult

duty, and he had discharged it with unflinching courage. He had kept his word to Hughes; he had done all that he could for him, even to offering his own chance of fame and fortune a sacrifice to him. Now he could do no more, and if he could not help being glad that the sacrifice had not been accepted of him, he was not to be blamed. He was very much to be praised, and he rewarded himself with a full recognition of his virtue; he imagined some words, few but rare, from Peace, expressing her sense of his magnanimity, when she came to know of it. He hoped that a fact so creditable to him, and so characteristic, would not escape the notice of his biographer. He wished that Hughes could know what he had done, and in his revery he contrived that his generous endeavor should be brought to the old man's knowledge; he had Hughes say that such an action was more to him than the publication of his book.

Throughout his transport of self-satisfaction there ran a nether torment of question whether Peace Hughes could possibly suppose that he was privy to that paragraphing about his book, and this finally worked to the surface, and became his whole mood. After his joyful riot it was this that kept him awake till morning, that poisoned all his pleasure in his escape from self-sacrifice. He could only pacify himself and get some sleep at last by promising to stop at the publishers on his way down to the *Every Evening* office in the morning, and beseech her to believe that he had nothing to do with priming the press, and that he wished Mr. Brandreth had not told him of it. Nothing less than this was due him in the character that he desired to appear in hereafter.

He reached the publishers' office before Mr. Brandreth came down, and when he said he would like to see Miss Hughes, the clerk answered that Miss Hughes had sent word that her father was not so well, and she would not be down that day.

"He's pretty low, I believe," the clerk volunteered.

"I'm afraid so," said Ray.

He asked if the clerk would call a messenger to take a note from him to his office, and when he had despatched it he went up to see Hughes.

"Did you get our message?" Peace asked him the first thing.

"No," said Ray. "What message?"

"That we sent to your office. He has been wanting to see you ever since he woke this morning. I knew you would come!"

"Oh yes. I went to inquire of you about him at Chapley's, and when I heard that he was worse, of course I came. Peace! Is he much worse?"

"He can't live at all. The doctor says it's no use. He wants to see you. Will you come in?"

"Peace!" Ray hesitated. "Tell me! Is it about his book?"

"Yes, something about that. He wishes to speak with you."

"Oh, Peace! I've done all I could about that. I went straight to Mr. Brandreth and tried to get him to take it. But I couldn't. What shall I tell your father, if he asks me?"

"You must tell him the truth," said the girl, sadly.

"Is that Mr. Ray?" Mrs. Denton called from the sick-room. "Come in, Mr. Ray. Father wants you."

"In a moment. Come here, Mrs. Denton," Ray called back.

She came out, and he told her what he had told Peace. She did not seem to see its bearing at once. When she realized it all, and had spent her quick wrath in denunciation of Mr. Brandreth's heartlessness, she said, desperately: "Well, you must come now. Perhaps it isn't his book; perhaps it's something else. But he wants you."

She had to rouse her father from the kind of torpor in which he lay like one dead. She made him understand who was there, and then he smiled, and turned his eyes appealingly toward Ray. "Put your ear as close to his lips as you can. He can't write any more. He wants to say something to you."

Ray stooped over and put his ear to the drawn lips. A few whiffs of inarticulate breath mocked the dying man's endeavor to speak. "I'm sorry; I can't catch a syllable," said Ray.

A mute despair showed itself in the old man's eyes.

"Look at me father!" cried Mrs. Denton. "Is it about your book?"

The faintest smile came over his face.

"Did you wish to ask Mr. Ray if he would speak to Mr. Brandreth about it?"

The smile dimly dawned again.

"Well, he has spoken to him. He went to see him last night, and he's come to tell you"—Ray shuddered and held

his breath—"to tell you that Mr. Brandreth will take your book, and he's going to publish it right away!"

A beatific joy lit up Hughes's face; and Ray drew a long breath.

Peace looked at her sister.

"I don't care!" said Mrs. Denton, passionately, dropping her voice. "You have your light, and I have mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SILENUS.

BY EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE.

"Ho, Silenus!"
The dryads are calling,
The satyrs are bawling,
While red leaves are falling.
"Ho, Silenus!
Holloa, ho—o!"

Like glowing lava-streams the sumac crawls
Upon the mountain's granite walls;
And starting through the shade
The maples raid
The pine-trees' gloomy porches
With countless flaring torches,
Till through the air, like cinders flying,
The leaves drop dying;
The purple asters glow like gems
On woodland hems;
Half-shut in folds of tawny grass
The blue pool pictures in its glass
The swallows sweeping through the clouds
In twittering crowds;
The red fox strains his supple shoulders
To scale the bowlders
And taste the wild grapes' dangling crop;
The light-foot squirrels hop
Through rustling sedges
And bear the smooth white nuts to rocky ledges.
"Ho, Silenus!
Holloa, ho—o!"

Thus down the slope the chorus flings its voice,
And waits, impatient to rejoice
In all the Autumn's harvest pleasures,
And foot the measures
Timed to the tap of the nut on the ground—
Their chief not found.
"Ho, Silenus!
Holloa, ho—o!"

Down in the village by the cider-press,
The whole day long in idleness,
The orchard pillagers,
The sun-brown villagers,
Make merry 'round their final barrel
Of ruddy juice with dance and carol.
Silenus, thither strayed with wits half addled,
The cask has straddled,
And leads the music's jocund din
With foolish nodding chin,

Till o'er his flamy nose falls down
His leafy crown.
He leers with lips smeared 'round with lees
At every buxom maid he sees,
And waves the arm that would be placed
Around her panting waist.
"Ho, Silenus!
Holloa, ho—o!"

From woody hills against the sunset red
The sounds across the corn fields spread,
And lightly touch his ears.
Straightway he hears
The summons from the voicing zephyrs,
Two writhèd horns like any heifer's
'Gin sprout from out his brow, his ears to peak,—
And ere the folk draw breath to speak,
Or start aloof
At sight of shag and goatish hoof,
Away the barrel on a hasty trot
Has borne the sot,
While all the honest people swear
It turned a bear!

And idly there the revellers stand,
Shading their eyes with arching hand,
While through the stooks, now lost from view,
Now glimpsed anew,
He jolts along, the jolly knave,
Shouting a stave,
And o'er his steed his fingers snapping,
And crook'd thighs to its plump sides clapping,
Till in the dusk they disappear.
The while the harvest-moon's red bloated sphere,
Like a great wine-skin, up the misty air
Gropes slowly from the east. And they declare
That 'gainst the forest's mystic portals
Sylvan Immortals
The truant wait, a half-nude band,
With wreathèd staffs in hand,
And loose fawn hides and leafy dress—
Or so they guess—
While evening winds toward them blow
The echo low:
"Ho, Silenus!
Holloa, ho—o!"

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE names of Beaumont and Fletcher are as inseparably linked together as those of Castor and Pollux. They are the double stars of our poetical firmament, and their beams are so indissolubly mingled that it is in vain to attempt any division of them that shall assign to each his rightful share. So long as they worked in partnership, Jasper Mayne says truly that they are

"both so knit
That no man knows where to divide their wit,
Much less their praise."

William Cartwright says of Fletcher,

"That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth

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To knowing Beaumont, ere it did come forth,
And made him the sobriety of his wit."

And Richard Brome also alludes to the copious ease of Fletcher, whom he had known:

"Of Fletcher and his works I speak.
His works! says Momus, nay, his plays you'd say!
Thou hast said right, for that to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil."

The general tradition seems to have been that Beaumont contributed the artistic judgment and Fletcher the fine frenzy. There is commonly a grain of truth in traditions of this kind. In the plays written by the two poets conjointly, we may find an intellectual entertainment in assigning this passage to one and that to the other, but we can seldom say decisively "this is Beaumont's" or "that is Fletcher's," though we may find tolerably convincing arguments for it.

We have, it is true, some grounds on which we may safely form a conclusion as to the individual characteristics of Fletcher, because a majority of the plays which go under their joint names were written by him alone after Beaumont's death. In these I find a higher and graver poetical quality, and I think a riper grain of sentiment, than in any of the others. In running my eye along the margin, I observe that by far the greater number of the isolated phrases I have marked, whether for poetical force or felicity, but especially picturesqueness, or for weight of thought, belong to Fletcher. I should never suspect Beaumont's hand in such verses as these from *Bonduca* (a play wholly Fletcher's):

"Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal."

Where I come upon a picturesque passage in the joint plays, I am apt to think it Fletcher's: so too where there is a certain exhilaration and largeness of manner, and an ardor that charges its words with imagination as they go, or with an enthusiasm that comes very near it in its effect. Take this from the same play:

"The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the underworld, all nations, seas,
And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells,
Wakens the ruined monuments, and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues."

In short, I am inclined to think Fletcher the more poet of the two. Where there is pathos or humor, I am in doubt whether they belong to him or his partner, for I find these qualities both in the plays they wrote together and in those which are wholly his. In the expression of sentiment going far enough to excite a painless æsthetic sympathy, but stopping short of tragic passion, Beaumont is quite the equal of his friend. In the art of heightening and enriching such a sentiment by poetical associations and pictorial accessories, Fletcher seems to me the superior. Both, as I have said, have the art of being pathetic, and of conceiving pathetic situations; but neither of them had depth enough of character for that tragic pathos which is too terrible for tears; for those passionate convulsions when our human nature, like the sea in earthquake, is sucked away deep down from its habitual shores, leaving bare for a moment slimy beds stirring with loathsome life, and weedy tangles before undreamed of, and instantly hidden again under the rush of its reaction. Theirs are no sudden revelations, flashes out of the very tempest itself, and born of its own collisions; but much rather a melancholy Ovidian grace like that of the Heroic Epistles, conscious of itself, yet not so conscious as to beget distrust, and make us feel as if we had been cheated of our tenderness. If they ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears, it is not without due warning and ceremonious preparation. I do not mean to say that their sentiment is not real because it is pensive, and not passionate. It is real, but it is never heart-rending. I say it all in saying that their region is that of fancy. Fancy and imagination may be of one substance, as the northern lights and lightning are supposed to be; but the one plays and flickers in harmless flashes and streamers over the vault of the brain, the other condenses all its thought-executing fires into a single stab of flame. And so of their humor. It is playful, intellectual, elaborate, like that of Charles Lamb when he trifles with it, pleasing itself with artificial dislocations of thought, and never glancing at those essential incongruities in the nature of things at sight of which

humor shakes its bells, and mocks that it may not shudder.

Their comedies are amusing, and one of them, *Wit without Money*, is excellent, with some scenes of joyous fun in it that are very cheering. The fourth scene of the third act is a masterpiece of fanciful extravagance. This is probably Fletcher's. The Rev. W. Cartwright preferred Fletcher's wit to Shakespeare's.

"Shakespeare to thee was dull: whose best jest lies
I' th' ladies' questions and the fools' replies.
Nature was all his art; thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility."

Posterity has taken leave to differ with the Rev. W. Cartwright. The conversations in Fletcher's comedies are often lively, but the wit is generally a gentlemanlike banter; that is, what was gentlemanlike in that day. Real wit keeps; real humor is of the same nature in Aristophanes and Mark Twain; but nothing grows mouldy so soon as mere fun, the product of animal spirits. Fletcher had far more of this than of true humor. Both he and Beaumont were skilled in that pleasantry which is the agreeable substitute for the more trenchant article in good society. There is an instance of this in Miramont's commendation of Greek in the *Elder Brother*.

"Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't;
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils;
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,
Or had'st but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Hesiod and the Greek poets, thou would'st run mad,
And hang thyself for joy thou'dst such a gentleman
To be thy son. O, he has read such things
To me!"

"And do you understand 'em, brother?"

"I tell thee no; that's not material; the sound's
Sufficient to confirm an honest man."

The speech of Lucio in the *Woman-hater* has a smack of Molière in it.

"Secretary, fetch the gown I used to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French letters with."

Many of the comedies are impersonations of what were then called humors, like the *Little French Lawyer;* and some, like the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, mere farces. Nearly all have the merit of being lively and amusing, which, to one who has read many comedies, is saying a great deal.

I do not mean to say that Fletcher does not sometimes show an almost tragic power, as he constantly does tragic sensibility. There are glimpses of it in *Thierry and Theodoret*, and in the death-scene of the little Hengo in *Bonduca*. Perhaps I should rather say that he can conceive a situation with some true elements of tragedy, though not of the deepest tragedy, in it; but when he comes to work it out, and make it visible to us in words, he seems to feel himself more at home with the pity than the terror of it. His pathos (and this is true of Beaumont also) is mixed with a sweetness that grows cloying. And it is always the author who is speaking, and whom we hear. At best he rises only to a simulated passion, and that leads inevitably to declamation. There is no pang in it, but rather the hazy softness of remembered sorrow. Lear on the heath, at parley with the elements, makes all our pettier griefs contemptible, and the sublime pathos of that scene abides with us almost like a consolation. It is not Shakespeare who speaks, but Sorrow herself.

"I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription: why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this."

What confidence of simplicity is this! We call it Greek, but it is nature, and cosmopolitan as she. That white head and Priam's—the one feebly defiant, the other bent humbly over the murderous hand of Achilles—are our sufficing epitomes of desolate old age. There is no third. Generally pity for ourselves mingles insensibly with our pity for others, but here—what are we in the awful presence of these unexampled woes? The sorrows of Beaumont and Fletcher's personages have almost as much charm as sadness in them, and we think of the poet more than of the sufferer. Yet his emotion is genuine, and we feel it to be so even while we feel also that it leaves his mind free to think about it, and the dainty expression he will give to it. Beaumont and Fletcher appeal to this self-pity of which I just spoke by having the air of saying, "How would *you* feel in a situation like this?" I am not now speaking of their poetical quality. That is constant and unfailing,

especially in Fletcher. In judging them as poets, the question would be, not *what* they said, but *how* they said it.

How early the two poets came to London is uncertain. They had already made Ben Jonson's acquaintance in 1607. Their first joint play, *Philaster, or Love lies a-bleeding*, was produced in 1608. I suppose this play is more generally known than any other of theirs, and the characteristic passages have a charm that is perhaps never found less mixed with baser matter in any other of the plays which make up the collection known as the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and they bear the supreme test of being read over again many times without loss of freshness. Philaster is son and heir to a King of Sicily, but robbed of his rights by the King of Calabria. This King has a daughter, Arethusa, secretly in love with Philaster, as he with her, but destined by her father to marry Pharamond, a Spanish Prince. Euphrasia, daughter of Dion, an honest courtier, is also in love with Philaster, and has entered his service disguised as a page, under the name of Bellario. Arethusa makes her love known to Philaster, who, in order that they may have readier means of communicating with each other, transfers Bellario to her. Thyra, a very odious lady of the court, spreads a report that Arethusa and her handsome page have been too intimate. Philaster believes this slander, and this leads to many complications. Arethusa dismisses Bellario. Philaster refuses to take him back. They all meet in a convenient forest, where Philaster is about to kill Arethusa at her own earnest entreaty, when he is prevented by a clown who is passing. The King, finding his daughter wounded, is furious, and orders instant search for the assassin. Bellario insists that he is the criminal. He and Philaster are put under arrest; the Princess asks to be their jailer. The people rise in insurrection, and rescue him. It then turns out that he and Arethusa have been quietly married. Of course the play turns out with the discovery of Bellario's sex and the King's consent to everything.

I have said that it is hazardous to attempt dividing the work of Beaumont and Fletcher where they worked together. Both, of course, are to blame for what is the great blot on the play—Philaster's ready belief, I might well say eager belief, in the guilt of the Princess. One of his speeches is positively monstrous in infamous suggestion. Coleridge says: "Beaumont and Fletcher always write as if virtue or goodness were a sort of talisman or strange something that might be lost without the least fault on the part of the owner. In short, their chaste ladies value their chastity as a material thing, not as an act or state of being; and this mere thing being imaginary, no wonder that all their women are represented with the minds of strumpets, except a few irrational humorists. . . .Hence the frightful contrast between their women (even those who are meant to be virtuous) and Shakespeare's." There is some truth in this, but it is extravagant. Beaumont and Fletcher have drawn pure women. Both Bellario and Arethusa are so. So is Aspatia. They had coarse and even animal notions of women, it is true, but we must, in judging what they meant their women to be, never forget that coarseness of phrase is not always coarseness of thought. Women were allowed then to talk about things and to use words now forbidden outside the slums. Decency changes its terms, though not its nature, from one age to another. This is a partial excuse for Beaumont and Fletcher, but they sin against that decorum of the intellect and conscience that is the same in all ages. In *Women Pleased* Claudio disguises himself, and makes love to his married sister Isabella in order to test her chastity.

The question as to the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* has an interest perhaps even greater than that concerning the shares of Beaumont and Fletcher respectively in the plays they wrote together, because in this case a part is attributed to Shakespeare. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was first published in 1634, and ascribed on the title-page to "the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John F. and Mr. W. S." That Fletcher's name should have been put first is not surprising, if we remember his great popularity. He seems for a time to have been more fashionable than Shakespeare, especially with the young bloods fresh from the University and of the Inns of Court. They appear to have thought that he knew the world, in their limited understanding of the word, better than his great predecessor. The priority of name on the title-page, if not due to this, probably indicated that the greater part of the play was from

the hand of Fletcher. Opinion has been divided, with a leaning on the part of the weightier judges towards giving a greater or less share to Shakespeare. I think the verdict must be the Scottish one of *Not Proven.* On the one hand, the play could not have been written earlier than 1608, and it seems extremely improbable that Shakespeare, then at the height of his fame, and in all the splendid maturity of his powers and of his mastery over them, should have become the junior partner of a younger man. Nor can he be supposed to have made the work over and adapted it to the stage, for he appears to have abandoned that kind of work long before. But we cannot suppose the play to be so early as 1608, for the parts admitted on all hands to be Fletcher's are in his maturer manner. Yet there are some passages which seem to be above his reach, and might lead us to suppose Fletcher to have deliberately imitated Shakespeare's manner; but that he never does, though indebted to him for many suggestions. There is one speech in the play which is certainly very like Shakespeare's in the way it grows, and beginning with a series of noble images, deepens into philosophic thought at the close. And yet I am not altogether convinced, for I have shown that Fletcher could heighten his style when he thought fit, and when the subject fully inspired him.

Beaumont and Fletcher undoubtedly owed a part of their immediate renown to the fact that they were looked upon as gentlemen and scholars. Not that they put on airs of gentility, as their disciple Ford was fond of doing a little later, and as Horace Walpole, Byron, and even Landor did. They frankly gave their address in Grub Street, so far as we know. But they certainly seem to have been set up, as being artists and men of the world, not perhaps as rivals of Shakespeare, but in favorable comparison with one who was supposed to owe everything to nature. I believe that Pope, in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare, was the first to express doubts about the wisdom of accepting too literally what Ben Jonson says of his "little Latin and less Greek." However that may be, and I am inclined to think Shakespeare had more learning even, not to say knowledge, than is commonly allowed him, it is singular that the man whose works show him to have meditated deeply on whatever interests human thought, should have been supposed never to have given his mind to the processes of his own craft. But this comparison of him with Beaumont and Fletcher suggests one remark of some interest, namely, that not only are his works by far more cleanly in thought and phrase than those of any of his important contemporaries, except Marlowe, not only are his men more manly and his women more womanly than theirs, but that his types also of gentlemen and ladies are altogether beyond any they seem to have been capable of conceiving.

Of the later dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, I think, rank next to Shakespeare in the amount of pleasure they give, though not in the quality of it, and in fanciful charm of expression. In spite of all their coarseness, there is a delicacy, a sensibility, an air of romance, and above all a grace, in their best work that make them forever attractive to the young, and to all those who have learned to grow old amiably. Imagination, as Shakespeare teaches us to know it, we can hardly allow them, but they are the absolute lords of some of the fairest provinces in the domain of fancy. Their poetry is genuine, spontaneous, and at first hand. As I turn over the leaves of an edition which I read forty-five years ago, and see, by the passages underscored, how much I enjoyed, and remember with whom, so many happy memories revive, so many vanished faces lean over the volume with me, that I am prone to suspect myself of yielding to an enchantment that is not in the book itself. But no, I read Beaumont and Fletcher through again last autumn, and the eleven volumes of Dyce's edition show even more pencil marks than the two of Darley had gathered in repeated readings. The delight they give, the gayety they inspire, are all their own. Perhaps one cause of this is their lavishness, their lightsome ease, their happy confidence in resources that never failed them. Their minds work without that reluctant creak which pains us in most of the later dramatists. They had that pleasure in writing which gives pleasure in reading, and deserve our gratitude because they promote cheerfulness, or, even when gravest, a pensive melancholy that, if it does not play with sadness, never takes it too seriously.

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

NO wind there is that either pipes or moans;
The fields are cold and still; the sky
Is covered with a blue-gray sheet
Of motionless cloud; and at my feet
The river, curling softly by,
Whispers and dimples round its quiet gray stones.

Along the chill green slope that dips and heaves
The road runs rough and silent, lined
With plum-trees, misty and blue-gray,
And poplars pallid as the day,
In masses spectral, undefined,
Pale greenish stems half hid in dry gray leaves.

And on beside the river's sober edge
A long fresh field lies black. Beyond,
Low thickets gray and reddish stand,
Stroked white with birch; and near at hand,
Over a little steel-smooth pond,
Hang multitudes of thin and withering sedge.

Across a waste and solitary rise
A ploughman urges his dull team,
A stooped gray figure with prone brow
That plunges bending to the plough
With strong, uneven steps. The stream
Rings and re-echoes with his furious cries.

Sometimes the lowing of a cow, long-drawn,
Comes from far off; and crows in strings
Pass on the upper silences.
A flock of small gray goldfinches,
Flown down with silvery twitterings,
Rustle among the birch cones and are gone.

This day the season seems like one that heeds
With fixed ear and lifted hand
All moods that yet are known on earth,
All motions that have faintest birth,
If haply she may understand
The utmost inward sense of all her deeds.

MY PHOTOGRAPH.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

MY sister Sunshine smiled on me,
And of my visage wrought a shade.
"Behold," she cried, "the mystery
Of which thou art afraid!

"For Death is but a tenderness,
A shadow, that unclouded Love
Hath fashioned in its own excess
Of radiances from above."

THE EFFERATI FAMILY.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

IN the afternoon of Monday, April 30, 1888, simultaneously with the arrival at that hostelry of the Efferati Family, a storm of limited area but great violence was developed and was central over the Casa Napoléon — a modest hotel, frequented mainly by foreigners of indistinction, in the immediate vicinity of South Fifth Avenue, and in the very heart of the Franco-Italian quarter of New York.

This storm may be said to have come in a two-horse carriage. Its negative pole was the driver of the carriage, Mr. Michael O'Hallahan. Its positive pole was made up of Signor Giuseppe Garibaldi Efferati, Signora Vittoria Emmanuela Efferati, the Signorini Vittorio Emmanuele and Umberto Efferati, and Signorina Margherita Efferati—in conjunction with two trunks, three portmanteaux, five hand-bags, and the cases enclosing four mandolins and a double-strung guitar. It is something of a mystery how this load ever was piled into and upon a single carriage; but it was—and it made a pretty good-sized heap upon the pavement in front of the Casa Napoléon when it was there discharged.

It was when the process of unloading was completed and Signor Efferati tendered to Mr. O'Hallahan the sum of two dollars—which sum had been agreed upon by the high contracting parties as the fare that should be paid for bringing the Efferati Family and its belongings from the Desbrosses Street ferry to the hotel—that the positive and negative poles of this latent tempest came together with a bang!

Mr. O'Hallahan did not extend his hand to accept the money that Signor Efferati offered to him. On the contrary, he stepped back two paces, drew his head up proudly, closed his lips with great firmness about the stump of an extinguished cigar that was between them, and regarded the two-dollar bill with a cold and haughty stare.

"He is your money," said Signor Efferati.

"Oi'll be dommed if it's me money," answered Mr. O'Hallahan. "It's foive dollars oi'm afther chargin' yez—an' not a hair's-bridth of a dommed cint less!"

Upon the usually genial face of Signor Efferati a flush appeared, and his short and round and usually genial person began to quiver with a righteous rage. This barefaced swindle was more than he could stand.

"Robber!" he hissed, "take your money—or go without any money at all." But as he spoke these words in his native Italian, Mr. O'Hallahan could only infer that they were in the nature of a demand that the terms of the treaty should be fulfilled; which inference was confirmed by the fact that Signor Efferati shook the two-dollar bill violently beneath Mr. O'Hallahan's nose.

"You did say!" struck in Signora Ef-

ferati; who perceived the lingual complication that had arisen; and who also felt that it was time for her, in her capacity of family treasurer, to resist this assault upon the family purse.

"*Si*, you did say!" cried Signor Efferati, clutching eagerly at the English phrase, and hurling it at Mr. O'Hallahan in a tone of tragical command.

"Oi 'did say,' did oi? An' phwat did oi say, y' blatherin' Eytallian idjit? Oi said oi'd drive yez frum the ferry, an' mebbe a choild an' a box or two, fur two dollars. But did oi say oi'd drive th' whole dommed Eytallian nation an' all their dommed monkeys an' all their dommed hand-organs frum th' ferry for two dollars? Answer me that, y' dommed fat Eytallian baste, an' pay me the foive dollars y' owe me, before I knock th' stuffin' outen yer fat body an' yer dom two big oiyes inter one!" And, being thus delivered, Mr. O'Hallahan with great rapidity divested himself of his hat and coat and tossed these portions of his apparel upon the box of his carriage, placed carefully beside them the remnant of his cigar, and in this warlike disarray advanced toward Signor Efferati with his hands clinched and his arms raised.

That the flush of rage at that moment disappeared from Signor Efferati's round face, and was succeeded by a somewhat pasty pallor, probably was due to the rude shock inflicted upon his highly strung artistic nature by Mr. O'Hallahan's very obvious intention to submit a difference of opinion in regard to an abstract financial matter to the coarse and inconclusive arbitrament of personal combat; and it doubtless was this same artistic supersensitiveness which led him, as Mr. O'Hallahan advanced, to step hastily behind the pile of luggage and musical instruments—where his faithful consort instantly enfolded him in her arms.

"Calm thyself, Seppino!" she cried. "Calm thyself! I, thy wife, implore thee! Be not overcome by thy fierce nature. What would happen to us shouldst thou kill this wretched man? In this barbarous country thy own death would follow. Thou wouldst be hung. Thy wife would be a widow. Thy children would be fatherless—and our combination would be broken up by the loss of its first mandolin! Govern then thy anger for our sakes. Pay anything to this brute rather than thus plunge us all into ruinous despair!"

While Signora Efferati delivered this moving appeal, she and Signor Efferati were circling rapidly together around the pile of luggage; which they thus continuously interposed between themselves and the violent Mr. O'Hallahan, who rapidly circled after them. The younger Efferati, standing in a row upon the steps of the Casa Napoléon and regarding anxiously the rotation of their imperilled parents, were a prey to the liveliest emotions of alarm. Behind them, drawn thither by the sounds of the affray, stood the nominal head of the Casa Napoléon, Don Anastasio, together with the Cuban waiter, Telésforo, the French waiter, Jules, and the French chamber-maid, Marie. An interested crowd had collected in the street—the diverse languages spoken by the various members of which being a sufficient indication of the proximity of the South Fifth Avenue approach to the Tower of Babel.

"Sacrifice thy anger for my sake, for all of our sakes, Seppino," again urged the Signora. "Do not imbrue thy hands with his vile blood. Give him what he demands, and let him go." To which she added, addressing Mr. O'Hallahan, "We do pay."

Upon the utterance of these words of surrender, Mr. O'Hallahan instantly ceased his belligerent demonstration; and as he resumed his coat and hat and fragment of cigar, resumed also his Milesian urbanity. "It's a rale leddy that y' are, ma'am, from the top o' your handsome head t' th' tips o' your tin pretty little toes," he said, gallantly. And he added, as he took promptly the five dollars which Signor Efferati most reluctantly held out to him: "It's th' ways o' th' counthry as your husband's not afther knowin' yet; but he'll larn 'em as he goes along, ma'am, don't you have no fear!"

As Mr. O'Hallahan drove away, leaving Signor Efferati standing amongst the boxed-up mandolins in a pose suggestive of a short and stout Marius amidst the ruins of a musical Carthage, the fire and fury of the artistic nature once more asserted itself. Signor Efferati drew a long breath, and as he shook his soft bunch of a fist after the retreating carriage he exclaimed: "Ah, Vittoria, why didst thou stay my avenging arm? Why didst thou interfere to prevent me from

wreaking upon that insolent brigand the full measure of my wrath?"

"Calm thyself, my Seppino," answered the Signora, soothingly. And, as she passed her arm within his and gently drew him away from the scene of his valorous encounter, she added: "Still within thy heart the fierce traditions of thy stormy race. Thy foe is crushed and vanished. Be no longer violent and cruel!"

And then Jules and Telésforo shouldered the trunks; Marie and Don Anastasio collected the portmanteaux and hand-bags; their several owners took each the case containing his or her musical instrument—and then the Efferati Family entered the hospitable doorway of the Casa Napoléon.

"IT'S FOIVE DOLLARS OI'M AFTHER CHARGIN' YEZ."

II.

Fortunately for Mr. O'Hallahan, but unfortunately for the Efferati Family, the actual head of the Casa Napoléon did not reach the seat of war until after

the battle was over; and therefore came too late to interpose her powerful forces as an auxiliary on the side of abstract justice. During the conflict Madame had been in her own chamber, dressing for the evening. She descended the stairs as the procession entered from the street, and became a very fountain of bubbling sympathetic indignation when the Signora explained to her the outrageous wrong that the departed Mr. O'Hallahan had put upon them.

In private Madame rated Don Anastasio roundly for permitting their guests to be imposed upon. It would give a bad name to the Casa Napoléon, she said, if they suffered its frequenters thus to be despoiled by bandits at its very doors. Don Anastasio listened respectfully to his wife's protest, and then replied to it—accompanying his words with a gentle shrugging of his shoulders and a deprecating out-turning of the palms of his hands—by citing at length the first Law, under the second Title, of the Fifth Partida of Alonzo the Wise, King of Arragon: which law exhibits the three several ways whereby one man may become responsible for the safe-keeping of another man's property. Arguing from this quotation, he pointed out that Signor Efferati had not voluntarily given him the five dollars to hold in trust; nor had the charge of it been thrust upon him by the chance of natural disaster, such as flood, shipwreck, or fire; nor had it been confided to his keeping by Signor Efferati and Mr. O'Hallahan jointly, pending its whole or partial payment to one or the other of the parties in interest under the direction of a properly constituted court. Therefore, concluded Don Anastasio, triumphantly, he was no more responsible in the premises than was Alonzo the Wise himself—who died some six hundred years before this particular application of his wisdom was made.

Madame shocked Don Anastasio, and not a little pained him, by replying briskly that sentiments of this nature were all very well for a king in the dark ages, but she'd be bound that Alonzo the Wise would have sung a very different tune had he lived in New York in the nineteenth century, and made his living by keeping a hotel.

Yet, Madame's championship of the interests of the Efferati Family did not prevent her from making a tolerably close bargain with its business head as to the terms upon which it was to be boarded and lodged. She and the Signora argued the matter vigorously for half an hour before they came to a settlement. The terms finally agreed upon were six dollars and a half a day for the entire family; in return for which the family had two rooms on the top floor, its early coffee and bread, and its subsequent breakfast and dinner. Quite by accident, Madame omitted to mention the fact that the table wine was an extra. At the very least, that meant another dollar a day—of which eighty cents would be clear gain.

In accordance with the friendly customs which obtained in this easy-going little hotel, everybody spoke to the new arrivals when they came down to dinner; and as they themselves were of a most kindly nature—barring only the Signor, when by some ill chance his warlike and tempestuous spirit was aroused—the whole company presently was talking together in a polyglot of Spanish, Italian, and French, with the cordial frankness of friends who had known each other for years. Under these affable conditions it was not long before the history, the purposes, the aspirations, of the Efferati Family became almost as well known to the dwellers in the Casa Napoléon as they were to the members of that family themselves.

In brief, they were patriots and musicians. The Signor and the Signora—though the Signora did not for a moment admit that her entry into life belonged to so remote a period of antiquity—had been born in the very midst of that glorious struggle by which Italian unity was secured. Entering the world at this inspiriting epoch, they had come by their patriotic names almost as naturally as, subsequently, they had come by their necessary teeth: and they had lived up to these names gallantly. Signor Efferati was a Young Italian of the most pronounced sort—as he proved beyond a peradventure when he came on (between the first and second parts) wearing a sword and the red shirt to which his song related, and sang with a magnificent fervor "La Camicia rossa"—to the glorious air and words of which Garibaldi's soldiers marched to victory. On these inspired occasions Signor Efferati simply was superb!

According to this patriot singer's own

"AH, VITTORIA, WHY DIDST THOU STAY MY AVENGING ARM?"

statement, it was the great misfortune of his life that he had not been bred to the career of arms. The traditions of his race, as his name sufficiently indicated, he would say—the while giving a fierce upward curl to his mustachios—were traditions of dare-devil adventure and dangerous deeds. But the enemies of Italy—fortunately for their own well-being—had the wisdom to hide their diminished heads when Signor Efferati, who surely would have exterminated them, arrived at a fighting age. Therefore, his country having no need for his strong arm and resolute spirit, he had devoted himself to the career of music; and had strummed upon his mandolin, and to the accompaniment of that instrument had sung for himself, a brave way through the world.

That the Signora assigned the date of her birth to a period "long after the war was over," was a statement, probably, of desired rather than actual fact; yet was it entirely excusable in the case of a most charming woman who possessed — and who knew admirably well how to use—a most killing pair of brown eyes. There was a comfortable plumpness, a generous redundancy of outline, about the Signora's pleasing figure which would have led a critical observer—cool enough to remain critical under fire of her eyes — to infer that her age certainly was not less than five-and-thirty. However, her husband, who was as devotedly attached to her as she was devotedly attached to him, had declared for some years past that she was just turned of twenty-five.

It is certain that the eldest son of this most affectionate couple, Vittorio Emmanuele—named in honor of his mother, who had been named in honor of her King—was sixteen years old: which fact must be worked into the family arithmetic in any way that it will go. Umberto, the second son, was two years younger; and little Margherita was a miss of between eleven and twelve. There was an eye to business as well as to patriotism in the names of these younger children: "Umberto and Margherita, named in honor of the present King and Queen of Italy," made a capital point on the bills. That all three were born musical prodigies ought to go without saying. Each of the boys played upon the mandolin like a junior seraph, and little Margherita's touch upon that instrument was less like that of a half-grown girl than like that of a half-grown angel. When they all played together, under the leadership of the paternal mandolin, and with energy and depth of tone added by the maternal double-strung guitar, the result was music so entirely heavenly that it was as though their enraptured audiences were listening to a celestial orchestra—and even were beholding the same, seated in a graceful curve with the celestial right legs of its several members crossed over their celestial left knees.

The entertainments given by this talented family were both vocal and instrumental. There were several choral numbers, with instrumental accompaniment; there were duos by the Signor and the Signora; the boys always evoked fits of laughter by their rollicking rendering of Neapolitan street ballads; and the First Part always ended with the "Hymn to the Virgin," sung by little Margherita in a manner so affecting that it rarely failed to draw from the feminine portion of the audience an ample tribute of tears. Between the parts, the Signor came out alone — wearing his red shirt and fairly blazing with the spirit of *Italia irredenta*—and gave "La Camicia rossa" in magnificent form. The Signora's corresponding triumph was the number next to the last in the Second Part: an especially vivacious Venetian love-song which she sang to the accompaniment of her double-strung guitar, and also to the accompaniment of her prodigiously fine brown eyes. At the end of it, in the thick of the applause, the bouquet was handed up to her. I say *the* bouquet because it always was the same bouquet. They carried it with them in a box especially provided for it, and it was a work of art so admirable that—at least by gas-light—the flowers composing it seemed almost to be real. The presentation of the bouquet usually was a tremendous success because of a telling bit of comedy, of Signor Efferati's devising, which accompanied it, and which rounded off the naughty little love-song with a delightful touch of realism. Just as the Signora received the floral tribute from the hands of the usher, a three-cornered note always fell out from it and fluttered in the full view of the audience to the floor at her feet. Her own ample person interposing as a screen, the note could not be seen by her husband; yet would she give a most effective look of alarm over her shoulder as she picked it

up and hastily thrust it into the liberally low-cut bosom of her gown. In the capitals of Europe, this act invariably brought down the house. It was a surprise to the Efferati Family that in America—at least in the Northern portion of America—it fell absolutely cold. The final number on the programme always was the national anthem of the country in which at the moment these talented Italians were winning fresh musical renown—and so extended had been their travels that, at one time or another, they had sung almost all the national anthems of the civilized world.

As to the gown in which the Signora appeared before a delighted public, it was—by gaslight—such a garment as even the Queen of Sheba in all her glory never wore: a gray silk skirt overlaid with lace and many flounces; a crimson body opening delectably over a most piquant lace corsage, and having a rolling lace collar and short lace sleeves which displayed to the best advantage her charming throat and most agreeably rounded arms. The Signor, at one period, had worn the dress of a troubadour—an effect in garnet velvet that he had relinquished reluctantly, on the score of convenience, for conventional evening dress. This latter had the practical advantage of permitting him, when he came on in his red-shirt act, to replace his coat in a moment with the Garibaldian garment and be ready instantly to appear; and the change back again to evening dress could be effected with a like celerity before his return to the stage in the Second Part. It is true that his trig black trousers and patent-leather shoes looked a little odd in conjunction with the red shirt and the sword; but the Signor comforted himself by recalling the historic fact that Garibaldi's soldiers were not in the least particular as to what sort of shoes and trousers they wore—being only too thankful to have any at all. The boys were clad in purple velvet jackets with broad white collars; purple velvet breeches with brave buckles at the knee; black silk stockings, and patent-leather pumps: in which gallant array—their hair, like their father's, being cut short and most carefully brushed forward upon their foreheads—they looked as fine as jays. With a view to helping along the angelic illusion when she sang the "Hymn to the Virgin," little Margherita was dressed always with the utmost theatrical simplicity in a cloud of white muslin. Being a gentle, pretty little creature, the effect was charming. Indeed, in their time, few combinations more handsomely arrayed than the Efferati Family were to be found upon the road.

POLLY HARRISON.

III.

In coming to New York, as the Signor frankly confided to his agreeable acquaint-

"NED HAD SERVED HIS TIME IN A VARIETY TROUPE."

ances that first evening at the Casa Napoléon, it was the intention of the Efferati Family to crown a victorious progress through the Americas by a magnificent triumph in the chief city of the New World.

They had marched conquering to the sound of their own music, he stated, from Buenos Ayres northward. Rio de Janeiro had lauded them, Caracas had cheered them, Guatemala had embraced them, the City of Mexico had gone wild over them; they had swept triumphantly through Guanajuato, Guadalajara, Zacatecas and Chihuahua; when they crossed the Rio Grande they had been met with a whole-souled welcome at El Paso; they had won gold and glory in New Orleans. At this point Signor Efferati stopped abruptly and on his face was a look of pain. In a moment he added, speaking in a constrained voice: "And now we are in New York."

"We gave concerts in St. Louis," said the Signora in a low tone.

"It is a city of imbeciles!" said the Signor with a fierce contempt.

"And in Chicago," continued the Signora.

Obviously words were inadequate to express Signor Efferati's opinion of Chicago. He glared in a very horrible manner and ground his teeth.

"And in Philadelphia," concluded the Signora.

Signor Efferati groaned.

"Courage, my own!" said the Signora tenderly. "They told us that Philadelphia was not like other American cities; that it was a city apart."

"Heaven forbid that there should be another like it!" ejaculated Signor Efferati fervently. "It's people know not what Art is! Such dull coldness to the claims of music upon the soul is worse than the shameless neglect of St. Louis; it is almost as bad as the coarse and brutal mirth of Chicago!

"Fancy, Madame," Signor Efferati went on excitedly, addressing the hostess of the Casa Napoléon, "those wretches, those animals of Chicago interrupted many times our beautiful overture by crying 'Peanuts!' and by asking us that we should shine their boots! When I came on to sing 'La Camicia rossa' they jeered at my red shirt by crying 'Fire!' and that I should 'throw away the banjo and get a trumpet.' And what was most horrible of all, Madame, when our sainted little Margherita sang her 'Hymn to the Virgin,' to the tender accompaniment of all the instruments, one of the savages cried out: 'Stop them hand-organs, and let the monkey have a show!'"

"Fortunately it was not until afterwards," explained the Signora, "that we

knew the meaning of what was said—otherwise Giuseppe would have flown to where that savage was, and would have washed out the insult in blood."

"Yes, in blood!" said Signor Efferati corroboratively, at the same time giving his mustachios a most ferocious upward curl.

"He is so terrible a man," added the Signora, "when his anger is aroused!"

"I cannot help it," declared Signor Efferati deprecatingly. "It is my misfortune that I inherit the spirit of my race. We Efferati did not receive our name for nothing, back in the past—our fierceness has been known and dreaded from the earliest times."

"As Don Anastasio himself saw," said the Signora, "it was only because of my strong entreaties that this very day Giuseppe refrained from slaying the odious driver of the carriage. Is it not so, Señor?"

Being thus directly appealed to, Don Anastasio, after a moment of hesitation, replied, diplomatically, "He did not kill him."

"It's a pity he didn't," Colonel Withersby struck in. "No jury on earth would convict a man for killing a New York hack-driver. They'd acquit him without leaving the box, and then they'd give him a vote of thanks."

"Has the Signor, your husband, killed a great many people?"

It was Doctor Théophile who asked this question. His manner was most polite, but there was something in his tone that grated a little harshly upon the Signora's ears. Don Anastasio, who was well acquainted with Doctor Théophile's sceptical and remonstrant habit of mind, took occasion just then to stroke his gray mustache with his hand. It is undeniable that beneath the cover of his hand Don Anastasio smiled.

After the delivery of Doctor Théophile's question there was a brief but rather awkward pause. Then Signor Efferati, equal to the occasion, dexterously relaxed the momentary strain by replying with dignity in his wife's place: "As the gentleman doubtless knows, it is as impossible for a man of spirit on his way through the world to avoid having affairs of the sword as it is for him to avoid having affairs of the heart; but it is as discreditable to him to boast of the one as it is dishonorable of him to boast of the other. Has the gentleman lived long in New York, may I ask?"

This handsome deliverance — while it certainly left the number of violent deaths for which Signor Efferati was responsible still in the realm of pure conjecture—was so entirely a retort courteous that even the perverse Doctor Théophile could not press for accurate statistics of the slain. With a wave of his hand and a courtly bow, in keeping with the polite traditions of his French descent and West Indian training, he accepted the obvious dismissal of the delicate subject, and replied that he had lived in New York for upwards of eighteen years.

"Ah, that is a long time," said Signor Efferati. "The gentleman must know the town well. Perhaps he can make some suggestions of value as to the best manner in which musical artists — we ourselves, in short—can be introduced to the music-loving public of this great city. Is the gentleman himself an artist? and of the dramatic profession?—a tragedian, perhaps?"

Doctor Théophile, slightly disconcerted by the tendency to mirth which these questions excited among the company, replied hastily and a little testily that he was not a member of the dramatic profession, but a physician; and added that he was quite incapable of giving advice of the nature which Signor Efferati desired.

"*Mais, oui,*" interposed Madame. "We have with us here two very talented members of the profession, who doubtless can give you precisely the information which you require. Permit me to present to you, and to Madame, my friends Monsieur and Madame 'Arrison—who are known in the world of art as Monsieur Claude Dunbar and Mademoiselle Violet Bream. They do not speak other than the English tongue, but I shall be most happy to translate."

And then Madame, speaking in English, presented the Efferati Family to Ned and Polly Harrison—who were sitting at one of the corner tables, and who had been unable to take part in the conversation because of their ignorance of the various languages in which it had been carried on.

Being the most obliging souls in the world, and being thoroughly imbued with the fraternal spirit of their cordial kind, Ned and Polly were more than willing,

of course, to give the Efferati Family a lift on the professional road. Moreover, they were in a position to give advice which had the merit of coming from people who knew what they were talking about—for Polly had not been a very long while graduated from song-and-dance business into the lightest of light opera; and Ned (though he was not nearly so frank about it as Polly was about her novitiate) had served his time in a variety troupe before he earned his promotion to the minor walks of the legitimate drama which he so inconspicuously adorned. Therefore these young people gave to the Efferati Family—Madame obligingly acting as interpreter—much sound counsel; and the conference ended by their promising to put the Signor in relations with a trustworthy and capable theatrical agent the very next day.

"We rest upon roses!" observed Signor Efferati poetically, as he retired that night to the clean and comfortable bed provided for him in the Casa Napoléon—leaving to the Signora, as was his custom, the thankless office of putting out the light and finding her way to bed in the dark. "These friends of ours will make our triumphant way plain to us," he continued. "They will conquer for us all difficulties. Here it will not be as it was in that vile St. Louis, and in that despicable Chicago, and in that Philadelphia of ice. Here it will be as it was in New Orleans the bountiful. This New York, Vittoria, it is a city of success!"

That the Signora, under favorable conditions, would have responded sympathetically to her husband's outburst of prophetic enthusiasm does not admit of doubt. The conditions, unfortunately, were not favorable—for at the very moment that Signor Efferati reached his peroration she hit her shin a vicious crack against the rocking-chair in the dark. No one can take much interest in prophecy while suffering the severe pain that results from a sharp blow upon this most sensitive portion of the human anatomy; and before the pain had subsided sufficiently to enable her to take a sympathetic part in the enjoyment of the vision of victory which her husband had conjured up for their mutual encouragement, the creator of the vision was sound asleep. In his dreams Signor Efferati pursued the same line of agreeable fancy: money poured into the family treasury; Fame blew her trumpet vigorously; every member of the Efferati Family wore a laurel crown!

IV.

On the ensuing morning, her shin no longer paining her, the Signora rose to the situation and rejoiced with a good heart. Being of a more practical nature than her husband, she did not think much about the trumpet of Fame, nor about herself and the rest of the family crowned with laurel; but she did think, and with much satisfaction, that they were likely to open negotiations that day which would lead to a profitable engagement whereby would be made good the loss that had attended their recent run of bad luck.

It was the reasonable desire of the Signora to accompany the Signor to the office of the theatrical agent, and to assist in the framing of the contract that she hoped was to be drawn. Her faith in Signor Efferati as a musician and as a man of indomitable personal courage was unbounded; but she knew from experience that as a man of affairs he was not always a success. The Signor, however, who had the utmost confidence in his own business capacity, insisted that her advice in the premises was unnecessary, and so went off without her in the company of the obliging Mr. Ned Harrison, who was to introduce, and of the obliging Don Anastasio, who was to serve as interpreter between, the high contracting powers.

Under these circumstances it was not unnatural that anxious doubts should beset the soul of the Signora whilst her husband fared abroad; doubts so painful that she found practice upon the double-strung guitar an impossibility, and found difficulty even in wording properly an appeal to the saints that the matter might come to a good end.

At the end of a couple of hours her anxious doubts seemed to be resolved into anxious certainties by the return to the Casa Napoléon of Signor Efferati in a state of towering rage. His short, crisp black hair fairly bristled, and his mustachios actually twitched with fury—by which outward and visible signs of the commotion that was within him the wife of his bosom perceived that the violent passions of his fiery race most terribly were aroused.

"What is it, my heart? What fresh

outrage have these miserable Americans sought to put upon thee?" she inquired, in tones of tenderest concern, and at the same time sought to draw her highly explosive consort to the soothing retirement of her affectionate arms.

For the moment, Signor Efferati refused this offered consolation. Like another Ajax defying the lightning, he shook his imperfectly clinched fist towards high heaven—that is to say, the ceiling—and at the same time stamped in fury upon the cowering earth—that is to say, the floor. "To think," he cried, "that the Efferati Family should be thus insulted! To think that it should be asked of us—I say of US!—to produce our pearls of music among the swine of a cheap show! To think that thou, my soul, my blessing—who excellest in thy playing upon the double-strung guitar the most highly trained among the angels—shouldst have thy divine music placed on the sickening level of the Bearded Woman and the Tattooed Man! To think of our beautiful children, the sweet pledges of our love and the inheritors of our genius, ranked as attractions with the Living Skeleton and the Two-headed Calf! I speak not of myself, Vittoria," the Signor went on bitterly. "Doubtless my playing upon the mandolin, and my singing of 'La Camicia rossa,' give but a paltry pleasure to the swinish multitude as compared with that which is afforded them by beholding the Champion Fat Woman and the Man Ape. Yes (though, as thou knowest, some of the greatest of the earth have borne flattering testimony to the contrary), my playing and my voice are poor and unworthy—"

"Cease, Seppino! It is blasphemy thus to speak of thy divine playing and of thy divine voice. Come hither and sit beside me, my heart, and tell me clearly of this cruel matter that has so torn thy soul."

"It is strange," said the Signor presently, as he sat beside his wife and suffered her to press his head gently against her shoulder and to stroke soothingly his crisp black hair—"it is strange to me, Vittoria, that I came away and left alive the base wretch who insulted me, and still more thee, by making me this infamous offer; that I did not, then and there, instantly quench the insult with his blood!"

"Thou fierce and wilful one! How uncontrollable is thy raging fury! But tell me, what was his offer? Of the sort of place in which he desired that we should play, I understand; but how much did this odious man say that he would pay us for our playing?"

"He had the hardihood to offer twenty-five dollars a night," answered Signor Efferati, grinding out the words between his teeth.

"Twenty-five dollars—one hundred and twenty-five *lire*—a night? We have done worse than that, my soul; much worse. It is true, we also have done better. But, remember, it cannot always be with us as it was at New Orleans. We must earn money, heart of my heart—of late we have only lost it. What matters it where or how we make our account out of this country of savages? None of our kindred ever will know if now and then we suffer some slight humiliation; and we ourselves shall forget all when we are safe and happy in the little home in Italy with our fortune made. Instead of desiring to slay the wretched creature who made thee this offer, why didst thou not accept it—at least until something better shall offer in turn?"

"I have told thee that I did not slay him."

"Yes. Well?"

"I did accept his offer. We begin on Monday night."

And then, without a trace of his late furiousness, Signor Efferati calmly went into all the details of the agreement under which the Efferati Family was to appear at a dime museum in the Bowery; the engagement being for one week certainly, with the promise of an extension from week to week so long as the attraction should prove to be a paying success.

In many respects Signor Efferati was like a thunder-cloud; and in no respect was this similarity more marked than in the equable cheerfulness which possessed him the very moment that he had discharged the lightning of his rage. Being now safely delivered of his pent-up fury, he went on with enthusiasm to dilate upon the advantages which the engagement held out to them.

"It is an engagement for ages, thou perceivest, my angel," he said; "for it is to be continued until the public shall tire of us. For the public, even for this American public, to tire of us is impossible. If we desire that America shall be our home—here is our home made for us. We play on and on nightly at this liberal

salary. We play through the months, through the years, through all our lives —and our children and our children's children play on after us. We cease to be a mere passing attraction; we become a permanent Institution of this great city; and the name of the Efferati becomes indissolubly associated with the musical history of America. Our surroundings will change — bearded women will die and be forgotten, tattooed men and living skeletons will pass unheeded from the public gaze and will be lost in nameless graves, such motes in the sunbeam as champion fat women and two-headed calves and men apes will vanish unregretted into the abysms of time — but the Efferati Family will live on! Coming generations of our race will continue to delight coming generations of Americans down to the remotest ages; and our descendants, living always in a triumphal present, and always pressing forward confidently towards the ever-increasing triumphs of a magnificent future, will recall with an affectionate veneration the splendor of their glorious past. They will speak gratefully of us—of thee, Vittoria, and of me—as their illustrious progenitors; they will point to us proudly as the founders of their musical dynasty in the New World. And the Americans of those distant ages also will pay grateful tribute to our memory. It is not too much to believe that they will declare that even as they owe to the immortal Genoese, our great compatriot, the discovery of their continent, so do they owe to us, the Efferati, its endowment with that most perfect form of orchestral music which is found in the combination of four mandolins and a double-strung guitar. My only regret is that I did not introduce into the contract a clause by which, should we so desire, we would be free to terminate our engagement when our honors weary us and our wealth has swollen beyond the proportions of a miser's dream. But, in truth, I care not. Let us abandon the project of the little home in Italy, and frankly devote our lives to the musical regeneration of this noble country that so frankly has offered to us incalculable fortune and enduring fame. Forgetting our plans for our own mere selfish enjoyment, let us consecrate ourselves and our offspring to the splendid purpose of perpetuating in this America our majestic Art! Embrace me, Vittoria, proud mother of a glorious race—and let us go instantly to breakfast. I am so hungry that I have a pain!"

V.

It is a melancholy fact, but a fact of which Signor Efferati was wont to lose sight in his periods of artistic exaltation, that professional musicians who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that theatrical agents will perform the promises made in their behalf by their casual acquaintances, and that the deficiencies caused by an unsuccessful engagement in one city will be made good by a successful engagement in another, frequently are convinced of the illusory nature of these several acts and convictions without relinquishing the study of their own personal history in order to attend to that of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

The particular and painful application of this general statement was brought home pointedly to Signor Efferati at the end of the engagement of one week that was to test the drawing qualities of the Efferati Family in New York. That week of trial was regarded by the proprietor of the dime museum as demonstrating the fact that the Efferati Family had not any drawing qualities at all.

"Th' whole blank bilin' of 'em ain't worth as much as a third-class freak," he said, coarsely. "They just tinkle away at their little banjos that nobody more'n half hears, an' they just yawp away at their *I*talian songs that nobody knows nothin' about, an' nobody pays no more attention to 'em than if they was stuffed. Th' Armless Woman with her piano act with her toes ain't much, but she can give 'em points every time. She draws, th' Armless Woman does; an' that's what they don't. They're a bigger fraud than that blank Holy Land spectroscope was, an' what they've got t' do is t' git!" The proprietor of the museum spoke feelingly. The failure of the spectroscopic views of the Holy Land was of recent occurrence, and the bitterness of it still rankled in his soul.

Signor Efferati, thanks to his ignorance of English, was spared the pain of understanding this ribald arraignment of himself and his family and his art. But he did understand that the engagement was ended; that on its very threshold the tri-

umphant career of the Efferati Family in New York was cut short. Moreover, he was oppressed by the painful conviction that the proprietor of the museum was but protecting his own interests; for the fact could not be disguised that no response had come from the Bowery representatives of the music-loving public of New York to the appeal made to it by the four mandolins and the double-strung guitar.

"In this detestable land of swine, Vittoria," cried Signor Efferati in tones of mingled indignation and contempt, "what wouldst thou expect? It is a land of savage wild animals, who know nothing of the charms of artistic excellence, and whose ears are deaf to the melodious allurements of musical skill. This America, I say, is a vast pen of pigs. I shake my fist at it! I pour out upon it the full measure of my disdain! My project for founding here a splendid line of musicians is abandoned! Let these wretched creatures make their own music—their own hideous parody of music—in their own hideous way! As for us, Vittoria, we will remain true to our patriotic instincts; true to our plan for ending our days happily in our own beloved Italy—where music and all things gracious and beautiful have their home. I will not lay my avenging hand upon this detestable country. Its miserable inhabitants may continue to live. But let us shake instantly its contaminating dust from off our feet and begone to our own dear land. Let us go, I say, at once!"

As he spoke these words, Signor Efferati snatched the red shirt from where it was hanging over a chair, rolled it into a tight bundle, and thrust it into one of the open trunks. He was continuing his hasty packing by folding his black trousers when the Signora laid her hand restrainingly upon his arm.

"Thou raging one!" she said. "Calm for a moment thy fury and think a little before thou decidest to abandon this land, leaving it crushed beneath the weight of thy hot hatred. There are parts of this America"—the Signora spoke with a slight hesitation—"which have not been good to us. I will not fan the flame of thy anger by naming the hateful cities which have rejected us. But remember, I beg of thee," she went on in more assured tones, "the many cities which have welcomed us and which have poured out their treasure at our feet. Thou knowest how for years we have cherished together our plan for buying in our dear Italy the little home in which to spend happily the evening of our days. And thou knowest how slowly, how very slowly, the money came to us until in a good hour we crossed the seas to this rich land where money seems to sprout like grass—"

"Did money sprout like grass in St. Louis the hideous, in Chicago the revolting, in that Philadelphia of pitiless cold? Is it sprouting *here?*" interjected Signor Efferati, bitterly.

"Peace, my heart, peace!" replied the Signora in a soothing voice. "Hearken to me but a moment longer. Thou knowest that more than half of all that we have paid upon the little farm has been paid since we came to this good America. Thou knowest that only four thousand *lire*—eight hundred of these American dollars—remains to be paid, and then it will be all our own. In Italy we may give our concerts for a long, long time before we earn so great a sum. But here—if we can have again such fortune as attended us in Mexico and New Orleans—in half a year it will be ours. In two years of such fortune—and we well can afford two years, for we still are young—we will make ourselves as rich as people in a dream. We can buy an estate. It may happen that thou wilt be ennobled. Our children will make great marriages."

"What wouldst thou have me do?" asked Signor Efferati irresolutely. "Is it that we return to those happy cities of the South? To return thither would cost more than a prince's ransom—in this land of nabobs where there is no third class."

"No," answered the Signora, with great firmness and with a gesture of exalted command, "I would not have thee return. I would have thee remain here to conquer! These excellent young friends of ours have not disguised from us the fact that in New York success is achieved with difficulty; but they have assured us that when success comes it is overwhelming. When once New York is conquered, the whole country is at our feet. We go everywhere—even to those cities which I will not name—and everywhere we are victorious. Therefore do I tell thee to remain and conquer New York! Thy noble courage will suffice thee for this enterprise. Once let thy heart of iron

and soul of flame be aroused in all their valorous strength, and triumph is assured!"

There was this most fortunate quality of balance in the composition of the Efferati Family: when smiling Fortune beckoned onward to assured success, Signor Efferati was animated by a magnificent and irresistible enthusiasm which led him to hurl defiance at all the evil powers of Fate. When things were going the other way; when—as in the present instance—the evil powers of Fate had the Efferati Family, so to speak, fairly by the heels, it was the Signora who came to the front, and who staid there until the emergency was passed and they were going along smoothly in deep water again.

Signor Efferati was accustomed to this reasonable division of energy; and was accustomed also to accept in good faith (but not to acknowledge) his wife's leadership through the strait and rugged portions of his professional career. Therefore, when she thus resolutely addressed him, his heart of iron and soul of flame responded to her appeal—as he promptly manifested in acts by unfolding his partially folded black trousers and by removing his red shirt from the trunk; and in words by declaring that he not only relinquished his bitter purpose of cursing the American continent and thereafter instantly abandoning it to its withering fate, but that he was highly resolved to wrest from the Americans an abounding measure of both fortune and fame. Warming with his own enthusiasm, he added that rather than fail in either of these particulars, he freely would pour out his heart's blood.

"Thou great and noble soul!" cried the Signora, embracing him with a proud affection. "Thy strength is that of a tower of stone!"

"Thou flatterest me, angel of my heart," answered Signor Efferati, deprecatingly. "Yet art thou safe, my little one, to rest upon me for support. Fear not, Vittoria! my manly strength shall uphold thy womanly weakness through this season of bitter trial!"

VI.

During the ensuing three weeks a sombre cloud of misfortune hung over the Efferati Family, and beneath this dismal canopy its several members moved mournfully in an atmosphere of gloom.

Under these trying conditions the staying powers of the Signora as a leader of forlorn hopes were tolerably well tested, and they responded handsomely to the test. Whatever may have been her private convictions, her open avowals were unfailing prophecies of the speedy coming of that sunshine of success which would dispel their darkling misfortunes, even as the real sunshine dispels the mists of morn. The Signor did not sustain himself during this encounter with adversity with quite such flying colors. Accepting his wife's likening of him to a tower of stone, and continuing that simile, he may be said to have wobbled on his foundations, and to have cracked in his upper stories, and to have bulged badly at his sides. It would not be going too far, indeed, to affirm that on two or three occasions he fairly tumbled down and remained—until she picked him up and put him together again—a shapeless mass of ruins at her feet.

That the Signora herself at times broke under the strain of persistent misfortune is not to be denied; but she managed her temporary collapses in such a fashion that they were completely hidden within her own heart. When, at the end of a day of failure, she had strengthened Signor Efferati's defective masonry with cheerful words of buoyant prophecy as to what the next day would bring forth, and so had soothed him to refreshing sleep, she considered herself free to seek slumber on her own account through the damp and melancholy medium of tears; yet did she permit herself such solace of sorrow only in consideration of her self-made promise that in the morning she would be again, for her husband's benefit, all hopes and smiles.

By day—having some distrust of the result should she leave Signor Efferati's heart of iron and soul of flame to their own devices—she took the management of the campaign into her own hands, and personally led the storming parties. With the Signor in her wake—and with a bilingual compatriot whom they retained as an interpreter—she attacked every theatrical agency in New York; and from these extended her assaults directly to every place of amusement in which there was the remotest chance that a musical combination would be taken on. But the upshot of this vigorous canvass of the city's professional possibilities

was utterly disheartening. The answer of the managers was an unhesitating and unanimous No!—for the news had gone abroad in theatrical circles that in its Bowery engagement the Efferati Family had scored a distinct failure; and in view of that discouraging fact not a manager was willing to touch these luckless exponents of the mandolin and the double-strung guitar even with a pair of tongs.

"Fate is against us!" said Signor Efferati, gloomily. "Resistance on our part is useless; misery and misfortune have claimed us for their own. We will perish together, Vittoria! We will lie down beside our guitar and mandolins and die—and so wring from this inhospitable country the cold hospitality of a grave! See what we Italians do for America—and yet for us there is nothing in this ingrate land!"

They were crossing Washington Square as Signor Efferati thus bitterly delivered himself, and that to which he drew his wife's attention was the monument to his great namesake, Garibaldi. Only that day had the statue been set in place upon its pedestal. Workmen were erecting a scaffolding, preparatory to the ceremonies which were to attend the unveiling on the ensuing Monday. On the pedestal was inscribed: *Gli-Italiani degli Stati Uniti d'America eressero.*

"See," continued Signor Efferati, pointing to this inscription, "it is from us, from the Italians, that this New York receives its glorious gift! We give the statue of our great compatriot because nature has made us noble, and we go through life with both hands opened wide. And what do they do in return for our generosity, these close-fisted niggards of New York? Truly it is a brave return that they make us! They shut their doors against us; they spurn us from their presence; they drive us forth into the wilderness to starve among wild beasts! Such is their gratitude! Let us hasten home to our breakfast, Vittoria—and then let us pack our few poor belongings, while even these yet remain to us, and then abandon instantly and forever this land accursed of Heaven and given over to miserly swine!"

For once, Signora Efferati did not see her way clear to intervening between the American continent and its people and her husband's wrath. In fact, her own feeling towards America and the Americans now was such that she was inclined to permit Signor Efferati freely to hurl against the one and the other his blighting curse. To be sure, so far, New York had supported them, for they still were living on the cash proceeds of their week of failure in the Bowery. But the fact that New York quite plainly had intimated its indisposition to support them any longer was enough to prove that it was peopled, even as Signor Efferati had declared, by mean and sordid souls. Therefore the Signora kept silence as they walked onward to their hotel, and permitted her husband to comment with an energetic freedom upon the continent and the people that had played them false. The Italian is a language that abounds in epithets of censure, disparagement, contempt, and scorn. Signor Efferati used them all!

A good breakfast, however, has charms which tend to soothe the savage breast; and when this violent apostle of the mandolin had finished his really excellent breakfast he grew somewhat more calm. Yet his purpose to abandon America by the very first steamer sailing for an Italian port was not relinquished; nor was this purpose any longer opposed by his wife. They were quite agreed, at last, that their business success and their self-respect alike demanded their dignified but expeditious retirement from the Western Hemisphere.

Consultation with Don Anastasio revealed the fact that the *Iniziativa*, of the Florio line, would sail on the ensuing Saturday for Naples; whereupon, taking with them their bilingual compatriot as a guide, they went straightway to the Florio office and engaged their passage. In order to secure their berths it was necessary, the clerk informed them, that they should pay down ten per cent. of their passage-money; which payment, he added warningly, would be forfeited should they fail to be on board when the vessel sailed. Upon hearing this absurd warning the Signora smiled so generously that every one of her fine white teeth plainly was to be seen. That they should fail to be on board was the very height of the ridiculously impossible! And then her charming brown eyes filled with tears as the tender thought exalted her that in so short a time she would see her own dear Italy again.

"My Seppino, I am so full of gladness that I must kiss thee," she cried. "The

thought of the dear home almost breaks my heart for joy!"

Whereupon she did kiss Signor Efferati most vigorously—while the clerk and the bilingual compatriot looked on with envy, and earnestly wished that her expansive happiness might become sufficiently comprehensive to include them in the kissing.

"Heart of my heart," said the Signora when her affectionate demonstration was well ended, "I am frantic as I think that we truly are going. It seems impossible for me to wait through these limitless long two days which must pass before the ship will carry us away!"

And yet—such is the mutability of things earthly—the earnest-money which they had paid was forfeited; the *Iniziativa* sailed without them; and the Signora, willingly and gladly, waited through not only two days, but through two entire years for the ship which at last did carry her back to her loved Italian home.

VII.

The radical change above indicated in the programme of the Efferati Family began to be made the very moment that they returned to the Casa Napoléon. In the little parlor of that modest hotel they found waiting for them a personage whose physical proportions were so considerable, and whose port was so largely dignified, that he gave the impression of much more than filling the room. The Signora, whose eyes were as quick as they were irresistible, instantly recognized in this magnificent being the proprietor of a great variety theatre; and as she recognized him her heart gave a bound.

Don Anastasio was in waiting to serve as interpreter. The manager was a man of few words, and he came to the point with the utmost directness: he wished to engage the Efferati Family to appear at his theatre during the ensuing week, opening on Monday evening, June 4th—the evening of the day on which the Garibaldi statue would be unveiled. He desired that the programme should be intensely Italian, and largely made up of Italian patriotic songs. He would pay twenty-five dollars a night—the rate which the Signora had suggested would be satisfactory when she had called upon him in his office a fortnight before.

"Tell him that we accept!" cried Signor Efferati almost before Don Anastasio had ceased speaking.

"Stop!" cried the Signora, raising a warning hand. "Tell him that we have this moment returned from engaging our passage by the steamer which leaves on Saturday, and that we refuse."

Between these conflicting statements of intention Don Anastasio hesitated.

"It is that he must pay us more—but do not yourself yet tell him that," explained the Signora.

And then Don Anastasio, perceiving the subtle wisdom of the Signora's method, went ahead.

It is unnecessary to trace through all its stages the negotiation which followed between Signora Efferati on the one hand (Signor Efferati was out of the running from the start) and the manager on the other. The manager had determined to have an attraction during the week of Italian festival which would rope in, as he brusquely expressed it, the peanut and banana crowd; and the Signora, perceiving this determination, was for her part determined that she would make her account out of it. A woman's will, of course, is far stronger than the will of a mere manager; and the Signora really had what seemed to be a very plausible argument in support of her demand for high pay in the forfeited ten per cent. of the passage-money—for she neglected to state that the forfeit was based on steerage rates, and that (little Margherita and Umberto having been lumped in one fare) the total amount to be surrendered was precisely twelve dollars. So the upshot of the matter was that the manager raised his offer gradually until he got it up to fifty dollars a night; and when the Signora found that he certainly would not go any higher, and was beginning to show signs of throwing over the whole business in disgust, she accepted with a very well acted show of reluctance these truly magnificent terms.

As to the wonderful success of the engagement that followed—extended to four weeks, repeated in the two following seasons, and assuring an extraordinarily brilliant tour through the principal cities of the United States—it all is a matter of such recent occurrence that no more than the merest mention of it is necessary here. It is sufficient to say that a more splendid tribute to the deserved merits of a musical combination is not recorded in the annals of the variety stage.

Without prejudice to the substantial

elements of success residing in the Efferati Family, however, the fact may be admitted that intelligent advertising had much to do with the brilliant triumph of the opening night; which triumph cleared the way for all the later victories.

On the day of the Italian festival—from Mulberry Bend to Macdougal Street, and everywhere along the line of the parade—there was a lavish scattering of red, white, and green handbills announcing the appearance that evening of the Efferati Family at the Mammoth Metropolitan Variety Theatre, and dilating upon the patriotic nature of the entertainment which this eminent Italian musical combination there would give. Beneath these stirring announcements, Washington Square, the centre of the demonstration in honor of Garibaldi and Italian unity, may be said to have disappeared. But there was a better touch still. At the end of the parade came an omnibus containing a bass-drum and a number of violent brass instruments which together poured forth Italian patriotic airs tempestuously. Italian flags waved above the omnibus, and on its sides was blazoned in red and green letters on a white muslin ground this inspiring legend:

Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Patriot, is Dead!
Giuseppe Garibaldi Efferati, the Musician, still Lives!
Hear the Efferati Family to-night, and every night this week, at the Mammoth Metropolitan Variety Theatre in Patriotic Italian Songs.

This presentment was made in the Italian language. From the windows of the omnibus were distributed red, white, and green handbills, also in the Italian language, giving the patriotic programme. At the bottom of the bills was a blaze of patriotic Italian sentiment that fairly made things hum!

VIII.

By half after eight o'clock that evening the sign "Standing room only" was displayed above the box-office window of the Mammoth Metropolitan Variety Theatre; and such a jam of Italian patriots as there was inside of that building never had been gathered into one single American theatre before!

The patriots simply took the performance into their own hands and ran it to suit themselves. The Busterby Sisters got as far as one verse in their famous character song, "Rollicking Betty and Bouncing Jane"—and then fled behind the scenes from the storm of shouting with which their musical utterances intentionally were drowned. In like manner, Ham Spartacus and Ikey Wild, song-and-dance men, and Mr. Harkwell Hyatt, the Protean Impersonator, summarily were disposed of. Ching-Po, the Chinese Champion Contortionist, and Murrell and Skeat, the Champion Roller-Skaters, not yielding to vocal persuasion, were driven off the stage under fire of volleys of banana-peel. When the manager himself tried to quiet things down by coming on with his famous sentimental song "Mamie's Eyes are Wet with Tears," he was received not with the applause usually accorded to this great vocal effort, but with howls and yells. And all the while the patriots shouted: "The Efferati!" "Bring the Efferati!"—and cheered for Garibaldi, and Italian unity, and red shirts, and Italy redeemed!

Therefore, far ahead of their place in the programme, the Efferati Family came on—and the only wonder is, so tremendous was the roar of welcome with which they were greeted, that the roof did not at the same moment go off. Nothing like their reception, nothing like the way in which they carried the house with them, is chronicled in the history of variety performances in New York. The concerted pieces were cheered with a rapturous enthusiasm, and the soloists were recalled again and again. For the first time since leaving New Orleans the Signora's naughty little Venetian love-song was fully appreciated; and when the bouquet was handed up to her, and the note tumbled out of it, and she gave the frightened glance toward her husband, the house came down in a tumult of applause. When the boys sang their rollicking Neapolitan street ballads, the patriots simply screamed with laughter—and came into the choruses with a regular whirl and roar. And when little Margherita sang her "Hymn to the Virgin," all the female patriots shed tears freely; and there was such a general blowing of large Italian noses by the time that little Margherita got along to the last verse that her singing scarcely could be heard at all.

As to the tempest which broke forth when Signor Efferati, with that brilliant garment upon his back, came on and sang "La Camicia rossa," words fail even vaguely to describe it! Eight times was

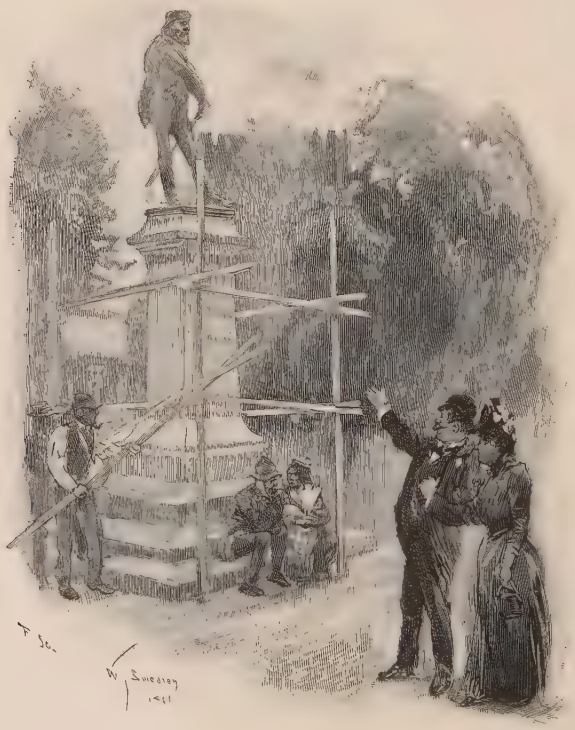
Signor Efferati compelled to repeat "La Camicia rossa": and he probably would have been kept repeating it to this very moment had not the happy thought occurred to him, on the occasion of his ninth recall, to slide off into the "Star-spangled Banner"—which, being received with a very handsome enthusiasm, tended to let the patriots down gently from the heights of patriotism whereto they had been exalted by their own thunderous backing of Signor Efferati in the chorus and by their interpellated yells and shouts in regard to Italy redeemed!

It was one o'clock in the morning when at last the patriots consented to go away; and they went then only in response to an urgent appeal to them to go—made by Signor Efferati at the express request of the manager—coupled with a gradual turning out of the gas. As the last of them vanished, the Signor and Signora, by a common impulse, precipitated themselves into each other's arms and wept freely upon each other's shoulders tears of the purest joy. Not only had they achieved a magnificent triumph: by this triumph, as their prophetic souls correctly informed them, their musical conquest of America was assured!

IX.

Two years later—in which period the prophecy of that happy moment had been abundantly fulfilled—the members of the Efferati Family, bearing their sheaves with them, stood upon the deck of an Italian steamer and watched the Jersey Highlands sink away slowly into the bosom of the West. With a magnificent gesture towards the retreating continent, and with a noble fervor, Signor Efferati spoke:

"It has won my heart, Vittoria, this America! It is superb!" He paused for a moment, and then in exalted tones continued: "In my anger, in the wild turmoil of that ungoverned passion which is the heritage of my fierce race, I once crushed this meritorious country beneath the ponderous burden of my curse. Behold! That curse now is lifted! America shall continue to prosper! *I* desire that it shall be blessed!"

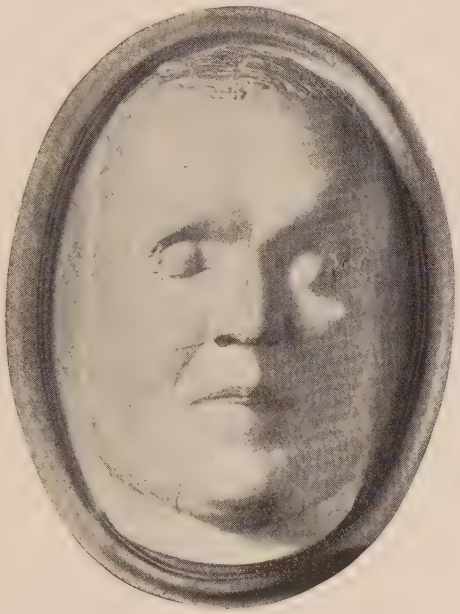


A COLLECTION OF DEATH-MASKS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

Second Paper.

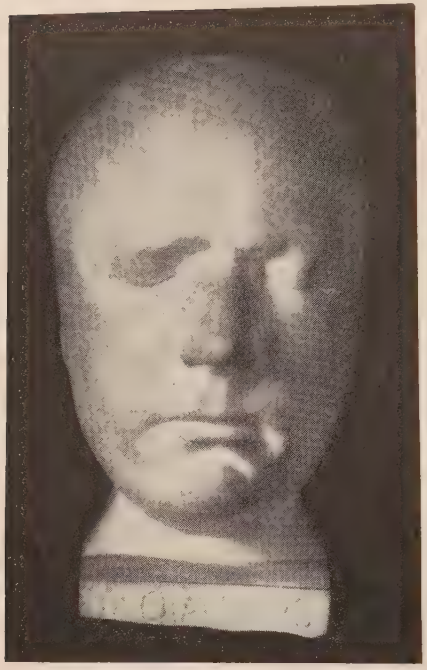
THACKERAY, like most Anglo-Indian infants, was sent, when he was about five years of age, to the mother-country for mental and physical nourishment. An aunt, with whom he lived, discovered the child one morning parading about in his uncle's hat, which exactly fitted him. Fearing some abnormal and dangerous development of the brain, she carried him at once to a famous physician of the day, who is reported to have said, "Don't be afraid, madam; he has a large head, but there's a good deal in it!" His brain, when he died, fifty-three years later, weighed fifty-eight and a half ounces. In 1849 or 1850, Charlotte Brontë wrote of Thackeray: "To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and cynic; the mouth indicates a childlike simplicity—perhaps even a degree of irresoluteness in consistency—weakness in short, but a weakness not unamiable." And Mr. Motley, writing to his wife in 1858, said: "I believe you have never seen Thackeray; he has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shining ringlety hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years; a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles." This broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself; he caricatured it in his drawings, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son—"Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!"



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

It is not pleasant to look upon the face of Thackeray—the face of which we love to think so pleasantly—as distorted by death. He was found dead in his bed on the morning of December 24, 1863. "So young a man," as Dickens wrote, "that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last. The final words he corrected in print," continued Dickens, were—"'And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas eve when he laid his head back on his pillow, and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done, and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his heart so to throb when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!" "And, lo," said Thackeray himself once, of the most beautiful character in all fiction, his own Thomas Newcome—"And, lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master!"

"We think of Thackeray," wrote Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, "as of our Chalmers; found dead in like manner; the same childlike, unspoiled open face, the same gentle mouth, the same spaciousness and softness of nature, the same look of power. What a thing to think of—his lying there alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. Long years of sorrow, labor, and pain had killed



THOMAS CHALMERS.

him before his time. It was found after death how little life he had to live. He looked always fresh with that abounding silver hair, and his loving, almost infantile face; but he was worn to a shadow, and his hands wasted as if by eighty years."

The cast of Thackeray's face was made by Brucciani on that sad Christmas morning, at the request of Dr., now Sir, Henry Thompson; and a cast of his right hand was made at the same time—that honest, faithful, beautiful, wasted right hand, which

> "never writ a flattery,
> Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

Thomas Chalmers was another man of great heart and of great head. He died, as we have seen, as Thackeray died, without warning, but without pain or conflict. He was discovered sitting half erect in his bed, his head reclining quietly on his pillow, the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. He had responded cheerfully when his name was called. Thackeray heard the summons evidently in a moment of physical distress. But his "*Adsum*" was just as ready, and no doubt it was quite as willingly uttered.

"In height and breadth and in general configuration," wrote Julian Charles Young, "Dr. Chalmers was not unlike Coleridge. I have, since I knew Coleridge, sometimes thought that if Chalmers's head had been buried from sight, I could easily have mistaken him for that remarkable man. His face was pallid and pasty, and, I rather think, showed slight traces of small-pox. His features were ordinary; his hair was scanty, and generally roughed, as if his fingers had often passed through it; his brow was not high, but very broad, and well developed. His skull, phrenologically speaking, argued great mathematical power, but showed deficiency in the very qualities for which he was conspicuous, namely, benevolence and veneration."

Concerning Coleridge, Young wrote: "His general appearance would have led me to suppose him a dissenting minister. His hair was long, white, and neglected; his complexion was florid; his features were square; his eyes watery and hazy; his brow broad and massive; his build uncouth; his deportment grave and abstracted."

Charles Cowden Clarke, in his *Recollections*, spoke of Coleridge as "large-presenced, ample-countenanced, grand-foreheaded," and said that "the upper part of his face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light gray, prominent, and of a liquid brilliancy. The lower part of his face was somewhat dragged, indicating the presence of habitual pain; but his forehead was prodigious, and like a smooth slab of alabaster." Leigh Hunt likened his brow to "a great piece of placid marble," and added that even in his old age "there was something invincibly young in the look of his face." "This boylike expression" he considered "very becoming in one who dreamed and speculated as Coleridge did when he was really a boy, and who passed his entire life apart from the rest of the world with a book and his flowers."

Carlyle's portrait of Coleridge is peculiarly in the Carlylian vein. "Figure a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, and relaxed; with a watery mouth; a snuffy nose; a pair of strange brown, timid, and yet earnest-looking eyes; a high tapering brow; and a great brush of gray hair—and you have some faint idea of Coleridge."

Coleridge himself was not more flatter-

ing to Coleridge. In 1796 he wrote to John Thelwall: "My face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed almost idiotic, good-nature. 'Tis a mere carcass of a face, fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good."

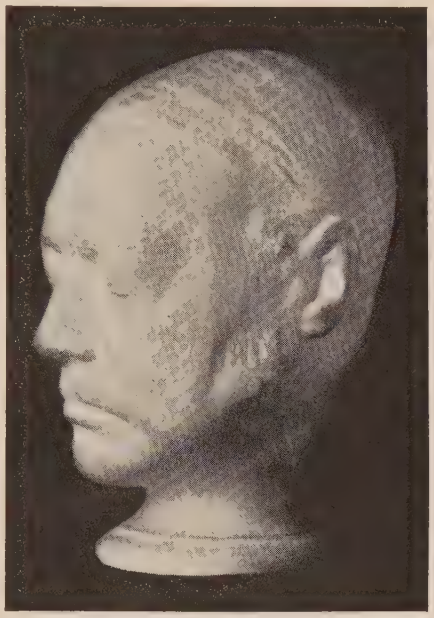
Mrs. Sara Coleridge, in her *Memoir*, gave a long account of Coleridge's death and burial, in which she said that "his body was opened, according to his own urgent request"; but, as usual in such cases, she did not allude to the making of any cast of his face or head."

Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, however, the son of Derwent Coleridge, who is preparing a life of his illustrious grandfather, writes, in a private note: "My mother used to tell me that the bust in her possession was by Spurzheim, and was taken from a death-mask; but with regard to Spurzheim, she must have been in error, as he died before Coleridge. Lord Coleridge says that the bust in *his* possession is by Spurzheim, and was taken from a cast of the poet's features; but whether he falls into the same error as my mother did, I cannot say. It is, of course, possible that Spurzheim took a life cast from Coleridge's face."

Mr. Ernest Coleridge is inclined to accept the authenticity of the mask in my collection. It certainly bears a strong resemblance to the two busts of which he writes, as well as to the portrait by Allston, now in the National Portrait Gallery in London. And it is very like the face of Mr. Ernest Coleridge himself.

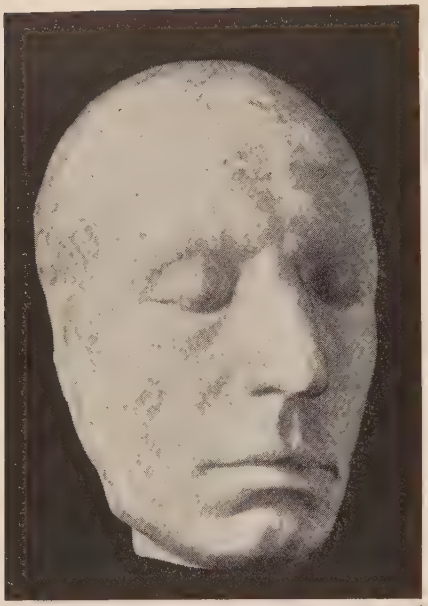
Carlyle said that "Wordsworth's face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent so much as close, impregnable, and hard." S. C. Hall wrote that "his eyes were mild and up-looking; his mouth coarse rather than refined; his forehead high rather than broad"; while Mr. Greville put it rather more tersely when he described him as "hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth, and a few scattered gray hairs." Leigh Hunt said, in his *Autobiography:* "Certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural [as Wordsworth's]. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

Wordsworth reminded Hazlitt "of some of Holbein's heads — grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humor, a peculiar sweetness in his smile." Elsewhere Hazlitt spoke of his "intense high, narrow forehead, Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about his mouth, which was a good deal at variance with the solemn and stately expression of the rest of his face." And Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, who were at Wordsworth's funeral, were both struck by the likeness of his face, in the deep repose of death, to that of Dante. The expression, they thought, was much more feminine than it had been in life, and it suggested strongly the face of his devoted sister, with whom so many of his years had been spent.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Haydon, in his *Journal*—April 13, 1815—wrote: "I had a cast made yesterday of Wordsworth's face. He bore it like a philosopher. He sat in my dressing-gown with his hands folded; sedate, solemn, and still." And then Haydon described how,



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

through the open door, he exhibited the unconscious poet undergoing this unbecoming operation to curious but disrespectful friends of them both. This was when Wordsworth was forty-two years of age, and thirty-five years before he died. Sir Henry Taylor, in his *Autobiography*, spoke, shortly after the poet's death, of "a cast taken of a mask of Wordsworth." He considered it admirable as a likeness, and added that it was so regarded by Mrs. Wordsworth. He saw "a rough grandeur in it, with which, if it was to be converted into marble, posterity might be contented." But he does not say whether it was a life-mask or a death-mask, and he does not refer to the Haydon mask as such. In no other work, in no biography of Wordsworth, and in no account of his last hours, is any allusion to the mask to be found. The face here reproduced is, without question, that of Wordsworth. It suggests the Wordsworth of middle age; it strongly resembles the portraits painted by Haydon; it is much too young in form and expression for the senile Wordsworth of the well-known Fraser Gallery; and there is little doubt of its being the work of Haydon alluded to above. Haydon is known to have painted several portraits of Wordsworth, one of which exhibits him in a Byron collar, and another shows him with eyes rolling in fine frenzy over the composition of a sonnet on one of Haydon's own pictures. Haydon also introduced Wordsworth as a devout disciple in his large work called "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," painted in 1818.

Mr. John Gilmer Speed, in his *Memoir of Keats*, presents an engraving of "John Keats from the Life-Mask of Haydon in 1818," and pronounces it the most satisfactory of the likenesses of Keats that he has seen. In no other of the *Lives* of Keats is any allusion made to this mask; it is not mentioned in any of the published letters to or from Keats, or in *The Correspondence and Table-Talk of Haydon.* Mr. Severn, shortly before he died, told Mr. Richard Watson Gilder that he *believed* the cast to have been the work of Haydon, and that he prized it as the most interesting, as it is the most real and accurate, portrait of his friend in existence; and through him were procured the few copies of it in this country, one of which is here reproduced. Mr. Gilder considers it much more agreeable than a death-mask would have been, for it not only escapes the haggardness of death, but there is even, so it seems to him, a suggestion of humorous patience in the expression of the mouth. "In this mask," he adds, "one has the authentic form and shape—the very stamp of the poet's visage." And he calls attention to the fact of its remarkable resemblance to more than one of the members of the Keats family whom he has met.

Charles Cowden Clarke, who does not seem to have been aware of the existence of the mask, said that the best portrait of Keats is the first done by Severn himself, that which is engraved in Hunt's *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries.* Lord Houghton, in his *Life of Keats*, quoted the description given him by a lady (probably Mrs. B. W. Procter), who watched Keats in the Surrey Institute in London, listening to Hazlitt's course of Lectures on the British Poets, in the winter of 1817–18. "His countenance," she said, "lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had an expression as if it had been looking at some glorious sight. His mouth was full and less intellectual than his other features." Leigh Hunt drew his portrait more care-

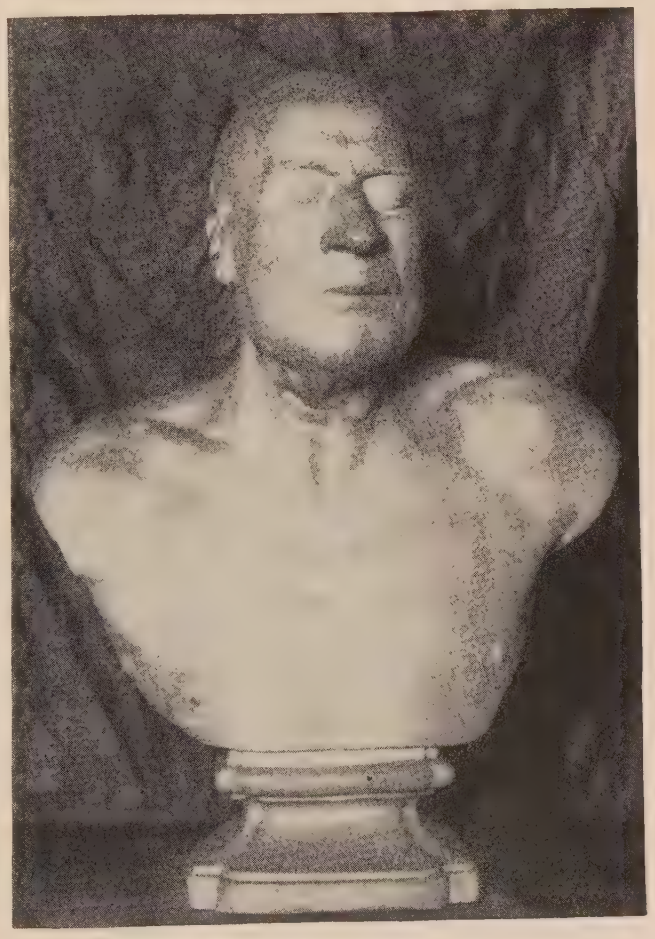
fully. "Every feature was at once strongly cut and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under; the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing, large, dark, and sensitive; his hair, of a brown color, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets. His head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull, a singularity which he had in common with Byron and Shelley, whose hats I could not get on."

Mr. William Sharp quotes a letter of Joseph Severn, written a day or two after the death of Keats, in which he said to Charles Armitage Brown, "Yesterday a gentleman came to cast the face, hand, and foot" of Keats. And on the 3d of April, 1821, John Taylor wrote to Severn from London for "the mask, hand, and foot." The later history of these interesting casts I have never been able to learn.

The original cast of the life-mask of Keats, made in Haydon's studio, and very much finer than any of the replicas of it, is in the possession of the National Portrait Gallery in London. It was given by Keats himself to his intimate friend John Hamilton Reynolds, just before Keats went abroad to die. Reynolds bequeathed it to his sister, Miss Charlotte Reynolds, by whom it was presented, with a clear pedigree, to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

This cast, the mask of Cromwell described in a later article, and a copy of the mask of Dr. Johnson are, curiously enough, the only life-masks, or death-masks, in the institution in question.

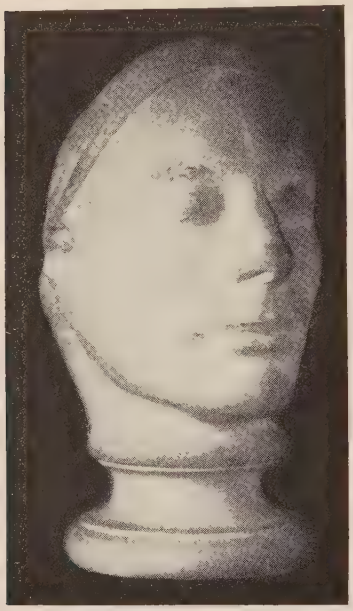
The original of the mask of Johnson belongs to the Royal Literary Fund, the secretary of which, Mr. A. Llewelyn Roberts, in giving his consent to the reproduction of it here, writes as follows concerning it: "It was taken from a cast after death, under the direction of Dr. Johnson's medical attendant, Mr. Cruikshanks, who informed his daughter, into whose possession it came, that it was a remarkably correct likeness. Unfortunately there is no record of the artist's name, but it is alleged that each member of Dr. Johnson's family had a copy." This particular copy was given to the Royal Literary Fund by William Hutchins,



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Esq., who lived in Hanover Square. There is no reference to the taking of the mask of Johnson to be found in any of the editions of Boswell's *Life* of the great lexicographer.

Keats and Haydon first met in the house of Leigh Hunt in November, 1816, and to their mutual delight. They became very intimate upon very short acquaintance, and the poet was constantly to be found in the studio of the painter; they vowed, mutually, that they were dearer to each other than brothers, and they prayed, jointly, that their hearts might be buried together. Naturally a friendship so enthusiastic in its beginning did not last very long; and Haydon seems to have been most unjust in his reflections upon Keats, written some time after Keats's heart had been buried in Rome—and alone! Haydon wrote in the first flush of his intimacy with Keats: "Never have I had such irresistible and perpetual urgings of future greatness. I have been like a man with air-balloons under his arm-pits and ether in his soul; while I was painting, walking, or thinking, beaming flashes of energy followed and impressed me—they came over me, and shot across me, and shook me, till I lifted up my heart and thanked God."



JOHN KEATS.

This is Haydon upon himself. Macaulay looked at him in a different light. "Haydon"—he wrote in his *Diary* in 1853—"Haydon was exactly the vulgar idea of a man of genius. He had all of the morbid peculiarities which are supposed by fools to belong to intellectual superiority—eccentricity, jealousy, caprice, indefinite disdain for other men; and yet he was as poor, commonplace a creature as any in the world. He painted signs, and gave himself more airs than if he had painted the Cartoons. Whether you struck him or stroked him, starved him or fed him, he snapped at your hand in just the same way!"

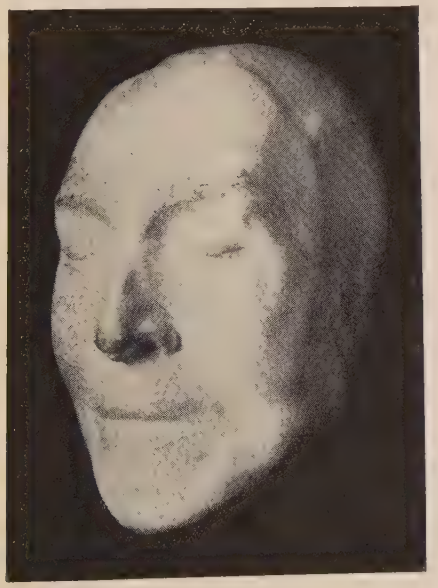
In the *Memoir* of Haydon by his son is a fine engraving of the death-mask of Haydon, a replica of which is in my collection. This mask, with that of Jeremy Bentham, was broken, as you here see it, by careless custom-house officers on its arrival in New York a few years ago, while the mask of Elihu Burritt was demolished entirely, and without hope of restoration. For these, notwithstanding their condition, I paid a duty of fifty-five per cent. upon a valuation assessed at twenty-five per cent. above what I swore was their value in London, the custom-house charges of various kinds being larger than the original cost of the casts themselves. So far as I can understand, I was taxed in this matter in order to protect the ghosts of the plasterers of America, who could not have made these casts even if they had so wished!

James Parton quoted Burr as saying of Jeremy Bentham, "It is impossible to conceive a physiognomy more strongly marked with ingenuousness and philanthropy." John Stuart Mill said of him that "he was a boy till the last." And at the age of eighty-two he himself wrote to an old friend: "I am alive, though turned of eighty; still in good health and spirits; codifying like a dragon." "Candor in the countenance, mildness in the looks, serenity upon the brow, calmness in the language, coolness in the movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feeling:" such, according to Brissot de Warville, were the characteristics of Bentham.

Since St. Denis of France used to walk about with his head under his arm, or used to sit about with his head in his lap,

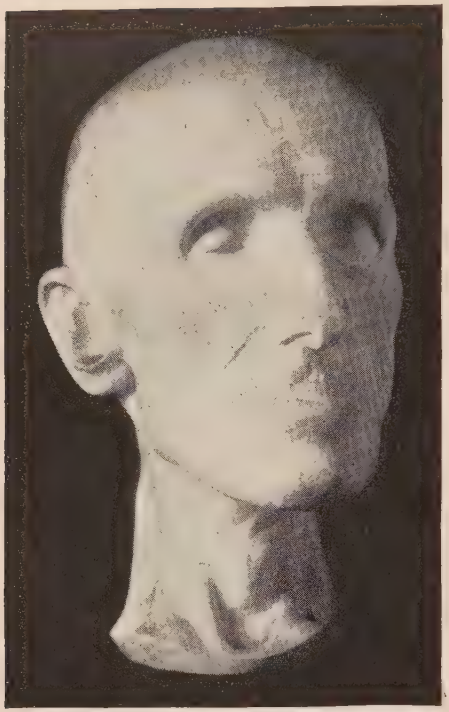
in the third century of our Christian era, no *post-mortem* performance is more grotesque than that of Jeremy Bentham, who left his body by will to Dr. Southwood Smith. The legatee was instructed to dissect it, and to deliver lectures upon it to his medical students and to the public generally. After these anatomical demonstrations a skeleton was to be made, and was made, of the bones. And Dr. Smith "endeavored to preserve the head untouched"—the words are his own—"merely drawing away the fluids by placing it under an air-pump over sulphuric acid. By this means the head was rendered as hard as the skulls of the New-Zealanders, but all expression, of course, was gone. Seeing this would not do for exhibition, I had a mould made in wax by a distinguished French artist, taken from David's bust, Pickersgill's picture, and my own ring. The artist succeeded in producing one of the most admirable likenesses ever seen. I then had the skeleton stuffed out to fit Bentham's own clothes, and this was likewise fitted to the trunk. The figure was placed seated on the chair in which he usually sat, one hand holding the walking-stick which was his constant companion when he went out, called by him 'Dapple.' The whole was enclosed in a mahogany case with glass doors." Bentham was wont to amuse himself in his boyish old age with the vision of his presiding, as it were, in proper person at meetings of his disciples, and he even used to anticipate his being wheeled to the top of the table on festive occasions!

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.



JEREMY BENTHAM.

His figure as here described is still to be seen in the rooms of University College, Gower Street, London. It is curious that Dr. Smith did not go to the mask for a representation of Bentham's actual face. That such a mask was made, George Combe testified in the columns of the London *Phrenological Journal* a few years after Bentham's death. He said that it was in his own possession, and showed that "the knowing organ was large and the reflective organs only full." The mask, he said, was very like the portrait of Bentham reproduced in Tait's edition of Bentham's works. But he does not say whether it was a death-mask or the life-mask known to have been made by Turnerelli, an Italian sculptor living in London, in the early part of this century, and when Bentham was not more than fifty years of age. He was eighty-five when he died. This plaster mask of Bentham has been compared carefully with the wax effigy in University College. The mouth, the



ANTONIO CANOVA.

cranial arch, the entire upper part of the face, and the general shape of the head are very like, although in the wax mask the chin is shorter and rounder, and the eyes, of course, are open.

It is rather a curious fact that the men most interested, naturally, in the study of the human face, and in its portrayal with chisel or pencil, are the men who are most poorly represented in this collection, Haydon and Canova being the only makers of masks whose masks are here presented.

Canova must have been a beautiful character. It is not often that so much good is spoken, even of the dead, as has been spoken of him since he died; and if the chroniclers are right, he deserved it all. In personal appearance, however, we read that he was not particularly attractive. His hair was black and luxuriant, and his forehead of noble dimensions, but the outline of his features was neither grand nor extraordinary. The phrenologists gave him a massive brain upward and forward of the ears, wonderful constructive talent, with large ideality and strong intellect. He was very abstemious in his habits, very thoughtful, and a hard worker. Count Cicognara, in a biographical sketch of Canova, thus described his face during his very last hours: "His visage became, and remained for some time, highly radiant and expressive, as if his mind was absorbed in some sublime conception, creating powerful and unusual emotion in all around him. Thus he must have looked when imagining that venerable figure of the pontiff who is represented in the attitude of prayer in the Vatican. His death was wholly unattended by the agonies which make a death-bed so distressing, nor did even a sigh or convulsion announce his dying moment." This is the visage which his friends cast in plaster, as here reproduced. Its peaceful and quiet repose is in strong contrast with that of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, shown upon the opposite page.

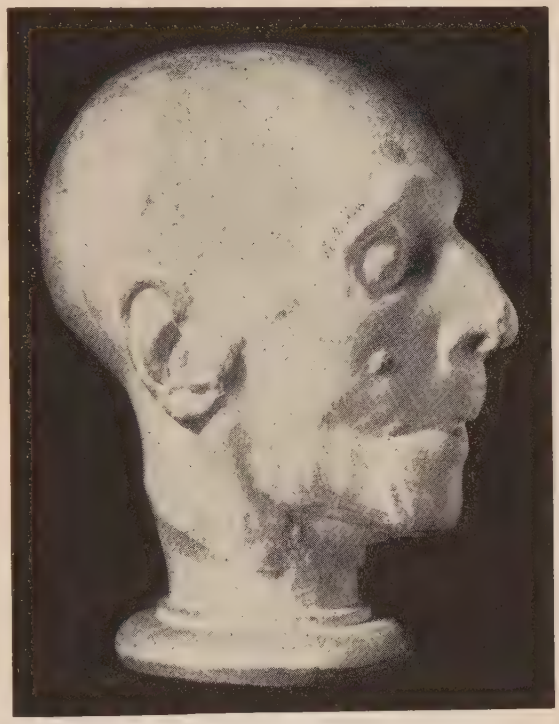
In the whole history of English letters there can be found no sadder chapter than that which contains the story of Sheridan's death. The body out of which the breath was fast going, and from which intelligent action had entirely gone, was seized by sheriff's officers for debt, and only by the threats of attending physicians did it escape being carried to a low sponging-house, wrapped in nothing but the blankets that covered the bed on which it lay. The "life and succor" his friends had begged were denied him, and "Westminster Abbey and a funeral" were all he received. As a French journal said at the time, it only proved that "France is the place for a man of letters to live in, and England the place for him to die in." Sheridan's appearance during his last hours was thus depicted by one who saw for himself the havoc made: "His countenance was distorted under the writhings of unutterable anguish. Pain and the effects of pain were visible on that sunken cheek; and on that brow which had never knitted under oppression or frowned upon the importunities of the unfortunate, pain in its most acute form had contracted there its harsh and forbidding lines.... Still, amid those rigid lines which continuous suffering had indented there, you might perceive the softer and more harmonious tracings of uncomplaining patience, fortitude in its endurance, and resignation in its calmness." This is the face exhibited here — one of the most unpleasant to

look upon which the collection contains, notwithstanding Sheridan's own boast, not very long before his death, that "his eyes would look up as brightly at his coffin lid as ever." His spirits did not fail him so long as consciousness remained, and when asked by the attending surgeons if he had ever before undergone an operation, he replied, "Only when sitting for my portrait or having my hair cut." It is to be regretted that this last portrait for which he sat should be so worn and weary in its expression. Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, did not mention the taking of the mask, although he spoke of the plaster cast of Sheridan's hand, under which some keen observer had written,

"Good at a fight, better at a play,
Godlike in giving—but the devil to pay."

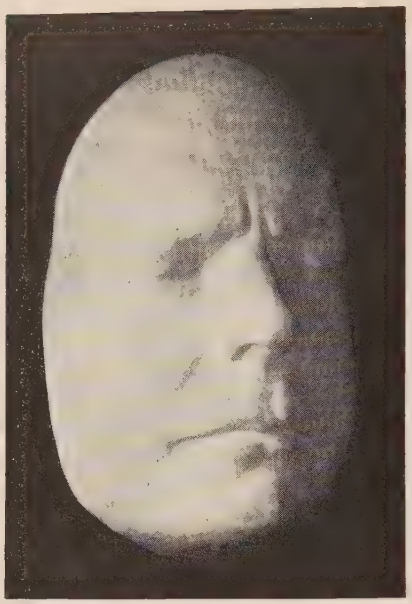
Concerning Moore's own appearance, Hunt wrote: "Moore's forehead was bony and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes were as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous, and good-humored with dimples." Scott said in his *Journal*, in 1825, "Moore's countenance is plain, but the expression is very animated, especially in speaking or singing, so that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it." In 1833, Gerald Griffin made a visit to Moore at Sloperton, and thus described Moore himself: "A little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame forever in motion.... I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of 'Alps in the sunset'; not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me."

A year later, N. P. Willis, who *was* a great observer of proportions, met Moore at Lady Blessington's, and thus recorded his observations: "His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gayety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners.... His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. .... The slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates."



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

This was Moore as others saw him when he was in his prime. His later years were clouded by a loss of memory, and a helplessness almost childish. The light of his intellect grew dim by degrees,



THOMAS MOORE.

although Lord John Russell said that there was never a total extinction of the bright flame. He died calmly and without pain. And the cast of his face certainly reflects much that Willis had drawn in his *Pencillings by the Way.*

Sheridan said once of a fellow-Irishman that Burke's "abilities, happily for the glory of our age, are not intrusted to the perishable eloquence of the day, but will live to be the admiration of that hour when all of us shall be mute, and most of us forgotten." Burke, in all of his relations, was a better man than Sheridan, and he met, as he deserved, a better fate. He fell asleep for the last time with Addison's chapter on "The Immortality of the Soul" under his pillow, and with the respect and gratitude of all England at his feet. The mask of Burke was offered for sale—and was sold—in London a few months ago, with a certificate from Mr. Edward B. Wood, of Moreton Hall, Chirk, stating that it was made by the especial desire of Queen Charlotte on the day of Burke's death. The name of the artist is unknown, but he is said to have received two hundred guineas for the work. After the death of her Majesty the mask was given by George IV. to C. Nugent, his gentleman-in-waiting, from whom it came into the possession of his nephew, Mr. Wood. This original mask, from the Queen's cabinet, is now the property of The Players. It is very like the familiar portrait of Burke by Opie.

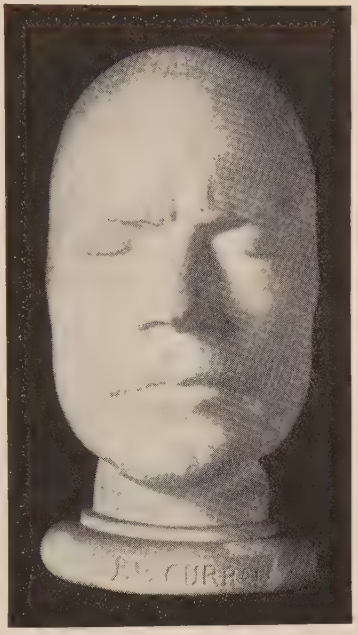
George Combe had a mask of Curran in this country, of which mine, no doubt, is a replica, as it bears a strong resemblance to the established portraits of Curran. Its existence does not appear to have been known to the sculptor of the medallion head of Curran on the monument in St. Patrick's, Dublin, for that was avowedly taken from the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. A short time before his death Curran wrote to a friend that his "entire life had been passed in a wretched futurity," but that happily he had found the remedy, and that was to "give over the folly of breathing at all." He ceased to breathe at all in Brompton, London, in the autumn of 1817; and his bones, now buried in Dublin, were laid for some years in a vault of Paddington church.

We learn from various sources that Curran was under the middle height, "very ugly," with intensely bright black eyes, perfectly straight jet-black hair, a "thick" complexion, and "a protruding under lip on a retreating face." Croker, speaking of his oratory, said, "You began by being prejudiced against him by his bad character and ill-looking appearance, like the devil with his tail cut off, and you were at last carried away by his splendid language and by the power of his metaphor."

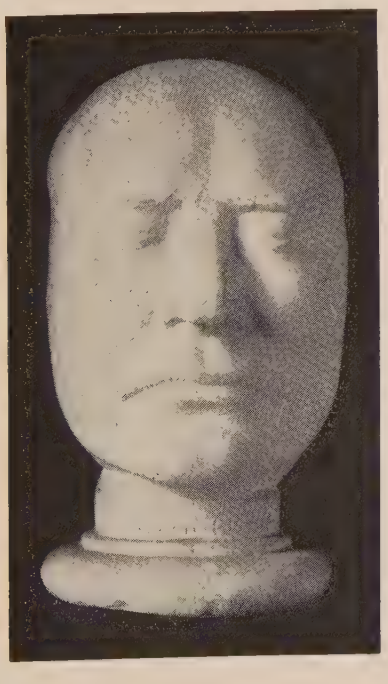
Dr. Wilde, afterwards Sir William Wilde, published in Dublin, in 1849, a volume entitled *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, a very interesting book now long out of print. It is an elaborate defense of Swift's sanity, and it contains a full account of the plaster mask taken from the Dean's face "after the *post-mortem* examination." From this, he says, "a bust was made and placed in the museum of the university, which, notwithstanding its possessing much of the cadaverous appearance, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, the best likeness of Swift—during, at least, the last few years of his life—now in existence." Speaking of this mask, Sir Walter Scott wrote, "The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) hor-

ribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain." Dr. Wilde, on the other hand, said, "The expression is remarkably placid; but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side, which, we have reason to believe, existed for some years before his death."

Dr. Wilde compared this cast of Swift's face, taken immediately after death, with the cast and drawings of his skull made in 1835, ninety years later, when the bodies of Swift and Stella were exhumed, and their craniums examined by the phrenologists belonging to the British Association; and by careful analysis of both, he was able to satisfy himself that Swift was not "a driveller and a show" when he died, nor a madman while he lived. He gave, upon the sixty-second page of his book, a drawing of this mask in profile, and the face is certainly identical with the face in my collection. It resembles very strongly the accepted portraits of Swift, particularly the two in which he was drawn without his wig. The more familiar of these is a profile in crayon, by Barber, taken when the Dean was about sixty years of age—and eighteen years before his death—which has been frequently engraved for the several editions of Lord Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Jonathan Swift*, first published in 1751. The original cast was made in two parts, according to Dr. Wilde, and the difference in surface between the rough hinder part—not existing in my copy—and the smooth polished anterior portion, as here seen, shows at once that the back of the head was added at a later date. Two lines of writing, greatly defaced, found upon the cast attest this to be "Dean Swift taken off his . . . . the night of his burial, and the . . . . one side larger than the other in nature." In a foot-note to the second edition of his work, Dr. Wilde said, "The original mask remained in the museum T.C.D. [Trinity College, Dublin] till within a few years ago [1849], when it was accidentally destroyed." The history of this replica—for replica it certainly is—before it came into my hands I have never been able to trace. It found its way into the shop of a dealer in curiosities, who knew nothing of its pedigree, not even whose face it was; and from him I bought it for a few shillings. It is one of the most interesting of the collection, and perhaps the most valuable, because the



JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

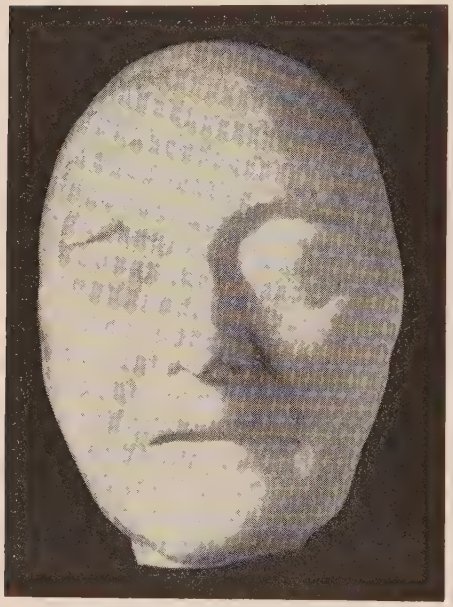


EDMUND BURKE.

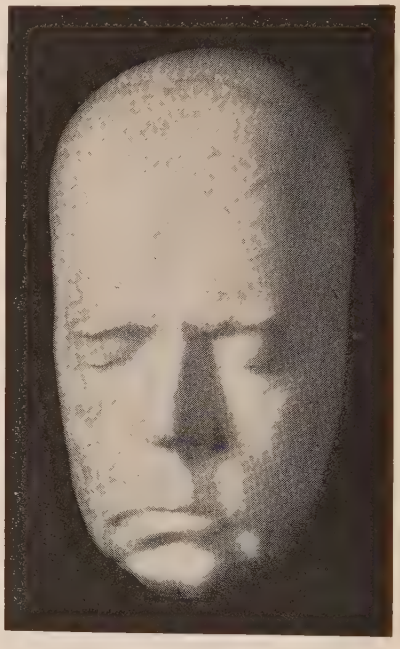
most rare. It is hardly the Swift of our imagination, the man whom Stella worshipped and Vanessa adored; and, Dr. Wilde to the contrary notwithstanding, one cannot help feeling while looking at it that Swift's own sad prophecy to Dr. Young was fulfilled—"I shall be like that lofty elm whose head has been blasted; I shall die first at the top."

At least one of the biographers of the Irish Dean died, as Byron often feared to die, "like Swift, at the top first." Sir Walter Scott's decay was a mental decay in the beginning of his last illness; but happily for him, and for his family, the axe was laid at the root of the grand old monarch of the forest of Scottish letters before the upper branches were permitted to go to utter ruin.

There exist at Abbotsford two masks of its first laird—a life-mask and a death-mask. Of the former very little is known, except that it is *said* to have been made in Paris. The latter was exhibited at the Scott centenary celebration in Edinburgh, in 1871, when it attracted a great deal of attention. They both show, as no portrait of the living man shows, except the familiar sketch by Maclise in the Fraser Gallery, the peculiar formation of his head, and the unusual length above the eyes. Lockhart, in his account of Scott's last hours, said: "It was a beautiful day; so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ears—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever marbled a more majestic image of repose."



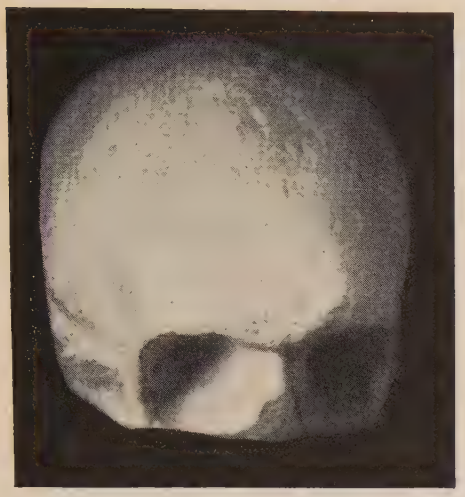
JONATHAN SWIFT.



WALTER SCOTT.

He does not mention the taking of the death-mask, however, and nowhere alludes to it. It was made by George Bullock—it is said, at the request of Dr. Spurzheim—and Bullock and Chantrey both used it in modelling posthumous busts of the bard. It was loaned to Sir (then Mr.) Edwin Landseer while he was painting his full-length portrait of Sir Walter, with the scenery of the Rhymer's Glen.

Bullock supposed that the original mould was destroyed not long after Scott's death, but Mr. Gourlay Steel, R.S.A., writes that his brother Sir John Steel, while engaged upon the monument to Lockhart at Dry-



ROBERT BURNS.

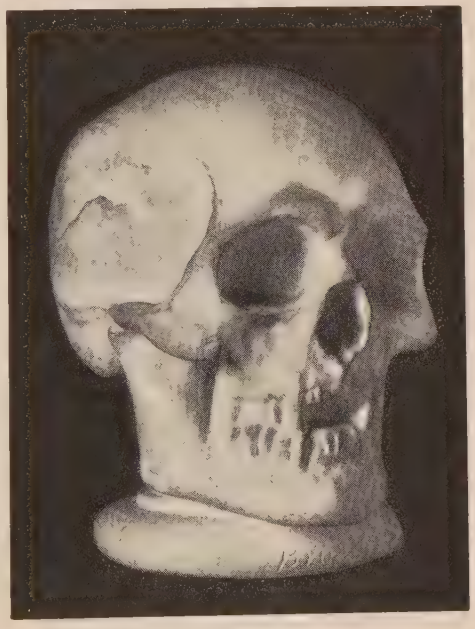
burgh Abbey, some years later, came upon it accidentally at Abbotsford, and used it in re-modelling his bust of Sir Walter for Mr. Hope-Scott.

Chantrey, in comparing the measurements of Scott's head from this mask with the measurements he had made of the head of Shakespeare on the Stratford monument—which latter he had always considered unnatural, if not impossible—found, to his great surprise, that they were almost identical in height from the eyes up; and in each case he noticed the very unusual length of the upper lip. It was this domelike feature of Scott's head which inspired one of his jocular friends in Edinburgh to hail him once, when he dragged himself up the stairs of the Session House with his hat in his hand, as "Peveril of the Peak."

When Carlyle last saw Scott—they never met to exchange a word—it was in one of the streets of Edinburgh, late in Scott's life; and, "Alas!" wrote the younger man, "his fine Scottish face, with its shaggy honesty and goodness, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, and ploughed deep with labor and sorrow."

Eighteen months after the death of Scott, the Burns mausoleum at Dumfries was opened to receive the remains of Burns's widow, when, according to the appendix to the first edition of Allan Cunningham's *Life of Burns*, then going through the press, a cast was taken from the cranium of the poet. Mr. Archibald Blacklock, surgeon of Dumfries, who made the examination, declared that "the cranial bones were perfect in every respect, and were firmly held together by their sutures," etc., etc. Unfortunately there is no cast of the head of the poet, living or dead, except this one here shown of his fleshless skull. George Combe, who received a replica of it from the executors of Mrs. Burns, presented a number of wood-cuts from it, in various positions, in his *Phrenology*, and he was very fond of using it to point his morals.

He also frequently reproduced the skull of Robert the Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn, shown here as well, although he failed to explain the mystery of its existence in plaster. The skeletons of Bruce and his Queen were discovered early in the present century by a party of workmen who were making certain repairs in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline. The skull was in an excellent state of preservation.



KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

THE GENERAL: "I've brought you a new book, Aunt Emily—by the new French academician—I'm told it's very good—but I've not read it myself—and so I'm not sure it's quite—a—quite *correct*, you know..."
AUNT EMILY: "My dear boy—I'm ninety-six, and I'll *risk* it!"

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair is so identified with one whose gracious words of wisdom and inspiration have become the intimate and cherished possession of a generation of readers, it almost seems that during his absence from it, caused by serious illness, the familiar caption should be omitted. But the Chair stands before us, and its temporary vacancy only emphasizes its presence, commanding recognition in grateful memory, mingled with sad regret, which, at this writing, is not without hope. If even only the name were missing, *quantum absit!*

The personal association with its occupant has given the Chair an individual meaning—a voice for which we wait as for no other. The very name of "Easy Chair," though now by a sad contrast suggesting the mystery of pain, has had from the first a peculiar fitness with reference to that quality of culture which it has most happily represented.

The conditions of our life are hard; no civilization since that of the Roman Empire has been so mechanical, laying so much stress upon material uses. Even our virtues are measured by the results of outward accomplishment. We consider that to be a well-formed character which is the result of mere habit, ending in automatism. We formulate the values of our institutions in tables of statistics. We get tired of it all, but our efforts to escape are dominated by the habit that has enslaved us, and it is hard to say which are more tiresome, our labors or our pleasures. We spoil our holidays nearly as soon as we have made them, and will not let even our follies, which are natural relaxations, be sane or innocent.

Nature, who will not be wholly sacrificed or thwarted, has saved for us the home, where we can give without thought of return, and be foolish to our heart's content, and for a time recover from our insane habit. There, perhaps, the reader takes up his favorite Magazine. The stories delight him, bringing him face to face with passion and heroism. In sketches of travel he makes a vacation tour; in tales of adventure he becomes a boy again. He laughs over the funny anecdotes, and the more nonsensical the humor the more he enjoys it. Then there is the Easy Chair—how restful the very phrase! Here is the spirit of youth itself, of youth in its largest meaning; not juvenility, but rejuvenescence, the renewal and rehabilitation of life in all its dear and everlasting interests. It is that spirit of youth which frankly confronts life, evading no responsibility; which never tires and cannot die.

Here is no majestically impressive Prospero, who even at his best bears down upon us a little too hardly, and whose revels come to an end, while for Ariel, thinking of his freedom, as for Miranda and Ferdinand, dreaming of love, they are about to begin. The lightness and swiftness of Ariel's movement evade that "conclusion of the whole matter" so dear to the heart of the Preacher. And yet a preacher is here. For the ease of a genuine Easy Chair is not levity or gayety; it is not mere *naïveté;* there is travail in the background. The field of our preacher lies not under the afternoon sun among the lotos-eaters, but toward the sunrise, the field of dawn, into which all toilers awake, fresh for the new work of the world. His appeal is to the inmost forces of manhood at their source, where are the beginnings of character. He finds for us courage in the heart, and not in outward armor, and virtue in its principle. His face is toward the climbing sun, who, after all, is the true Atlas, bearing the world; he points to the lilies which seem to have no toil, but behind them is the mighty travail of growth; he leads us to the fountain of the stream, where it seems the smallest, but it is all there, doing there its greatest work, without which it could not have its majestic current and beneficent uses in the plain. The travail at the fountain seems so easy because there it is mainly borne by unseen powers that inhabit the earth and the heavens. At its sources life touches the infinite, and where we see only the play, the mighty work, the miracle is wrought.

Our preacher then sees a use deeper than utilitarianism, and discovers a conduct of life, elastic and flexible, having a constant reversion to freedom, looking to its source even while it looks toward its many goals, and always resilient from secret springs. His gospel has this in common with that of the Great Teacher,

that it is a gospel of absolution, and its lessons are parables. There is woven about us no spider's web of logic from which we cannot escape. His judgment is never a sentence to prison. The threads of our life are not tied up in the hard knots of complex problems. The charm releases, and at the same time holds.

In a world which threatens to absorb all our energies in a debasing utilitarianism imprisoning the soul, where we consume our forests in a generation, and hasten to despoil every tract of virgin soil, making a desert, while our cry of "after us the Deluge!" is naturally followed by the dismal wail of an aggressive pessimism, it is a refreshment and an inspiration to retire from the dusty thoroughfare, where all meanings are confused, into some upper chamber of the soul whose windows are opened toward the East.

Thus we find a large place for that article of our editorial furniture known as the Easy Chair, of which we are speaking with all frankness, since we are not even pretending to occupy it, but only regarding it, as it stands empty before us, with the grateful appreciation and solicitude which are shared by every reader of this Magazine, waiting to hear again from it the master's voice, which for so many years has, with gentle insistence, and in a thousand pleasing variations, been teaching us that only youth is eternal.

It is this spirit of rejuvenescence which alone can arrest the sterlizing influences at work in every field of our life.

How naturally, then, does the true Easy Chair lean toward all initial forces that radically transform habit in politics, art and literature, and social life, looking for the renewal of the national spirit, and for the inspirations of creative imagination in paintings and statues, in music, and in books which represent the literature of power.

This way also lie the academy and the gymnasium (in their old Greek meanings), where are gathered our youths, full of enthusiasm and generous emulation, withheld for a time in the divine nursery presided over by Athene and Hermes, before they enter into the field of practical life.

There is a saving instinct in men, happily preserved even among the leaders, and still more among the victims, of our mechanical age, which leads to the care of youth and to the nurture of its sublime powers. It is true that many of those most successful in the severe competition of business and professional life have mainly in view that training of their children which will make them equally successful, as it is also true that very many hard-working men and women think chiefly of a possible escape for their children from a life of unceasing toil. But there are a goodly number of those who are sane enough to still retain their faith in youth as something divine in its promise of a better and higher life for all men. However diverse the motives, they all combine to give youth its place and chance. The most progressive of peoples, however materialistic its aims, cherishes the public school, the academy, and the college. Where business is most driving and absorbing, as in our Western cities, just there is the greatest devotion to education and the most rapid improvement in its methods. Men do not deliberately convert themselves into machines; they drift into this mechanical habit, or rather they are driven into it by the special tendency of their age. This nineteenth century has an excellent quality, shown in what it has accomplished in science and in the application of science to industry. But, as Monsieur C. Wagner says in his recent excellent book, *Jeunesse* (crowned by the French Academy), "centuries, like individuals, have the defects of their qualities." Those who are most driven by the destiny of their age are more or less clearly conscious of these defects. They find it easier to go on in the mad race than to stop; but they have their dream of something better to come, and this dream is centred in the youth of the nation. The danger is that the predominant tendency of the age may affect even the spirit of its dreams, of its most excellent aspirations, and come to control our schools. It is already more than a peril, but against it we have a safeguard in the wisdom of our best teachers, and one still more effective in the indomitable spirit of youth itself. Nevertheless, it is one of the gravest concerns of our day.

A few months ago thousands of young men were graduated from our colleges, passing into the active life of their generation. With what spirit do they come? Is this stream of youth a fresh life-giving, life-renewing current? All depends upon the view these young men have reached of life itself.

Free play has been given them from the beginning of their college course. It was assumed at the outset that the rigid discipline of the preparatory schools had already established in them the student habit, and that they had reached the point where it was wisely possible to pass from the severe limitations of pedagogical training into the freer field of a truly liberal education. In this field wide margins were left to their choice. In our principal colleges, East and West, all the improvements of recent years have been made with reference to this freedom, so that whatever line of study might be chosen, there would be ready the expert teacher and the thorough equipment, the system ever expanding to meet the student's need. The spirit and atmosphere of the college have a positive influence, elevating, inspiring, and wisely guiding. The traditions of culture are maintained, but there is also new culture—the latest interpretation of an older life, and the fresh unfoldings of a living science. The student is in touch with the life of the time, but he need not be distracted by it, or so drawn into its swift currents as to lose the poise and calm of seclusion. If his college happens to be in the city, he may secure the many benefits of such a situation without its many evils. If there is among his comrades an undue interest in athletic exercises, he may avoid the excess. The quiet hour is at his command, and if he fails of its large uses, the fault is his own. And he has failed of them if he goes from the college into the world having gained only that sharpness of his faculties which will enable him to distance his competitors in the race for wealth and political favor. Faculties must be sharpened for active use, but it is more important that they should be enlarged, that there should be an expansion of view. There must be adequate equipment for conflict; but that is a narrow culture which does not yield a comprehension of the real meanings, the living uses of the conflict itself, disclosing the whole arena in its relations to an integral manhood. The deepest insight is then possible, one which transcends all culture and all formal science, seeing that these are but the superstructures, ever changing in form from age to age of human progress, and in every age built anew above a living foundation, which is in the heart of man. By this vision youth finds itself, and its power, its enthusiasm, its faith, are re-enforced for the transformation of the life into which they flow.

In the present number a large space is given to the commemoration of the greatest event in modern history—the discovery of America by Columbus. As the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth stimulated a scepticism which denied the great poet's authorship of the plays bearing his name, so has this four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of a new world developed a host of critics whose fanatical assaults upon the Genoese navigator have almost eliminated him from history, so that before the lapse of another century we may expect a purely mythological explanation of his connection with this continent. Professor Dr. Ruge, of Dresden, has therefore done a valuable work in his sketch of Columbus, published in this number, sifting fact from fiction, and leaving us, after all, a veritable Columbus, who was probably not a pirate, and who certainly was the first to bring the New World to the conscious notice of the Old. It is the felicity of Columbus that he is associated with this fact as the leader of the enterprise which disclosed it; and it is only by the greatness of the fact that he is crowned and glorified. He stands illumined in its light. Possibly there may be truth in the story of the discovery of Vineland by the Northmen four centuries earlier in time; it may be that Jean Cousin, a navigator from Dieppe, discovered Brazil in 1488; and the Pinzon who accompanied him may have been the Alonso Pinzon who was the lieutenant of Columbus in 1492; all these suppositions receive important confirmation in a book recently published, entitled *The English Rediscovery of America*, by John B. and Maria A. Shipley. Another curious point considered in this volume is the fact that however ignorant Columbus may have been as to the significance of his discovery, there were scholars in Europe who fully appreciated the value of his accomplishment.

That printing-press, that locomotive, that steamboat, and that telegraph alphabet which met at once the notice and the need of a waiting world (whatever other may have anticipated each of these

discoveries) was the one to be forever commemorated, and its particular inventor the one to receive from all future generations the memorial wreath of honor. So the obscure adventurers who by accident or design may have touched the shores of America, from Europe or from Asia, even the mediæval bishops accredited to Vineland as a part of the Greenland diocese, pass into oblivion, while Columbus, ignorant and superstitious, selfish, mercenary, and cruel, depending perhaps for his success upon the superior knowledge of his lieutenant, flashing before the fully opened eyes of Spain and the papacy a new temporal and spiritual empire, and before the deeper gaze of expectant scholars a new world, takes his station upon a pinnacle from which he can never be degraded.

The prosperity of the great enterprise was in the avidity of its reception. It was a response to the inquiring spirit of the age, newly awakened by the revival of learning, and to the spirit of adventure. Other enterprises led by the Cabots and by Americus Vespucius quickly followed.

A glimpse at the conditions of the society and culture of this period is afforded in the opening article of this number. Here the reader will see what was the atmosphere created by scholars like Behaim and Copernicus. A small group of scholars at St. Dié (and there were many such groups scattered throughout Europe) revise the chart of the world, and in that work incidentally christen a continent! And when they discovered that they had been misled into a too hasty inference, and had unwittingly done injustice to Columbus, they could not reverse their verdict—their work had been too surely done. Yes, they made mistakes, these scholars; but they were close to the heart of that new world of thought and action which was being evolved, of that new world which, after all, is the old, even as America is now known by the geologist as the continent which first emerged from the waters. Who knows but that the student of the future will yet divine at what period in the far-away past and by what manner of Americans Asia and Europe were first discovered?

Editor's Study.

I.

THE summer is over. The Study confesses that in the hot and humid months it was moved out of doors, and was lazily busy in observing the sources and uses of literature rather than literature itself. For the American world at large, books have their innings in the summer. It was once said by a popular preacher in the metropolis, at the beginning of his winter services, that the residents of New York only had a few weeks in the year in which they were likely to be saved, only a few weeks in which they enjoyed the regular ministration of the gospel, and could uninterruptedly devote their attention to its calls; the greater part of the year they were scattered abroad, in travel and in recreation, and were little likely to give thoughts to the most serious of personal subjects. The idea was that summer, with its many distractions, was not a good time for religion, and that with an early spring and a late autumn the period for city residence, under organized religious influences, was much shortened, and if it was not taken advantage of the individual was likely to drift about through the year unrescued. The flock wanders away from its shepherd. In this view, which is not here controverted, New York, when society is in full tilt, and the Stock Exchange rages, and the theatres are in hot blast, and all the activities of charity and mission-work are most zealous, is more favorable to a religious life than the season in the country, where the ministrations of nature are gentle, and the wrath and fury and wickedness of the world are more tempered. Whether this view is philosophic or not, it is true that in our society summer is the time in which works of the imagination are most read. Then, if ever, the society people can turn to books, the school-teacher can stray beyond text-books, the professional man seek the relaxation of fiction, and the scientist attempt that part of his education which has been neglected in the pursuit of facts. Even poetry gets a chance, and that ideal life, which is often stimulated or depressed by the presence or the absence in particular places of resort of

the available young man or the desirable young woman, is to some extent fed by the great thoughts of the poet or is feebly grasped in the verses of the sentimentalist. In ten thousand haunts of recreation, by the sea and on the mountains, in lonely farm-houses, and in cheap hotels, the novels of the year are read, and discussed under the trees or on the evening piazza. Perhaps the show of intimacy with literature is greater than the reality, but books are in the hands of everybody, zealously toted about as if it was hoped their contents would be absorbed by contact, and they are the sufficient excuse for a nap in the shade or a flirtation in a secluded cove. Making all allowance for the uses of books that are merely ornamental, and are covers to richer experiences in life, the summer is the time for reading works of the imagination and for leisurely conversation about them.

II.

Now that the summer harvest is practically over, it seems a pity that there is not some way of measuring it. What is the popular net result of our educational summer? If we think only of the arguments and the criticism that are unreported, the opinions about books and authors that have been freely wasted in familiar chat, we feel a sense of loss. What suggestions for the writers, and what hints for the professional critic! There is no way that this vast mass of private judgment can become authoritative. We have in the season talked a good deal of politics, and presently we shall all, personally or by proxy, make our arguments visible at the polls; but there is no provision for polling our opinions about books. The sale of books, which is greatly relied on as an index of popularity, is a poor test of their value. People read a great amount of literature which they do not like, or only like with many qualifications. One of the surprising things to a listener who moves about much among the summer readers at the resorts is the unfavorable criticism upon the book or books of the hour which happen to be in vogue. A book has a run, everybody feels bound to read it, and this is taken for popularity, when the fact is that few may like it or care ever to see it again. The result of a ballot on a work that may have had great currency would no doubt often astonish the author of it. And there often is some unpretending volume, creeping about in unnoticed channels, whose circulation gladdens the heart of no publisher, that every one who reads loves. But the consensus of opinion on this also, which might comfort some discouraged heart, is never obtained.

The educational value of books to the summer reader is no doubt lessened by the lightness of the quality of his reading, and some may say that this sort of reading is not an intellectual exercise at all. But we must not forget in this view the influence of the summer schools. The estimate set upon the eagerness for knowledge in this country is so great that summer schools have to be organized to relieve the pressure. There is no longer any excuse for anybody for ignorance on any subject. The busiest student and the idler of society can keep right on, regardless of the thermometer, educating and developing his mind the year through. There is no philosophy so deep that he cannot wade into it in his summer clothes; no science so abstruse that he cannot worm himself into the heart of it in a few warm months; no language so foreign that he cannot, by an easy system, master it with one hand, so to speak, while he swings his racquet with the other. In every desert, literally, a fountain is springing, and the modern mind of our fortunate generation is a sponge which can be saturated every summer and wrung out every winter. There is even a project for sluicing the universities, called university extension, drawing off these reservoirs, and spreading them thin over all the thirsty land. The diffusion of knowledge by lectures, by clubs, by schools, that goes on all summer promises to make us intellectually what we are territorially—the most spread out of all civilized nations. If we only had now some instrument, a sort of Nilometer, by which we could register the rise of popular intelligence since the June roses were in bloom!

III.

The floating unwritten summer criticism of current books has been interesting. It seems that notwithstanding the abundant supply of new publications of the lighter sort, it has been very difficult to find anything worth reading. Out of a shelfful of novels and stories it has not been possible to get an hour's entertainment. The readers declare that it is not

their fault; they are catholic-minded, and can even find amusement in an almanac, if it is not comic, but that there is a want of literary art in the new writers who offer to entertain them. Most of the writers do not seem to understand their business, and consequently bungle whatever they attempt. These critics say that while there is a great impulse among young Americans to write, there is an equal lack of knowledge how to write, accompanied by want of trained observation, and the faintest power to digest and assimilate the observations made. This is partly due, it is thought, to false notions of "Realism." They have been taught to believe that in order to produce a readable, or at least a saleable, novel or story it is only necessary to set down facts that come to their knowledge, with the least regard to the manner of presenting them. Style, which is the essence of prose, as metre is of poetry, is not thought worth considering in this false view of realistic work. If the facts presented are sufficiently disagreeable and vulgar, and the views and *dénouements* are fairly pessimistic and discouraging, the writers fancy they have done their duty to their generation, and that there is no more art in writing than there is in catching fish in a sluiceway with a net. The consequence is a flood of books without form and void, which aggravates the summer reader, who is in want of limpid draughts and cooling drinks. In these books the conversation is vapid, the characters are not realized with the slightest definiteness, not having been studied from human life, and the story is not interesting. In no other trade would this sort of work, without apprenticeship or training, be tolerated, not even on the misfit counters. Though shoes might be made by a jeweller and clothes by a school-mistress, they would not sell. Yet it is widely believed, the summer readers say, that any one can write equipped only with a power of the most superficial observation of life, unrectified by comparison and unclarified by reflection. The summer reader says he does not altogether object to being taken to a hospital and made to witness amputations and other painful operations when this is essential to a development of character and the enforcement of a truth, though he hates to devote his whole vacation to a clinic, but bungling surgery disgusts him. He is willing, for a purpose, to enter the squalid life of the city, or the sordid and brutal existence of vulgar country farmhouses, but when he goes to any of these places he likes to be accompanied by a lady or a gentleman. He declares that the company of an unrefined and commonplace writer is worse than the worst things he can describe.

Another complaint of the summer reader is that he is solicited to read tracts thinly disguised as novels. Some zealous young woman, whose soul is stirred by sociologic problems—by the inequality and pecuniary dependence of women, by the neglect of children, by the degradation of girls—is moved to write a story. Her style is a compound of rhetorical scolding and the report of the district reader; her characters are cut out of pasteboard, and if drawn from "high life" exhibit only the writer's ignorance of that life; her philosophy is crude, and her dialogue is without discrimination of character or tone. The motive she happens on is very likely a good one, and in the hands of a master the story would have power and influence, but used as she uses it the outcome is as weak in effect as it is offensive to good taste. The summer reader says that these writers are making a slop-bowl of literature. It would be more polite if he said waste-basket. The newspaper critic in his haste sometimes characterizes these stories as "strong," because the writers use coarse language and the technical terms of physiology and legal enactments, but even the painter of horrors knows that he must keep within the limit of his art, and that his effective work is done in fine touches and by delicate coloring. The same epithet "strong" is applied to what may be called studies in morbid anatomy, whose only claim to be considered realistic is one that might attach to a description of a neglected gunshot wound in a mephitic hospital. This is not scientific enough for the columns of a medical journal, and the summer reader says that this failure does not give it the slightest literary quality.

IV.

Another thing that vexes the soul of the summer reader is the attempt at the agnostic novel, or the tract on evolution in the form of a story. Now there is no desire to limit the number of motives in fiction. The Study is only discussing the

method of treatment. In the present outburst of fiction in America there is much to be commended in the escape from the trammels of tradition and the ligatures of squeamish conventionality. The problems of life which tear our hearts are not to be shunned. Our human surroundings, our philosophizing on the past, and our speculations on the future beyond the life we know, the relations of the sexes in the real struggle and passion of existence, the experiences common to every travailing soul which formerly were shunned by the novelist, are legitimate subjects of fiction. The question now is in the ability of the writer to use his material. Life, we say, has grown more complex than it was. All the more need of a master, and not an apprentice, to handle it. A story appeared this season —which is anonymous here, because it is published anonymously, and criticism should be shy of disturbing chosen privacy—which illustrated some of the momentary tendency of American fiction. It also has been called "strong," for it treats God and the most tender religious associations without respect. As a polemic against Christianity, and an elucidation of the evolutionary theory of morals and the conduct of life, it may seem strong to those who have no faith; as a novel it is long and tedious. The bulk of it is a bare statement of the most elementary science and hypotheses, put forward with assurance by a conceited young man, but is sufficient to knock out of her bearings a lovely girl, who makes the feeblest opposition before her faith is wholly wrecked. As is usual in these encounters, the agnostic has it all his own way in the argument. The education of the girl in doubt, scepticism, and finally in faith in a vague Force which aims to substitute perpetuity of energy for immortality, is completed by the uncle of the young man, a very sane and sweet-tempered man of the world, whose equipoise and knowledge are phenomenal. On the object of the book—the destruction of Faith —it is not necessary to comment; the slight story which appears here and there in the tract is real, and in more competent hands would have been a fine motive. We may say even that the relation of the sexes here treated is made impressive and touches human life deeply and freshly. The failure is, in the first place, in the crude use of material; and in the second, in the inability to make those represented as ladies and gentlemen appear and talk like ladies and gentlemen in the rank in life in which they are set. There is here no illusion. Their conversation betrays them, and either the writer's knowledge of the life he attempts to depict is superficial, or he has not assimilated it by reflection. The ideas are here, but there is a want of firm grasp of character, and a lack of literary art. This want of accurate conception and finish is characteristic of a large portion of the American fiction that the summer reader worries over. New situations, vigor of impulse, are visible, but where is the art, where is the literary good-breeding? Contrast this story with *David Grieve*, which also traverses religious tradition, and which also is long and to a degree episodical. In the latter what a compact, well-knit, sinuous style! what a background in the writer of culture, of traditional refinement and breeding! what clear delineation of character! what fidelity in dialogue to individual peculiarity and station! what unforced pathos in the reality of every-day life! The criticism of *David Grieve* must be on quite another plane from that of the anonymous story referred to. The Spanish story by Don Armando Palacio Valdés called *Faith* travels much of the same ground of evolution and scepticism as this American story. It is animated by contempt of the Spanish priesthood as it is at the moment, but even in this the author is not wholly iconoclastic, for the hero, a priest who is led into doubt, is purity and innocence itself, and his martyred life is illuminated at the close by a flash of divine light which beatifies his spirit. But aside from the polemics of the story, and from every possible radical motive, how fine are the study and drawing of character and traits! how real the talk is! how vividly we are shown the dull, pompous little village which is the theatre of action! We do not need to go to Spain for life, or for motives, or for interesting people. We do need to learn how to set those forth which we have.

V.

But there may be style without substance. The perfection of manner and the minimum of material are illustrated in *Madame Chrysanthème*, Pierre Loti's recent contribution to the entertainment

of the world. The graceful literary quality of this sailor has procured him admission to the French Academy. In point of color, light, and tropical passion his *Roman d'un Spahi* touches perhaps his high-water mark, and recalls in its vivid painting the work of Lafcadio Hearn; his *Pêcheurs d'Islande* won the world by its simple pathos and charm of style; but it was his *Mariage de Loti* that made his reputation. If it were possible to suppose that a Frenchman was acquainted with any modern literature outside of Paris, it would have been said that he had taken his scenery, his plot, and his method of treatment from *Typee*, a romance of the Marquesas, which Herman Melville published over forty years ago. The life of Loti on this tropical island—that is, the mode of seeing and enjoying it—is suggestive in all its details of *Typee*, and Loti's heroine is simply another Fayaway. The advantage of freshness and vigor lies with Melville, though he has not Loti's literary refinement. In *Madame Chrysanthème* the author relies almost entirely upon his style. He gives us no new light on Japan. His view is limited to the harbor of Nagasaki, where the French fleet lay for several weeks, and he fails to interest us in that. The insight into Japanese life is most superficial. The impression we gain is of almost constant rain, of sloppy trips from the vessel to a cottage on the hill-side, and of an insipid woman. It seems to be the habit of the French officers while in port to marry. There is a marriage for a month at a fixed price, and a life without romance. It requires much presumption to suppose that the public would be interested in such a vulgar intrigue, which has, indeed, no spice of intrigue. The book can be characterized in a word—it is simply effeminate.

In striking contrast to this effeminate performance is the virile and pure latest novel of Émile Zola, *La Débâcle*, the pitiful story of the downfall of the Second Empire. The main action centres about Sedan. The intention of the story is to make war as loathsome by the pen as Verestchagin has made it with the brush. But it is the most complete exposition ever made of the rottenness of the empire of Napoleon III., the braggadocio of the French, and the imbecility of the whole imperial *entourage*. For war they were utterly unprepared, the heads had neither system nor brains. The armies (whose courage and *élan* were superb) were demoralized, worn out, disheartened by senseless marchings, half the time at the point of starvation, because the provision trains were usually sent in one direction and the troops in another. The generals were fools, and half of them popularly suspected of being traitors; even the author thinks that Bazaine betrayed his country, and that the Empress Regent, left in Paris, wished the destruction of Napoleon in order that her son might reign. There are glimpses given of the sick, broken-down, rouged Emperor, a pitiful spectacle of imbecility; but the writer has little to do with generals and with the splendors of war. His point of view is that of the common soldier, the simple-hearted peasant, and the disreputable vagabonds who are gutter thieves and plunderers. True to his "realism," he spares us no revolting detail of misery and wounds and death on the march, on the battle-fields, in the sickening hospitals. Indeed, there is so much of this detail repeated page after page that the effect is weakened. In this respect the author's want of selection and of reserve is an artistic fault. The personal story is subordinated to the necessity of describing the manœuvres and the crash at Sedan, and it is plainly evident that the characters are moved about merely in order to show the reader all the horrors of the scene. Yet, detailed and revolting as the picture is, Zola often rises to idealized and poetic descriptions, and in the old soldier's reminiscences of the Grand Army the author recalls the splendid characterizations of Thackeray. The men and women of the book are living, absolutely natural persons, drawn with that insight into human nature which is Zola's chief merit. It is a work of genius and of immense power, and it would have been a great novel if the details had been subordinated to the purpose of fiction. As it is, it is an explanation of the French defeat not creditable to France, and a powerful sermon against war. The interest is skilfully sustained for two-thirds of the work, but the climax is reached with the fall of Sedan, and after that the story drags. It is not the privilege of genius ever to be dull, and in fiction picking up the fragments after the explosion is apt to be tiresome.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of August.—The (Stewart) Free Silver Bill, which was passed by the Senate, was rejected by the House on the 12th of July. The Canadian Retaliation Bill was passed by the House on the 22d. A bill appropriating $2,500,000 for the World's Fair was passed by the House and the Senate on August 5th. Congress adjourned on the 5th of August.

On the 19th of July George Shiras, of Pennsylvania, was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Associate Justice Bradley. During the month the following appointments were also made by the President and confirmed by the Senate: Andrew D. White, of New York, to succeed Charles Emory Smith as Minister to Russia; A. Louden Snowden, of Pennsylvania, to succeed E. Burd Grubb as Minister to Spain; Truxton Beale, of California, to succeed Mr. Snowden as Minister to Greece, Roumania, and Servia; Watson R. Sperry, of Delaware, to succeed Mr. Beale as Minister Resident and Consul-General to Persia; and A. Barton Hepburn, to be Comptroller of the Currency in place of E. S. Lacy, resigned.

The State troops of Pennsylvania took possession of the iron-works at Homestead on the 12th of July without resistance from the strikers. On the 21st several of the leaders in the late outbreak were placed under arrest. On the 23d an unsuccessful attempt, thought to be instigated by anarchists, was made to assassinate Mr. Frick, the manager of the works—an act which was promptly disclaimed by the strikers. Several hundred non-union men having been employed, the mills were again put in operation, and at the close of the month the strike was virtually ended.

A serious outbreak occurred among striking miners in the Cœur d'Alene mining region, Idaho, early in July. Several non-union workmen were killed by the strikers, and the railroad bridges leading into the region were destroyed for the purpose of preventing the entrance of the troops who had been ordered thither for the suppression of the outbreak. Military rule, however, was established on the 17th, and the leading rioters were placed under arrest.

The stockade at Inman, Tennessee, was captured by a mob of free miners August 15th, who sent away on a train the 282 convicts and their guards.

The strike of the Erie and Lehigh Valley Railroad switchmen at Buffalo, New York, led to the burning of loaded freight cars by the strikers August 14th. The sheriff of Erie County, being unable to quell the rioting and incendiarism, was obliged to call for military aid.

The elections for the new British Parliament held during the month of July resulted in giving a substantial majority to the Gladstonian or Liberal party. The Parliament was opened on the 4th of August. On the 11th a vote of "no confidence" in the Conservative government was passed by the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone was summoned to a conference with the Queen preparatory to the formation of a new ministry. The new government was officially announced August 16th, as follows: Mr. Gladstone, Lord Privy Seal and First Lord of the Treasury; Earl Rosebery, Foreign Secretary; Baron Herschel, Lord Chancellor; Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Herbert H. Asquith, Home Secretary; the Right Hon. Henry H. Fowler, President of the Local Government Board; the Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary of State for War; Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Right Hon. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland; the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade; Sir Charles Russell, Attorney-General; John Rigby, Solicitor-General; the Right Hon. Samuel Walker, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Mr. Macdermott, Attorney-General for Ireland; the Right Hon. Edward P. C. Marjoribanks, Patronage Secretary to the Treasury; Alexander Asher, Solicitor-General for Scotland; the Right Hon. J. B. Balfour, Lord Advocate of Scotland; the Earl of Kimberly Secretary of State for India and Vice-President of the Council; the Marquis of Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Sir George O. Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland; Mr. Arnold Morley, Postmaster-General; Mr. Arthur Herbert Dyke Acland, Vice-President of the Council on Education; Baron Houghton, Viceroy of Ireland, without a seat in the cabinet.

Official reports of the epidemic of cholera, which prevailed in the Caspian provinces of Russia during the month of July, showed that nearly 5000 cases had occurred within four days. Stringent measures were taken in Austria, Spain, and other countries to prevent the scourge from spreading westward. Several cases of the disease were reported as having occurred at Nijnii-Novgorod and Moscow. Serious riots occurred at Tashkend, Asiatic Russia, caused by reports that the doctors were poisoning cholera patients.

The Spanish national celebration in honor of the discovery of America by Columbus was formally begun with imposing ceremonies at Cadiz on the 31st of July.

DISASTERS.

July 12th.—The village of St.-Gervais-les-Bains, France, was destroyed by an avalanche from Mount Blanc. Nearly 200 lives were lost.

July 13th.—By the capsizing of a pleasure steamer at Peoria, Illinois, sixteen lives were lost.

July 22d.—Official news was received from the Dutch East Indies to the effect that the whole northwestern portion of the island of Sangir was destroyed by a volcanic eruption on the 17th of June, and more than 2000 of the inhabitants were killed.

July 23d.—An explosion occurred at the York Farm collieries, near Pottsville, Pennsylvania, killing fifteen people.

August 9th.—In the Gulf of Finland, off Helsingfors, the steamer *Ajax* collided with another steamer and was sunk. Ninety persons were drowned.

OBITUARY.

July 18th.—At Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Mrs. Rose Terry Cook, author, aged sixty-five years.

July 30th.—In Vienna, Austria, Baron Joseph Alexander Hubner, Austrian diplomatist, aged eighty-two years.

August 9th.—In Washington, D. C., General James W. Denver, aged seventy-five years.

August 12th.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Professor W. P. Trowbridge, of Columbia College, aged sixty-four years.

August 15th.—In New York, Miss Josephine Pollard, author.

WHEN Buck left college it was with the reputation of being the wildest, cleverest, and most worthless man in our class.

"There is no security in the world like the reputation of being worthless," he used to say. "With it a man can talk love to any girl he pleases, and the girl likes him, too."

The next thing I heard of him he was practising law at the county-seat of his native county, and it was said that he had one side or the other of every case, and was madly in love with the pretty daughter of the rector of the parish. The next thing I heard was a rumor that he had "held up some man" on the street one night and had been forced to run away from the State. I did not believe the robbery story; but there was a mystery about it.

It was several years after this that I happened to be in a new town in the Southwest. I registered at the Plaza, the new plank hotel, and had eaten my supper and was about to retire, when there was a heavy tread outside of my room. The door opened without the formality of a knock, and a tall, fine-looking man, with a black slouched hat, full camp rig, and a cigar in his mouth, walked in. It was Buck. I knew him in a second by his smile. He had not changed a whit. He was the chief engineer of the new railroad. I asked him how he came to leave Levisa.

His eyes twinkled. "Got religion, and could not stand the law."

"I heard you could not stand the law," I said; "but I did not hear it was religion. I heard it was holding a man up—robbery."

"It was," he said—"of his girl. You know I used to be a deuce of a fool about women; am now about one, at least; would not give a cent for a man who is not. Well, I used to be awfully in love with a little girl—the preacher's daughter. Pretty as a puppy! She liked me, too; but I used to kind of knock liquor those days, and her old folks were down on me. That was all right; and at last she began to try to save me. I had her then. Nothing to help a man with a woman like having her try to save him. Well, I was getting along all right; but she had a fellow coming to see her, an old fellow from town with a big pile. I had seen him once or twice before, and I took it into my head that she was liking him. I got to cutting up about it, and the first thing I knew she had sent me flying. I got on a spree, and staid there till I heard one evening that he had come to see her. I sobered up, and went around to the hotel to find out about him. I found that he had taken the private parlor, and had sent a note around by Link to my girl. Link was my nigger. I owned him

body and soul; he would have committed murder for me. So I got hold of him and cross-questioned him. The snow was on the ground, and I found Frasher had written to ask Miss Lizzie to go sleigh-riding with him.

"'Did she look pleased?' I asked Link.

"'Yas, suh, dat she did; an' I hear' her calling Mincie to meck up good fire in de parlor toreckly.'

"I swore. I think I did. I believe I used to swear in those days."

"I believe you did. Go on," I said.

"Well, Link noticed it and consoled me.

"'He gwine teck her sleigh-ridin' by moonlight. He upstairs gitting ready now.'

"I gave Link a quarter and went to supper. Link went up to answer the old fellow's call, and to tell him a lot of lies about me. When he came down to supper Ben Trice told him a lot more. For one thing, he told him that I had gone crazy from love of Miss Lizzie, and had tried to commit two wanton murders out of pure jealousy, and had been acquitted on the ground of insanity. I went to the doctor's whilst he was at supper and asked for Miss Lizzie. She sent down word that she had a headache and requested to be excused. I sent her word back that I wanted to take her sleigh-riding. She replied that she could not go. Both lamps were lighted in the parlor, and the fire was blazing. I went back up to the hotel and borrowed Ben Trice's old horse-pistol, got a bottle of whiskey, and went down to the doctor's again. I had just reached the gate when the sleigh drove up with the old fellow in it under a big buffalo-robe, and Link by his side to hold the horses. He stepped out and started to go into the gate.

"'Halt!' says I.

"He did so, and asked what I wanted. I told him that he could not go in there, that Miss Lizzie was sick.

"'Why, I have an engagement to go sleigh-riding with her,' he said.

"I told him that I knew that; but I had later intelligence, and she was too unwell to go out that evening. I had it from her own lips, and as her friend I could not allow her to be disturbed. This set him back a good deal; but he began to bluster. He 'would go in there,' and he 'wished to know who I was,' etc. I just pulled out my old pistol and shoved it up under his nose. You ought to have seen him! A keg of powder could not have set it off, but it looked like a cannon. Then I began to lecture him on the sin of persecuting a poor girl like he was doing. You never heard such a lecture in your life. I preached like the doctor. Presently he said he would go back to the hotel, he was catching cold. I told him no, I could not let him go back just yet, but that I had some whiskey. He said he never touched whiskey. I told him that neither did I, but I had brought this along to get him to drink my health, and he must do it. He turned to Link and asked him in an undertone if he thought I really would shoot him.

"'Yas, suh,' said Link. 'Marse Buck 'ain't got a bit better sense 'n to shoot you. He 'ain't got no sense about shooting folks, no way.'

"Well, sir, you never saw such a drink as he took. I don't believe he had had a drop in a year. I thought he was going to the bottom of the bottle. The next thing I did, I chucked him into the sleigh, and jumped in after him. Link jumped out as I grabbed the reins, and the horses went off with a bolt. They were the finest sleigh team you ever saw, and I let 'em go. You never heard a man pray so in all your life. When we got back it was about half past eleven, and he was as mellow as an apple. I put him to bed, and went down to the doctor's. The lights were still burning in the parlor, and I walked in. Miss Lizzie was sitting before the fire with her little red shoes on the fender and her furs on a chair, pretending to read. I told her she had just as well take off those geranium leaves and put out those lights; that her old beau with his dyed mustache was in bed drunk, and his team had had all the moonlight driving they could stand that night. Whoop! but she was mad. She never spoke to me till I went back there; but she never spoke to him again at all. He went home next day, and died soon afterwards. Ben Trice said it was pneumonia; but I don't think it was. Lizzie and I both agree it was old age."

Just then the door opened, and a black negro with a jolly face poked his head in, and said, with his teeth shining, "Marse Buck, Miss Lizzie say you can bring de gent'man up now; she done put on her geranium leabes."

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

AN ASSURANCE.

WERE Will Shakespeare still unwritten,
I am positive that I
Would award his Muse the mitten,
And in silence pass her by;

For although I'd be immortal
Were it mine to write the plays,
Though I'd enter thus Fame's portal
With all them that wear the bays,

When my Shakespeare I am scanning,
It doth strike my noble pate
That the drudgery of planning
Plus the writing'd be too great.

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

THE awe with which the small boy looks upon a retired mariner is probably due to the marvellous experiences the mariner remembers to have had. An example of this extreme marvellousness came up recently in the course of a conversation between a lad of six and an ex-sea-captain.

"Captain Skaggs, did you ever get your leg bit off by a shark?" asked the boy.

"Did I, sonny?" he replied. "Did I? Well, rather. *Dozens of times!*"

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

An old lady in a Western town always attended the prayer-meeting and always made the same remarks, which included this extraordinary statement:

"I've been through scenes and unscenes, but the Lord has been with me from the present time up to this very hour."

PERILLA'S P.S.

I asked Perilla would she wed,
And she replied to me,
"I surely will." And then I said:
"Oh, joy! Oh, ecstasy!"

Whereon Perilla bade me wait
Till she had quite got through.
"Of course I'll wed, but when I mate
It will not be with you."

Carlyle Smith.

MORAL PROPORTION.

The old habit of "compounding for sins that one's inclined to by damning those he has no mind to" is perhaps always as prevalent as in the day when Hudibras thus characterized the natural human estimate of moral proportion. In 1861 a simple-minded clergyman was shocked by the profanity of a very distinguished-looking gentleman who stood haranguing a group in the antechamber of the War Secretary at Washington. In his simplicity he drew near and asked the blasphemer his name, and was told in reply that the speaker was an influential Senator. To the further question if he were a Christian man, the response was quick and affirmative, with the added information that the profane statesman was a member of a particular religious denomination. And finally, when he asked what evidence a man can have that his religious faith was a genuine and vital power when he thus blasphemed God and hated his neighbor, the statesman responded with an emphasis indicative of full satisfaction, "*I don't dance.*"

Our fellow-citizens of African descent are notably imitators of their former masters, and in this particular appreciation of the law of moral proportion we will not expect them to be at all behind their white neighbors.

Not long ago a gentleman in Christian County, Kentucky, was standing at his "big gate," which opened upon the great county road leading southward. He was saluted with the respectful "Sarvant, marster," which still survives among the negroes of that rural district. Looking up, he recognized an old acquaintance.

"Where are you going, Jim?" he inquired.

"I jist gwine down to Gareysville, suh."

"Why, what is going on in Gareysville, Jim?"

"Dar gwine be a big chu'ch meeting dar dis evenin', suh; dey gwine try me, and say dey gwine tu'n me out de chu'ch."

"Turn you out of the church, Jim? Why, what have you been doing?"

"Wal, suh, I danced a little at de frolic we hed up de road here t'other night. And dey gwine tu'n me out, dey say, 'cos I dance."

"Well, good-by, Jim," said the gentleman, turning back toward his home. "Good luck to you. I hope you'll come out all right."

"Good-by, Mars' Bud. Don't you b'lieve but I gwine come out all right." And so the negro went his way.

Two days thereafter the gentleman reports that he was just passing out of his gate into the road when up came Jim, all radiant and jubilant.

"Well, Jim," he said, "did you come out all right? I suppose so from your looks."

"Yas, suh; dat I did. I's all right; dey nuvver tu'ned me out."

"Why, Jim, how did you manage it? You told me you did dance at the frolic."

"Yas, suh, I did; and I nuvver denied 'fore de cote dat I did dance; but I jist *proved to 'em dat I was so drunk I nuvver knowed what I was doin'*, and so of co'se dey couldn't tu'n me out."

THE PARALYSIS OF PARKER.

Parker was a tinsmith, and was noted not only for his excellent workmanship, but also for his invariable civility. Nothing could make him impertinent to any one. The most vicious onslaught would be met with stern though amiable silence, and finally Parker fell ill. For two months he was absent from his post, and then he began again, but a change had come over his spirit. His Chesterfieldian attitude toward the world was now become conspicuous by its absence, and Parker could be as impudent under fire as any other tinsmith.

One morning, while engaged upon the veranda roof of one of his stanchest customers, with unaccustomed carelessness he let some of the charcoal sparks enter the window opening upon the roof where he was at work.

"Parker! what on earth are you doing?" cried the mistress of the house, sharply. "Haven't you any sense?"

Parker turned slowly from his work, and drawing himself up to his full height, replied, with much dignity, "Madam, I decline to be paralyzed."

"Why, what do you mean? Who is trying to paralyze you?"

"You are; and I sha'n't let you. My doctor has forbidden me to let any one do it."

"But how could any one paralyze you, Parker?"

"The way they did it before, madam. When I was sick I had paralysis, and the doctor told me it was entirely due to the fact that when people abused me I didn't answer back. He said to me, 'Parker, there is nothing more paralyzing than holding one's tongue under fire, and I think that's what's the matter with you.' That's what I mean, and I've reformed. If anybody thinks he can paralyze me in that way again, he's mistaken."

SUBTLE CRITICISM.

Miss Bostone (*after they pass on*). "I did not know Miss Foster was interested in hats."
Mr. Knickerbocker. "What do you mean?"
Miss Bostone. "Why, didn't you take off your hat and show it to her? Or was that a bow?"

THE LEGAL COUGH.

It is probably owing to the whirl and bustle of the age that no observer has yet found time to give the world a glimmer of light on the nature and possibilities of that artistic malady which may be termed the legal cough. It is an artistic malady in that it is not natural, but is the sweet perfection of a cough affected for professional purposes, and nursed and practised through patient stages of development, until rounded off to a rosy loveliness that virtually makes the lawyer a virtuoso.

A lawyer without a cough is like a mince-pie without brandy. No matter how profound his knowledge may be, he is only fit for searching titles and doing the routine work of the office. His partner, with a very limited stock of legal information, will easily eclipse him before a jury, providing, of course, his cough is in good working order. When he pauses to clear his throat he is really taking time to look ahead for new arguments and similes with which to clear his client. And when he says, "If your Honor please, bow, wow, wow!" he is regarded by the jury as a scholar of sublime dignity, especially if he has bushy white hair, a clean-shaven face, and a monumental jowl whose purplish festoons of chin rest in tremulous agitation between the white wings of a New England dicky.

Against such a creature what chance would a pale thin man with a red goatee and no magnetism have? Even with a good case, and the choicest flowers of oratory, he would be laughed, or rather coughed, out of court. He would only have the ghost of a chance during the winter, when by wearing summer under-clothing and broken boots he might practise in the enjoyment of a cough that would last during the entire season.

It is not known to be a fact, but it is fair to assume that our finest coughing lawyers spend an hour or two before going to court in coughing exercises and *études*, going gracefully from the wild impassioned cough of scorn to the rippling dimpled cough of fun, and so on to the sentimental choking cough of pathos, so effective when he points to the innocent assassin, and then to the latter's deeply veiled anxious wife, who sits beside him, clasping the smiling babe borrowed for the occasion.

In spite of the fact that it may be impertinent, we feel it our duty to point out to the various law schools the importance of introducing this feature into the regular course of study. The old professors would be astonished beyond measure at the effect that the cough attachment would give to Roman law. They should look to it that as much time and attention be given to coughing as to lecturing. Let them in the first year teach only the gentle rippling cough that means time for reflection, and then the pleasant cough, followed by a sunny smile intended as an endorsement of the argument, and so on up to the wild frantic cough that goes with the red face, the pounding of the table with the fist, and the swathing of the top of the head with the glowing bandanna handkerchief.

This course would also prove a beautiful sanitary measure, inasmuch as the constant coughing would doubtless render the lawyer proof against colds, and preserve his throat that he might ever be ready to accomplish the "forensic effort" in "stentorian tones." It would also make it easier for the young man starting out, and enable him to have an office with a fire and a desk in it, and not compel him to spend his life as a five-dollar chief clerk of a firm with a name longer than the moral law.

No self-respecting legal luminary regards the cough as an unfair medium through which to attain his ends. If it were unfair, would the honest upright judge who couldn't be purchased with Golcondas of shining gold, and whose only interest is in the cause of justice, cough during his charge? 'Tis true the cough may be but sympathetic with that of the lawyer's, but it makes his charge more effective than it would be if accompanied by the dreamy discoursing "of lutes and soft recorders."

Let it be proclaimed, then, that coughing is a part and parcel of the law, that it is law, and good sound law at that, though not made and provided by the Legislature. But it is the capital of many a lawyer, and the thing that causes a fiendish smile to light his features when he picks up a paper and reads an advertisement setting forth with lyric sweetness the virtues of the prevailing nostrum under the general head of "Stop that cough!"

R. K. M.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN FUTILITY.

They were talking about futility, and for some reason known only to each other failed to agree. Finally she asked,

"Well, now, suppose you give me an example of what you call futility?"

"All right," said he. "Multiply 3946 by 721."

She took her little gold pencil in hand, seized a piece of paper, and after a few minutes of diligent figuring announced the result.

"Two million eight hundred and forty-five thousand and sixty-six," said she.

"Divide that by two," he continued.

"One million four hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-three," she said.

"Very well," said he. "Now add seven to that, and then subtract 1,422,540, and tell me what you get."

"The result is zero," said she, after figuring a little more.

"Well, that's what I call futility," said he, with a laugh. "You've covered a sheet of paper with figures to arrive at nothing."

Whereupon she became so angry that she refused to argue further on the subject.

A VERY AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY.

He (*mournfully*). "I suppose, now that the summer is over, you will return to town and—and forget all about me?"

She (*with a sigh*). "I suppose so."

A CRITICISM.

It must have been a relative of Mrs. Partington's who visited a wax-work exhibition some weeks ago, and who remarked, when she saw the waxen effigy of the dead Napoleon lying in state: "Ain't it wonderful? You'd almost think he was alive. I declare I don't see how they manage to get that lifelike waxiness of death."

THE INSPIRATION OF A FAMOUS LINE.

The Drawer has very little sympathy, as a rule, with those who make light of the thoughts of great poets, but once in a while there comes a time when such perversions are quite excusable. One of these times occurred recently, and the result will not prove unpopular with those who have suffered from the irregularities of Bridget or the idiosyncrasies of Dinah.

Two men seated on a hotel veranda were looking at the moon and quoting poetry, when one of them said, impressively,

"Man may work from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done."

The other turned his back upon the moon at once, and breaking away from the sentimentality of the moment, ejaculated to his wife, sitting at his side:

"Gad! The poet that wrote that must have had a hired girl like ours!"

THE HOP WADKINS CASE.

BORDER justice may be said to resemble a kangaroo, in that no one can tell how far it will jump, nor in which direction. An illustration of this occurred while I was editing the Zenith City *Clarion*, a few days after I had introduced a fashionable substitute for the then prevailing method of cutting hair, which consisted in clapping an earthen crock on the patient's head, and pronouncing him fit to have his picture taken when all of the hair which projected from beneath the crock had been amputated.

One Alkali Ike, a pestiferous citizen while surcharged with strong waters, shot a new-comer by the name of Bosanko through the head. A number of reputable citizens had witnessed the crime. During the afternoon Ike had repeatedly mentioned in a loud voice that he was a wolf with perennial license to howl, and added that he was looking for trouble. It was equally certain that Mr. Bosanko had given Ike no cause for umbrage. In fact, neither had ever addressed a word to the other, nor approached each other nearer than a distance of forty-seven feet. Ike had simply swirled around the corner and fired his revolver, shooting the new-comer, as before stated.

I witnessed the deed, being at that moment standing with my face toward the front window of my sanctum cutting the hair of Colonel Hooks. I recall that I was so startled that I snipped off a considerable portion of the Colonel's south ear, though fortunately not enough to affect the hearing.

Isaac was duly dragged up before the bar of justice, and to an unprejudiced eye there seemed no escape for him. There was no shadow of testimony to prove provocation, emotional insanity, or any other extenuating circumstances. And besides there were seven men on the jury who had formed no opinions whatever, one who did not know the difference between plaintiff and defendant, and kept forgetting as soon as he was told, and still another, Knud Knudson, late of Sweden, who knew next to nothing at all in English. So bleak was the outlook for Ike that several emotional persons had already bidden him farewell, when Major Sharpe, the attorney for the defence, introduced the question of legal wilfulness. He clearly showed that Ike had not been loaded for the late Mr. Bosanko, but for one "Hop" Wadkins, so called because of a hippity-hoppity eccentricity in his gait, the result of an infirmity which rendered his left leg about eighteen inches shorter than his right leg.

The attorney proved by sundry witnesses that at the precise moment when Ike swirled around the corner and fired at Hop's head, the said Hop took a hasty step, and the aforesaid head abruptly descended eighteen inches, a distance amply sufficient to permit the passage of the bullet through the atmosphere instead of through the cerebellum, and passing onward, lodge in the head of Mr. Bosanko.

It was upon these premises that Major Sharpe declared that the killing of Mr. Bosanko was clearly an accident, for which Hop, and not Ike, should be censured.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "Alkali Ike held no grudge against the deceased. It cannot be shown that Isaac intended him the slightest injury. My client fired at Hop Wadkins, and it was the inconsiderate removal of the latter's head from the line of fire which occasioned Bosanko's death.

"The man who wilfully and maliciously knocks another down with a club is held, and justly, guilty of assault; but if your innocent child, playing alone in an upper room, falls from the window upon a pedestrian below, can the child be held criminal if the blow should break the pedestrian's nose?

"An injury inflicted wilfully is a crime; without wilfulness, an accident to be deplored but not punished. Wilfulness—what is it? A matter of intent. And Alkali Ike intended no injury to the deceased. He did not even know he was on earth. Then where lies the blame? On the head of Hop Wadkins!

"It has been held that it is the inalienable right of man to prosecute his daily life as best pleases him. So far as he does no injury to another he possesses this right. But the moment that his daily walk or conduct becomes harmful or a menace to his fellow-man, that moment his right to walk as he pleases ceases. It then becomes his bounden duty to so amend his walk that no injury or inconvenience to any one else may accrue therefrom. If he fails to comply with this restriction, all such damage is chargeable to him, and him alone! Hop Wadkins has never been considered an idiot. Indeed, we will now clearly show him to be a deep, desperate, designing scoundrel—shall I say demon? He has other enemies besides Alkali Ike—enemies bitter and implacable. What has been his attitude toward them? That of heroic defiance? No! Say, rather, that of a trap! Not only this, but he has been a daily menace to the lives and property of all of us—every one of us!

"Who among us was not liable to be ushered into eternity or be suddenly deprived of a valuable animal by the dodging of his head at the moment of an enemy's shot? No one is better aware of this state of affairs than Hop Wadkins himself. And yet, knowing full well that he carries the lives of his fellow-men, as it were, in the palm of his hand, he daily pursues his erratic, delusive, dangerous, murderous eccentricity of locomotion.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I charge not Alkali Ike with the murder of the late Mr. Bosanko, but Hop Wadkins!"

So clear was the reasoning of Major Sharpe that Isaac was triumphantly acquitted, and Wadkins but narrowly escaped the tree.

TOM P. MORGAN.

[See "The Rivals," page 902.]

"FORGIVE ME, MY OWN, MY MARIETTE!"

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THE HOLY PLACES OF ISLAM.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

TOWARDS sunset, one day last year, I saw a long train of railway cars on the desert of Abbasieh, outside of Cairo, pulling slowly into the city. The open box carriages were black with people. They were pilgrims returning from Mecca, after performing the Hadj. The cool desert wind was rising, the red glow in the west was deepening, as the sun went down behind the pyramids and the date-palms of the valley, painting the gaunt barracks of the English army of occupation with a poetic light, and the gray stretch of sand became a beautiful perspective of color. At the moment of the sun's disappearance, the mass of pilgrims, in their flowing but torn and soiled garments, turned as by one impulse and prostrated themselves towards the east, bending like ranks of Indian-corn in a compelling gale. On the waste desert, and against the red sky, this moving line of black figures prostrate in prayer made a striking picture; for the train did not halt, and I had a vision of the nineteenth century bearing Islam on to its destiny.

It is the highest religious duty and it is the intention of every Moslem—indeed, it is enjoined as necessary to his salvation—once in his lifetime to make the pilgrimage, either in person or by proxy, to the holy places of Arabia. It is not to the purpose to visit Mecca and Medina at any time of the year. Only by making the pilgrimage in the right month, and by taking part in the ceremonies at each holy place on the days set apart for them, is the worshipper entitled to the name of Hadji. Repeated pilgrimages are works of supererogation, but add to the honor and sanctity of the pilgrim. In the cities of Damascus and Cairo the traveller sees many houses decorated on the exterior with rude, fantastic, and highly colored pictures. These mural adornments are the certain signal of distinction, for they are permitted to no one who has not made the Hadj. The pilgrimage usually occupies about ninety or one hundred days. These are the days following the great fast of Ramadan. As the Moslems reckon by lunar months, their seasons do not coincide with ours, and so the pilgrimage makes gradually the circuit of our year, and the high-festival days of Mecca may fall in the heat of summer or in wintertime. A great caravan sets out yearly from Damascus and another from Cairo. The straggling bands of worshippers from the wide world either fall in with these caravans *en route*, or make their way to Mecca as they can, and await there the arrival of the mass of pilgrims. That from Cairo sets out on the 25th of the month Showel, following the fast of Ramadan. The three days of high ceremony in and about Mecca are the 10th, 11th, and 12th of Zul Hadj, and the caravan returns to Cairo about the 25th of Saffer.

Formerly the pilgrims assembled on the edge of the desert outside of Cairo, where the caravan was formed. It took up its line of march across the desert, passing north of Suez, round the Gulf of Akaba, and turning south to Yembo-el-Nakhel. Here it found itself near the great Syrian caravan, which had come from Damascus by way of Medina, and marched on a parallel line with that to Mecca. It travelled only by night, and rested in the daytime. The journey took thirty-one nights, and as there was a halt of seven entire days on the road, the distance from Cairo to Mecca was reckoned at thirty-seven days. These two caravans were the important and official contributions to the Mecca festival, but there was a smaller Bagdad caravan, and great

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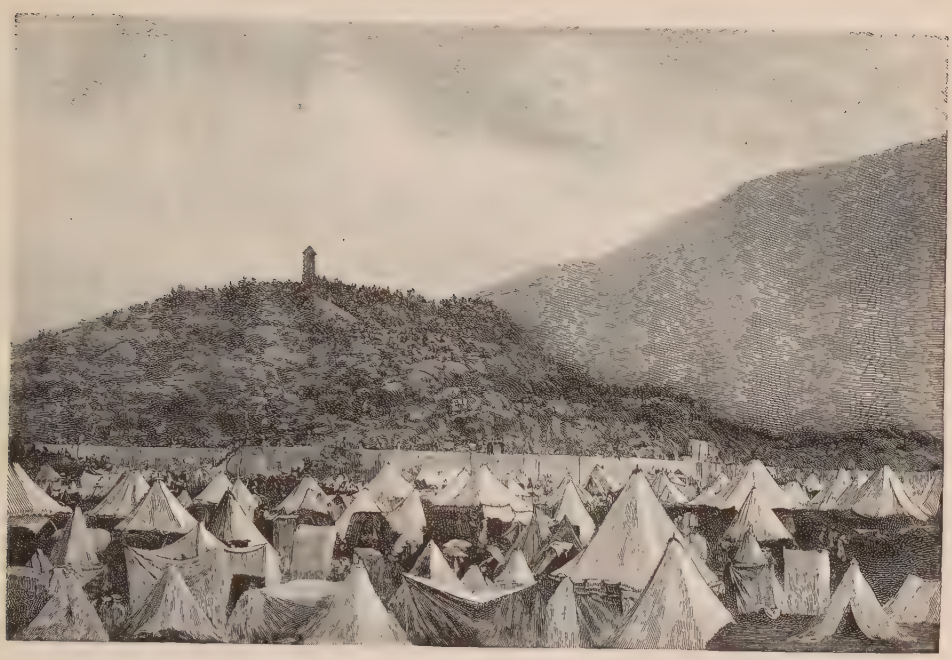
numbers, singly and in groups, went by boat to Jedda (Djedda), the port on the Red Sea, distant about forty-six miles from the holy city; and immense crowds flocked in from all parts of Arabia, by which the conventional number of 70,000 was made up. It was said that if this number were not present for the day at Arafat, the angels would miraculously increase it. There have been great exaggerations in the estimates of the annual concourse at Mecca. Ludovico Bartima, of Rome, estimated the Damascus caravan in 1503 at 40,000 men and 35,000 camels. Giovanni Finanti, renegade Italian conscript, in 1814 put the Syrian and African caravans at 40,000. Ali Bey (a Spaniard), whose real name was Domingo Badia y Leblich, in 1807 computed 80,000 men, 2000 women, and 1000 children assembled on the day of Arafat; and Burckhardt (1814) estimated the crowd at Arafat at 70,000. Burton, in 1853, was sure there were not over 7000 in the Damascus caravan, nor more than 50,000 on Mount Arafat. Both Burckhardt and Burton thought the number of annual pilgrims diminishing.

The official caravan from Damascus carries the covering for the Prophet's tomb at Medina, which is annually renewed. Cairo supplies annually, at the expense of the government, the mahmel, or canopy of dark cloth or velvet, wrought with texts in dark thread, which is the cover of the Kaaba, and the kisweh, or lining for the interior of the Kaaba, which is of rich silk, heavily embroidered with Arabic sentences in gold. The kisweh that has hung in the temple a year is brought back to Cairo, and divided in bits and shreds among the faithful. Formerly the mahmel used to remain, and the Kaaba was shrouded in layer above layer, until the cloth decayed, but now the old canopy is removed before the new is put on.

The conditions of pilgrimage have greatly changed in the last few years. The Syrian and African caravans continue, but they seem to be less in size. The governments still pay tribute to the desert sheiks for passage through their territories, but the dangers which required so many to travel together seem to have diminished. Pilgrims make their way from all parts of the world by rail and by steamboat. As hosts undertake the pilgrimage who are exceedingly poor, and many postpone it till they are diseased and old, the mortality must still be great, and large numbers die on the way, or have the felicity of passing to paradise from the vicinity of the Kaaba, their wasted, fanatical bodies bathed for the last time in the sacred waters of the well Zem-zem. The annual pilgrimage from Cairo goes by rail to Suez, and there takes steamboats to Jedda. In the season tramp steamers voyage about the Mediterranean, picking up pilgrims at every Mohammedan port, and transporting them through the canal and the Red Sea to Jedda. These steamers are usually overcrowded, and the passengers suffer more, though for a less time, than the old desert travellers, and from time to time we hear that one of these unseaworthy crafts is consumed by fire, or has gone down with its load of devotees. As heaven is as near by water as by land, and the intention of devotion is all in all, the modern mode of travel satisfies the requirements of the Hadj. The word which we translate pilgrimage means aspiration, is a symbol of our transit through the wilderness of this world to a better country, and the final reward will be in proportion to the hardships of the journey. No doubt something of business and trade enters into the annual festival, and gives Mecca, whose greedy population largely live by accommodating and fleecing the pilgrims, the character of a "fair," but the main motive that draws devotees from Africa, from India, from Persia, and from the whole of missionary and proselyting Islam is a faith equal in sincerity to and more fiery in intensity than the zeal that directs the steps of Christians to Jerusalem and to Rome.

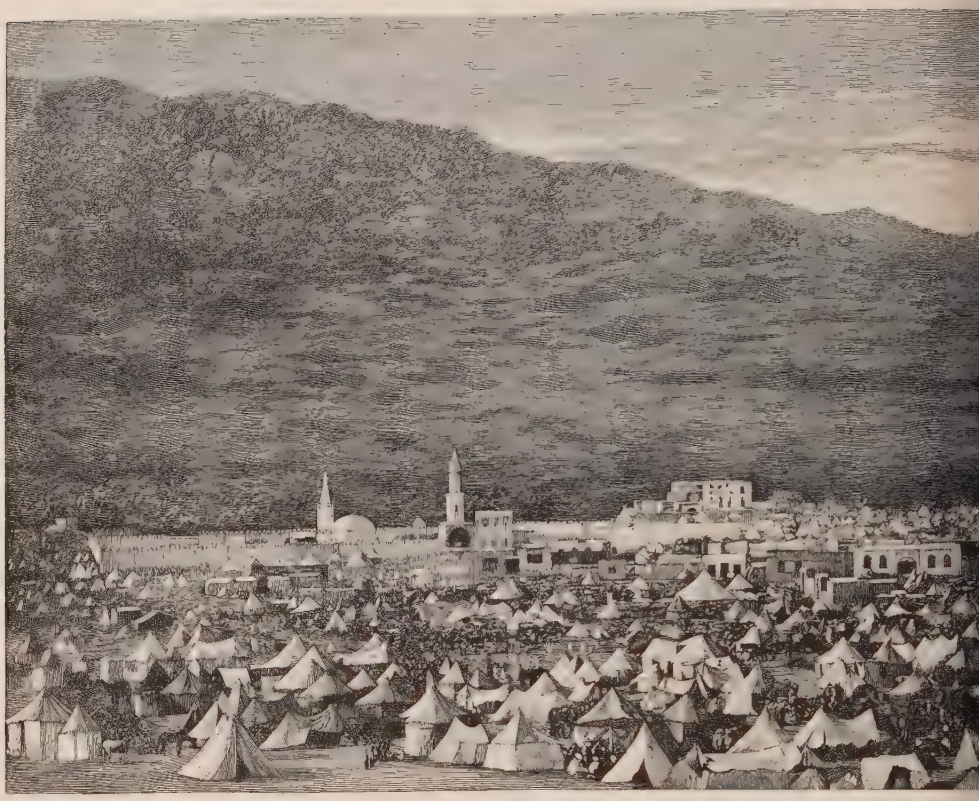
Although the works of Burckhardt, who made the pilgrimage in the character of a learned Moslem in 1814, and of Richard F. Burton, who performed the Hadj in 1853 disguised as a dervish, have made us familiar with the holy places and the ceremonies on the holy days both at Mecca and Medina, the Western world has until recently had no means of knowing how the places looked, the few drawings by native artists being of not much assistance to the imagination. The Cairo pilgrimage of 1880 was conducted by a Moslem officer of high rank, who had a knowledge of photography and possessed a camera. His authority was sufficient



ARAFAT.

to overbear the prejudice against "taking pictures," and he brought back with him a set of photographs which were the first that could give those who have never made the pilgrimage any correct idea of the appearance of the cities of Mecca and Medina, and of the holy shrines which are the universal objects of Moslem devotion. Such of these pictures as can be used are given in this paper, which is intended only as a general text of explanation. The descriptions of Burckhardt and Burton are still the only ones available (except the very recent account of a German traveller), and it is from their pages mainly that the facts of this article are drawn.

Mecca, sometimes called Om-el-Kora (the mother of towns), lies in a narrow sandy valley running north and south, among barren hills from two hundred to five hundred feet in height, about forty-six miles from the Red Sea port of Jedda. In Burckhardt's time the town, including the suburbs, occupied the broader part of the little valley, extended up the slopes, was not more than three thousand five hundred paces in length, and had an estimated stationary population of thirty-three thousand; the permanent residents are probably now about forty-five thousand. It is described by Burckhardt as a handsome town, the streets broader than usual in Oriental cities. The houses are built of gray stone, many of them three stories high, with windows opening on the street; many windows project from the wall, and have elaborately carved and gaudily painted frame-work. The houses are built, as usual in the East, about courts, with terraces protected by parapets, and most of them are constructed for the accommodation of lodgers, so that the pilgrims can have convenient access to their separate apartments. The town, in fact, is greatly modified to minister to the needs of the great influx of strangers in the annual Hadj. Ordinary houses have apartments for them, the streets are broad to give room for the crowd of pilgrims, and the innovation of outer windows is to give the visitors a chance to see the procession. The city lies open on all sides; it has few trees, and no fine buildings except the great mosque. It is not well supplied with water, and in the height of the pilgrimage this fluid becomes scarce and dear. The wells are brackish, and there are few cisterns for collecting rain-water. It is true that the flow of the holy well Zem-zem in the mosque is copious enough to supply the

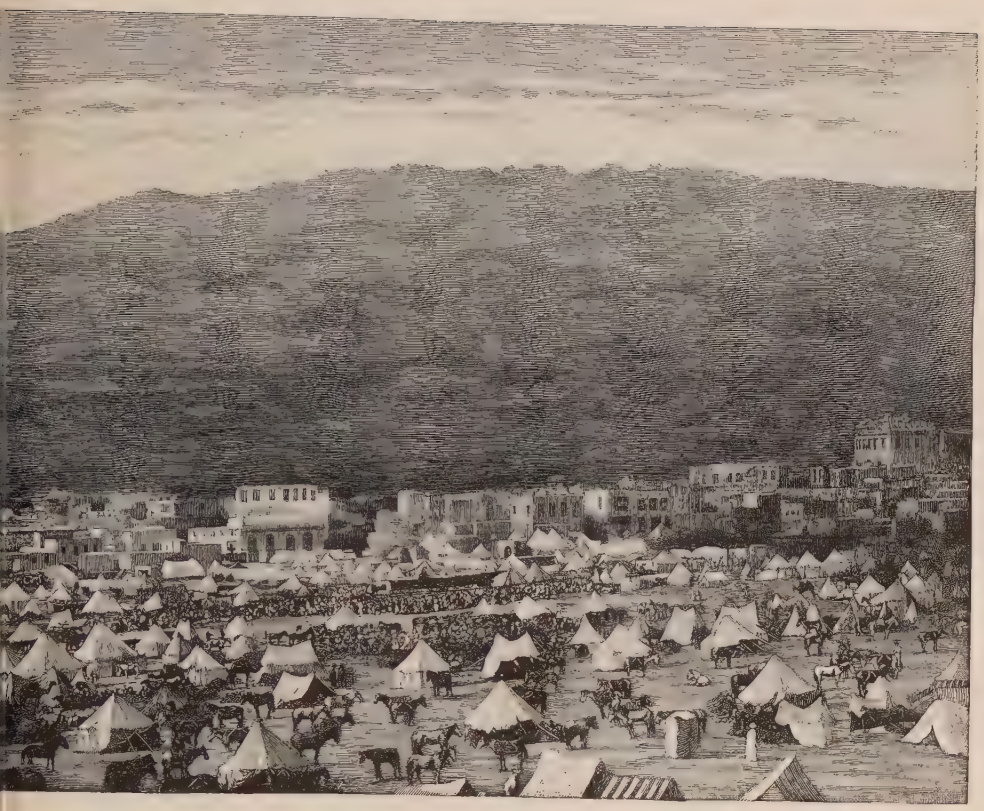


MOSQUE EL-KHIFF—C

town, but there is a prejudice against using the water for common purposes, and besides, it is heavy and bad for digestion. The best water is brought in an aqueduct from the vicinity of Arafat, six or seven hours distant, but the conduit is in bad repair and uncleaned, and this supply often gets low. The streets are unpaved, and as the country is subject to heavy rains, alternating with scorching heat, they are always either excessively muddy or intolerably dusty. The fervent heat of the town is always contrasted with the coolness of the elevated city of Medina. Mohammed said that he who had endured the cold of Medina and the heat of Mecca merited the reward of paradise. Sudden and copious storms of rain frequently deluge Mecca; sometimes the whole town is submerged, houses are swept away and lives lost, and water has stood in the mosque enclosure as high as the black stone in the Kaaba. Although Burckhardt says that he enjoyed his stay there and was very comfortable (the Hadj that year was in November), his experience is not that of most pilgrims.

In the widest part of the valley and city stands the mosque Beitullah, or El-Haram, the House of Allah, a building inferior to many other mosques, but distinguished for enclosing the Kaaba. The Kaaba is the geographical and the religious centre of the Moslem world. All other mosques have a mirab, or place of prayer, pointing toward the Kaaba; El-Haram has no mirab, for in its court is the centre of adoration and prayer itself.

The Kaaba stands in an oblong square, about 250 paces long by 200 paces broad, the opposite sides of which are not exactly parallel. This open space, which is some eight or ten steps lower than the surrounding streets, is enclosed by a wall and by interior colonnades of pillars; those on the eastern side stand in a quadruple row; on the other sides they are three deep and united by pointed arches,



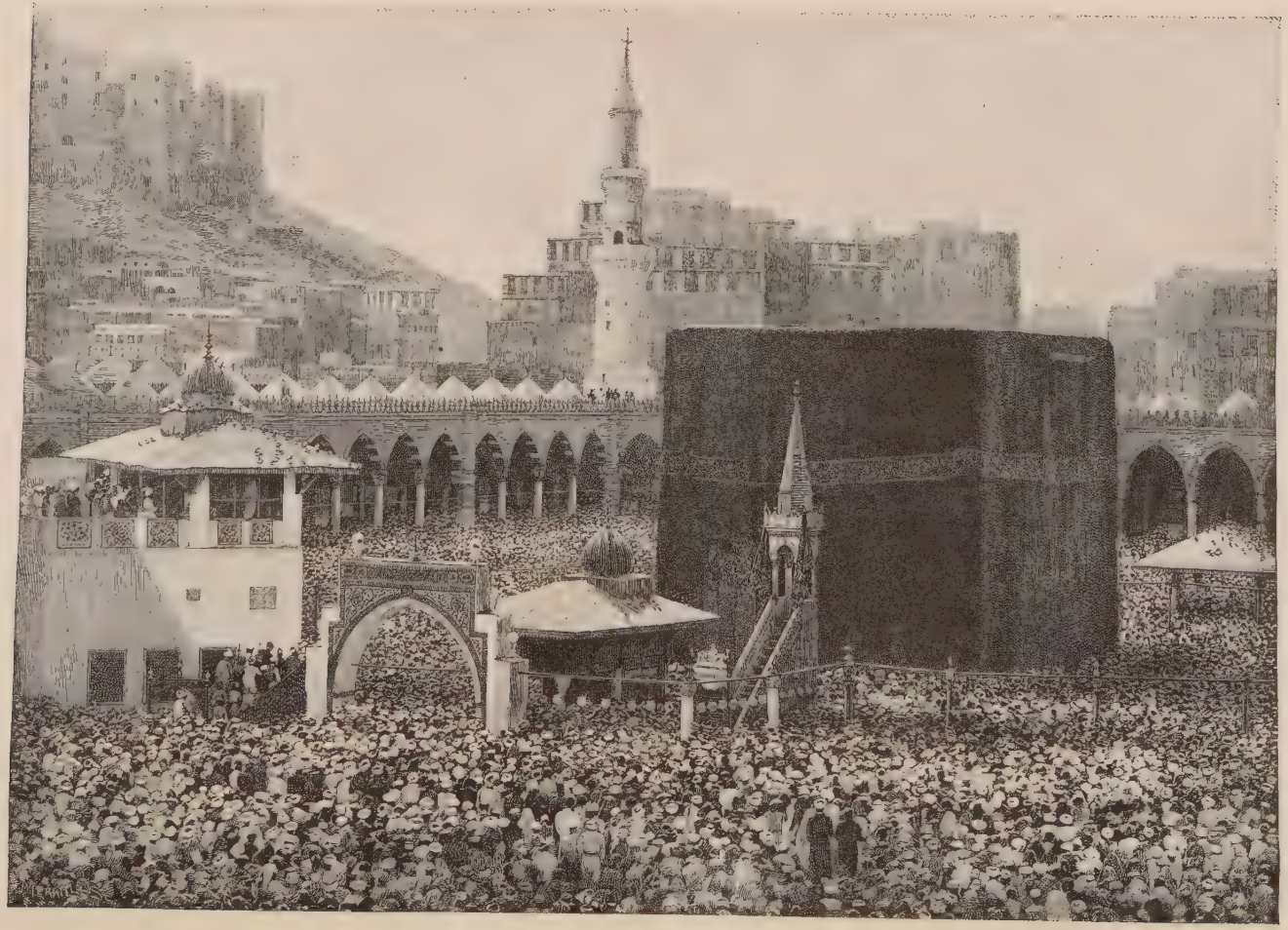
HE EGYPTIAN PILGRIMS.

every four of which uphold a small plastered and whitened dome. There are 152 of these domes; from the arches under them lamps are suspended, and in nights of Ramadan, when these are all lighted, the effect is brilliant. The pillars are about twenty feet high and a foot and a half in diameter; the greater part of them are of common Mecca gray stone, but many of them are of white marble, red and gray granite, and red porphyry. Of the 500 columns (the estimate of their number varies) no two capitals or bases are alike; many are of coarse Saracenic workmanship, some have served in other buildings; ignorant workmen have placed some capitals upside down on the shafts, and a dozen have bases of good Grecian work. A few of the columns have Cufic inscriptions.

The mosque has been so often destroyed and rebuilt and repaired that it contains few traces of remote antiquity. The structure as it stands was mostly built in the seventeenth century, but repairs have been made down to our own day. As its object was simply to enclose the Kaaba, the size of the court has been varied in the successive rebuildings. The mosque has nineteen gates, placed at irregular distances, but as some of the gates have three arches, the number of entrances is thirty-nine. The principal of these are Bab-es-Salam (gate of peace), by which every pilgrim makes his first entrance; Bab-el-Neby, by which Mohammed used to enter, and through which the bodies of the dead are carried that prayers may be said over them, and the Bab-el-Omra, through which it is necessary to pass in order to pray before performing the rite of Omra, or the Little Pilgrimage, to a holy place three miles outside the city. As these gates have no doors, the mosque is open at all times. The exterior is adorned with seven minarets of the common Moslem style. The entrances to these are from the houses, which touch

the mosque on all sides, and from some of these houses windows are opened in the wall of enclosure so that pilgrims lodging in them can pray at home in sight of the Kaaba. It is said that the court of the mosque will hold 35,000 people; but it is never full even in the time of the Hadj, and a belief is current that it never could be filled by any number of pilgrims—either the worshippers would be individually diminished in size or the court would be miraculously enlarged for the occasion. The mosque is never deserted, and day and night presents scenes of animation and picturesqueness. Through its open gates citizens, burden-bearers, and traffickers constantly pass from one part of the city to the other. At sunset, one of the hours of prayer, when great numbers assemble, spread their carpets, and perform their devotions, the sight of 7000 or 8000 persons bending in joint prostrations in the waning light is awe-inspiring. Later, when the lamps are lighted, the devotees, rank outside of rank circling round the Kaaba, racing, crowding, ejaculating, the metowefs loudly reciting the prayers, idlers clamoring and chaffing, and boys running hither and thither and shouting, give the court the appearance of a place of amusement. Every hour of the day people are seen under the colonnades reading the Koran. Indians and negroes spread their mats and pass the whole period of their Mecca visit there, being allowed to bathe, eat, and sleep, but not to cook in the court. Men come there to lounge in the cool shade at noon and to talk business. Poor Hadjis, diseased and deformed, lie about among the pillars in the midst of their miserable baggage. Public schools are held for young children. Learned men deliver lectures; ulemas recite the Koran. At the gates sit scribes with inkstands and paper for writing letters and contracts, and producing amulets and love-charms. Winding-sheets (for many Hadjis buy at Mecca the shrouds in which they wish to be buried) and other linen washed in the holy well Zem-zem hang drying between the pillars. In the square are many small stone basins filled with water for the use of the pigeons which swarm there, and by these basins Arab public women sit in order to exhibit themselves and make appointments with visitors, and for a pretence sell corn to feed the birds. Burckhardt says that the holy Kaaba is often the scene of indecencies practised with impunity, and calling forth usually only a laugh from the spectators. At the end of the Hadj the mosque presents a sad appearance; the fatigues of the pilgrimage, the unhealthy lodgings, the bad water and food, cause great mortality, and the court is filled with the bodies of the dead and those in the last stages of emaciation who are borne there in order to be sprinkled, when dying, with the waters of Zem-zem.

The chief constructions in the court of this mosque are the Kaaba; the four small buildings or pavilions opposite the four sides of the Kaaba, where the imaums of the four orthodox sects take their stations to guide the prayers; the building enclosing the well Zem-zem; two small structures near Zem-zem, where are kept the water-jars, lamps, carpets, and brooms of the mosque; a few paces west of Zem-zem, the ladder or staircase of wood, decorated with carving and mounted on wheels, broad enough to admit four persons ascending abreast, which is moved up to the Kaaba on days when the door that is several feet above the ground is opened, and near the ladder a lightly built arch, fifteen feet high and eighteen broad, under which pilgrims are enjoined to pass on their first visit; nearly in front of the Bab-es-Salam, and near the Kaaba, the Makam Ibrahim, a small building supported by six pillars eight feet high, surrounded by an iron railing, and terminating in a pyramidal top, said to contain the sacred stone on which Abraham stood when he built the Kaaba, and having the imprint of his foot, which no Hadji has ever seen because the frame is covered with a red silk, richly embroidered brocade; and lastly, on the side of the Makam Ibrahim, and facing the front of the Kaaba, the mambar or pulpit of the mosque, an elegant structure of white marble with sculptured ornaments, where the khatyb, or preacher, wrapped in a white cloak which covers his head and body, with a stick in his hand, stands to preach the sermons on Fridays and festival days. About the mambar are deposited the shoes of the visitors while they make the seven circuits of the Kaaba. Attendants receive a small fee for watching them, but this does not prevent their being stolen: Burckhardt says he successively lost from this sacred spot three pairs of new shoes.



PILGRIMS ROUND THE KAABA IN THE MECCA MOSQUE.

The building enclosing the well Zemzem (which, according to the ancient Arabian legend, is the spring that Hagar found) is square and of massive construction, with an entrance on the north, opening into a room which contains the well. This room is beautifully ornamented with colored marbles. Adjoining this is a room with a reservoir, from which the pilgrims dip the water through an iron-grated opening. The well is surrounded by a wall ten feet in diameter and five feet high. Upon this visitors stand and dip up the water in leathern buckets. This room is always thronged, and access to the well has often to be fought for. The well (which is said to communicate with certain fountains in Syria) is always abundantly and, the faithful say, miraculously filled. The water, slightly tepid, milky in color, and perfectly sweet, is regarded as an infallible cure for all diseases. Pilgrims drink it till they almost burst, and Burckhardt saw one fanatic who was water-logged to the verge of death, who declared that his illness arose from the fact that he was unable to swallow a sufficient quantity of it. Most pilgrims carry away bottles of this water for use in illness and for ablution after death.

The Kaaba is much older than the mosque, though the present structure probably dates from the year 1627 of our era. According to Moslem mythology, the Kaaba was constructed in heaven 2000 years before the creation of the world, and the Almighty commanded the angels to make the Towaf, or walk round it, in adoration. Adam built the first Kaaba on earth on its present site, exactly under the one in heaven. His sons repaired it. After the deluge Abraham reconstructed it, and being in want of a stone to fix in the corner to mark where the Towaf should begin, he sent Ismael after one. Ismael met the angel Gabriel, who gave him the famous Black Stone. What is certain is that the Kaaba, with the black stone embedded in one corner, was long before Mohammed's time in possession of the tribe of Kossay, and was a house of idols and idol worship. Burckhardt quotes the Arab chronicler El-Azraky, who asserts, on the testimony of several witnesses, that in the youth of Mohammed, while the house was full of idols, there was a figure of the Virgin Mary, with the young Aysa (Jesus) in her lap, sculptured as a deity upon one of the pillars near the gate. There is no improbability in this statement, for it is known that the Prophet had considerable knowledge of Christian as well as Hebrew worship. When Mohammed returned victorious to the town of his youth, he purged this temple of idols, and his muezzin, the negro Belel, called the Moslems to prayer from the top of the Kaaba. The pagan Arabs, the tribe of Koreysh, who were then in possession, had already instituted an annual pilgrimage to this holy shrine, and this pilgrimage the Prophet confirmed.

Seven paved causeways lead from the colonnades to the Kaaba, which stands near the middle of the court, but 115 paces from the north colonnade and 88 paces from the south. This want of symmetry in regularity is characteristic of Saracenic architecture and decoration. The Kaaba is an oblong, massive structure, eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in height. As the roof is flat, it has the appearance of a perfect cube, as the name Kaaba implies. It is built of fine gray granite, in regular courses, with good cement. It stands upon a base two feet high, the coping of which, jutting a foot from the wall, is laid at a sharp incline and covered with polished slabs of white marble. In it are embedded brass rings, for the purpose of holding down the covering of the Kaaba. The only door is on the north side, about seven feet above the ground; this is coated with silver; it is opened ten or twelve times a year for free entrance, but the guardians will admit visitors at any time when they are able to raise a sum sufficient to tempt their cupidity.

At the northeast corner of the Kaaba, near the door, and four to five feet above the ground, is the famous Hadschar-el-Aswad, or Black Stone. It is an irregular oval, says Burckhardt, about seven inches in diameter, with an undulating surface, and seems to be composed of several stones of different sizes cemented together. It is worn to its smooth surface by the millions of kisses and touches it has received. The Moslems say it was originally white, but has become black by reason of men's sins. It is surrounded by a border of cement rising a little above the surface, and this again by a broad band of silver gilt. Burton said the aperture in which the stone

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is measures one span and three fingers long. Burckhardt describes its color as a deep reddish-brown, approaching to black. It appeared to Burton black and metallic, and seemed to him a common aerolite, with a thick shaggy coating, worn and polished. It is not improbable that the stone obtained its sacred character with the pagans on account of its meteoric origin.

Round the Kaaba is a fine pavement of granite polished like glass by the feet of the faithful, describing an irregular oval. It is surrounded by iron posts supporting cross rods, from which hang green glass globe lamps, which make a faint illumination. Indeed, the thousand lamps of the court make little impression on the gloom of night. Beyond the poles is a second pavement eight paces broad, a little elevated, and round that another, higher and broader.

The ceremony of Towaf, or circumambulation, is performed on the inner oval pavement of polished granite. It consists in circling the Kaaba seven times, ejaculating the proper prayers at the proper points, and kissing the black stone. The first three circuits are made at a quick-step pace, called running, the four latter slowly and leisurely. Usually in the Hadj the crowd about the Kaaba is so great that it is difficult to reach the sacred stone to kiss or even touch it. Burton, by the aid of a dozen stout Meccans, literally fought his way through the enraged Bedouins, and while kissing and rubbing the stone carefully examined it for two minutes, and decided that it is a big aerolite. After that he repaired to the well Zem-zem, took a copious draught of the to him nauseous water, and was deluged with three skinfuls of it dashed upon him in order to wash away his sins. He does not say whether pretence of prayer and adoration is a sin.

The kisweh, or covering of the Kaaba, is removed during the Hadj, and the building is for some hours naked. This garment is typical of the adorning of the church as a bride. In this spirit of regarding the sacred edifice as a virgin to be adorned for the bridegroom, the servitors of the edifice used to be eunuchs. This covering has been from time to time of various materials and colors, but it is now black, and woven of silk and cotton in Cairo. It is in eight pieces, two on a side, and the joining of the seams is concealed by the hizam, a broad band running round midway of the height, and shining like gold on the black surface. Sentences from the Koran are interwoven in it. When the air is stirred by the surging of the pilgrims performing the Towaf, this hanging moves, and the agitation is regarded as mysterious, as of a spirit stirring within.

All pilgrims do not enter the Kaaba, for those who tread its hallowed floor are bound never again to walk barefooted, or to take up fire with the fingers, or to tell lies, and the obligations are considered too onerous. Burton found the interior very simple; the pavement, level with the ground, is of slabs of various colored marbles, and the walls are of the same, laid in check pattern. The upper part of the walls and the ceiling (at which it is disrespectful to look; indeed, it would be unsafe for a pilgrim to stare at it) are covered with red damask, flowered with gold. In this windowless and hot enclosure many prayers and prostrations are to be made, and when it is crowded with fanatics the experiment of entering it is horrible to all the senses, and dangerous as well to life.

Many ceremonies are enjoined upon the pilgrim at Mecca, but the indispensable are these: Before reaching the holy city he must put on the ihram, the pilgrim garb. This consists of two pieces of white cloth, linen, cotton, or woollen, one of which is wrapped about the loins, and the other thrown over the neck and shoulders so as to leave the right arm free. On arriving at Mecca, the Hadji immediately visits the mosque, makes the seven circuits of the Kaaba, and drinks from Zem-zem.

The second duty is to be present on the 9th of the Zul Hadj (or pilgrimage month), from afternoon till sunset, at the sermon preached on Arafat. The march and sojourn at Arafat are the great spectacles of the year. All the caravans and nearly the whole population of Mecca set out on the 8th. The distance is twelve miles, due east, reckoned at six hours. The men are all bareheaded and barefooted. Thousands walk the entire distance, but the way is crowded with camels, asses, horses, and litters. Around the moving host of white-robed pilgrims, says Burton, hovered a crowd of Bedouins, male and female, all mounted on swift dromedaries, many of them armed to the teeth. As

MOSQUE OF MEDINA CONTAINING THE PROPHET'S TOMB.

their drapery floated in the wind and their faces were veiled in the "lisam," it was difficult to distinguish the sex of the wild being flogging its animal to speed as they passed. The women were as fierce and reckless as the men. Arafat is a hill of coarse granite blocks, some two hundred feet high and a mile in circumference. The pilgrims camp on it and pitch their tents about it. Upon this "mountain of purity" stands the white pillar that marks the spot where Adam prayed. When our first parents were cast out of heaven, Adam was dropped on Ceylon and Eve on Arafat, where she continually called upon his name. Adam set out from Ceylon seeking his wife. Wherever he set his foot a town arose; the spaces between

GENERAL VIEW OF MEC

caused by the strides will always be country. Wandering for many years, he came to this mount, and the "recognition" of the pair gave the place the name of Arafat. On the summit he erected the "Madaa," or place of prayer. Here the sermon, lasting three hours, or till sunset, is preached. The assembly is no doubt the most picturesque anywhere to be seen on earth, in diversity of race, language, colors — a strange mixture of camp-meeting devotion, of the traffic of a fair, of a pleasure picnic, and of every sort of intrigue and fanaticism. Burckhardt counted 3000 pitched tents, and estimated the crowd at 70,000, with 35,000 camels. On passing through the encampment he heard forty languages. The departure from Arafat after the sermon is like the flight of a panic-stricken army. For there is the necessity of attending a sermon at sunrise on the 10th, preached at Mezdelfe, where a mosque marks the spot of the Prophet's encampment. The same day the pilgrims move on to Muna, where there is made a three days' encampment. Muna, about three miles from Mecca, is a wretched village in a narrow rocky valley. The ceremony here is throwing stones at the devil. It was here that the devil obstructed Adam's way, and he routed him by pelting him seven times with stones the size of a bean, by the advice of Gabriel. Pillars are erected to mark the spots of these encounters, and the pilgrims stone these representatives of the devil during the three days' sojourn, when the encampment is a sort of uproarious fair. After the stoning, the victims are sacrificed, as many as six or eight thousand sheep and goats. Moslems all over the world are bound on this day to perform this rite of sacrifice. Seven small stones are thrown each day at each of the three places where the devil appeared, and

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consequently the pilgrim casts sixty-three stones in the three days.

On his return from Muna the pilgrim must visit Omra, for which purpose he again puts on the ihram. This is the Little Pilgrimage, performed on the 14th of the month Zul Hadj, to certain shrines about three miles outside of Mecca. This pilgrimage, like that to the Kaaba, was an ancient pagan rite. Coffee-houses, where there are dancing and singing, and barber shops are set up in the little village near the shrines and tombs where prayers are recited. This pilgrimage is often made in the night.

After the religious ceremonies in Mecca and during their progress there is much traffic in merchandise. Nearly all the pilgrims bring productions of their own countries; the Mograbians, red bonnets and woollen cloaks; the European Turks, shoes, embroideries, and all sorts of trinkets made in Europe; the Anatolians, carpets and silks; the Persians, cashmeres; the Afghans, coarse shawls, toothbrushes made from a spongy tree growing near Bokhara, and beads of soapstone; the Indians, all the rich and fancy products of Hindostan; the people of Yemen, snakelike tubes for Persian pipes; the Africans, various articles used or gathered in the slave trade.

The picturesqueness of the land pilgrimages is much lessened of late years. That from Cairo is mainly official. It brings the sacred coverings for the Kaaba, and it still pays tribute to the desert sheiks, as has been said. It used to be of great splendor: men of rank journeyed with large and showy retinues; and camps of dancing girls and public women, with luxurious equipages, attended the caravan. The Syrian pilgrimage which in 1853 Burton saw halting at Medina on its way to Mecca numbered only about 7000 souls—people on foot,

on horseback, in litters, or on riding-dromedaries. There were eight gradations of pilgrims — those who hobbled along with heavy stores; the riders of asses, camels, and mules; respectable Arabs on dromedaries; soldiers with horses. There were led-horses for every grandee when he wished to leave his litter. Women, children, and invalids sat on carpets spread over the two large boxes which formed the load of each camel. The beauty of the spectacle was in the variety of detail. No man was dressed like his neighbor; there was no uniform equipage for horses or camels. The contrasts were always strange. A band of half-naked Takruri marched with the gorgeous retinue of the Pasha; bearded and high-capped Persians conversed with tarbushed and shaven Turks. It was estimated that the cost to a pilgrim indulging in a litter and travelling with any comfort, not reckoning his forced gifts at the holy places, from Damascus to Mecca and back again, would not be less than £1200.

Of the hosts that now make their way from all parts of the Northern world by sea to Jedda, it is probable that as many perish from disease and crowding in the rotten and often infected ships as used to die on the overland routes.

The distance from Mecca to Medina, due north, is 248 English miles, and by any route a tedious desert march. Medina lies on the elevated plateau of central Arabia, and is so high that the winters are very severe, and even the nights of the torrid summer are cool. The city is less in population (estimated at about 20,000) than Mecca, and more meanly built, but it has more legitimate trade, and a considerable export of dates, a hundred varieties of which are grown in the neighborhood, some of them the most delicious anywhere raised. The celebrity of the city consists in its being the burial-place of the Prophet, and his tomb is a place of pilgrimage, but in its suburbs is a ground that heightens the sanctity of the place. This is El-Bakia, the glorious cemetery of the saints. The first person buried here was Osman-Ben-Mazan, ordered to be interred here by the Prophet, who publicly kissed the forehead of the corpse. Ibrahim, the Prophet's second son, was laid by Osman's side. Here lie Hasan, the son of Ali, and thousands of martyrs and faithful soldiers of the crescent. It is said that on the last day 70,000 saints, with faces like the full moon, will cleave the soil of El-Bakia. After Mohammed has risen will rise Abu-Bekr, and then the 10,000 Companions of the Prophet. In appearance the cemetery is but a mean place.

The mosque of Medina, like that of Mecca, is closely surrounded with buildings; it has an open square and colonnades, but its dimensions are less than that of Mecca, being 165 paces in length by 130 paces in breadth. It has no pigeons in its court, and women are not accustomed to enter it. The colonnades are paved, and that portion near the tomb of Mohammed is laid in fine mosaic, as beautiful as can be seen anywhere in the East. The tomb is in the southeast corner of the court, under a dome, which is a conspicuous object in all pictures of the city. The enclosure about the tomb is called El-Hedjra, and only privileged persons may enter it. This sacred interior is draped about with rich and heavy curtains. A Moslem writer says that the curtain covers a square building of black stones, supported by two pillars, in the interior of which are the tombs of Mohammed and his earliest friends and immediate successors, Abu-Bekr and Omar. These tombs are covered with precious stuffs. There are exaggerated stories current in the East of the treasures in this enclosure, of jewels and precious stones in chests and suspended on silken ropes, of a copy of the Koran in Cufic characters which belonged to Othman-Ibn-Affan. The tale of the suspended coffin of the Prophet is a Christian invention, unknown to Moslems, probably arising from a confusion in mind of this sacred place with the legend of the suspended rock in the Kubbet-es-Sukhra (dome of the rock), in Jerusalem.

We have thus passed in review the chief places of the annual Moslem pilgrimage. That to Medina is not obligatory, but it is meritorious. Remembering the Arab proverb, "A well from which thou drinkest, throw not a stone into it," the writer of this text to accompany the illustrations of the holy places will add no comments,—lest, indeed, some Moslem should recall another proverb regarding those who judge the world merely by their own sensations: "A splinter entered the sound eye of a one-eyed person. 'I wish you good-night!' said he."

[See "Editor's Easy Chair."]

MARY E. WILKINS.

JANE FIELD.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE three women from Green River had been six days in Elliot, they were going to leave the next morning, and Mrs. Field's secret had not been discovered. Nothing but her ill favor in the village had saved her. Nobody except Mrs. Jane Maxwell had come to call. Mrs. Babcock talked and wondered about it a great deal to Mrs. Green and Amanda.

"It's mighty queer, seems to me, that there ain't a soul but that one old woman set foot inside this house since we've been here," said she. "It don't look to me as if folks here thought much of Mis' Field. I know one thing: there couldn't three strange ladies come visitin' to Green River without I should feel as if I'd ought to go an' call an' find out who they was, an' pay 'em a little attention, if I thought anything at all of the folks they was visitin'. There's considerable more dress here, but I guess, on the whole, it ain't any better a place to live in than Green River."

The three women had not had a very lively or pleasant visit in Elliot. Jane Field, full of grim defiance of her own guilt and misery and of them, was not a successful entertainer of guests. She fed them as best she could with her scanty resources, and after her house-work was done, took her knitting-work and sat with them in her gloomy sitting-room, while they also kept busy at the little pieces of handiwork they had brought with them.

They talked desperately of Green River and the people there; they told Mrs. Field of this one and that one whom she had known, and in whom she had been interested; but she seemed to have forgotten everybody and everything connected with her old life.

"Ida Starr is goin' to marry the minister in October," Mrs. Babcock had said the day but one after their arrival. "You know there was some talk about it before you went away, Mis' Field. You remember hearin' about it, don't you?"

"I guess I don't remember it," said Mrs. Field.

"Don't remember it? Why, Mis' Field, I should think you'd remember that! It was town's talk how she followed him up. Well, she's got him, an' she's been teachin'—you know she had Lois's school—to get her weddin' outfit with. They say she's got a brown silk dress to be married in, an' a new black silk one too. Should you think the Starrs could afford any such outlay?"

"I dun know as I should," replied Mrs. Field.

When she went out of the room presently, Mrs. Babcock turned to the others. "She didn't act as if she cared no more about it than nothin' at all," she said, indignantly. "She don't act to me as if she had any more interest in Green River than Jerusalem, nor the folks that live there. I keep thinkin' I won't tell her another thing about it. I never see anybody so changed as she is."

"Mebbe she ain't well," said Mrs. Green. "I think she looks awfully. She's as thin as a rail, an' she 'ain't a mite of color. Lois looks better."

"Mis' Field never did have any flesh on her bones," Mrs. Babcock rejoined; "an' as for Lois, nothin' ever did ail her but spring weather an' fussin'. I guess Mis' Field's well enough, but havin' all this property left her has made a different woman of her. I've seen people's noses teeter up in the air when their purses got heavy before now."

"It ain't that," said Amanda.

"What is it, then?" asked Mrs. Babcock, sharply.

"I dun know. I know one thing: home's the best place for everybody if they've got one."

"I don't think 'tis always. I b'lieve when you're off on an excursion ticket in makin' the best of things, for my part. To-morrow's Sunday, an' I expect to enjoy the meetin' an' seein' the folks. I shall be kinder glad, for my part, not to see exactly the same old bonnets an' made-over silks that I see every Sunday to home. I like a change sometimes. It puts new ideas into your head, an' I feel as if I had spunk enough to stan' it."

On Sunday Mrs. Field led her procession of guests into church, and they, in their best black gowns and bonnets, sat listening to the sermon, and looking about with decorous and furtive curiosity.

* Begun in May number, 1892.

Mrs. Babcock had a handsome fan with spangles on it, and she fanned herself airily, lifting her head up with the innocent importance of a stranger.

She had quite a fine bonnet, and a new mantle with some beaded fringe on it; when she stirred, it tinkled. She looked around, and did not see another woman with one as handsome. It was the gala moment of her visit to Elliot. Afterwards she was wont to say that when she was in Elliot she did not go out much, nobody came to the house, nor anything, but she went to meeting, and she enjoyed that.

It was the evening following that Mrs. Jane Maxwell came. Mrs. Field, sitting with her guests, felt a strange contraction of her heart when she heard the door open.

"Who's that comin'?" asked Mrs. Babcock.

"I guess it's old Mr. Maxwell's brother Henry's wife," replied Mrs. Field.

She arose. Lois went quickly and softly out of the other door. She felt sure that exposure was near, and her first impulse was to be out of sound and hearing of it. She sat there in the dark on the front door-step awhile, then she went into the house. Sitting there in doubt, half hearing what might be dreadful to hear, was worse than certainty. She had at once a benumbing terror and a fierce desire that her mother should be betrayed, and withal a sudden impulse of loyalty toward her, a feeling that she would stand by her when everybody else turned against her.

She crept in and sat down. Mrs. Maxwell was talking to Mrs. Babcock about the state of the church in Elliot. It was wonderful that this call was made without exposure, but it was. Twice Mrs. Maxwell called Jane Field "Esther," but nobody noticed it except Amanda, and she said nothing. She only caught her breath each time with a little gasp.

Mrs. Maxwell addressed herself almost wholly to Mrs. Babcock concerning her daughter, her daughter's husband, and the people of Elliot. Mrs. Babcock constantly bore down upon her, and swerved her aside with her own topics. Indeed, all the conversation lay between these two. There was a curious similarity between them. They belonged apparently to some one subdivision of human nature, being as birds of the same feather, and seemed to instinctively recognize this fact.

They were at once attracted, and regarded each other with a kind of tentative cordiality, which might later become antagonism, for they were on a level for either friendship or enmity.

Mrs. Maxwell made a long call, as she was accustomed. She was a frequent visitor, generally coming in the evening, and going home laden with spoil, creeping from cover to cover like a cat. She was afraid to have her daughter and nephew know of all the booty she obtained. She had many things snugly tucked away in bureau drawers and the depths of closets which she had carried home under her shawl by night. Jane Field was only too glad to give her all for which she asked or hinted.

To-night, as Mrs. Maxwell took leave of the three strange women standing in a prim row, she gave a meaning nod to Mrs. Field, who followed her to the door.

"I was thinkin' about that old glass preserve-dish," she whispered. "I don't s'pose it's worth much, but if you don't use it ever, I s'pose I might as well have it. Flora has considerable company now, an' ours ain't a very good size."

When Mrs. Maxwell had gone out of the yard with the heavy cut-glass dish pressed firmly against her side under her black silk shawl, Jane Field felt like one who had had a reprieve from instant execution, although she had already suffered the slow torture. She went back to her guests as steady-faced as ever. She was quite sure none of them had noticed Mrs. Maxwell's calling her Esther, but her eyes were like a wary animal's as she entered the room, although not a line in her long pale face was unsteady.

The time went on, and nobody said, "Why did she call you Esther instead of Jane?"

They seemed as usual. Mrs. Babcock questioned her sharply about Mrs. Maxwell—how much property she had and if her daughter had married well. Amanda never looked in her face, and said nothing, but she was often quiet and engrossed in a new tidy she was knitting.

"They don't suspect," Mrs. Field said to herself.

They were going home the next day but one; she went to bed nearly as secure as she had been for the last three months. Mrs. Maxwell was to be busy the next day—she had spoken of making pear sauce—she would not be in

again. The danger of exposure from the coming of these three women to Elliot was probably past. But Jane Field lay awake all night. Suddenly at dawn she formed a plan; her mind was settled. There was seemingly no struggle. It was to her as if she turned a corner, once turned there was no other way, and no question about it. When it was time, she got up, dressed herself, and went about the house as usual. There was no difference in her look or manner, but all the morning Lois kept glancing at her in a startled, half-involuntary way; then she would look away again, seeing nothing to warrant it, but erelong her eyes turned again toward her mother's face. It was as if she had a subtle consciousness of something there which was beyond vision, and to which her vision gave the lie. When she looked away she saw it again, but it vanished when her eyes were turned, like a black robe through a door.

After dinner, when the dishes were cleared away, the three visitors sat as usual, in company state with their needlework. Amanda's bag upstairs was all neatly packed. She would need to unpack it again that night, but it was a comfort to her. She had scarcely spoken all day; her thin mouth had a set look.

"Mandy's gettin' so homesick she can't speak," said Mrs. Babcock. "She can't hardly wait till to-morrow to start, can you, Mandy?"

"No, I can't," replied Amanda.

Mrs. Field was in her bedroom changing her dress when Lois put on her hat and went down the street with some finished work for the dressmaker for whom she sewed.

"Where you goin', Lois?" asked Mrs. Babcock, when she came through the room with her hat on.

"I'm going out a little ways," answered Lois, evasively. She had tried to keep the fact of her sewing for a living from the Green River women. She knew how people in Elliot talked about it, and estranged as she was from her mother, she wanted no more reflections cast upon her.

But Mrs. Babcock peeped out of a window as Lois went down the path. "She's got a bundle," she whispered. "I tell you what 'tis, I suspect that girl is sewin' for somebody to earn money. I should think her mother would be ashamed of herself."

Lois had a half-mile to walk, and she staid awhile at the dressmaker's to sew. When she started homeward it was nearly three o'clock.

It was a beautiful afternoon, the house yards were full of the late summer flowers, the fields were white and gold with arnica and wild-carrot instead of buttercups and daisies, the blackberries were ripe along the road-side, and there were sturdy thickets of weeds picked out with golden buttons of tansy over the stone walls. Lois stepped along lightly. She did not look like the same girl of three months ago. It was strange that in spite of all her terrible stress of mind and hard struggles since she came to Elliot it should have been so, but it was. Every life has its own conditions, although some are poisons. Whether it had been, as Mrs. Babcock thought, that the girl had been afflicted with no real malady, only the languor of the spring, intensified and fostered in some subtle fashion by her mother's anxiety, or whether it had been the purer air of Elliot that had brought about the change, to whatever it might have been due, she was certainly better.

Lois had on an old pink muslin dress that she had worn many a summer, indeed the tucks had been let down to accord with her growth, and showed in bars of brighter pink around the skirt. But the color of the dress became her well, her young shoulders filled out the thin fabric with sweet curves that overcame the old fashion of its make; her slender arms showed through the sleeves; and her small fair face was set in a muslin frill like a pink corolla. She had to pass the cemetery on her way home. As she came in sight of its white shafts and headstones gleaming out from its dark foliage, she met Francis Arms. She started when she saw him, and said, "Good-afternoon," nervously; then was passing on, but he stopped her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I was going home."

"See here—I don't know as you want to—but—do you remember how we went to walk in the cemetery that first day after you came?"

Lois nodded. He could see only the tip of her chin under her broad hat.

"Suppose — if you haven't anything else to do—if you are not busy—that we go in there now a little ways?" said Francis.

"I guess I'd better not," replied Lois, in a trembling voice.

"It's real cool in there."

"I'm afraid I'd better not."

"Well," said Francis, "of course I won't tease you if you don't want to."

He tried to make his tone quite unconcerned and to smile. He was passing on, but Lois spoke.

"I might go in there just a minute," she said.

Francis turned quickly, his face lighted up. They walked along together to the cemetery gate, he opened it, and they entered and passed slowly down the driveway.

The yard was largely overhung by evergreen trees, which held in their boughs cool masses of blue gloom. It was cool there, as Francis had said, although it was quite a warm day. The flowers on the sunny graves hung low, unless they had been freshly tended, when they stood erect in dark circles. Some of the old uncared-for graves were covered with rank growths of grass and weeds, which seemed fairly instinct with merry life this summer afternoon. Crickets and cicadas thrilled through them; now and then a bird flew up. It was like a resurrection stir.

"Let's go where we went that first day," said Francis; "it's always pleasant there on the bank."

Lois followed him without a word. They sat down on the grass at the edge of the terrace, and a cool breeze came in their faces from over the great hollow of the meadows below. The grass on them had been cut short, and now had dried and turned a rosy color in the sun. The two kept their eyes turned away from each other, and looked down into the meadow as into the rosy hollow of a cup; but they seemed to see each other's faces there.

"It's cool here, isn't it?" said Francis.

"Real cool."

"It always is on the hottest day. There is always a breeze here, if there isn't anywhere else."

Francis's words were casual, but his voice was unsteady with a tender tone that seemed to overweight it.

Lois seemed to hear only this tone, and not the words. It was one of the primitive tones that came before any language was made, and related to the first necessities of man. Suddenly she had ears for that only. She did not say anything. Her hands were folded in her lap quietly, but her fingers tingled.

"Lois," Francis began; then he stopped.

Lois did not look up.

"See here, Lois," he went on, "I don't know as there is much use in my saying anything. You've hardly noticed me lately. There was one spell when I thought maybe— But— Well, I'm going to ask you, and have it over with one way or the other. Lois, do you think—well, do you feel as if you could ever—marry me some time?"

Lois dropped her head down on her hands.

"Now don't you go to feeling bad if you can't," said Francis. "It won't be your fault. But if you'd just tell me, Lois."

Lois did not speak.

"If you'd just tell me one way or the other, Lois."

"I can't. I can't anyway!" cried Lois then, with a great sob.

"Well, if you can't, don't cry, little girl. There's nothing to cry about. I can stand it. All the trouble is, it does seem to me that I could take care of you better than any other fellow on earth, but maybe that's my conceit, and you'll find somebody else that will do better than I. Now don't cry." Francis pulled her hat off gently, and patted her head. His face was quite white, but he tried to smile. "Don't cry, dear," he said again. "It was nothing you could help. I didn't much suppose you liked me. There's nothing much in me to like. I'm an ordinary kind of a fellow."

Francis got up, and walked off a little way.

Lois sobbed harder. Finally she stole a glance at him between her fingers. She could see his profile quite pale and stern as he stood on the edge of the terrace. She made a little inarticulate call, and he turned quickly.

"What is it, Lois?" he asked, coming toward her.

"I didn't say—I—didn't like you," she whispered, faintly.

"Lois!"

"I didn't say so."

"Lois, do you? Answer me quick."

She hid her face again.

"Lois, you must answer me now."

"I like you well enough, but I can't marry you."

"Lois, is there any fellow in Green

River that wants you? Is that the reason?"

She shook her head. "I can't ever marry anybody," she said, and her voice was suddenly quite firm. She wiped her eyes.

Francis sat down beside her. "Oh, Lois," he said, "you do love me, after all?"

"I can't marry you," said she.

"Why not, dear?"

"I can't. You mustn't ask me why."

Francis looked down at her half laughing. "Some dreadful obstacle in the way?"

She nodded solemnly.

Francis put his arm around her. "Oh, my dear," he said, "don't you know obstacles go for nothing, if you do like me, after all? Wait a little and you'll find out. Oh, Lois, are you sure you do like me? You are so pretty."

"I can't," repeated Lois, trembling.

"Suppose this obstacle were removed, dear, you would then?"

"It never can be."

"But if it were, you would? Yes, of course you would. Then I shall remove it, you depend upon it, I shall, dear. Lois, I liked you the minute I saw you, and it's terribly conceited, but I do believe you liked me a little. Dear, if it ever can be, I'll take care of you all your life."

The two sat there together, and the long summer afternoon passed humming and singing with bees and birds, and breathing sweetly through the pine branches. They themselves were as a fixed heart of love in the midst of it, and all around them in their graves lay the dead who had known and gone beyond it all, but nobody could tell if they had forgotten.

CHAPTER X.

When Lois left home that afternoon her mother had been in her bedroom changing her dress. When she came out she had on her best black dress, her black shawl and gloves, and her best bonnet. The three women stared at her. She stood before them a second without speaking. The strange look, for which Lois had watched her face, had appeared.

"Why, what is the matter, Mis' Field?" cried Mrs. Babcock. "Where be you goin'?"

"I'm goin' out a little ways," replied Mrs. Field. Then she raised her voice suddenly. "I've got something to say to all of you before I go," said she. "I've been deceivin' you, an' everybody here in Elliot. When I came down here, they all took me for my sister, Esther Maxwell, an' I let them think so. They've all called me Esther Maxwell here. That's how I got the money. Old Mr. Maxwell left it to Flora Maxwell if my sister didn't outlive him. I shouldn't have had a cent. I stole it. I thought my daughter would die if we didn't have it, an' get away from Green River; but that wa'n't any excuse. Edward Maxwell had that fifteen hundred dollars of my husband's, an' I never had a cent of it; but that wa'n't any excuse. I thought I'd jest stay here an' carry it out till I got the money back; but that wa'n't any excuse. I 'ain't spent a cent of the money; it's all put away just as it was paid in, in a sugar-bowl in the china-closet; but that ain't any excuse. I took it on myself to do justice instead of the Lord, an' that ain't for any human bein' to do. I ain't Esther Maxwell. I'm brought up short. I ain't Esther Maxwell!" Her voice arose to a stern shriek.

The three women stared at her, then at each other. Their faces were white. Amanda was catching her breath in faint gasps. Jane Field rushed out of the room. The door closed heavily after her.

Three wild, pale faces huddled together in a window watched her out of the yard. Mrs. Babcock called weakly after her to come back, but she kept on. She went out of the yard and down the street. At the first house she stopped, went up to the door and rang the bell. When a woman answered her ring, she looked at her and said, "I ain't Esther Maxwell!" Then she turned and went down the walk between the rows of marigolds and asters, and the woman stood staring after her for a minute, then ran in, and the windows filled with wondering faces.

Jane Field stopped at the next house with the same message. After she left, a woman pelted across the yard in a panic to compare notes with her neighbors. She kept on down the street, and she stopped at every door and said, "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

Now and then somebody tried to delay her to question her and obtain an explanation, but she broke away. There was

"'I AIN'T ESTHER MAXWELL.' HER VOICE AROSE TO A STERN SHRIEK."

about her a terrible mental impetus which intimidated. People stood instinctively out of her way, as before some rushing force which might overwhelm them.

Daniel Tuxbury followed her out to the street; then he fell back. Mrs. Jane Maxwell caught hold of her dress, but she let go, and leaned trembling over her iron gate looking after the relentless black figure speeding to the next door.

She went on and on, all the summer afternoon, and canvassed the little village with her remorse and confession of crime. Finally the four words which she said at the doors seemed almost involuntary. They became her one natural note, the expression of her whole life. It was as if she had never said any others. At last, going along the street, she repeated them to everybody she met. Some she had told before, but she did not know it. She said them to a little girl in a white frock, with her hair freshly curled, carrying a doll, and she ran away crying with fright. She said them to three barefooted boys loping along in the dust, with berry-pails, and they laughed, and turned around and mocked her, calling the words after her. When she went up the path to the Maxwell house, she said them where the shadow of a pine-tree fell darkly in front of her like the shadow of a man. She said them when she stood before the door of the house whose hospitality she had usurped. There was a little crowd at her heels, but she did not notice them until she was entering the door. Then she said the words over to them: "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

She entered the sitting-room, the people following. There were her three old friends and neighbors, the minister and his wife, Daniel Tuxbury, his sister and her daughter, Mrs. Jane Maxwell and her daughter, and her own Lois. She faced them all, and said it again: "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

The lawyer jerked himself forward, his face was twitching. "This woman's mind is affected," he declared, with loud importance. "She is Esther Maxwell. I will swear to it in any court. I recognize her, and I never forget a face."

"I ain't Esther Maxwell," said Jane Field, in her voice that was as remorseless and conclusive as fate.

Lois pressed forward and clung to her. "Mother!" she moaned; "mother!"

Then for once her mother varied her set speech. "Lois wa'n't to blame," she said; "I want you to know it, all of you. Lois wa'n't to blame. She didn't know until after I'd done it. She wanted to tell, but I told her they'd put me in prison. Lois wa'n't to blame. I ain't Esther Maxwell."

"Oh, mother, don't, don't!" Lois sobbed.

She hung about her mother's neck, and pressed her lips to that pale wrinkled face, where wrinkles seemed now to be laid in stone. Not a muscle of Jane Field's face changed. She kept repeating at intervals, in precisely the same tone, her terrible under-chord to all the excitement about her: "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

Some of the women were crying. Amanda Pratt sat sewing fast, with her mouth set. She clung to her familiar needle as if it were a rope to save her from destruction. Francis Arms had come in, and stood close to Lois and her mother.

Suddenly Jane Maxwell spoke. She was pale, and her head-dress was askew. "I call this pretty work," said she.

Then Mrs. Babcock faced her. "I should call it pretty work for somebody else besides poor Mis' Field," she cried. "I'd like to know what business your folks had takin' her money an' keepin' it. She wa'n't goin' to take any more than belonged to her, an' she had a perfect right to, accordin' to my way of thinkin'."

Mrs. Maxwell gasped. Flora laid her hand on her arm when she tried to speak again.

"I'm goin' to tell her how I've been without a decent dress, an' how I've been luggin' my own things out of this house, an' now I've got to lug 'em all back again," she whispered, defiantly.

"Mother, you keep still," said Flora.

Mrs. Green went across the room and put her arm around Lois, standing by her mother. "Let's you an' me get her in her bedroom, an' have her lay down on the bed, an' try an' quiet her," she whispered. "She's all unstrung. Mebbe she'll be better."

Mrs. Field at once turned towards her. "I ain't Esther Maxwell," said she.

"Oh, Mis' Field! oh, poor woman! it ain't for us to judge you," returned Mrs. Green, in her tender, inexpressibly solemn voice. "Come, Lois."

"Yes, that 'll be a good plan," chimed in Mrs. Babcock. "She'd better go in her

bedroom where it's quiet, or she'll wind up with a fever. There's too many folks here."

"I wonder if some of my currant wine wouldn't be good for her?" said Mrs. Jane Maxwell, with an air of irrepressible virtue.

"She don't want none of your currant wine," rejoined Mrs. Babcock, fiercely. "She's suffered enough by your family."

"I guess you needn't be so mighty smart," returned Mrs. Maxwell, jerking her arm away from Flora. "I dun know of anything she's suffered. I should think Flora an' me had been the ones to suffer, an' now we sha'n't never go to law, nor make any fuss about it. I ain't goin' to stay here an' be talked to so any longer if I know, especially by folks that 'ain't got any business meddlin' with it, anyway. I suppose this is my daughter's house, an' I've got a perfect right in it, but I'm a-goin'."

Mrs. Jane Maxwell went out, her ribbons and silken draperies fluttering as if her own indignation were a wind, but Flora staid.

The women led Jane Field into her little bedroom, took off her bonnet and shawl and dress as if she were dead, and made her lie down. They bathed her head with camphor, they plied her with soothing arguments, but she kept on her one strain. She was singularly docile in all but that. Mrs. Green dropped on her knees beside the bed and prayed. When she said amen, Jane Field called out her confession as if in the ear of God. They sent for the doctor, and he gave her a soothing draught, and she slept. The women watched with her, as ever and anon she stirred and murmured in her sleep, "I ain't Esther Maxwell." And she said it when she first awoke in the morning.

"She's sayin' it now," whispered Mrs. Babcock to Mrs. Green, "and I believe she'll say it her whole life."

And Jane Field did. The stern will of the New England woman had warped her whole nature into one groove. Gradually she seemed more like herself, and her mind was in other respects apparently clear, but never did she meet a stranger unless she said for greeting, "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

And she said it to her own daughter on her wedding-day, when she came in her white dress from the minister's with Francis. The new joy in Lois's face affected her like the face of a stranger, and she turned on her and said, "I ain't Esther Maxwell."

THE END.

NATHANIEL J. WYETH, AND THE STRUGGLE FOR OREGON.*

BY JOHN A. WYETH, M.D.

IN 1540 the eyes of civilized man first rested upon Oregon, when Cabrillo and Ferrer, sailing under the Spanish flag, coasted along until they reached as high as Cape Blanco, 43° north latitude, which Cape Blanco, in the year of our Lord 1892, is in Curry County, Oregon, and only a few miles north of the California line.

If Captains Cabrillo and Ferrer thrilled with enthusiasm in contemplating the possibilities of this portion of the rim of the North American continent, they successfully concealed it in their report to that king of theirs, Charles V., under whose reign Cortez pillaged Mexico, Pizarro robbed Peru, and Almagro carried back to Spain all that was portable of Chili, for nearly two hundred years elapsed before another white man gazed upon it! Or perhaps Charles was too busy to settle Oregon then, since he had settlements of a bloody kind with Francis I. of France, with Germany, the Netherlands, Tunis, Algiers, and a single round with his Holiness, Pope Clement VII., spending more money in these European pastimes than his able lieutenants could steal from the murdered natives of the Western World.

Again a Spaniard, one Juan Perez, in 1774, sailed as high along the coast as the 54th degree of north latitude, discovered Nootka Sound, and theoretically planted the flag of Castile and Arragon over this

* For many data in this article the author is indebted to the following sources: *History of the Expedition under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clarke;* Washington Irving's *Astoria;* the same author's *Bonneville; Oregon,* by William Barrows, in the "American Commonwealth Series"; *Oregon: a Short History of a Long Journey,* by John B. Wyeth; the Reports from the Census Bureau in Washington City.

NATHANIEL J. WYETH.

quarter of the earth and sea, while his colleague, Bodega, a year later, took in the 58th degree of north latitude, together with the remaining earth and sea, including Mount St. Elias, which was in sight.

Up to this point everything was Spain's, but north of this a greedy Russian, who had long been engaged in building a town on the Gulf of Finland, had put in a prior claim, having hired a Dane, by name Vitus Behring, to go cruising along the northeast coast of Siberia. This Dane discovered a sea which was named for him, and which the United States bought, or was supposed to have bought, October 18, 1867. Anyhow, they do not allow any other nation to go fishing in it. Behring also found out that it was only a few miles across from Siberia to America, and on July 18, 1741, he "discovered" the coast of Alaska as far down as Mount St. Elias, and claimed everything for his master, Peter the Great, or rather for Elizabeth, the daughter, for Peter had been a saint since 1725. Honors were about even as between Spain and Russia, but in 1778, Captain James Cook, a famous English navigator, who was afterward fatally run through the middle with a javelin by a Sandwich-Islander, and then devoured in true cannibal style, came coasting along these shores, saw that the country was good, and evidently told it, for in 1785 a school of British trading vessels swarmed in these seas, and they have swarmed there ever since.

In 1790 the French navigators got up courage enough to get that far from home, and entered into competition for trade on the northwest coast. It was, however, not until 1800 that France put in her claim for Oregon, by virtue of her acquisition of the Spanish title to that vaguely bounded territory, "Louisiana."

In 1791 seven American vessels found their way to this quarter of the globe, and one of these on May 11, 1792 (George Washington had been three years President), commanded by a Massachusetts Yankee, Captain Gray, who distinguished himself by discovering and sailing into a broad and swift stream, "the waters of which were so perfectly fresh that the casks of the ship were filled within ten miles of the Pacific." He named it Columbia River, after his vessel of that name. Of course he landed and claimed the country all around, including the rivers and a fair share of the Pacific Ocean.

Meanwhile the Anglo-Saxons of the British Isles and from the United States were pushing into the Western wilderness from the rapidly filling Eastern country. As far back as 1778 one Frobisher, an agent of the Hudson Bay Company, had established a trading-station on Athabasca Lake, 59° north latitude, which in 1778 was transferred to the extreme western end of this lake and named Fort Chippewayan. About this time there came hither Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who, in 1789, footed it to Great Slave Lake, built some canoes, and finding a good-sized stream flowing out of this lake, floated down and on until he found himself on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, near the northwest corner of the American continent. Not wishing to be caught there in winter, he hurried back as he came, and reached Chippewayan on the one hundred and second day after leaving it. Like Keats, he "wrote his name in water," and as long as water runs down Mackenzie River, both will be remembered of men. Three years thereafter this danger-loving Scot left this same fort, canoed it up Peace River, got "snowed in" in the Rocky Mountains, camped there all winter; in May of the next year crossed the "Great Divide," and reached the Pacific Ocean, 52° north latitude, July, 1793, *the first white man to cross the North American continent.* On a rocky eminence he engraved: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, Seventeen hundred and ninety-three."

In 1804 Lewis and Clarke started on their famous expedition, reaching the Columbia River November, 1805, and returning to St. Louis September, 1806.

In 1806 Simon Frazer, a Canadian, settled on Frazer River, and is claimed to have been the first white settler west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1808 Mr. Henry, of the American Fur Company, established Post Henry on Lewis River. Two years later Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, with about sixty persons, left St. Louis, and travelling overland, fifteen months later reached the mouth of the Columbia, and built Astoria. He was driven out by the British in 1813, and Astoria was rechristened Fort George. In 1818 it again fell into the hands of the United States, and the name of Astoria was restored. In 1820 a resolution was introduced in Congress to establish a chain of trading-posts on the Missouri and Columbia, and to secure immigration to Oregon from the United States and China. In 1824 President Monroe advised the military occupation of this territory, and President Adams, a year later, repeated this advice in his message. The gallant pioneer and trader Ashley had, however, paved the way for military occupation, for in 1823 he reached the head-waters of the Platte; in 1824 established a fort near Salt Lake, to which, for purposes of defence, in 1826, he conveyed a 6-pounder cannon. In 1827 Pilcher, bent on a trading expedition, left Council Bluffs with 45 men and 100 horses, struck the upper waters of the Columbia at Fort Colville (now in Washington), went northeast by the Columbia, recrossed the Rocky Mountains, and in 1829 descended the Missouri.

At this date, 1827, there was not in the possession of an American citizen a single settlement or trading-post in all this vast region. The ownership of the country was in warm dispute. It had been claimed in turn by Spain, Russia, Great Britain, France, and the United States. In the struggle for possession prior to 1827 Spain had sold out to France; the latter, for a consideration paid Napoleon Bonaparte, had disposed of her interests to the United States, while Russia had retired within the icy circle of Alaska. The battle was now between the British Empire and the United States. The Anglo-Saxons were holding on. Time and

time again it seemed that war could not be averted. That blood was not shed was probably due to the statesmanship of Webster, and that eloquent champion of peace, Rufus Choate. Although the Columbia River was discovered by Captain Gray in 1792, the treaty which settled upon the 49th parallel as the boundary line between British Columbia and the United States was not signed until July 17, 1846, nor were all the details closed until left to the arbitration of Emperor William of Germany, who gave the final decision October 21, 1871.

In 1830 the excitement over the occupation of Oregon was running high. Newspapers were teeming with articles descriptive of its vast resources, and the inducements it offered for settlement. Congress had been asked for the authority to establish there a territorial government, or an independent State governed by Americans. Others decried the effort to try to colonize and hold this remote region, and the question was asked, "Was Oregon worth winning?" Oregon, with its 251,000 square miles of territory, its hundreds of miles of sea-coast, its fertile valleys, wide ranges of pasture-lands, rich deposits of minerals, its magnificent rivers sweeping from mountains of perpetual snow with impetuous haste to pay their tribute to the great Pacific! The verdict of three-quarters of a million inhabitants to-day is that it was worth the struggle.

I have before me the private correspondence and diary of a man who in 1831 was far-sighted enough to see the value of acquiring a territory so vast and important, and that to acquire it, it was necessary to colonize it with Americans.

Though but twenty-nine years of age, with a courage, skill, and energy which challenge admiration and deserved success, he organized a movement for the colonization of Oregon, and between 1831 and 1836 led two expeditions across the American continent in the effort to found a State in the great Northwest.

With what enthusiasm he was filled to give up a prosperous business, a happy home commanding the comforts of life in the centre of American civilization, to part from a loving wife, family, and friends, and tempt fate in a perilous journey of thousands of miles through trackless forests, across seemingly boundless prairies, over rugged and unknown mountains, at every turn exposed to dangers from hostile savages as brave as they were cunning and merciless! No one can read this old and musty diary, stained with frequent wettings from overturned bull-boats or drenching rains, in many places illegible by actual wearing out of the leaves by friction upon each other, without paying the tribute of profound respect and admiration for the man.

Of him Washington Irving wrote:* "His enterprise was prosecuted with a spirit, intelligence, and perseverance that merited success. All the details that we have met with prove him to be no ordinary man. He appears to have the mind to conceive and the energy to execute extensive and striking plans. He had once more reared the American flag in the lost domains of Astoria; and had he been enabled to maintain the footing he had so gallantly effected, he might have regained for his country the opulent trade of the Columbia, of which our statesmen have negligently suffered us to be dispossessed."

This extract from his diary, written January 11, 1835, when "snowed in" in the mountains, at last convinced that after all he had done or could do Oregon must be given up, speaks with a pathos deeper than I can command:

> "The crackling of the falling trees and the howling of the blast are more grand than comfortable. It makes two individuals feel their insignificance in the creation to be seated under a blanket with three and one-half feet of snow about them and more coming, and no telling when it will stop. The thoughts that have run through my brain while I have been here in the snow would fill a volume; my infancy, my youth, my manhood's troubled stream, its vagaries, its plans, mixed with the gall of bitterness, and its results, viz.: under a blanket, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles from a friend, the blast howling about, smothered in snow, poor, in debt, nearly naked, and considered a visionary."

Nathaniel Wyeth lived to see Oregon a Territory of the United States, and although he died before it was admitted as a State in 1859, his last years must have been happier in the knowledge that he had done much to make the occupation of this territory possible to his fellow-countrymen.

Barrows, in his *Oregon*, pays a tribute to his genius and skill in the selection

* *Bonneville.*

of a site for Fort Hall (Idaho), which he built in 1834.

In a letter he says: "I have built a fort on Lewis or Snake River, in latitude 43° 14′ N. and longitude 113° 30′, which I named Fort Hall. We manufactured a magnificent flag from some unbleached sheeting, a little red flannel, and a few blue patches, saluted it with damaged powder, and wet it in villanous alcohol, and after all it makes a very respectable appearance."

Nine years later, in 1843, when, in the race for the occupation of Oregon, Dr. Marcus Whitman led his great caravan of about two hundred wagons and eight hundred souls, he selected the route by Fort Hall, which even at that date was in the hands of the Hudson Bay Company. Barrows writes: "As this expedition turned the balance for Oregon, so Fort Hall was the pivotal point. This Fort Hall, on Lewis or Snake River, about one hundred miles north of Salt Lake City, was originally an American trading-post, built by N. J. Wyeth, but the Hudson Bay Company crowded him out by the many monopolizing and outraging means which a wilderness life made possible. Many of his traders and trappers were scattered wide; some of them were killed, and his business generally was ruined. At this point many immigrant companies had been intimidated and broken up, and so Fort Hall served as a cover for Oregon, just as a battery at the mouth of a river protects the inland city on its banks.

In later days, when the spirit was aroused for "the whole of Oregon or war," the question was raised whether it was to be taken under the walls of Quebec or on the Columbia. Neither was the place. Oregon was taken at Fort Hall.

The first indication of the proposed expedition I find is in a letter dated Cambridge, Massachusetts, October 5, 1831, written to his brother, Mr. Charles Wyeth, of Baltimore: "My plan is to go out there and carry with me what property I can spare after leaving a support for my wife," etc. On November 11th he wrote to a brother in the South for explicit instructions in regard to the cultivation of tobacco, which he hoped might be introduced and cultivated successfully in the new colony.

On December 19, 1831, he wrote from Cambridge to the Secretary of State: "Hon. Edward S. Everett: Sir,—Enclosed you have a letter from Mr. Nuttall, containing in part my views in regard to this application to the Executive. I have to repeat that no view of emolument induces it, but only a desire to serve the views of the government in regard to that country. It occurred to me that the government might avail itself of my services to obtain information concerning that country, which in time would be useful. I would willingly devote a portion of my time to their service without other compensation than the respectability allotted to all those who serve their country."

To the same gentleman, on January 6, 1832: "I believe it is not lawful for armed bodies of men to pass through the country. I would beg leave to inquire of you whether any permission is required, and to obtain the same, and also permission for trading with the Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains." He also in this letter expresses the hope that the attention of Congress may be called to the subject in such manner as to induce them to act in "aiding good men to *form a settlement in that region, and assume the government of the colony.*"

On March 11, 1832, with a company of twenty-one men, fully armed and equipped, Mr. Wyeth sailed out of Boston Harbor, and landed fifteen days later in Baltimore. From Baltimore they journeyed by rail for sixty miles to the terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at the foot of the Alleghanies, and thence on foot to the nearest point on the Monongahela River, where they took a steamboat for Pittsburg. At a tavern on the mountains the proprietor refused to entertain the members of the expedition because they were *Yankees.* "The disagreement ran so high that the tavern-keeper and the Yankee captain each seized his rifle. The latter demanded lodging and refreshment, and the dispute ended in our captain sleeping in the house with three of his party, well armed, determined to defend their persons, and to insist on their rights as peaceable and inoffending travellers."* From Pittsburg the voyage was continued to St. Louis by steamboat, reaching this latter city April 18, 1832; thence by steamer to Independence, the last white settlement on the Missouri River, near the present Kansas City. Here two of the company deserted and returned to the States. From Independence, in the latter part of May, the expe-

* J. B. Wyeth, *Short Account of a Long Journey.*

dition started out across the plains, struck the Platte River (near Grand Island, Kearney County, Nebraska), followed along its bank, crossed the South Fork (Lincoln County), marched along the south bank of the North Fork of the Platte; on June 9, 1832, passed "the Chimneys" (Chimney Rock, Banner County, Nebraska); reached the Black Hills (present State of Wyoming) June 15th, and Rock Independence, on Sweetwater River (Wyoming), on the 21st. "From this time to July 2, frost each night, and snow." July 2d: "This night, at about twelve o'clock, we were attacked by Indians, probably the Blackfeet. They fired about forty shots and some arrows into the camp."

On July 8, 1832, the expedition arrived at Pierre's Hole, and remained there to July 17th, "during which time all my men but eleven left me." July 18th, "when near starting we observed two parties of Blackfeet Indians coming, about two hundred in number. A skirmish ensued, and one of the Blackfeet was killed, and his blanket and robe brought into camp. The women and children were seen flying into the mountains. The Indians made for the timber, and fortified themselves in a masterly manner. We attacked them, and continued the attack all day. There were about twenty of them killed, and thirty-two horses were found dead. They decamped during the night, leaving their lodges and many of their dead. We lost three whites killed; eight badly wounded. Ten of the Nez Percés and Flatheads (fighting on the side of the whites) were killed or mortally wounded. One of our men who was killed inside of their fort was mutilated in a shocking manner. This affair will detain us some days."*

On July 25th the remnant of the expedition, eleven in number, with a small party of Nez Percé Indians, continued their march for the valley of the Columbia.

On the 21st of August they encountered a village of Snake Indians who were friendly. Ten days later, following the bed of a creek, "the rocks on each side closed over the top and formed a natural bridge, elevated about fifty feet."

From Pierre's Hole the route of the expedition was west and a little north until the Snake or Lewis River was reached, then along this stream, arriving at Fort Walla Walla, a trading station of the Hudson Bay Company, October 13, 1832, having on the way been forced to kill their horses for food. On the 19th they left Walla Walla, and travelled down the Columbia in canoes to Fort Vancouver, another station of the Hudson Bay Company, arriving there October 29, 1832. "Here I was received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by the acting Governor of the place. Our people were supplied with food and shelter from the rain, which is constant."

Scarcely without exception throughout the entire experience of Mr. Wyeth within the area controlled by the Hudson Bay Company, its officers were personally kind and courteous. It was in matters of business they were harsh, exacting, and ultimately ruinous to competition.

Later in a report to Congress he wrote, "Experience has satisfied me the entire might of this Company will be made to bear on any trader who shall attempt to prosecute his business within its reach."*

He was impressed with the productiveness of the country around Fort Vancouver on the Columbia: "They raise 4000 bushels of wheat; barley, 3000; Indian corn, 3000; potatoes, 1500; pease, 3000; and a large quantity of pumpkins. There are about eight settlers on the Multonomah (Williamette), old '*engagés*' of the Company. The soil is good, timber is heavy and thick, and almost impenetrable from underbrush and fallen trees."

November 4th, one of the remaining seven men of the twenty-one which left Boston eight months before died, and the others, becoming discouraged, asked to be released from their contract, which was to remain for five years in the attempt to settle Oregon. November 15, 1832, "I have now no men, and am afloat without stay or support, but in good hands, *i.e.*, myself and Providence."

With the loss of his entire force Mr. Wyeth immediately set about to acquaint himself with the topography and resources of the country, determined to return to the States and enlist a larger and better-equipped expedition, and again seek a home and fortune in the valley of the Columbia. His will was indomitable, he

* In Irving's *Bonneville* there is a thrilling description of this bloody encounter with the Blackfeet, in which Nathaniel Wyeth is spoken of in the highest terms of praise for the active part he took in the fight.

* House of Representatives, No. 101, February 16, 1839. Barrows's *Oregon*.

believed in himself, and if success was possible he would achieve it.

By November 30th, with two men and a canoe, "I started up the Wallamet or Multonomah River" on a voyage of discovery. The diary is rich in notes concerning the topography of this region, the forests of heavy pines; "on the bottoms there is considerable oak of a kind not found in the States, of excellent quality for ship-building." "I have never seen a country of equal beauty except the Kansas country, and I doubt not it will one day sustain a large population. If this country is ever colonized, this is the point to commence." This prophecy is fulfilled, for Portland, Oregon, is built on this location. In January, 1833, having finished his expedition in the Willamette country, he volunteered to accompany a party starting to the Northeast, but the Governor would not consent, "which I interpreted into a jealousy of my motives."

Under date of January 16, 1833, from Fort Vancouver, is a letter to his parents: "After much delay and some difficulties in the shape of long marches on foot, I am at last here. You can have but little idea how much men improve in some points of character in situations like these, and if polite carriage and shrewd intellect are best acquired in the more populous parts of the earth, generous feelings are fostered in the wilds, and among savages the civilized man seems to uphold his character better than among his fellows."

To Messrs. Tucker and Williams on same date: "My men have all left me, and I am about returning across the mountains with two men that I have hired for this purpose." He left for Walla Walla February 3, 1833, arrived there on the 13th, and by April 23d was "fairly in the dangerous country. Near here two hundred Flatheads, Couterays, Ponderays, and others were killed by the Blackfeet Indians."

On the 29th he encountered a village of friendly Indians of "one hundred and sixteen lodges, containing upwards of one thousand souls." Here he remained for some days, studying the customs and character of these Indians.

April 30, 1833: "Every morning some important Indian addresses either heaven or his countrymen, exhorting them to good conduct to each other and to the strangers among them. On Sunday there is more prayer, and nothing is done in the way of trade or games, and they seldom fish, kill game, or raise camp. Theft is a thing almost unknown among them, and is punished by flogging. The least thing, even to a bead or pin, is brought you if found, and even things we throw away are brought again to us. I think you would find among twenty whites as many scoundrels as among one thousand of these Indians. They have a mild, playful, laughing disposition, and their qualities are strongly portrayed in their countenances; they are polite and unobtrusive, and, however poor, do not beg except as pay for services. They are very brave, and fight the Blackfeet, who continually steal their horses. They wear as little clothing as the weather will permit. The women are closely covered and chaste, and the young women are good-looking."

These friendly tribes were chiefly Nez Percés and Flatheads, and evidently they had been influenced by association with missionaries, and chiefly those of the Catholic Church.

On May 5th there was some excitement among the Indians. "There is a new 'great man' here getting up in the camp, and like the rest of the world he covers his designs under the great cloak of religion. His followers are now dancing to their own vocal music, and perhaps one-fifth of the camp follow him. He is getting up some new form of religion among the Indians more simple than himself. Like others of his class, he works with the fools, women, and children first. While he is doing this the men of sense stand by and laugh; but they will soon find out that fools, women, and children form so large a majority that with a bad grace they will have to yield. These things make me think of the new lights and revivals in New England."

The Messiah craze and the ghost dances of 1890 created a little more disturbance than in 1833!

May 21st: "Snow as usual." 24th: "Rain, hail, snow, and thunder;" and then follows the only effort at being jocular in the diary. "We are so near where they make weather that they send it to us as if it cost nothing!" This jocularity is, however, short-lived, for the next entry is: "Twenty lodges of Blackfeet are now camped at our last camp;

moved seven miles." June 5th: "The 'Three Buttes' came in sight one by one, and then the *Trois Tetons.*" On the 7th, "moved fifteen miles, without water the whole route; enough dust to suffocate one." 10th: An Indian was mortally gored by a buffalo; "he very composedly made his will by word of mouth, the Indians responding in concord at the end of each sentence; he appeared not in the least intimidated at the approach of death. I think the Indians die better than the whites. Perhaps they have less superstition in regard to the future, and argue that as the Deity makes them happy here, he will also hereafter, if there is existence for them."

June 15th: "Last night some Blackfeet fired into our camp." For one of the crippled Indians a novel stretcher or litter was made. "He has a good bed made on poles, the points of which, like shafts, were carried by a horse led by his wife; the hinder part, by six men and women, on their shoulders."

On July 9th he was again at Pierre's Hole, where the big battle was fought a year previous. Six days later there were new alarms that the terrible Blackfeet were upon them, but still no enemy in sight. "On this day killed thirty buffalo."

On July 18, 1833, Mr. Wyeth wrote Mr. Ermatinger: "I arrived here nine days ago, saw no Indians, but saw the bones of Mr. Moore, killed by the Blackfeet last year, and buried them. He was one of my men who left me in Pierre's Hole. A Mr. Nudd was also killed. I have letters from the States . . . . Cholera has killed five thousand people in New York. . . . General Jackson, President. . . . Insurrection in Southern States on account of the tariff."

July 26th: "Country covered with buffalo. Shot a cow with a very young calf, which followed our mule for a long way before it discovered its mistake." 28th: "I found a grizzly in a thicket, and after firing pistol and throwing stones, he came out as though he meant fight. I gave him the shot of my rifle through the body. He then rushed on us, and I ran as fast as I could. Mr. Sublette also ran."

August 1, 1833: "Mr. Bredger sent four men to look for us, Smith, Thompson, Evans, and a half-breed. Fifteen Snake Indians came up to them, and after smoking departed. After they had gone, Thompson, having been out hunting and fatigued from loss of sleep, was dozing. He was awakened by a noise among the horses, and, opening his eyes, the first thing that presented itself to his sight was the muzzle of a gun in the hands of an Indian. It was immediately discharged, and so near his head that the front piece of his cap alone saved his eyes from being put out by the powder. The ball entered the head outside of the eye, and breaking through the cheek-bone, lodged in the neck. While insensible an arrow was shot into him from the top of the shoulder downwards."

August 7th: "Camped on Gray Ball River. Here I found a piece of about five pounds of bituminous coal, which burned freely. Its fracture was too perfect to have come far." August 11th: "Saw four grizzlies. 12th: Arrived at Big Horn River, and went out to get bullhides to make boat."

This boat was eighteen feet long, and was made in this way: Slender willow poles or branches were cut and the butts forced a short distance into the ground in an elliptical shape, corresponding to the rim of the boat. These were about one foot apart. The ends of opposite poles were now bent towards each other until the proper curve for the bottom of the boat was secured, and then tied together with leather thongs. Other poles and branches were interwoven in an antero-posterior direction until a strong wicker frame was completed. The skins of three buffaloes were sewed together with thongs, and these were laid raw side out upon the frame, to which they were securely stitched. A slow (not blazing) fire was then started underneath the shell, and in this way the skins were dried and made to contract tight upon the frame.

In this boat, on August 15, 1833, accompanied by Mr. Milton Sublette, two Indian lads and two half-breeds, Mr. Wyeth undertook one of those perilous voyages occasionally recorded in the annals of frontier life. The starting-point was near the fatal ground where, in 1876, the gallant Custer and his entire command perished at the hands of Sitting Bull and his merciless braves, and not very remote from the place where this unprincipled savage met a bloody end, December, 1890. A thrilling description of this voyage is given by Mr. Irving in *Bonneville.* Down the Big Horn they floated into the

Yellowstone, and thence into the Missouri, and on to St. Louis, traversing Wyoming, Montana, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri, thousands of miles of perilous windings, over rapids, bars, drift-wood, snags, and rocks, requiring as much vigilance to keep their frail bark from being sunk as to keep out of rifle or arrow shot of the cunning savages who prowled along the banks. With all their precautions of crawling into the willows and dragging their boat after them at break of day, and travelling only at night to prevent their being seen by the Indians, they were taken in by a large band of Crows. Fortunately they met with this mishap so near to Fort Cass, a trading-post at the junction of the Big Horn and Yellowstone, that the Indians, fearing to kill, only robbed them, and allowed them to depart.

On August 21st: "Passed the mouth of Powder River, and on the 24th struck the Missouri. Here the bull-boat was abandoned for a canoe, or a 'pirogue.'"

September 3d, they came in sight of twenty-one lodges of Indians. "I immediately had the boat put into a thicket and fortified as well as I could. As soon as it was dark we proceeded forward with a high wind and cloudy sky. All went well until we were just opposite the village, when we unluckily went aground on a sand bar. Here we worked hard for some time to get off, and had the Indians seen or heard us we could have made little resistance; but they did not, and after some time we got off. These were the Aricaros, and would have scalped us."

With all these dangers the trip was not without its fascinations. On September 4th, after tipping the boat, getting wet, and then going ashore to dry, they "floated through the night eleven hours, a beautiful still night, the stillness interrupted only by the neighing of the elk, the low of the buffalo, the hooting of the large owl and the screeching of the small ones, and occasionally the splashing of a beaver in the water,"—a picture of wildness and solitude now only possible in retrospection.

September 6, 1833: "Seeing an elk on the sand, killed him. Very acceptable, as we had had nothing to eat since yesterday noon; saved his horns for my best friend, Mr. F. Tudor, of Boston. 16th: "Run on a sand bar and was unable to extricate the boat in the dark; the mosquitoes almost murdered us!" September 21st: "Passed Council Bluffs;" and on September 27th the voyagers reached Fort Leavenworth (Kansas). On the 28th this long and exciting boat voyage ended at Liberty, Missouri, where Mr. Wyeth took a steamboat for St. Louis and the East.

The indomitable energy and undaunted pluck of this man is evinced in the immediate execution of his purpose to again go over this terrible journey to the Oregon country. He would not give up his dream of civilizing this valuable territory. His clear mind saw in the near future a vast commonwealth, dotted with farms, villages, and cities, on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, and this a part of the Union! Scarcely half a century has elapsed, and lo! in this wilderness, out of which he was forced to go, dwell to-day nearly three-fourths of a million citizens of the United States.* He was a visionary then; a prophet now!

I have a proposition written to Mr. E. M. Samuel, dated Liberty, Missouri, September 29, 1833, asking for an estimate for an equipment of a second expedition, as "it is my intention to return across the mountains to the Columbia next spring."

October 17th, Mr. Wyeth arrived at Cincinnati, and I find a note to General Harrison ("Tippecanoe"): "Sir,—The enclosed I received from your son on the Big Horn. I met him on Green River, or the Colorado of the West; was with him some twenty days. He was in good health, and told me he should remain in the Indian country through the winter. He has taken an outfit from Fitzpatrick and Co. of some horses and men for the trapping business. It would have afforded me much pleasure to have delivered the letter to you in person, but haste prevents."

October 26th, he arrived in Baltimore, and was in Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 8, 1833, one year and seven months having elapsed since his departure for the Pacific coast.

He was already busy arranging for the return trip, for on this date, November 8, 1833, he wrote to Henry Hall and Messrs. Tucker and Williams a long letter setting forth his plans. A vessel was chartered on November 20th, and was soon loaded

* Census of 1890. Oregon, 317,767; Washington, 349,390; Idaho, 84,385. Total, 751,542.

and ready to sail for the Columbia River *viâ* Cape Horn.

There is also a letter dated at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 9, 1833, directed to Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, the subject of which is to enquire if trappers and employés of the Hudson Bay Company would be unmolested in their possessions should they settle and open up lands on "the Wallamet or Multonomah, a river coming from the south into the Columbia."

From New York, December 20, 1833, he wrote to Messrs. Samuel and More, Liberty, Missouri, to proceed to the purchase of animals for an early start, May 1st, for the mountains. "Thirty-five Spanish riding saddles without finery, for the men, and six of a superior sort for '*us gentlemen*'; not expensive, but good and plain."

On same date he wrote to his old friend and companion in the bull-boat trip from the Big Horn, Milton Sublette, to hasten his expected visit, as "I am desirous of a spree with an old *mountaineer;* these folks here won't do."

Mr. Wyeth left Boston early in February on his second expedition, by way of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and was in Pittsburg February 26th, Cincinnati February 28th, Louisville March 5th, St. Louis March 11th.

The following letter was written from this last place, and dated March 5, 1834:

"DEAR WIFE,—... It is true that Mr. Fitzpatrick was robbed by the Crow Indians, but I was in hopes you would not hear of it. I knew of it before I left Cambridge, but did not wish to alarm you. I do not think there is much danger with so large a party as I shall have. Mr. Nuttall, and Mr. Townsend, another naturalist, passed through this place to the rendezvous last week.... Baptiste* continues a pretty good boy. I shall not forget my promise to send for you if there is any chance of doing so with propriety, but you must not be too sanguine; a thousand circumstances may prevent, although I desire it much. I feel as much as you can the lonesomeness of my way of life, *but you know the success of what I have undertaken is life itself to me*, and if I do fail in it they shall never say it was for want of perseverance. I am yet sanguine that I shall succeed. I will take good care of myself, and perhaps the life which began in turmoil may yet end in quiet and peace, and our sun go down from a clear sky. I cannot but reproach myself that I have made you in some measure a widow, and I fear you will brood over hopes that have been blasted by me. These things make me melancholy, and I believe I have got the *blues*. Good-bye, my dear wife, and may God bless you. N. J. WYETH."

* The Indian boy who accompanied Mr. Wyeth on his first return trip from the Pacific coast.

On May 5, 1834, our explorer was again on his way across the continent, with sixty men and a sufficient number of horses and mules, starting from Liberty, Missouri, crossing the Kansas near its confluence with the Missouri, day after day pushing on in a direction slightly north of west through Kansas (of our present map) into Nebraska, striking the Platte about 41° north latitude and 99° west longitude, following the north fork of this stream into Wyoming, passing the Black Hills, and on June 9, 1834, the expedition arrived at Rock Independence, on the Sweetwater, 42° 30′ north latitude and 107° west longitude.

Beyond an occasional bout with Indians, nothing occurred worthy of note, although the diary faithfully details the march of each day.

June 1, 1834: "Crossed Laramie Fork." 8th: "This day killed two grizzlies." 16th: "The grass is miserable, and my horses are starving." Several hunters had also not returned to camp, and the diary reads, "Fearful they have been scalped." July 8th: "Made northwest to a place where there is a soda spring, or, I may say, fifty of them. There is also here a warm spring which throws out water with a jet." This location is now within the National or Yellowstone Park. They were now on Bear River, and it was well named, for on July 10th they "killed three grizzlies."

From July 14th to August 6th they were busy in building Fort Hall, on Lewis River. The strategic importance of this fort has already been referred to in the introduction to this article.

The expedition now bound for the Pacific coast numbered "in all twenty-nine." They were now entering the section of country in which Mr. Hunt's party in 1811 suffered so severely for food, being forced finally to scatter in small detachments to seek subsistence. Some of these perished in the mountains.

August 15th the expedition struck Snake River. Food was getting scarce. "Killed some dusky grouse, and dug some kamas root, which assisted in living a little. Saw one Indian at a distance on horseback." 19th: "This day found a colt left

by the Indians, on which we will breakfast, as provisions are running short." Rations were still shorter two days later, for the entry on the 21st, with a grim suggestion of a joke, says, "No breakfast; feel very much purified in the flesh." 24th: "Scorpions are quite common. Two nights since, just as I was about lying down, I saw something move on my blanket, and found it to be a good-sized scorpion." "Our party now numbers seventeen — Indians, *literati*, and all." The *literati* referred to were Mr. Nuttall, the botanist, and Mr. Townsend, the ornithologist. September 1st: "Camped at ten o'clock, having found no water, and the whole country as bare as my hand, affording a bad prospect for our poor horses." On the next day, pretty well worn out, the remnants of the expedition reached Walla Walla.

September 4th: Mr. Wyeth left Walla Walla in a canoe for Fort Vancouver. 9th, had reached "The Dalles" (or Narrows) of the Columbia. "Party arrived with news that they had drowned one of the horses and the jackass. I valued him more than ten horses as a breeder." Down the Columbia was not smooth sailing, for September 10th "the gale swamped one of our canoes, which frightened the Indians back." 13th: "Made the portage of the Cascades; and next day, September 14, 1834, arrived at Fort Vancouver, nineteen months after leaving this place for the East, *having in this time twice traversed the American Continent.*"

September 15th: "Early in the morning, having hired another canoe, put ahead down the Columbia, and at twelve o'clock met the brig *May Dean.* Boarded her, and found all well." This ship Mr. Wyeth had loaded with supplies and despatched from Boston. "She had been struck by lightning and much damaged, having put into Valparaiso for repairs. Captain Lambert brought me twenty Sandwich-Islanders, two coopers, two smiths, and a clerk." September 22d Mr. Wyeth settled upon a large prairie near the Wallamette River, about fifty miles from its mouth. "It is about fifteen miles long, seven wide, surrounded with fine timber, and a good wide stream on it." On the 25th he was back at Fort Vancouver, making preparations to send out parties on exploring and trading expeditions. 27th: "Sent Stout up the Wallamet with two men and implements to commence farm."

From this date to October 13, 1834, he was busy "making preparations for an expedition into the Snake country, and in building a fort on the Columbia River, forty miles from its mouth (Fort William).

October 6, 1834, he wrote to his old friend Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston, "I am now making an establishment on the Multonomah [Wallamet, now called Willamette], about fifty miles above its mouth, and one on the Columbia forty miles from its mouth. This winter I go up Lewis River to make one more fort on its waters, and one on the south side of Great Salt Lake."

On November 23d, Mr. Wyeth with four men descended the Walla Walla and Columbia to the mouth of the River Des Chutes, along which he ascended directly south into the heart of Oregon. By December 10th they were well into the unknown country, across "an extensive plain, beyond which, white and high, rose a range of mountains, disheartening to look at; *but ahead is the word*, and the spirit seems to rise to the occasion."

By December 25th they were reduced to such straits that one of the horses was killed for food. "Snow and rain all day, and a miserable Christmas."

January 2, 1835: "Made snow-shoes, but they were too small. I frequently sunk into the snow, and it bothered me much to get out again." 5th: "Killed two swans so fat we could not eat all the grease. Seems good to live well after poor horse-meat," which suggests an adage, Scotch in origin, I believe, that a mighty little does a poor body good. "One swan furnished two of us only two meals; they do not eat so in the States." On the 16th the thermometer was below zero. One of the men had his feet badly frozen. The snow was four feet deep now, so that further advance was impossible. Fearful of perishing, and as delay was dangerous, "we abandoned everything but our blankets, books, and ammunition, axe and kettles, and took it on foot with about sixty pounds each on our backs. Made six miles, killed one deer, and camped. Am tired and hungry, but the deer will cure all." January 22, 1835: "Snowed all night; breakfasted on two beaver tails." 25th: "We heard a gun, and fired in return, and a Snake Indian came to us and led us to his camp; he brought a lean dog on which we supped, and had enough left for breakfast."

January 29th: "This is my birthday, but I have forgotten how old I am." Mr. Wyeth was on this day thirty-three years old. February 3d: "At this camp there is a hot spring, too hot to bear the hand in, and smoking like a coal-pit, 134°; took a good bath by going down stream until I found a suitable temperature." By February 10, 1835, Mr. Wyeth was again on the Columbia, *en route*, "in a very leaky canoe, which kept us bailing all the time," for Fort Vancouver, where he arrived two days later. This tour of exploration occupied nearly three months, in the dead of winter, and in the more elevated and coldest part of Oregon. I cannot, in the limits of a magazine article, give the details as I have them in the daily record of his wanderings. Enough is given to show that this man possessed untiring energy, guided by superior intelligence and tact. He realized that in order to induce immigration the country must be fully explored and described, and this was his great aim in life, to succeed in the colonization of Oregon.

By February 27th he was again on the Wallamet, and established a post at Wappatoo Island, near the mouth of this river. He immediately put his force to work, getting out a cargo of hoop-poles and lumber for the Sandwich Islands, and making a large canoe to "lighter" over the shallows into deep water near the mouth of the Wallamette. "The whole tree was two hundred and forty-two feet long, and this by no means the largest tree on Wappatoo Island." This island is near Portland. This "canoe was sixty feet long, deep enough to chamber twenty-five barrels, clear of knots, shakes, and almost of sap."

The diary of Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth ends with this date. If any further record of his labors was kept it is lost. From a study of his character I think it is more than likely that the journal was continued, for he not only was industrious and exact in keeping his diary up to this period, but even kept copies of his correspondence, which copies, covering this interesting chapter of his career, are now in my possession. From these letters I gather that he established a settlement, which he hoped would be permanent, on Wappatoo Island, about four miles from the mouth of the Wallamette.

From Fort William, in the winter of 1834, the brig *Ida*, loaded with lumber, coopers' material, etc., had sailed for the Sandwich Islands, returning on April 3, 1835. He had, in addition to building Fort Hall on Lewis River (now in Idaho), built Fort William on the Columbia, about forty miles above its mouth, opened a large farm fifty miles up the Wallamette, and made an establishment on Wappatoo Island. About this time he was prostrated by an illness, brought on by overwork and reckless exposure, which long threatened to terminate his career. In the mean time his men became discouraged and demoralized in the absence of their leader, upon whom their hopes rested. The Indians, fearing that they were about to be supplanted by the settlement of their lands by enterprising whites, took advantage of the demoralization; and, as Barrows, in his *History of Oregon*, suggests, it is probable that the Hudson Bay Company, seeing in Mr. Wyeth's persistent energy and pluck a formidable competitor for the trade and possession of this country, were silent abettors of the persecution and ultimate destruction of this expedition. Governor Pelly, of this company, writes in 1838, "We have compelled the American adventurers to withdraw from the contest."

This was doubtless their policy, for they avowedly built Fort Boisé, near Fort Hall, for the purpose of killing off the trade and influence this establishment rapidly acquired. Mr. Wyeth, however, always acknowledged the personal courtesies and kindnesses he received from the officers of this company, and did this publicly in one of the Boston newspapers after his return. After a terrible struggle, well deserving a better fate, and more than this, deserving a recognition of his services for Oregon, which his countrymen in that section of the country have not yet accorded him, broken in health and bankrupt in purse, and deserted by those of his followers who survived, he gave up the fight.

Here is his last letter written from Oregon:

"COLUMBIA RIVER, *Sept. 22d*, 1835.

"DEAR WIFE,—I have been very sick, but have got well, and shall be on my way to the mountains, to winter at Fort Hall, in about six days. I expect to be home about the first of November, 1836. Mr. Nuttall is here, and well. I have sent you a half-barrel of salmon, which I hope will be in good order. I cannot attend to putting them up myself, therefore

they may not be so good. The season has been very sickly. We have lost by drowning, disease, and warfare seventeen persons up to this date, and fourteen now sick."

The people of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho will no doubt do honor to his memory, now that his services are a matter of record. General Fremont was styled the Pathfinder in 1846, yet Whitman had gone over this route in 1843, and Nathaniel Wyeth had four times made the trail between 1832–6. During his life, which ended in 1856, he shrank from publicity to a degree that was almost morbid. In one of his letters from Oregon to a friend in the East he closes by saying: "Now I do not wish this letter published. I hate anything in print." He never would consent to have a portrait or photograph of himself, and the only one in existence was taken after his death. He was only twenty-nine years old when he led his first expedition over the "Rockies," and but thirty-four when, after five years of perilous labor, having four times traversed the American Continent from ocean to ocean, he reached the fireside of his home in Cambridge, "a visionary and a failure."

Will Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, with their three-quarters of a million inhabitants within fifty-five years of the time he left it, when there was not a single American settler in that country, their busy cities, fertile farms, their transcontinental railroads, their ocean steamers, clearing for China, Japan, and the Orient, and their glorious future, of which this is but the dawn, deem Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth a failure?

THE BOY ORATOR OF ZEPATA CITY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE day was cruelly hot, with unwarranted gusts of wind which swept the red dust in fierce eddies in at one end of Main Street and out at the other, and waltzed fantastically out of sight across the prairie. When they had passed, human beings opened their eyes again to blink hopelessly at the white sun, and swore or gasped, as their nature moved them. There were very few human beings in the streets, either in Houston Avenue, where there were dwelling-houses, or in the business quarter on Main Street. They were all at the new court-house, and every one possessed of proper civic pride was either in the packed court-room itself, or standing on the high steps outside, or pacing the long, freshly kalsomined corridors, where there was shade and less dust. It was an eventful day in the history of Zepata City. The court-house had been long in coming, the appropriation had been denied again and again; but at last it stood a proud and hideous fact, like a gray prison, towering above the bare, undecorated brick stores and the frame houses on the prairie around it, new, raw, and cheap, from the tin statue on the dome to the stucco round its base already cracking with the sun. Piles of lumber and scaffolding and the lime beds the builders had left still lay on the unsodded square, and the bursts of wind drove the shavings across it, as they had done since the first week of building, when the Hon. Horatio Macon, who had worked for the appropriation, had laid the corner-stone and received the homage of his constituents.

It seemed a particularly happy and appropriate circumstance that the first business in the new court-room should be of itself of an important and momentous nature, something that dealt not only with the present but with the past of Zepata, and that the trial of so celebrated an individual as Abe Barrow should open the court-house with *éclat*, as Emma Abbott, who had come all the way from San Antonio to do it, had opened the new opera-house the year before. The District Attorney had said it would not take very long to dispose of Barrow's case, but he had promised it would be an interesting if brief trial, and the court-room was filled even to the open windows, where men sat crowded together, with the perspiration running down their faces, and the red dust settling and turning white upon their shoulders.

Abe Barrow, the prisoner, had been as closely associated with the early history of Zepata as Colonel Macon himself, and was as widely known; he had killed in his day several of the Zepata citizens, and two visiting brother-desperadoes, and the corner where his gambling-house had

stood was still known as Barrow's corner, to the regret of the druggist who had opened a shop there. Ten years before, the murder of Deputy-Sheriff Welsh had led him to the penitentiary, and a month previous to the opening of the new court-house he had been freed, and arrested at the prison gate to stand trial for the murder of Hubert Thompson. The fight with Thompson had been a fair fight—so those said who remembered it—and Thompson was a man they could well spare; but the case against Barrow had been prepared during his incarceration by the new and youthful District Attorney, "Judge" Henry Harvey, and as it offered a fitting sacrifice for the dedication of the new temple of justice, the people were satisfied and grateful.

The court-room was as bare of ornament as the cell from which the prisoner had just been taken. There was an imitation walnut clock at the back of the Judge's hair-cloth sofa, his revolving chair, and his high desk. This was the only ornament. Below was the green table of the District Attorney, upon which rested his papers and law-books and his high hat. To one side sat the jury, ranch-owners and prominent citizens, proud of having to serve on this the first day; and on the other the prisoner in his box. Around them gathered the citizens of Zepata in close rows, crowded together on unpainted benches; back of them more citizens standing and a few awed Mexicans; and around all the whitewashed walls. Colonel John Stogart, of Dallas, the prisoner's attorney, procured obviously at great expense, no one knew by whom, and Barrow's wife, a thin yellow-faced woman in a mean-fitting showy gown, sat among the local celebrities at the District Attorney's elbow. She was the only woman in the room.

Colonel Stogart's speech had been good. The citizens were glad it had been so good; it had kept up the general tone of excellence, and it was well that the best lawyer of Dallas should be present on this occasion, and that he should have made what the citizens of Zepata were proud to believe was one of the efforts of his life. As they said, a court-house such as this one was not open for business every day. It was also proper that Judge Truax, who was a real Judge, and not one by courtesy only, as was the young District Attorney, should be upon the bench. He also was associated with the early days and with the marvellous growth of Zepata City. He had taught the young District Attorney much of what he knew, and his long white hair and silver-rimmed spectacles gave dignity and the appearance of calm justice to the bare room and to the heated words of the rival orators.

Colonel Stogart ceased speaking, and the District Attorney sucked in his upper lip with a nervous impatient sigh as he recognized that the visiting attorney had proved murder in the second degree, and that an execution in the jail-yard would not follow as a fitting sequence.

But he was determined that so far as in him lay he would at least send his man back to the penitentiary for the remainder of his life.

Young Harry Harvey, "The Boy Orator of Zepata City," as he was called, was very dear to the people of that booming town. In their eyes he was one of the most promising young men in the whole great unwieldy State of Texas, and the boy orator thought they were probably right, but he was far too clever to let them see it. He was clever in his words and in his deeds and in his appearance. And he dressed much more carefully than any other man in town, with a frock-coat and a white tie winter and summer, and a fine high hat. That he was slight and short of stature was something he could not help, and was his greatest, keenest grief, and that Napoleon was also short and slight did not serve to satisfy him or to make his regret less continual. What availed the sharply cut, smoothly shaven face and the eyes that flashed when he was moved, or the bell-like voice, if every unlettered ranchman or ranger could place both hands on his shoulders and look down at him from heights above? But they forgot this and he forgot it before he had reached the peroration of his closing speech. They saw only the Harry Harvey they knew and adored moving and rousing them with his voice, trembling with indignation when he wished to tremble, playing all his best tricks in his best manner, and cutting the air with sharp cruel words when he was pleased to be righteously just.

The young District Attorney turned slowly on his heels, and swept the court-room carelessly with a glance of the clever black eyes. The moment was his. He

saw all the men he knew—the men who made his little world—crowding silently forward, forgetful of the heat, of the suffocating crush of those about them, of the wind that rattled the doors in the corridors, and conscious only of him. He saw his old preceptor watching keenly from the bench, with a steady glance of perfect appreciation, such as that with which one actor in the box compliments the other on the stage. He saw the rival attorney—the great lawyer from the great city—nervously smiling, with a look of confidence that told the lack of it; and he saw the face of the prisoner grim and set and hopelessly defiant. The boy orator allowed his uplifted arm to fall until the fingers pointed at the prisoner.

"This man," he said, and as he spoke even the wind in the corridors hushed for the moment, "is no part or parcel of Zepata City of to-day. He comes to us a relic of the past—a past that has brought honor to many, wealth to some, and which is dear to all of us who love the completed purpose of their work; a past that was full of hardships and glorious efforts in the face of daily disappointments, embitterments, and rebuffs. But the part *this* man played in that past lives only in the rude court records of that day, in the traditions of the gambling-hell and the saloons, and on the head-stones of his victims. He was one of the excrescences of that unsettled period, an unhappy evil—an inevitable evil, I might almost say, as the Mexican horse-thieves and the prairie fires and the Indian outbreaks were inevitable, as our fathers who built this beautiful city knew to their cost. The same chance that was given to them to make a home for themselves in the wilderness, to help others to make their homes, to assist the civilization and progress not only of this city, but of the whole Lone Star State, was given to him, and he refused it, and blocked the way of others, and kept back the march of progress, until to-day, civilization, which has waxed great and strong—not on account of him, remember, but in spite of him—sweeps him out of its way, and crushes him and his fellows."

The young District Attorney allowed his arm to drop, and turned to the jury, leaning easily with his bent knuckles on the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, in his pleasant tones of every-day politeness, "the 'bad man' has become an unknown quantity in Zepata City and in the State of Texas. It lies with you to see that he remains so. He went out of existence with the blanket Indian and the buffalo. He is dead, and he must *not* be resurrected. He was a picturesque evil of those early days, but civilization has no use for him, and it has killed him, as the railroads and the barb-wire fence have killed the cowboy. He does not belong here; he does not fit in; he is not wanted. We want men who can breed good cattle, who can build manufactories and open banks; storekeepers who can undersell those of other cities; and professional men who know their business. We do *not* want desperadoes and 'bad men' and faro-dealers and men who are quick on the trigger. A foolish and morbid publicity has cloaked men of this class with a notoriety which cheap and pernicious literature has greatly helped to disseminate. They have been made romantic when they were brutal, brave when they were foolhardy, heroes when they were only bullies and blackguards. This man, Abe Barrow, the prisoner at the bar, belongs to that class. He enjoys and has enjoyed a reputation as a 'bad man,' a desperate and brutal ruffian. Free him to-day, and you set a premium on such reputations; acquit him of this crime, and you encourage others to like evil. Let him go, and he will walk the streets with a swagger, and boast that you were afraid to touch him—*afraid*, gentlemen—and children and women will point after him as the man who has sent nine others into eternity, and who yet walks the streets a free man. And he will become, in the eyes of the young and the weak, a hero and a god. This is unfortunate, but it is true.

"Now, gentlemen, we want to keep the streets of this city so safe that a woman can walk them at midnight without fear of insult, and a man can express his opinion on the corner without being shot in the back for doing so."

The District Attorney turned from the jury with a bow, and faced Judge Truax.

"For the last ten years, your honor, this man, Abner Barrow, has been serving a term of imprisonment in the State penitentiary; I ask you to send him back there again for the remainder of his life. It will be the better place for him, and we will be happier in knowing we have done our duty in placing him there.

Abe Barrow is out of date. He has missed step with the march of progress, and has been out of step for ten years, and it is best for all that he should remain out of it until he, who has sent nine other men unprepared to meet their God—"

"He is not on trial for the murder of nine men," interrupted Colonel Stogart, springing from his chair, "but for the justifiable killing of one, and I demand, your honor, that—"

"—has sent nine other men to meet their Maker," continued the District Attorney, "meets with the awful judgment of a higher court than this."

Colonel Stogart smiled scornfully at the platitude, and sat down with an expressive shrug; but no one noticed him.

The District Attorney raised his arm and faced the court-room. "It cannot be said of us," he cried, "that we have sat idle in the market-place. We have advanced and advanced in the last ten years, until we have reached the very foremost place with civilized people. This Rip Van Winkle of the past returns to find a city where he left a prairie town, a bank where he spun his roulette wheel, this magnificent court-house instead of a vigilance committee. And what is his part in this new court-house, which to-day, for the first time, throws open its doors to protect the just and to punish the unjust?

"Is he there in the box among those honorable men, the gentlemen of the jury? Is he in that great crowd of intelligent, public-spirited citizens who make the bone and sinew of this our fair city? Is he on the honored bench dispensing justice, and making the intricacies of the law straight? No, gentlemen; he has no part in our triumph. He is there, in the prisoners' pen, an outlaw, a convicted murderer, and an unconvicted assassin, the last of his race—the bullies and bad men of the border—a thing to be forgotten and put away forever from the sight of man. He has outlasted his time; he is a superfluity and an outrage on our reign of decency and order. And I ask you, gentlemen, to put him away where he will not hear the voice of man nor children's laughter, nor see a woman smile, where he will not even see the face of the warden who feeds him, nor sunlight except as it is filtered through the iron bars of a jail. Bury him with the bitter past, with the lawlessness that has gone—that has gone, thank God—and which must *not* return. Place him in the cell where he belongs, and whence, had justice been done, he would never have been taken alive."

The District Attorney sat down suddenly, with a quick nod to the Judge and the jury, and fumbled over his papers with nervous fingers. He was keenly conscious, and excited with the fervor of his own words. He heard the reluctantly hushed applause and the whispers from the crowd, and noted the quick and combined movement of the jury with a selfish sweet pleasure, which showed itself only in the tightening of the lips and nostrils. Those nearest him tugged at his sleeve and shook hands with him. He remembered this afterwards as one of the rewards of the moment. He turned the documents before him over and scribbled words upon a piece of paper and read a passage in an open law-book. He did this quite mechanically, and was conscious of nothing until the foreman pronounced the prisoner at the bar guilty of murder in the second degree.

Judge Truax leaned across his desk and said, simply, that it lay in his power to sentence the prisoner to not less than two years' confinement in the State penitentiary or for the remainder of his life.

"Before I deliver sentence on you, Abner Barrow," he said, with an old man's kind severity, "is there anything you have to say on your own behalf?"

The District Attorney turned his face, as did all the others, but he did not see the prisoner. He still saw himself holding the court-room with a spell, and heard his own periods ringing against the white-washed ceiling. The others saw a tall, broad-shouldered man leaning heavily forward over the bar of the prisoner's box. His face was white with the prison tan, markedly so in contrast with those sunburnt by the wind and sun turned towards him, and pinched and hollow-eyed and worn. When he spoke, his voice had the huskiness which comes from non-use, and cracked and broke like a child's.

"I don't know, Judge," he said, hesitatingly, and staring stupidly at the mass of faces in the well beneath him, "that I have anything to say—in my own behalf. I don't know as it would be any use. I guess what the gentleman said about me is all there is to say. He put it about right. I've had my fun, and

I've got to pay for it—that is, I thought it was fun at the time. I am not going to cry any baby act and beg off, or anything, if that's what you mean. But there is something I'd like to say if I thought you would believe me." He frowned down at the green table as though the words he wanted would not come, and his eyes wandered from one face to another, until they rested upon the bowed head of the only woman in the room. They remained there for some short time, and then Barrow drew in his breath more quickly, and turned with something like a show of confidence to the jury.

"All that man said of me is true," he said. He gave a toss of his hands as a man throws away the reins. "I admit all he says. I *am* a back number; I *am* out of date; I *was* a loafer and a blackguard. I never shot any man in the back, nor I never assassinated no one; but that's neither here nor there. I'm not in a place where I can expect people to pick out their words; but, as he says, I *am* a bad lot. He says I have enjoyed a reputation as a desperado. I am not bragging of that; I just ask you to remember that he said it. Remember it of me. I was not the sort to back down to man or beast, and I am not now. I am not backing down now; I am taking my punishment. Whatever you please to make it, I'll take it; and that," he went on, more slowly, "makes it harder for me to ask what I want to ask, and make you all believe I am not asking it for myself."

He stopped, and the silence in the room seemed to give him some faint encouragement of sympathy, though it was rather the silence of curiosity.

Colonel Stogart gave a stern look upwards, and asked the prisoner's wife, in a whisper, if she knew what her husband meant to say, but she shook her head. She did not know. The District Attorney smiled indulgently at the prisoner and at the men about him, but they were watching the prisoner.

"That man there," said Barrow at last, pointing with one gaunt hand at the boy attorney, "told you I had no part or parcel in this city or in this world; that I belonged to the past; that I had ought to be dead. Now that's not so. I have just one thing that belongs to this city and this world—and to me; one thing that I couldn't take to jail with me, and that I'll have to leave behind me when I go back to it. I mean my wife."

The prisoner stopped, and looked so steadily at one place below him that those in the back of the court guessed for the first time that Mrs. Barrow was in the room, and craned forward to look at her, and there was a moment of confusion and a murmur of "Get back there! Sit still!" The prisoner turned to Judge Truax again and squared his broad shoulders, making the more conspicuous his narrow and sunken chest.

"You, sir," he said, quietly, with a change from the tone of braggadocio with which he had begun to speak, "remember her, sir, when I married her, twelve years ago. She was Henry Holman's daughter, he who owned the San Iago Ranch and the triangle brand. I took her from the home she had with her father against that gentleman's wishes, sir, to live with me over my dance-hall at the Silver Star. You may remember her as she was then. She gave up everything a woman ought to have to come to me. She thought she was going to be happy with me; that's why she come, I guess. Maybe she was happy for about two weeks. After that first two weeks her life, sir, was a hell, and I made it a hell. I was drunk most of the time, or sleeping it off, and ugly-tempered when I was sober. There was shooting and carrying on all day and night down-stairs, and she didn't dare to leave her room. Besides that, she cared for me, and she was afraid every minute I was going to get killed. That's the way she lived for two years. Respectable women wouldn't speak to her because she was my wife; even them that were friends of hers when she lived on the ranch wouldn't speak to her on the street—and she had no children. That was her life; she lived alone over the dance-hall; and sometimes when I was drunk—I beat her."

The man's white face reddened slowly as he said this; and he stopped, and then continued more quickly, with his eyes still fixed on those of the Judge:

"At the end of two years I killed Welsh, and they sent me to the penitentiary for ten years, and she was free. She could have gone back to her folks and got a divorce if she'd wanted to, and never seen me again. It was an escape most women 'd gone down on their knees and thanked their Maker for, and blessed the

day they'd been freed from a blackguardly drunken brute.

"But what did this woman do—my wife, the woman I misused and beat and dragged down in the mud with me? She was too mighty proud to go back to her people or to the friends who shook her when she was in trouble; and she sold out the place, and bought a ranch with the money, and worked it by herself, worked it day and night, until in ten years she had made herself an old woman, as you see she is to-day.

"And for what? To get *me* free again; to bring *me* things to eat in jail, and picture papers and tobacco—when she was living on bacon and potatoes, and drinking alkali water—working to pay for a lawyer to fight for *me*—to pay for the *best* lawyer! She worked in the fields with her own hands, planting and ploughing, working as I never worked for myself in my whole lazy, rotten life. That's what that woman there did for me."

The man stopped suddenly, and turned with a puzzled look towards where his wife sat, for she had dropped her head on the table in front of her, and he had heard her sobbing.

"And what I want to ask of you, sir, is to let me have two years out of jail to show her how I feel about it. I ask you not to send me back for life, sir. Give me just two years—two years of my life while I have some strength left to work for her as she worked for me. I only want to show her how I care for her *now*. I had the chance, and I wouldn't take it; and now, sir, I want to show her that I know and understand—now when it's too late. It's all I've thought of when I was in jail, to be able to see her sitting in her own kitchen with her hands folded, and me working and sweating in the fields for her, working till every bone ached, trying to make it up to her.

"And I can't," the man cried, suddenly, losing the control he had forced upon himself, and tossing his hands up above his head, and with his eyes fixed hopelessly on the bowed head below him. "I can't! It's too late! It's too late!"

He turned and faced the crowd and the District Attorney defiantly.

"I am not crying for the men I killed. They're dead. I can't bring them back. But she's not dead, and I treated her worse than I treated them. *She* never harmed me, nor got in my way, nor angered me. And now, when I want to do what I can for her in the little time that's left, he tells you I'm a 'relic of the past,' that civilization is too good for me, that you must bury me until it's time to bury me for good. Just when I've got something I *must* live for, something I've got to do. Don't you believe me? Don't you understand?"

He turned again towards the Judge, and beat the rail before him impotently with his wasted hand. "Don't send me back for life," he cried. "Give me a few years to work for her—two years, one year—to show her what I feel here, what I never felt for her before. Look at her, gentlemen. Look how worn she is and poorly, and look at her hands, and you men must feel how I feel. I don't ask you for myself. I don't want to go free on my own account. I am asking it for that woman—yes, and for myself too. I am playing to 'get back,' gentlemen. I've lost what I had, and I want to get back; and," he cried, querulously, "the game keeps going against me. It's only a few years' freedom I want. Send me back for thirty years, but not for life. My God! Judge, don't bury me alive, as that man asked you to. I'm *not* civilized, maybe; ways *have* changed. You are not the man I knew; you are all strangers to me. But I could learn. I would not bother you in the old way. I only want to live with her. I won't harm the rest of you. Give me this last chance. Let me prove that what I'm saying is true."

The man stopped and stood, opening and shutting his hands upon the rail, and searching with desperate eagerness from face to face, as one who has staked all he has watches the wheel spinning his fortune away. The gentlemen of the jury sat quite motionless, looking straight ahead at the blinding sun, which came through the high uncurtained windows opposite. Outside, the wind banged the shutters against the wall, and whistled up the street and round the tin corners of the building, but inside, the room was very silent. The Mexicans at the door, who could not understand, looked curiously at the faces of the men around them, and made sure that they had missed something of much importance. For a moment no one moved, until there was a sudden stir around the District Attorney's table, and the men stepped aside

"THE GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY SAT QUITE MOTIONLESS."

"THERE, NOW, DON'T YOU TAKE ON SO."

and let the woman pass them and throw herself against the prisoner's box. The prisoner bent his tall gaunt figure over the rail, and as the woman pressed his one hand against her face, touched her shoulders with the other awkwardly.

"There, now," he whispered, soothingly, "don't you take on so. Now you know how I feel, it's all right; don't take on."

Judge Truax looked at the paper on his desk for some seconds, and raised his head, coughing as he did so. "It lies—" Judge Truax began, and then stopped, and began again in a more certain tone: "It lies at the discretion of this court to sentence the prisoner to a term of imprisonment of two years, or for an indefinite period, or for life. Owing to— On account of certain circumstances which were—have arisen—this sentence is suspended. This court stands adjourned."

As he finished he sprang out of his chair impulsively, and with a quick authoritative nod to the young District Attorney, came quickly down the steps of the platform. Young Harvey met him at the foot with wide-open eyes.

The older man hesitated, and placed his hand upon the District Attorney's shoulder. "Harry," he said. His voice was shaken, and his hand trembled on the arm of his protégé, for he was an old man and easily moved. "Harry, my boy," he said, "could you go to Austin and repeat the speech that man has just made to the Governor?"

The boy orator laughed, and took one of the older man's hands in both of his and pressed it quickly. "I'd like d——d well to try," he said.

ALONG THE PARISIAN BOULEVARDS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.

THAT admirable prototype of modern cosmopolitanism, the emancipated Prussian, Heinrich Heine, likened France to a great garden where the finest flowers have been culled to make a bouquet, and that bouquet is called Paris. All that is great in love or in hatred, in sentiment or in thought, in knowledge or in power, in happiness or in misfortune, tends to become concentrated in Paris, insomuch that when we consider the great assembly of distinguished or celebrated men who are found there, the city seems like a veritable Pantheon of living glory.

It was Heine, too, who explained so daintily why French actors are superior to all others, and the reason is that all French people are born comedians. They have the talent of learning their parts so well in all the situations of life, and of draping themselves so advantageously, that it is a pleasure to watch them. Among the French, alike in life, in literature, and in the plastic arts, the theatrical element dominates, and that, too, so pre-eminently that Heine was inclined to look upon the whole history of France as a grand comedy represented for the benefit of humanity in general.

In the "huge magazin of men and rendezvous of forreners," as old James Howell called Paris nearly three centuries ago, one may always see an amusing comedy being played in beautiful scenery. The spectacle of Parisian life is as excellently organized as the city itself. Everything is neatly and precisely arranged by times and seasons; the succession of incidents is fixed with a certain suave monotony; and from year's end to year's end the whole play is so lucid that the visitor may drop in at any moment during the performance and immediately catch the thread of the argument.

During the spring days, when the sunshine seems real once more, and when the air has that tepid quality which the imaginative poet Thomson has celebrated in his "Seasons," there is no city more beautiful than Paris, or more appropriate for the enjoyment of curious and meditative lounging. Gray Paris has the first of all material conditions requisite for pleasant loitering—it is well paved. Thanks to perfect pavements of flag-stones, wood, and bitumen, the feet of the Parisians are joyous, and their boots are clean and shiny. Indeed, the streets of Paris are so nicely washed, swabbed, and swept that the shoeblacks cannot live by their unaided profession, any more than lyric poets, and therefore, unless they happen to possess independent means, they are obliged to eke out a modest existence by carrying love-letters or shaving poodles.

With its great boulevards, its urban parks, squares, and gardens, its avenues lined with stupendous architecture, its vast hotels and gorgeous cafés, its trees and flowers and great promenades, its shops and its restaurants, Paris, the Paris of Baron Haussmann, has become the headquarters of the luxury of Europe and of the whole civilized world. For luxury invites luxury, and if Paris had remained the picturesque, miserable, and prodigious city which Victor Hugo has described in his novel *Notre Dame de Paris* — the city whose narrow streets and mysterious gables were impressed with the tragedies and struggles of ten centuries of history and with the souvenirs of twenty revolutions—it would never have attracted those countless visitors from the Old World and the New, who are, as a rule, neither poets nor thinkers nor artists, but who, nevertheless, contribute to the wealth and splendor which make Paris what it is, the modern Athens, or the modern Byzantium.

More completely than any other city, Paris realizes the conception of the Athenian Republic, full of light and joyous hum, sung by the poets, sculptured by the statuaries, idealized by the painters, employing for the happiness of its children all the resources of the sciences and the arts, offering to all feet alike its staircases of white marble, and presenting against the background of a tranquil blue sky the pediments of its palaces and its temples. The illusion is all the more complete because Paris seems at first sight to be wholly given up to pleasure. The number of people of leisure in Paris is so great that unless we made a very thorough and minute examination of the facts, we might be tempted to imagine that the emancipation of humanity had

reached its apogee, that the proletarian had been forever freed, and the iron arms of indefatigable machinery substituted in place of the feeble arms of man. Therefore in the sunny spring days we see the citizens of this modern Athens exclusively employed in watching the bursting of the buds in the tree-lined avenues of the city, admiring the groups of statuary that adorn the public gardens, or examining curiously the graceful movements of rare exotic birds and beasts that are kept for their diversion in the menageries of the republic. We see citizens, accompanied by their wives and children, strolling through the galleries of the Louvre, where the masterpieces of art of all ages and of all countries have been collected together for their edification. Those who are of a devout turn of mind find the temples open, and through the fumes of incense they see the walls decorated with sumptuous paintings. On the Seine, swift steam-gondolas shoot through the arches of the bridges, carrying calm citizens to and fro. In the garden of the Tuileries the fountains dance in the sunlight, and their basins are not covered with bits of floating orange-peel, nor are they surrounded by dirty and expectorating boys. In the Champs Élysées the black branches are tipped with tender green buds, which give to the masses of the trees, when seen from a distance, the delicate powdery appearance of pastel. Spring has come. Paris has awakened to a new life. The city is full of sunshine and flowers, and the air is redolent with the perfumes of nature and of art, of violets and of opopanax.

What an incomparable spectacle is that offered by the Avenue des Champs Élysées on the first sunny afternoon of spring! From the immense Place de la Concorde, with its majestic fountains, the obelisk, and the surrounding lines of well-proportioned architecture and garden terraces, up to the Arc de Triomphe on the distant height, with its outlines softened by the blue silvery mist, all is animation, gayety, and splendor. Under the trees the bellicose young Gauls are building sand castles or driving chariots drawn by teams of goats, while the nurse-maids listen to the soft confidences of their attendant soldiers. On the benches and chairs sit peaceful citizens reading newspapers, or sunning themselves with the indolent calmness of a tortoise in a lettuce bed. Near the Rond Point the rival Punch and Judy shows represent before mixed audiences of youth and age the irony of life and the majesty of the law. Then, between rows of palaces where the wealthy dwell in bliss, we mount gently towards the monument that celebrates the victories of the great Napoleon, the hero of our own century, whose glory seems already as much lost in the far and mysterious past as that of Achilles and Agamemnon. So here we are in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, at the head of the famous promenade, Jacob's ladder, as it were, with angels ascending and descending, going to the Bois or returning from the Bois—angels with yellow wigs, angels with raven-black switches, angels who wear their hair in flat bandeaux, like the virgins in Perugino's pictures, angels whose heads suggest those of the dancing maidens of Tanagra, or of the Spanish *majas* that Goya loved to paint. With huge hats or minute toques, mere garlands of sweet flowers, with garments that seem like a foam of lace and frills emerging from beneath long mantles of silk, velvet, and brocade, the angels lean back voluptuously in elegant carriages, and graciously accord to mortals the calm spectacle of their various beauty and of their perfect toilets. From the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne the throng of carriages leads us to the Avenue des Acacias, the drive which fashion has selected in preference to more sunny, open, and picturesque avenues. And there, between the gnarled and fantastic trunks of the acacia-trees, the carriages advance slowly and with difficulty up and down, dazzling the eye with the radiant beauty of blondes and brunettes, of angels ascending and descending, the joy of men.

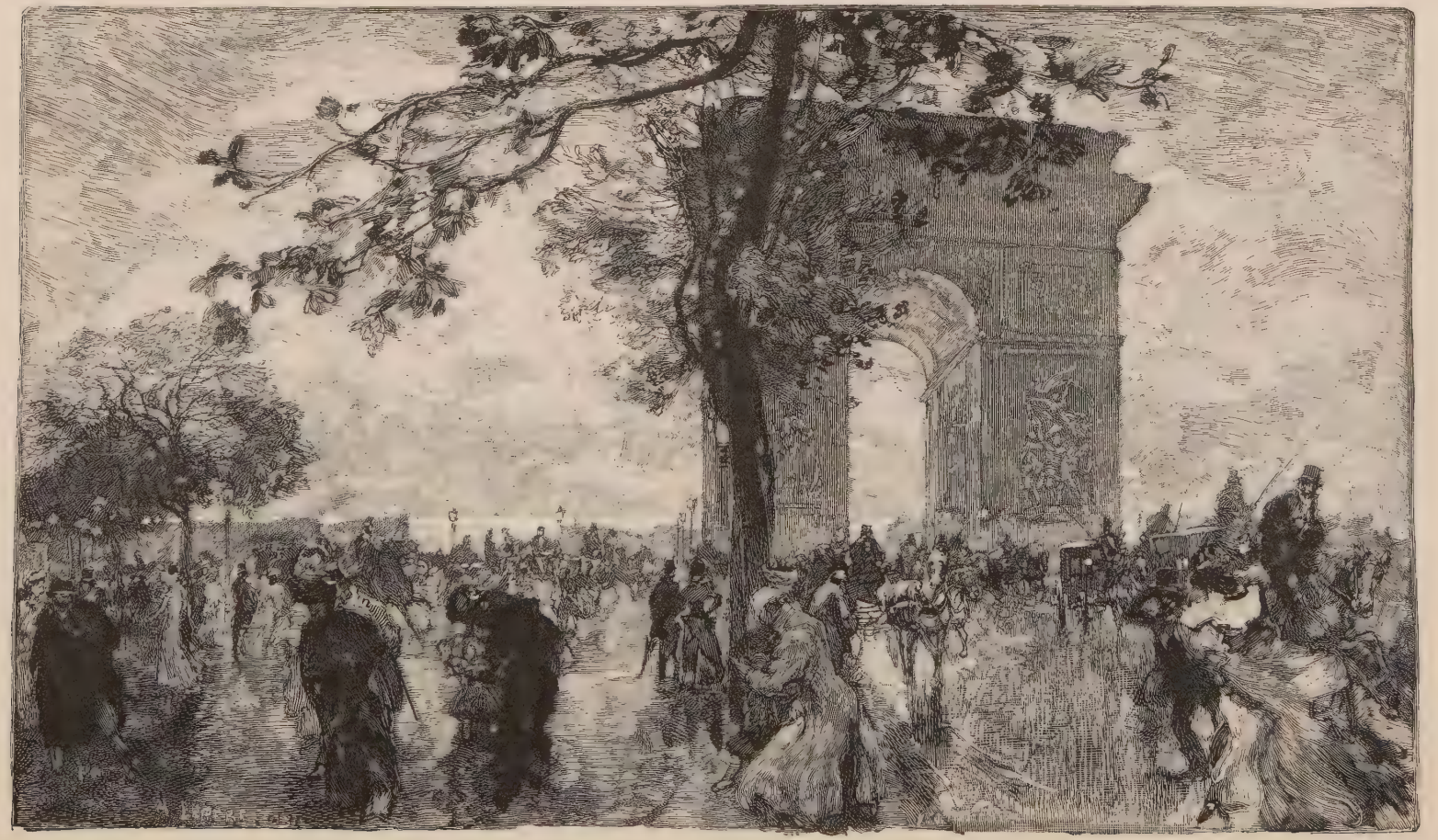
Mingled with the carriages of the angels are the carriages of mortals—the landaus of the noble faubourg, the victorias of clubmen and ambassadors, the carts of sportsmen, the buggies of adventurers—the parade vehicles of all those who are afflicted with momentary or stable wealth. On foot, too, may be seen the young bloods, the pseudo-worldlings, the *pannés*, their eye-glasses fixed, correct and stiff, lounging with weary air, cackling, and uttering flutelike squeaks of admiration as they watch the horses and the women, and waft salutations that are never returned. The afternoon drive in the Bois brings together, to see and to

AVENUE DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

be seen, all the notabilities of fashionable Paris, the celebrities of society and of the stage, of leisure and of talent, of glory and of scandal.

In the programme of the spring life of Paris, the first item is the Concours hippique, a horse-show held in the Palais de l'Industrie in March and April, which, perhaps, renders more social than hippological services. The Concours hippique is frequented by *mondaines*, *demi-mondaines*, and fashionable people in general, who utilize it for various purposes. Every afternoon the tribunes are crowded, but more especially on the days when gentlemen riders and cavalry officers compete for the prizes. Then you see thousands of men and women of leisure watching the performances of gentlemen and officers who force unwilling horses to jump over artificial rivers and hedges. Some of the spectators hold papers in their hands on which they write from time to time, murmuring, "One fault.... a quarter of a fault." As it is fashionable nowadays to take an interest in sport and in all matters thereunto appertaining, we are not surprised to see the old duchesses with saffron wigs and high-grade *mondaines* surrounded by their marriageable daughters just fresh from the convent—blond, lacteous, lilial maidens—all watching the riders, programme in hand, and conscientiously marking with a pencil the faults and fractions of faults committed at the bar or the water-jump by the aristocratic lieutenants and quartermasters from the military training-schools of Saumur and Fontainebleau. Other visitors, however, seem to pay no attention to horses or riders, but form family groups of papas, mammas, and bonny daughters, who are presently joined by young men dressed in their Sunday best, and extremely voluble in commonplace remarks and formulæ of politeness. These, we may conclude, are discreet rendezvous arranged by the kind parents in order to give the young people an opportunity of inspecting one another in view of possible matrimony. In the central reserved tribune, upholstered with red velvet and gold fringe, may be seen men and women of high degree—dukes and duchesses, pale-faced and fine-featured, some of them reminding one of Clouet's portraits, with their waxen cheeks so delicately tinted with anæmic rose. These are the members of the Hippic Society and their wives and daughters, the descendants of the Crusaders and of the warriors and nobles of the past, great aristocrats, who bear with diminished splendor the illustrious historic names of ancient France. Elsewhere, in the corner familiarly known as the "Parc aux Cerfs," you see spectators who during most of the time turn their backs to the spectacle of the arena, and seem to hang upon the lips of garrulous maidens, who look charming in a perverse manner, and are generally blond like Milton's Eve, blond like ripe corn that bows before the breeze. The function of these fair maidens is to try the effect of the more audacious inventions of the milliners and dressmakers, and to promote the distribution of wealth by dilapidating inherited fortunes. Finally, amidst the fair ladies of all categories, you see the celebrities of the "Tout Paris" passing to and fro, and giving the newspaper reporters a chance to note their presence in the fashionable gazettes of the next morning.

After the Concours hippique follow, in the order of events, the picture exhibitions and the "varnishing days" of the Salons of the Champs Élysées and the Champ de Mars, which take place when spring is in all the splendor of fresh verdure and the chestnut-trees are decked with delicate cones of blossom. During May and June worldly Paris reaches the acme of brilliancy. There are fêtes, balls, garden parties, and social meetings all over the town until the season ends with the great racing fortnight, of which the chief incidents are the Chantilly Derby, the Auteuil steeple-chase, and the Grand Prix de Paris. The two months that succeed the mitigated austerities of Parisian Lent are the hardest in the year for the worldlings, who are doubtless quite happy in spite of their great exertions, for, according to the Ecclesiast, the secret of happiness consists in work accomplished freely as a duty. *Lætari in opere suo*, as the Vulgate hath it. This is the whole theory of the worldlings; they make pleasure a task and a duty, and rejoice in its accomplishment. Towards the end of the season their tasks and duties are multiplied beyond conception, and their joy in consequence becomes delirious. Even to read about their doings makes one's head dizzy. Grand marriages, soi-



L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE—RETURN FROM THE BOIS AFTER A SHOWER.

rées of betrothal, meetings of four-in-hand clubs, four thousand guinea balls given by the Princesse de Sagan and the Princesse de Léon, amateur acrobats and fancy riding at M. Molier's private circus, play-acting at the "swell" clubs, receptions here, garden parties there; and so fêtes succeed fêtes, and the days and the nights are too few for their multitude. At last, however, the Grand Prix is lost and won, and the worldlings cease to labor, at Paris at least. Aix-les-Bains, Luchon, Trouville, the sea-side resorts and the inland watering-places, invite their presence, and they accept the invitation either really or nominally.

During the summer months Paris remains the beautiful city of marvels, and although the "Tout Paris," or the Upper Ten, are supposed to have migrated to the mountain, the ocean, or the baronial hall, the city continues to be animated in a calm way. Summer is the season of that open-air life in which the Parisians particularly delight, when the popular restaurants in the city place their little dinner tables on the sidewalk, and when the restaurants of the Champs Élysées spread snowy cloths for the weightier purses in the vicinity of plashing fountains and brilliant flower beds. Then it is pleasant of a warm and still evening to dine at Laurent's or the Ambassadeurs, and to recognize many of the notabilities of the capital as they sit at the neighboring tables, on each of which is a little lamp that casts opaline reflections on the faces of the women. Gradually the glow of sunset fades away; overhead you hear President Carnot's rooks returning in loquacious bands to their nests in the garden of the Élysée Palace; little by little the mystery of darkness seems to issue from and envelop the landscape; and then, by the time we have reached the moment of coffee and cigars, we see festoons of gigantic pearls whitening into luminousness beneath the trees, and lighting up brilliantly the under side of the delicate green chestnut leaves. A few minutes later there is heard a clashing of cymbals and a *flonflon* of commonplace music, dominated at the regular intervals of the couplet by the voices of singers—Paulus, Elise Faure, Yvette Guilbert—summoning the amateurs to the gaudy joys of the cafés concerts.

The cafés concerts, the Cirque d'Éte, the Hippodrome, such are the amusements of elegant Paris during the summer, when the theatres are closed, with the exception of the Opéra and the Comédie Française. In September the theatres reopen their doors, and the intellectual and frivolous life of Paris is resumed with renewed ardor. The summer holidays are over. In October everybody is back, and the dramatic authors imperiously claim attention for their new pieces. It is the season of "first nights." The first performance of a new play is always somewhat of an event in Paris. The French stage has a prestige that no other stage possesses, and the French audience dispenses greater glory than any other European public, insomuch that those who have not danced, sung, or acted before Paris can scarcely be said to have danced, sung, or acted at all; their fame, however great it may be elsewhere, requires the ratification of Paris before it can be considered to be absolute. Paris, as Victor Hugo said, is the starting-point of success, the anvil on which great renown is forged. Therefore the privilege of being present at the "first night," particularly if the piece be by an author of supreme celebrity, is highly esteemed and persistently solicited. A "première" is, in a way, a social function, and constant attendance at such ceremonies constitutes a patent of Parisianism. Certainly a "first night" is interesting; it has the charm of novelty and uncertainty, the attractions of a plot yet to be disentangled, of a witticism that bounds across the foot-lights for the first time, of a scene that will be the talk of the town for the next nine days, of a costume that will be the fashion of to-morrow. But, above all, one is interested by the house itself, by the animation of the lobbies during the *entr'actes*, the exhibition of well-known faces, the presence of the great glories of literature, art, war, and politics, the consoling spectacles to which the eye has become accustomed, the *avant-scènes* that reveal the latest arrangements made between wealthy seigneurs and distinguished Cythereans, the *baignoires* full of mystery, the balcony radiant with powdered beauty, the whole audience vibrating with lively scepticism, and with that passion for movement and life which characterizes the *élite* of adventurers, fools of fortune, and men and women of genius who compose what is called the "Tout Paris."

LE GRAND COIFFEUR.

In November the days are sad; the sunshine is pale and intermittent; the horizon is veiled in yellow mist, and the pavement, all black and moist, is dotted with fallen leaves, which decompose visibly into a bituminous jelly, suggestive of the slime of the primitive chaos. On All-Saints' day Paris remembers its dead. In the proletarian cemetery of Pantin and in the aristocratic necropolis of Père-la-Chaise the scene is the same: a thick and sable-clad crowd, in a landscape lighted by the pale November sun; high-born ladies going to pray in the private chapels of their family sepulchres; women of the poorer classes going to kneel on the viscous earth of the *fosse commune*, that common grave of poverty, whose soil is turned so often that no grass has time to grow around the meagre wooden crosses. In the cemeteries there are interminable processions of men, women, and children carrying bouquets and wreaths of immortelles. Outside the cemeteries the wine shops and restaurants are thronged with mourners who, having fulfilled their duty to the dead, find nothing better to do than to enjoy life. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, they say, for to-morrow we may die; and, after having eaten and drank, they pass the afternoon at the theatres, where morning performances are always given on the occasion of the great public holiday known as the Day of the Dead—"Le Jour des Morts."

In midwinter the Parisians of wealth and leisure continue their normal existence with such distractions as the regular programme offers, namely, dinner parties, receptions, the theatres, and the opera. January is a great month for soirées. In January M. and Mme. Carnot, both of them tranquil, linear, and unfaltering, receive at the Élysée, and lavish official smiles upon guests whom they do not know. In January, in the gray solitudes of the vast capital, the noctambulant bachelor, returning from the club or the comedy, perceives here and there a score of cabs drawn up in front of a house. He looks at the façade, and on the first, second, third, fourth, or fifth story sees windows flaming with lights, and pictures to himself the ignoble reality of a soirée, with its accompaniment of dancing, recitations, supper, and marriageable maidens,—of the soirée where the women play the rôle of the spider and the men that of the fly, where the bait is called a dowry, and where the spider is often the ultimate victim. "It is there," says the recalcitrant bachelor to himself—"it is there that they are suffering, the weak and ambitious brethren, the voluminous mammas, the portly and gastralgic papas, and the flat daughters; it is there that they are dancing with Occidental impudency in an atmosphere of fleshly emanations, mingled with the odors of face powder and Spanish leather, irresistibly continuing the fatal saraband which ironical Nature imposes upon her victims."

So, with the aid of some passing furor, such as a Russian or a Polish pianist, or two or three phenomenal lyric artists, the worldlings reach the Lenten season, when concerts are considered the most fashionable distraction from the austerities of the hour. The period of Lent is respected by the Parisiennes—I mean, of course, by the Parisiennes of the fashionable category—only the practices which this respect involves are rather of etiquette than of devotion. The Parisiennes are exact in the performance of ritual duties, because, in these days of republicanism, it is agreed that a woman who is a free-thinker, or simply indifferent in matters of religion, cannot be distinguished or well-born. They are assiduous in their attendance at the lectures of Father Monsabré and other eloquent preachers; they observe fasts and abstinence as much by advice of their doctors as out of piety; but at the same time they devise the most refined *menus*, where sea-monsters and costly delicacies are substituted for meat. In the same spirit the Parisiennes hide their shoulders during Lent, but they are none the less exquisitely dressed on that account. In Lent the Parisiennes simply put into practice the coquettish idea of chastening their coquetry—a coquetry which exercises its fascination over Paris from Lent to Lent from winter to winter, from summer to summer, throughout the cycle of the worldling year.

II.

Paris is the city of art and poetry, but of all the artists and poets that Paris fosters, the greatest are the Parisiennes. Nature confined her efforts to inventing the eglantine, out of which the genius of man has developed that splendid and delightful flower which we call the rose. So, as Banville ingeniously remarked, the hazards of history and social life produced

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS AT SUNSET.

women born in Paris or living in Paris, and with these creatures as a basis, the Parisienne developed herself by an unparalleled process of remaking, remodelling, and reshaping after the pattern of some marvellous and unformulated ideal of grace, beauty, elegance, and youth. All women are born distinguished, according to Michelet's theory; whether they become eventually more refined or whether they lapse into vulgarity depends on the surroundings amidst which they grow up. The Parisiennes have, above all other women, an innate gift of synthesis and a love of order and rhythm, which produce all the graces and even the sublime grace of virtue; they fashion for themselves the kind of beauty that they desire even out of the poorest materials—witness Rachel, whom nature made ugly, and art and will made admirably beautiful. Nature has given women but about five years of true youth and beauty, and yet by means of some prodigious magic the Parisienne obliges her youth to last thirty years. Furthermore, as she has a knowledge of everything by intuition and without studying, like the grand seigneurs of old, her conversation is in itself a liberal education.

The Parisienne knows her own worth and the worth of other women, for in Paris a spontaneous and impeccable justice reigns over the souls of men and women alike; each one knows who is the true hero and who the amusing impostor, and to each one is allotted the honor or the contempt which is his or her due. Therefore it is not the fact of having been born in some historic mansion of the Rue de Varennes that makes a Parisian woman a princess or a duchess in the true sense of the term, but rather the splendor of her visage, the sincerity of her look, the grace of her bearing, and the beauty and fine proportions of her form. The princesses of Paris come as often from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine as from the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and they owe their beauty as much to their own genius and to the perpetual desire to be beautiful as to the accidental gift of nature. That magnificent poetry of feminine life, dress, is the creation of the princesses of Paris, whose inventiveness and taste in all that concerns tiring enable them to give laws to the universe in all matters of fashion.

Who invents the new fashions? Who gives the mysterious word of order by virtue of which at the beginning of each season we see similar toilets blossom forth spontaneously and simultaneously in all the places of elegant resort? How does it happen that these toilets are different in cut and in material from those that were worn in the preceding season?

Formerly it would have been easy to reply that the court was responsible for the creation of fashion, and in reality it was the Empress, or one of the ladies of her suite, who took the initiative of wearing some new style of toilet, the result of long consultations between the lady herself and a dressmaker of genius. If the toilet pleased and was susceptible of adaptation to all the requirements of various types of feminine beauty, it would be accepted by the court, and from the court it would penetrate to the upper middle classes, and if it were not too dear, it would finally permeate to the ranks of the lower middle classes. Nowadays, however, we have no court, and it is certainly not at the democratic balls and receptions of President Carnot and his ministers that we may look for new manifestations of feminine elegance. Nevertheless, the creation of fashion continues in the same conditions as in the past, only with more liberty and perhaps with more artistic preoccupations. The great ladies of the imperial court have not all abdicated; other great ladies have been born with the genius of elegance and the gift of taste; and these, together with the most elegant women of the rich middle classes, the stage, and the demi-monde, co-operating with the great artists like Worth, Félix, Rodrigues, Doucet, Morin-Blossier, Laferrière, etc., and, meeting on the neutral ground of the trying-on room, discuss, create, and perfect the new fashions.

When once created, much in the same way as in the time of the empire, by the combined efforts of the princesses of elegance and of the dressmakers of genius, the new fashions are no longer propagated as they were of old. The official *salons* are absolutely without influence; the other *salons*, the *salons* of what is called *le vrai monde*, have never been more select and exclusive than at the present day; the various delegates of elegance whom we have seen meeting in the *salon* of the dressmaker never meet in private life; on the other hand, the theatres are

RUE DE LA PAIX, FROM THE PLACE DE L'OPÉRA.

no longer favorable places for the display of toilets, the more so as even in the orchestra stalls of the Opéra a dress-coat is not absolutely obligatory. Nevertheless, the new fashions spread with greater rapidity than ever; and even remote foreign countries are not more than twelve months behind Paris.

The great vulgarizers of fashion at the present day are the large dry-goods stores like the Louvre and the Bon Marché. The manner of proceeding is as follows: Perdi, the "grand couturier," creates a toilet for a lady of reputed elegance, for one of the princesses of Paris. If the toilet is a success, Perdi's rivals will copy it for their customers, while the rich foreign ladies who get dressed at Paris will introduce it into their respective countries, and the cosmopolitan fashion journals will describe it and distribute engravings of it wherever they have subscribers. Thus far, however, the toilet will have remained the monopoly of the half-dozen "grands couturiers" of Paris and their minor rivals. Now at this point the Louvre and the Bon Marché enter the field, and take possession of the new model, provided that it can be copied at a reasonable price and with cheap materials, and in a few weeks they have for sale at moderate prices thousands of costumes resembling more or less, and, at any rate in the general lines, the model created by Perdi for his elegant customer, *la belle* Madame X. So the new fashions become vulgarized, the new models fall, so to speak, into the public domain, and the princesses can, of course, no longer deign to wear them. Thus the existence of a princess of fashion is a perpetual beginning over and over again. No sooner has she achieved perfection in a hat, a mantle, or a gown than the vulgarizers set to work to make the hat, the mantle, and the gown odious by cheap imitation and promiscuous multiplication. Thanks to the colossal enterprises after the manner of the Louvre and the Bon Marché, the research of distinction has become, perhaps, more difficult than it ever was, and the existence of a leader of fashion is as much one of constant creative effort as that of a great painter or a great sculptor. In the matter both of her beauty and of its adornment such a woman is, as it were, at once the statuary and the block of marble.

The great dressmakers, too, are creative artists of prodigious genius. Draughtsmen and colorists at the same time, as the perfect plastic artist should be, they produce compositions of incomparable variety, ranging in style from the harmonious puissance of the figures of the Florentine frescoes, the richness of Venetian splendor, and the linear simplicity of mediæval costume, to the amiable frivolity of Watteau's gowns, and the infinite and amusing voluptuousness of the toilets and under-clothing of the present day. There are certainly no men or women more wrapped up and thoroughly absorbed in their art than the Parisian dressmakers and milliners, unless it be the Parisian hair-dressers.

In the art of coiffure there are masters who produce works of genius, and that too by the exercise of the same faculties as the plastic artists. A man like Auguste Petit, the Worth of hair-dressers, is an artist to the tips of his finger-nails, a creature of refined sensibility, of acute and rapid perception, and of abundant creativeness. Above all things, the coiffure of a woman is a matter of taste and sentiment rather than of mere fashion. The rank and file, the mere operators, the eternal copyists, may be content to dress a woman's hair according to the models decreed by fashion and published in the special journals. The artist, on the other hand, every time he dresses the hair of one of the princesses of fashion makes an effort of composition and seeks a happy inspiration, the suggestions of which he will control and correct with reference to the character and expression of the subject's face, the natural silhouette of the head, the general lines of the features, and the style of the toilet worn. In the *ensemble* of the dressed woman, the coiffure is the decorative part that completes and gives the finishing touch to the rest.

A coiffeur like Auguste Petit, we might say, has coach-houses and stables, but no shop. His days are spent in an elegant coupé, which transports the artist and his genius from dressing-room to dressing-room. In the evening he drops in at the Opéra to see how the coiffure of Madame la Marquise compares with that of *la petite* Baronne Zabulon. From time to time, on the occasion of some great ball, he makes a journey to London, Madrid, or Vienna, for his reputation is European, and his talent is in request wherever

PLACE DE LA MADELEINE.

there are manifestations of supreme elegance. Like the great dressmaker, the coiffeur, such as we are now describing, is a product of the Second Empire, and of that galaxy of fair or witty women who were the queens of the fêtes of the Tuileries, Compiègne, and Fontainebleau, Madame de Metternich, the Duchesse de Morny, Madame de Pourtalès, Madame de Gallifet, the Marquise d'Hervey de Saint-Denis, those "grandes mondaines" who created traditions of social luxury in harmony with the amusing, heedless, and dashing régime which made modern Paris—the Paris of the Baron Haussmann—the capital of nineteenth-century hedonism and the paradise of elegance.

In republican Paris the conditions of the display of luxury are no longer the same as they were under the empire, but the traditions that animate the artists of luxury and their patrons are the same, and the leaders and marshals of fashion are still the ladies of the empire. These women made a study of elegance and a profession of beautiful appearance more complete and more intelligent, perhaps, than any of the daughters of Eve who preceded them on the face of the earth, and they achieved a perfection of harmonious bearing, an originality of composition, a stylishness, a *chic*, to use an accepted term, which has not yet been surpassed. The secret of this *chic* lies partly in the peculiar genius of the Parisienne, and partly in unfailing application and in the striving after absolute elegance and fulness of pleasurable life in conditions of material beauty. This ideal is sufficient to call forth and absorb all the energies of a woman, and only the women of genius and strong will have the strength to persist and never to fail. Such a woman is the beautiful Marquise d'H., who is depicted in our illustration in her dressing-room, reflected in a triple mirror, while the most poetical and inspired of the grand coiffeurs of Paris arranges her hair for the opera. In the Marquise's dressing-room everything is thoroughly practical; there is no useless decoration, no excess of furniture. On one side of the room is an alcove containing the bath and the apparatus for all varieties of douches; on the opposite side vast systems of cupboards and drawers for the linen; on the third side a window and the toilet table; and on the opposite side the triple mirror. It is simplicity itself, a mere laboratory. And what else could it be? The secret of that beauty which lasts thirty years consists not in painting the cheeks, hiding wrinkles, and replacing lost hair, but in having no need to do these things. The true Parisienne, as we have been told by the poet who studied them most deeply, washes herself with pure water like a nun, and has no dealings with dentists or with those who sell cosmetics and false hair. Therefore her dressing-room cannot be other than simple, just as the studio of a great painter is often severe in aspect even to austerity, for the toilet of the Parisienne and the daily composition of her beauty are the result of taste, sentiment, and inspiration, even as a picture or a statue, and their perfection is due to persistent and exacting self-criticism. Thanks to this constant criticism the aspect of the Parisienne is never romantic nor commonplace, for she cannot be guilty either of excess or of neglect. Her toilet is perfect; her coiffure is a poem; and however surpassingly beautiful the one or the other may be, she wears them with absolute ease, as if she had never worn anything else.

III.

"Que l'été brille où que ce soient les jours tristes,
Je pense amèrement au destin des modistes."

So sings Auguste Vacquerie, doubtless with cryptic allusion to the close workshops where the milliners toil late and early for small pay. And yet the milliners do not generally seem to appeal to our pity or sympathy, especially the young ones whom we see promenading along the Boulevard des Italiens at the lunch hour, delighting in noonday gossip over sour apples and fried potatoes. In familiar groups, their arms around one another's waists, they walk up and down, taking the air, and their appearance is one of the first signs of the awakening of elegant Paris. Dressed in sober black, cloakless and hatless, often pale and anæmic, they have nevertheless a certain distinction. In the neatness of their coiffure and the dainty fit of their simple black gowns there is an intimation of luxurious frequentations, a pale reflection, as it were, of the *chic* of those hats and mantles and gowns which they help to make for the great ladies of the earth. Their destiny, what is it? Modest labor, the possibility of rising to be chiefs of

IN FRONT OF THE OPÉRA ON A WET NIGHT.

their departments, perhaps saleswomen, who knows? Perhaps great dressmakers or milliners in their turn. As they stroll along the boulevard the little milliners may indulge reasonably in the wildest dreams, for the ground that they tread upon is propitious to adventure of all kinds, and a veritable nursery of struggling genius and obstinate enterprise.

Balzac, on the last page of *Le Père Goriot*, represents his hero, Rastignac, contemplating Paris from the heights of the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, and flinging mental defiance at the great city which he determined to conquer. Nowadays, the challenge would be more appropriately made along the boulevard.

In Paris there are many boulevards, but there is only one that has the peculiar prestige which enables it to dispense with a name. This boulevard is the stretch that runs between the Rue Drouot and the Madeleine, and even more particularly between the Rue Drouot and the Opéra. This thoroughfare has a life of its own, and a movement that is different from that of other parts of the city in ways that can be felt by long experience more easily than they can be described.

The aspect of the boulevard varies according to the hour of the day and the point of view. At the level of the Rue Drouot is the junction with vulgarity. The moment we cross the road and mount the slope of the Boulevard Montmartre the change becomes marked; the elegant cafés are replaced by obtrusive beer saloons; the quality of the shops and of the passers seems different, and the presence of financial and industrial elements becomes marked. On the Boulevard des Italiens, on the other hand, the movement always seems leisured and the conditions inviting. By day and by night the urban landscape spread out before our eyes is curious and fascinating. In the foreground we have the types of Paris and of the universe, the private carriages, the hackney victorias, the gigantic three-horse omnibuses, the broad sidewalks shaded with trees, dotted at intervals with tasteful kiosks for the sale of newspapers, and lined with shops and cafés. Between the soft perspective of trees, surmounted by the upper stories of the houses and the irregular silhouettes of the chimneys, the road runs straight ahead to the vanishing-point, which is lost in a maze of foliage and tall metallic columns that carry the electric lights. Everything and everybody seems calm, neat, and orderly. At the omnibus station, where the Madeleine-Bastille and the Clichy-Odéon coaches halt, a score or two of people are waiting their turn, each with a number according to the order of his coming. Near the omnibus station are two great book stores, where you may turn over as you pass all the novelties of the day, and marvel at the abundance of light literature which the Gaulish imagination evolves. Here are the Café Riche, less famous than of old; the Café Anglais, whose reputation has deservedly declined; the Maison Dorée, the resort of gourmets who are wealthy if not critical; the Café Tortoni, where a few famous wits of the boulevard press are on view during the absinthe hour, from six to seven. Next, on the left, we pass the handsome building of the Crédit Lyonnais, with its beautiful wrought-iron gates. Then comes a stretch of ground wholly devoted to concentrated frivolity and intense materialism. In one shop you will see, even in midwinter, strawberries, peaches, and bundles of asparagus, the last sold at three or four louis each. In another shop there may be bought the most tasteful and useless trifles that Paris and Vienna produce. Elsewhere the eye is attracted by gorgeous gowns, prodigious fans, stupendous gloves with countless buttons, huge bouquets of orchids, mountains of the rarest flowers, and all the hundred and one accessories of elegant life. So we arrive at the Place de l'Opéra, from which brilliant centre radiate the Rue du 4 Septembre, the Avenue de l'Opéra, and the Rue de la Paix, where the milliners, dressmakers, coiffeurs, and jewellers have their headquarters. Along the sidewalks of the Rue de la Paix the coupés and victorias are drawn up of an afternoon in double and triple file, and in front of Worth's, Virot's, Doucet's, and of the studios of the other great creators of fashion, there is a continual going to and fro of beautiful ladies, whose presence has caused the dilettanti of fleshly fairness to give the spot the dainty name of the "Passage des Cailles." Between four and six o'clock the "quails" particularly abound, passing from their carriages to the sombre saloons, where, in an atmosphere heavy with perfumes, the living lay figures, or *demoiselles-mannequins*, promenade,

turn and return like graceful automata, silent and queenly, wearing on their impersonal shoulders the incomparable creations of world-famous artists in dress.

West of the Opéra the boulevard assumes a more cosmopolitan air, thanks to the neighborhood of the Café de la Paix and the Grand Hôtel, those great caravansaries of visitors from all quarters of the globe. At the little tables in front of this café may be seen specimens of all the nationalities of the earth—Chinese, Japanese, Turks with fezes, Arabs enveloped in voluminous burnooses, Germans with blond hair, Brazilians with yellow skins and flaming eyes, Englishmen smoking pipes and wearing absurd caps; while at the dinner and supper hours the restaurant is crowded with high-livers of both sexes, whose chief occupation is to spend money in places of reputed luxury. At the Café de la Paix may be seen the most magnificent and gorgeously arrayed *rastacouères* on the face of the earth, and by *rastacouères* we mean exotic people whose looks, dress, manners, and wealth are ostentatious and excessive, and whose every act and gesture is wanting in measure and tact. The characteristics of Parisian elegance, on the contrary, are measure, tact, taste, and self-possession. The beautiful French women whom you see in Paris, whether in the streets, in the restaurants, in the afternoon drive in the Bois, in the *salons*, or at the opera, however striking their appearance may be, and however grand the effort of elegance, never look as if they were "out," to use a familiar phrase, or as if they had "got 'em all on," to use another vulgar but luminous expression. And the reason of this pleasing phenomenon is, I imagine, that the French, as Heine tells us, are admirable comedians, and each one plays excellently the rôle that he or she has assumed in the spectacle of the life of Paris.

Another delightful part of the boulevard, and, from the point of view of urban landscape, the most brilliant, is the Place de la Madeleine, with its two quiet corners where the fountains play and the trees give grateful shade to those who sit beneath them and dream of fairer fortunes. At one corner is Durand's, and at the other Larue's, both favorite restaurants with the worldlings. From Durand's corner the view embraces the classic columns of the Church of the Madeleine, the magnificent avenue of the Boulevard Malesherbes, with the dome of the Church of St. Augustin closing the perspective, and, to the left, the broad Rue Royale and the vast Place de la Concorde. By day and by night the spectacle here is always interesting. There is no better coin of vantage for studying character and comparative elegance than one of the little tables outside Durand's, and there is no spot along the boulevard where the combined effects of nature and of art, of moonlight on architecture and verdure, of electric light and gas upon white façades and passing carriages, can be better observed than this broad and open space with its canopy of blue sky.

In foul weather as in fair the variety persists, and there is no more curious picture for a painter to essay than the Place de l'Opéra on a pitilessly rainy night, with the cavalrymen of the regiment of the Gardes de Paris sitting on their horses—useless sentries in front of the Opera-house—the movement of the cabs depositing the visitors at the foot of the *perron*, the *voyous* or street arabs who run to open the carriage doors, the hurrying up the steps amid battling umbrellas, and the pelting rain splashing on the pavement.

On the boulevard, with its newspapers, its book stores, its theatres, its cafés, its politicians, its financiers, its wits, its celebrities, its adventurers, and all the kaleidoscopic movement of men and things that animate it from morning until morning comes again, one appreciates that quality of modernity which characterizes Paris above all other cities. In other capitals where the fortunes of a nomad existence and a moderate gift of tongues have enabled me to live and comprehend the local life, I have never found anything equivalent to the life of the boulevard, which is the quintessence of the life of Paris. For the peculiarity of Paris is that it is being constantly renewed; it is not oppressed by history or hampered by an obtrusive past. There is an old Paris, it is true; one sees it and loves it; but it is so discreet that one has to seek it out. The present alone predominates. The vapory regions of souvenir and of presentiment are not willingly frequented by those who speak the French of Paris and who live in the brilliant sunshine of living Paris a life of intensity and ardor, here and now, upon the principle that life is the end of life.

D. H. BURNHAM, CHIEF OF CONSTRUCTION.

THE DESIGNERS OF THE FAIR.

BY F. D. MILLET.

A SOLDIER once attempted to describe to me an assault on a large redoubt, now famous as one of the most notable dramatic events in an active campaign. His story was graphic and impressive, because it was from the simple point of view of the actors in the drama, and contained none of the broader generalizations and theories of military science which characterized the official account of the battle. He told, among other things, how he and his comrades dodged from the little turnpike-house on the highway into the shelter of a low haystack, and thence dashed across the open and tumbled breathless into the ditch of the redoubt; how they held their position there in spite of grenades and other less dangerous missiles until the ditch was full of men eager for the assault; how at last, with no word of command, and without any definite consciousness of concerted action, they swarmed up the steep wall of earth, and had the enemy on the run before he knew where he was. "How is it possible," I asked, "for you all to have made the attack at the same moment without some signal or command? Was there no bugle call, or no word passed along?" "No," he replied; "there was no bugler there, and no officer higher than a captain. We went ahead at the right moment because we all felt like it, and knew it was the right thing to do." The soldier was no little of a philosopher in his way, and elaborated his last remark into a crude but convincing disquisition on the spirit which animates a successful army. "War is like a great football game," he said; "it has its accidents and

its set-backs, but when your blood is up you don't think of anything but action. It is the enthusiasm that counts. No one knows where it comes from, and it is as contagious as the measles. Of course the officers have a great deal to do with it, and the general is everything. We don't see him much, but we feel him always. We did the other day at the redoubt. I know I heard him saying, 'Now is the time, boys!' and he wasn't anywhere within a mile of us. The other fellows must have heard it too, or they wouldn't have started. Don't smile, now, for it's true; I did hear it, although I didn't tell you so at first." The soldier was stating the terms of no new theory, was enunciating no novel problem of psychology, but was simply and honestly relating what had happened to him and his comrades, and how they felt. Without knowing it, he had struck the key-note of all great human undertakings, and in the same way that certain objects give back an echo of the vibration of a string to which they are sympathetically attuned, so did the impulses of his honest soul move in harmony with the pulsations of the enveloping, absorbing, and directing spirit of the great game in which he took an active though comparatively unimportant part.

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED (F. L. OLMSTED & CO.).
Landscape Architect.

HENRY VAN BRUNT (VAN BRUNT & HOWE).
Architect of the Electricity Building.

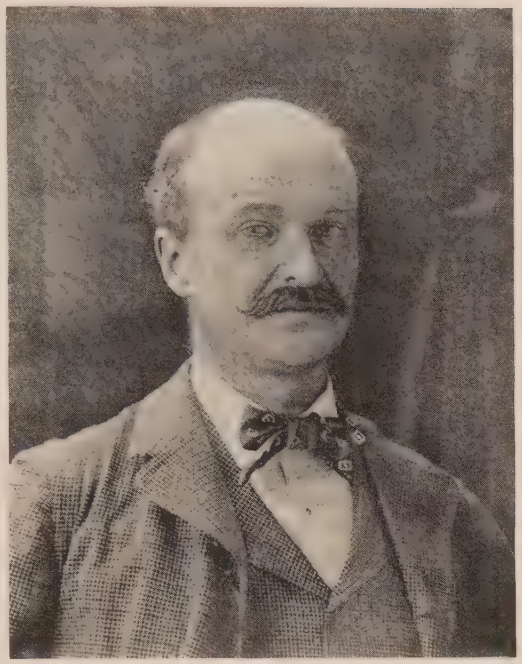
The parallel between a campaign and the peaceful enterprise now in active operation in Chicago may be a trite one, but it is none the less just. The elements of both are closely related, although they are not in every respect similar. But the spirit is identical, and the mental and physical characteristics developed and the qualities of manhood demanded are precisely the same in both cases. Through the roar of the midnight storm and in the stillness of the placid moonlight the rattle of chains, the throb of engines, the hiss of steam, and the monotonous tramp of the guards are everywhere heard in

RICHARD M. HUNT.
Architect of the Administration Building.

the enclosure, now the centre of the greatest activity in the world. With the first dawn of day, before the ruddy summer sun rises out of the faint horizon of Lake Michigan, converging lines of hurrying men blacken every thoroughfare in the vicinity of the park, and as the first hours of daylight pass, each noisy train along the adjacent railway pours into the gates of the exposition hundreds of clerks, mechanics, and laborers. Every one hastens to his work. Listen to their earnest conversation. It is always about their task. One deplores the delay in getting material; another criticises the necessary changes; a third is full of anxiety lest the heat or the threatening rain will put a stop to progress in his part of the work. They are all eager, preoccupied, enthusiastic. Take a walk around the grounds; study the actions of this busy hive, where no drones can live. The rattle, the din, the whirl, are at first confusing, and disorder seems to reign supreme. Watch the scene awhile and you will find that these straggling carts all go straight to their appointed places, that these scattered gangs of workmen follow the mute signals of the foreman, and each man is intent on the work to which he is now accustomed. From the skilful pioneers of iron and carpentry work, running about with wonderful courage on the narrow girders of huge iron trusses a hundred yards in air, to the common spade laborers burrowing in the soft sand of the open spaces, there is not one who does not feel the intoxication of the enthusiasm, the stimulus of the restless energy, which are the life and soul of the undertaking. Now and then a squad of uniformed guards marches past with the precision of soldiers. Occasionally an ambulance bell is heard, and a pair of galloping horses, and a long wagon bearing policemen with a limp and possibly mutilated form on a stretcher between them, flash past, followed by curious, anxious looks, but cause no halt in the nervous activity along their path. And so the day goes on, with a brief half-hour for rest and food at noon. The mass of workmen swarm out of the gates when their eight hours' toil is over, but until the shadows of the night come on the sound of hammers still continues, and the creak of derricks is heard at points where conditions force the completion of the work.

Everybody remembers the history of the struggle which ended in the choice of Chicago as the proper place for the exposition of 1893, but few, now that the success of the fair is assured, will care to recall the spirit of antagonism this choice excited in various quarters, where now the former scoffers frankly confess and heartily defend their conversion. It would be unjust to say that Chicago has builded better than she knew, but it is proper to assert that she has accomplished much more and followed a higher standard of excellence than she herself would have been willing to guarantee before she had fairly tested her strength in an emergency. The world has become accustomed to the unparalleled strides in

material prosperity which have been so freely and loudly advertised as peculiar to Chicago alone; it may never have believed half of them, and certainly has not been too eager to condone the faults which, after all is said and done, are the result of the exuberant confidence of youth. When from time to time it has been noticed that the finest system of parks in the world has been growing to perfection in this city, that some of the noblest monuments of modern sculpture have been placed there, that many of the finest examples of ancient as well as modern art have found their way to the shores of the Great Lakes, and that universities, schools of art, museums, and other accompaniments of a high state of civilization have been established with very little flourish of trumpets, then the world has at last awakened to the suspicion that there may, after all, be a note of true melody in the discord and a spark of real fire in the smother. The exposition will show not only what has been done, but what can be confidently predicted as the outcome of persistent and well-directed energy. All the descriptions in the world and the most faithful illustrations will give no idea of the great beauty and the grand proportions of the buildings, and the charm of the surroundings. The traveller who has felt the overpowering sense of worshipful admiration in the presence of one of the great temples of antiquity will appreciate how little the photographs or pictures can give a hint of the glories of the reality. So the visitor to Chicago, familiar as he may be with the plan and the dimensions of the buildings and their general aspect, has a new sensation when he passes the gates, is overwhelmed at once with the grandeur, the nobility, the charm of style, and the impressive aspect of the buildings, which his imagination, however vivid, has but feebly pictured to him. As he gazes, the impression grows,



CHARLES F. McKIM (McKIM, MEAD, & WHITE).
Architect of the Agricultural Building.

CHARLES B. ATWOOD.
Designer-in-Chief, Architect of the Galleries of Fine Arts, etc.

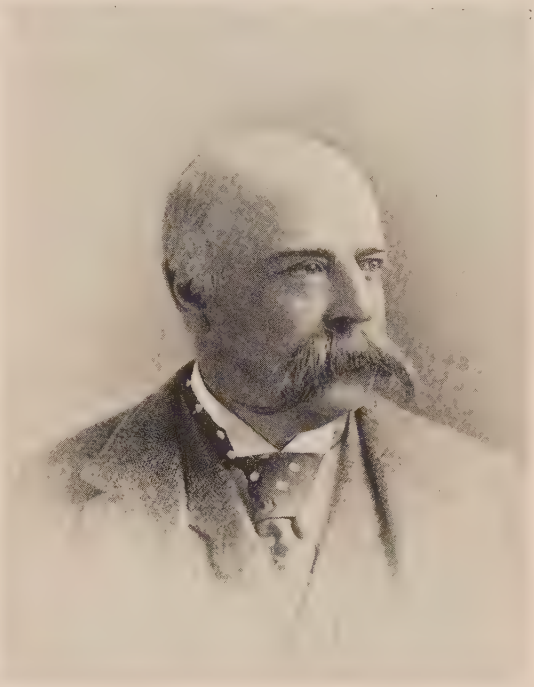
W. L. B. JENNEY.
Architect of the Horticultural Building.

and however much he may have seen or studied, he is sure to find here something more wonderful, more unexpected, more enchanting, than has ever met his eye. This sounds, I am aware, like exaggeration, but I am sure it is a fair expression of the sentiments of every intelligent and observant visitor. The near future will show that I have told but half the truth, and it is to the season of the exposition that I am willing to leave the final verdict. The first notable steps in the construction of the exposition testify to the broad-minded and intelligent conception of the character and scope of the enterprise which has distinguished the managers of it from the start. The choice of the site by the lake side, where the unique charms of the water might contribute to the attractiveness of the grounds and heighten the effect of the buildings, the appointment of Mr. D. H. Burnham as chief of construction, and Frederick Law Olmsted and Company as landscape architects, initiated the work under the most satisfactory auspices. The beauties of the great inland sea had never before been properly appreciated, for it is only within a very few years that the shore has become valuable for building sites, and a busy railway with all its hideous adjuncts occupies a large extent of the water-front of the city. The landscape architects were quick to perceive the advantages of the water feature, and proposed a well-digested and carefully studied plan, which has in its most important details been fully carried out. Mr. Burnham and his late partner, Mr. John W. Root, began at once to work out the scheme of the buildings, and to consider the best means of securing professional assistance. Mr. Burnham was from the first strongly in favor of ignoring the long-established custom of competition, and of arbitrarily selecting the architects to engage in the work. He sustained this proposition with such persistence and earnestness that the committee finally recognized the wisdom of the plan, and ten architects and firms of architects were chosen from different parts of the United States to cooperate in designing and building the exposition. The results of this decision have left no doubt as to the propriety of this action, and of its great importance to the success of the work, and it is not saying too much to declare this to be the most vital question settled in the whole period of planning and construction. What followed the appointment of the architects is too well known to need repetition.

The Administration Building was assigned to R. M. and R. H. Hunt, of New York; the Machinery Building to Peabody and Stearns, of Boston; the Agricultural Building to McKim, Mead, and White, of New York; the Stock-yards Building to Holabird and Roche, of Chicago; the group of buildings at the pier-head to Mr. Francis M. Whitehouse, of Chicago; the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building to Mr. George B. Post, of New York; the Electricity Building to Van Brunt and Howe, of Kansas City; the Mining Building to S. S. Beman, of Chicago; the Transportation Building to Adler and Sullivan, of Chicago; the Horticultural Building to W. L. B. Jenney, of

Chicago; the Woman's Building to Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston; the Fisheries Building to Henry Ives Cobb, of Chicago; and the Art Building to Charles B. Atwood, of New York. Subsequent enlargement of the scope of the exposition modified the original plans a great deal, and made important changes in most of the buildings. One of the most notable changes was the substitution of a long colonnade with a building at either end, now called the Peristyle, for the semicircle of thirteen columns representing the thirteen original States. This structure, one of the most superb and monumental features of the group around the Grand Court, was projected and designed by Mr. Atwood. Its erection necessitated the suppression of the group of buildings on the pier assigned to Mr. Whitehouse, and he was given the duty of designing the grand Choral Hall, which, although of an entirely different character from the work first placed in his hands, is none the less worthy of the architect.

In all the discussions attendant upon plans and changes, and through all the important preliminary study of the question, Mr. Burnham, although afflicted by the death of his cherished friend and partner, Mr. Root, who was one of the bulwarks of the undertaking, kept constantly in view the great purpose of the exposition, supported, encouraged, and vivified the scheme in all its best respects, and lent the weight of his judgment, taste, and extended experience to lift it out of the commonplace, and to keep it up to the high standard erected by the combined convictions of himself and his associates. His strength of character and distinguished executive ability, no less than that personal quality commonly defined as magnetism, made his leadership not only powerful but popular, and his associates felt then, as they have not ceased to feel, that degree and kind of confidence in him which is one of the rarest tributes a man may receive from his fellow-men. In the organization of the Construction Department he proved, although proof was not needed by those who knew him, his tact, judgment, and knowledge of men, for he soon gathered around him a corps of earnest workers in every department, with a sufficiently strong artistic element to secure the success of this part of the work. Mr. Charles B. Atwood, for many years engaged in designing everything in relation to architecture in association with Herter Brothers in New York, a man of peculiarly sensitive artistic temperament, a distinguished scholar in his profession, endowed with rare taste, and possessing the knowledge that comes from wide experience, was chosen as designer-in-chief. Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, was appointed director of the sculpture of the exposition, and Mr. William Pretyman the director of the color scheme. Both these last-named gentlemen have since given up official connection with the Construction Department, though Mr. St. Gaudens still acts in an advisory capacity, and the exposition continues to count on his assistance.



GEORGE B. POST.
Architect of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

LOUIS H. SULLIVAN (ADLER & SULLIVAN).
Architect of the Transportation Building.

If the scheme as first proposed by the associated architects had been described and widely circulated in cold print, or, better, if the public had been able to comprehend the extent and magnitude of the plan in all its intricate and elaborate details, it would have been promptly denounced as visionary, impracticable, and ridiculous. The manifold uses of the composition of plaster of Paris and cheap fibres, now commonly known as staff, was not understood in this country, although it had been employed in architecture in a variety of ways since earliest times. The architects saw in this stucco just the material to enable them to carry out their designs with the minimum of expense, the maximum facility of execution, and sufficient degree of permanency to satisfy the conditions required. It permitted them, in fact, to indulge in an architectural spree—I can find no better word—of a magnitude never before attempted; it made it possible to make a colossal sketch of a group of buildings which might have been a vision of an ancient monarch, but which no autocrat and no government could ever have carried out in permanent form; it left them free, finally, to reproduce with fidelity and accuracy the best details of ancient architecture, to erect temples, colonnades, towers, and domes of surpassing beauty and of noble proportions, and to put before the public this huge realization of a sketch clothed in such attractive garb and embellished with such perfect ornamentation as to make an object-lesson of practical educational value equal to its impressive character. This is, in brief terms, the result of their efforts.

Never before in any exposition has there been any approach to the general harmony of design which is found in this one, nor has there been anything like a parallel to it in general plan, size, or scope. The landscape features are unrivalled. Formal canals make an agreeable contrast with irregular lagoons and inlets bordered with a rich growth of aquatic plants; islands are covered with trees and shrubs, artistically arranged in wonderful imitation of undisturbed nature; plots of turf and beds of richly blossoming plants are skilfully disposed so as to give the grounds the perfection of studied finish which is the great charm of formal gardening. Mr. Olmsted has been absent for his health in Europe during several months, and the execution of this work has recently devolved upon his partner, Mr. H. S. Codman, of Brookline, Massachusetts, who has not only carried out with consistent fidelity the spirit of the original scheme, but has brought to the Construction Department the strong support of exquisite taste, skill, and loyal love for his profession. The general theme of the architecture of the buildings is on the lines of classic renaissance. The Administration Building, stately, impressive, virile, standing as it does in a plaza enclosed by lofty façades, and facing the broad basin, beyond which the blue line of the lake horizon is seen through the noble columns of the Peristyle, needs no signature on its base to mark it as the work of Mr. Hunt, for it is as characteristic of his hand as a picture is of the touch of the artist who

painted it. The same may be said of the dignified, scholarly, and tasteful structure of the Agricultural Building, by Mr. McKim, with its well-studied proportions, the richness and choice quality of its ornamentation, and its sympathetic style, if such a characterization may be permitted. The lofty porticos of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, leading the eye off to an interminable succession of arches, whence it wanders in amazement to the grand roof above, are no less illustrative of the skill, the energy, and the rare attainments of Mr. Post, who has given us a series of great portals such as might have adorned a forum or spanned an imperial route of triumph; while the Peristyle of Mr. Atwood connects the two last-named structures by a fitting screen of great nobility and grandeur.

In this manner may we wander among the whole group of buildings, admiring in turn the Machinery Hall, by Peabody and Stearns, of Boston, with its grand arcades, shapely domes, and extensive colonnades; the grand hemicycle of the Electricity Building, by Mr. Van Brunt; the sturdy Mining Building, by Mr. Beman, suggesting monumental strength; the appropriately modern and novel Transportation Building, by Mr. Sullivan, with characteristic, rich, and cyclonic ornament—I hope he will pardon me the last adjective; the graceful and charming Choral Hall, by Mr. Whitehouse; the impressive dome of the Horticultural Building, by Mr. Jenney; the dainty but tasteful Woman's Building, by Miss Hayden; the rich, effective, and fanciful Fisheries Building, by Mr. Cobb, with its interesting and ingenious ornamentation and satisfactory pile; and at last the grand, perfectly proportioned Art Building, by Mr. Atwood, with its exquisitely beautiful Ionic columns, its choice details, and its pure style, echoing perfectly the charms of the Erechtheum. Modern man has never before been permitted to enjoy a ramble so full of delights to the eye and so satisfying and instructive. Noticeable defects become trivial in the presence of so much that is grand and fine and noble. The perfect but varied adaptation of each building to its proposed use, the significant differences disclosed in the individual interpretation of this condition—in short, the handwriting of each architect on the great sketch he has contributed to the exposition is one of the most interesting and suggestive points of the whole work. The only building in the list of large structures which breaks the harmony is the one I have omitted to speak of above, whose architect worked on independent lines, and has produced a discordant note. I refer to the Government Building, which I can characterize no better than by paraphrasing the school-girl's composition on pins, "Pins have saved the lives of a great many people by their not having swallowed them:" the style of its architecture has saved the reputations of a great many architects by their not having adopted it. The spectator, unfamiliar with the development of the scheme, wonders perhaps how such general harmony can prevail, and what has been the directing and controlling agent of it all—what has been the power which has induced the architects to waive all consideration of personal pride and profit, and join together in intimate relations of mutual confidence, yield to criticism, accept suggestions, and draw largely upon each other for support and advice. It certainly was not money, for it is no secret that

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE.
Architect of the Choral Building.

S. S. BEMAN.
Architect of the Mines and Mining Building

the architects received but a fraction of their customary fees. It might have been patriotism, but it is difficult, if not quite impossible, to kindle this sentiment while the government of the United States is on record in every session of Congress as opposed to the real interests of the architects and artists of the country. In fact, the great power, the vital force, the soul of the whole enterprise has been pure love of art, and the unselfish and potent enthusiasm born of this love. It is this enthusiasm which has made them devote their time and attention, their talents and their skill, to the work; has forced them to sink individual interests in the larger and broader demands of their temporary partnership. Like my friend the soldier, they would probably explain, individually, that they are following their strongest impulses, and, like him, they would undoubtedly recognize the strength of the bond that unites them, and trace its support as well as its origin to their chosen leader in the work, on whom they rely in every emergency, and in whom they repose the most perfect confidence, the chief of construction. He has for the time given up his whole life, devoted all his energy, enlisted all his faculties, in the work. If the confidence were not mutual, his task would be difficult indeed, but with the constant and consistent support of his associates, he must find that quality of reward for his anxiety, his toil, and his self-sacrifice which may well be envied any leader, a reward which is better than any crown, more to be prized than any bawble decoration—the highest esteem and enduring affection of his fellow-workers. His perennial youth, his strong and simple nature, will permit him long to enjoy this reward.

It is not possible to draw aside the curtain and expose the machinery of this great enterprise without running the risk of showing more of the frame-work than would be pleasant to look upon or desirable to disclose. But some notion can be given of the multiform character of the duties the chief of construction and his immediate assistants are called upon to perform by directing attention briefly to the intricacy of the operations conducted within the enclosure of the fair grounds. To begin with, there is the great system of sewers, water supply, drains, and compressed air, underground electric wires for lighting and motive power; then the grading, planting, turfing, paving, road-making, and location of all small buildings, kiosks, lamp-posts; then the engineering problem, with all its ramifications; then the iron-work and the carpentry, the roofing, glazing, staff-work, and general outside covering, with its myriad details, with the painting, decoration, artistic sculpture-work, and general embellishment; following with the acres of interior areas, every foot of which is subject to study from many points of view with the earnest endeavor to harmonize all interests; and finishing up with the direction and control of thousands of workmen of all nationalities and all trades, the fire and police protection, the ambulance and hospital service. Inside the rough board fence is a perfect cosmos, and a busy one at that; and the nucleus,

the focus, the real centre of all this activity is found in the office of the chief of construction, with its army of draughtsmen, its corps of architects, engineers, surveyors, experts, clerks, and all the accompanying and necessary multitude of assistants, the post-office, police, fire, and purchasing departments, each of them large enough for a moderate-sized city, and each conducted with precision and perfect system. Exactly in the same way that a general of an army directs the movements of his forces does the chief of construction direct and control the peaceful divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, and companies at his command. And he who so successfully leads this army of workers must have, it goes without saying, the distinguishing mental qualities of a great general. If he had them not, he could not hold his authority an hour. Receiving his orders from the Directory, just as a commander-in-chief receives the instructions from the Ministry of War, he sets in motion the whole machinery to execute the orders, and takes upon himself the responsibility of the exact fulfilment of these commands. All questions are in turn referred to the experts whose duty it is to decide them, the decisions subject, of course, to the approval, the amendment, or the veto of the chief. For example, all matters involving questions of design are referred to Mr. Atwood, whose just and keen critical faculty, eminent good taste, and accurate judgment, based on his sound scholarship and remarkable experience, distinctly define him for the position of censor. But these questions, like all others, are discussed and settled in the spirit of frankness and fair dealing, after thoroughly balancing the weight of the arguments brought forward by the complex conditions and the eternal combat between the purely utilitarian and the purely artistic. Fortunately for the exposition, Mr. Burnham and his associates recognize the fact that good art is by no means incompatible with practical ideas, for it stands on the firm foundation of reason and common-sense. It is their loyalty to this conviction that is the great safeguard against the ascendency of the ugly, and to their consistent adherence to this belief are due the artistic success of the exposition and the triumph of the beautiful.

It is evidently not within the scope of this brief review to enter into full details of the workings of the executive force of the Construction Department. The chiefs of each sub-department are all men chosen for their eminent qualities of mind and their special fitness for their position.

HENRY SARGENT CODMAN (F. L. OLMSTED & CO.).
Landscape Architect.

Every Wednesday afternoon a meeting of the chiefs is held in the office of the Construction Department, under the presidency of Mr. E. R. Graham, assistant chief of construction, a man to whose well-directed energy and practical knowledge the department owes much of its efficiency. At this meeting all questions relating to construction are discussed fully and frankly, and the future work is carried out on the lines suggested by these discussions. It is an assembly of men of remarkable executive powers.

SOPHIA G. HAYDEN.
Architect of the Woman's Building.

Some of the greatest engineering problems of the time have been successfully solved by Mr. E. C. Shankland, the engineer of construction, and the monumental iron-work, the amazingly intricate carpentry-work, testify to his distinguished skill better than volumes of description. In all the electrical and mechanical operations, Mr. Frederick Sargent, the engineer of these two departments, has shown his great ability, not only in the use of well-known devices, but for ingenious adaptation of the latest and most novel principles. The complicated maze of sewer and water pipes in the whole underground system has been in the hands of Mr. W. S. MacHarg, the engineer of water supply, sewerage, and fire protection, and his assistant, Mr. C. M. Wilkes, and the results of their work are a convincing proof of its perfection. The department of grades and surveys, under Mr. J. W. Alvord, of railroads, under Mr. W. H. Holcomb, master of transportation, and Mr. E. G. Nourse, engineer of railroads, should also receive their well-merited recognition. Altogether this whole executive body has worked together in extraordinary harmony, and with mutual confidence of a degree and kind rarely met with in any similar organization. The same spirit of loyalty to the interests of the exposition which has animated the group of architects has stimulated each of these workers, and the contagion of this spirit has spread to the last one of the assistants and employés. The ordinary rules of attendance and the hours of office-work have needed no enforcement; all considerations of personal comfort and leisure have given way to the calls of generous emulation and continuous effort which complete preoccupation with the work has demanded. Money cannot pay nor brief fame reward these men for their devotion. Their best laurels will be found in the success of the exposition which they contributed to with such noble self-denial and personal sacrifice.

The general superintendence of the whole work has been in the hands of Mr. Dion Geraldine, and the office is no sinecure, involving as it does an incalculable amount of detail, tremendous responsibilities, and demanding unusual force of character, tact, and judgment. The appointment of Colonel E. Rice, of General Miles's staff, to take charge of the force of guards and firemen, which, when the exposition is in running order, will number two or three thousand men, was a happy one in every respect. Colonel Rice has an enviable record for bravery in the Rebellion, and for service on the frontier since that war ended, and has no superior in managing and disciplining men. I cannot refrain from alluding in this place, however briefly, to the self-sacrifice and loyalty of the working committees. These committees are composed of active men of business, who have been for many months, and will be for months to come, working steadily, loyally, and energetically, without reward or public recognition, actuated solely by the motives of civic pride and the broader spirit of patriotism, to bring the exposition to a successful issue. Devotion to

this duty has forced these men to give up business, comforts, and pleasures, and to take upon themselves burdens of responsibility for which neither money nor fame can repay them.

The importance of their functions needs no explanation. It is sufficient to say that it calls for the unwavering fidelity and constant activity of the members, and an amount of self-sacrifice and labor that can be alone appreciated by those who are familiar with the unparalleled magnitude of the enterprise they are conducting.

The Board of Architects, whose joint advice and assistance can be called upon at any time, according to their terms of mutual agreement, have been rarely summoned to a conference, because the individual members of the board have taken such a vital and uninterrupted interest in the work. The non-resident architects seem to be drawn to the exposition by an irresistible attraction, and seldom has a week passed without a visit from one or more of them. Their enthusiasm annihilates distance; the ties of home and the cares of business are powerless to make them resist, even if they were not willing victims to the fascinations of the great undertaking.

HENRY IVES COBB.
Architect of the Fish and Fisheries Building.

Mr. McKim has, for one, been most loyal and earnest from the start, and it is in justice to his constancy that I must record the fact that the exposition owes much to his devotion, for he has brought to the service of the Construction Department the finest artistic qualities of mind, the moral support of his excellent training and wide practice, and the added strength of an ever fresh and youthful enthusiasm. I could do scant justice to the value of the co-operation of the other associates even should I attempt the task. Mr. Hunt is honored and esteemed in two continents; Mr. Post has left an enduring mark on the architecture of this country, which is better praise than I can give; Mr. Van Brunt's talents and scholarly attainments are well known from the Atlantic to the Pacific; Mr. Sullivan's work is one of the notable sights of Chicago; Mr. Cobb, Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. Beman, Mr. Jenney—in fact, I must declare them, in imitation of the Spanish monarch, "todos nobles." To them and to Mr. Burnham and his staff is all credit due, not only for the great triumph of architecture, but for the great step forward in art, and for the establishment of an alliance which has long been the text of many an earnest discourse by Mr. Hunt—the proper union of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The trumpet note of his voice has sounded from East to West, and finds its first loud echo in the exposition. There each building has the complement of its architecture in sculpture and in painting. There first in this country, on a reasonably large scale at least, have the allied arts worked together and in harmonious proportions. The immediate fruits of this union, even if it be but temporary, are incalculable; of the final result there can be no doubt. It means the dawn of a real art in this country.

THE RIVALS.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

I.

TAKEN altogether, the Hôtel and Esplanade des Invalides is one of the most striking features of Paris. The vast space, the old trees, and farther down, beyond the road and the triumphant cannon, the golden dome under which reposes the historic coffin brought from St. Helena. Nothing can be more noble, nothing more magnificent. The least impressionable of Cook's tourists in checked ulster, Baedeker in hand, experiences here a solemn emotion; he thinks of the great King and the great Emperor. He admires; occasionally he envies. It was of that olden France, which possesses such durable and such imposing witnesses of its glory, that Bismarck must have thought at Ferrières when, to Jules Favre, asking for peace in the name of the republic, and asking with some simplicity, "Well, against whom are you making war?" the spiteful German replied, "Against Louis XIV." Yet to the eye of the Parisian observer, long satiated with the pomp of the spectacle, the Esplanade des Invalides presents many sad features. The Gros-Caillou, close by, is a very poor quarter, and when the temperature is mild or only supportable, it pours out, in their best attire, all its sorry idlers, its promenaders in rags. A grotesque Philemon, an old soldier covered with medals and wearing a cap with a tricolored cockade, limps on his wooden leg after a wretched Baucis in a dirty gown. A grandmother, bent almost double, pushes before her or drags at her petticoat two or three sickly little children. Lying at full length on a bench, with his filthy felt hat over his eyes, a vagabond, a night-prowler, sleeps the sleep of a beast of prey and dreams perhaps of crime. The contrast between such sordid misery and such royal luxury has always been full of pathos to me.

At Venice the slipshod women in long shawls who pass you, scratching their old red wigs, spoil for me St. Mark's and the Duke's Palace; and at Hyde Park, in London, the barefooted ragamuffins wallowing in the turf make the torrent of equipages and the galloping procession of blond amazons seem odious to me. Otherwise people interest me. I love to mix myself with them. And it is for this reason that I so often indulge myself in day-dreams by the Esplanade and in the quarter of the Gros-Caillou. To mix thus with poor people I have guarded in my heart the gentle emotion of compassion. He is guilty who permits it to die out in

his soul. Think of this you who pass misery from near and far without seeing it through the glass windows of your coaches.

Now it was walking under the great trees on the Esplanade des Invalides that I noted two old women. It was the end of February, and the afternoon sun, warm with the suggestions of spring, touched with a color of bronze the swelling buds on the trees. Fearing no doubt to sit down out-of-doors on account of the dampness, the two old women tottered along, the elder, bent and trembling, leaning heavily on her comrade's arm, a lean and sorry person who held herself erect and seemed full of energy. Both of them were poorly but neatly dressed. Their black shawls were carefully pinned, their white linen bonnets fairly shone. In order that the weaker of the two might rest when she felt the least fatigue, the stronger carried a camp-stool under her arm. She patiently regulated her steps to those of her friend, and each instant turned to her with an attentive and affectionate regard.

She seemed to be some ten years younger than the other—a human ruin, certainly past sixty—and she alone of the two evidently still preserved some portion of strength, some modicum of health. This portion had to suffice for the two. One thought, in seeing them pass, of those country teams where a one-eyed horse is yoked with a blind mate, and which travel much in the same way.

The two old women interested me at once. I watched them. Certainly the feeblest of them had been beautiful. Her bonnet even now scarcely contained the abundance of her white hair. The features of that face, now impassive and yellow with paralysis, still remained fine, and underneath eyebrows still black, from the depths of their dark-rimmed sockets, the eyes still glittered with an impetuous light. The other old woman, a faded blonde with soft and delicate skin, alas! she too had once been beautiful. But time marks most cruelly faces of such delicate beauty, *les beautés du diable!* nothing now but blotches and wrinkles. And yet the faded face still pleased one by its amiability and by the sweetness of its smile. They were not sisters; they bore no resemblance to each other.

The sight of these poor creatures mutually dependent on each other, a partnership of joint feebleness, moved me sincerely. A few days of early spring weather drew my wanderings to that quarter, and I met the two old women several times.

By certain details—by their hands always decently clad in gray cotton gloves, and by I cannot quite say what of respectability in their whole appearance—I knew that they had not always worn such humble clothing, but had, as the phrase goes, seen better days. Their eagerness to improve the least sunshine, and to go out notwithstanding their age and infirmities, told me the story of their captive life during the long winter in some lugubrious room in the Gros-Caillou, where, with their feet on the foot-stove, they were all alone with their memories. More and more they excited my compassion, and, I ought to add, my curiosity.

Now they knew me by sight. One day, when the extraordinary mildness of the weather permitted them to sit on a bench, I took a place near them, and we fell immediately into conversation. Their feminine instinct, always more intuitive and delicate than that of the other sex, inspired them with confidence in me. In short, at the end of an hour I knew their story. It is touching. I am going to tell it to you.

II.

Does there still live an old *habitué* of the Vaudeville who remembers Nelly Robin? Perhaps not. Yet in the winter of 1859 she was one of the most beautiful of the houris of that Mussulman's paradise which then occupied the stage of the theatre.

A clear brunette, with dark hair, tall, graceful, and slender, without being thin. A figure, following classic hyperbole, to hold in the two hands, but with superb shoulders and bust, deep and dreamy eyes, always absorbed in a voluptuous dream, such was Nelly Robin. Such a goddess, where majesty went hand in hand with grace, would have filled with enthusiasm the Florentine masters of the Renaissance. However, Nelly's father was only a poor hat-maker, struggling under the burden of a family, and her infancy had been spent on the streets of Charonne. The early victim of a neighbor, a scene-shifter at

the Belleville theatre, she had sacrificed her youth to perform menial tasks for the drunkard who beat her. She was twenty-two when the star, M. Lamorlière, still the pasha of the greenroom notwithstanding his fifty years, the crow's-feet about his eyes, and his mustache of a doubtful black, deigned to notice her. She was overcome with awe the first evening that she entered the modest lodgings of the actor, who owned his own furniture, and who had decorated his walls with old bill-posters and crowns of gilt paper, the glorious witnesses of his former triumphs in the South, at Agen, Auch, and Montauban.

The strolling player was *blasé*, no doubt, concerning feminine homage. But the naïve admiration of the poor girl touched the heart even of this old butterfly, weary of flying from flower to flower. Certainly it was best that he should send her away. But at the end of a week she was mending his linen. So it became a settled thing. From the first Nelly lived in a perpetual flutter of emotion. She called him proudly "Monsieur Lamorlière" in speaking of him to the neighbors, and served him like an affectionate slave. She took the most intimate care of him, knew the secrets of his toilet, learned to dye his hair, watching it change, under the action of the dye and the fixative, from the purple of the hydrangea to a smoky black, and all without ceasing to regard M. Lamorlière as the youngest and most beautiful of mortals. He was a good fellow at heart. Touched by being the object of such admiration, and by being so well served, he interested himself in Nelly, and recognizing the fact that notwithstanding her ignorance she was by no means a fool, gave her some lessons in declamation, and found some small parts for her to play. At the end of six months she played the soubrette fairly well. Lamorlière, who for several years had been vegetating in the suburbs, had a stroke of good luck. He was engaged at the theatre at Lille, where the remembrance of his provincial triumphs still lingered, and he received at the same time a small inheritance, and then it was that Nelly was able to make her début at his side in presentable attire. She was, she always would be, a mediocre comédienne, but her beauty was at its height, and her success as a woman was brilliant. All the men about town succumbed to her charms. But in vain. Nelly, overwhelmed with gratitude to and admiration for Lamorlière, remained his faithful servant; and for three years the people of Lille watched her with wonder playing her comedies with paste gems, and with conjugal fidelity going home leaning on the old actor's arm.

One evening, however—the evening of his benefit—Lamorlière, having overexerted himself in his rôle of Gasparde the Fisher, took cold going home, and died a few days later of congestion of the lungs. Nelly's grief was real. She had felt for the old strolling player a sincere sentiment compounded of gratitude and friendship.

Now the director of the Vaudeville came to Lille to observe an actor who had had a great success there, saw Nelly Robin, and was dazzled. Just then the director was gathering a veritable harem, for he was going to play *Les Drôlesses*, one of those satirical comedies directed against the luxury of the demi-monde which were then in the fashion, and in which, to justify the indignant tirades of the writer, it is deemed necessary to exhibit certain very pretty persons covered with diamonds. The director mounted to Nelly's room, an engagement in his hand. Quick! a pen and ink. A true Parisian, she signed the paper at once. Six weeks later she made her début at the Vaudeville in *Les Drôlesses*. There was little enough in the rôle; only twenty-five lines in the third act, but she took like a flash with the lobby from the first representation. The Parisians of the later empire lost their heads over her. She was surrounded in the *foyer* by a crowd of white-cravated dignitaries waiting to be presented to Nelly Robin; and her director, a distant connection of Pandarus of Troy, was enchanted; pushing his way into the group of her admirers, "My dear, let me present M. Hauptmann." And the Jewish banker pushed forward, his ample front bedecked with gold chains. "Colonel Sage," of the Lancers of the Guard, and the officer, as stiff as a ramrod, made his obeisance. But suddenly the crowd parted respectfully before a man of about sixty, with sensual lips and the pale face of a débauché, and the director hurried forward to meet him. "Your Excellence." It was the Count B——, the intimate friend

of the Emperor. He took the comédienne apart, whispered in her ear with the grace of a caterpillar on a rose, murmured—one won't say what—to which she listened with eyes cast down. At last she can get to her dressing-room to change her clothes, but at each instant, rap, rap! It is her maid with a card or flowers. All the flower-girls in the neighborhood sold out that evening.

She became one of the queens of the world of gallantry, an extravagant and magnificent favorite. She had her apartments, ravishing toilets, went to the Avenue de Bois behind a pair of horses worth fifteen hundred louis. No photograph but hers was seen in the shop windows. The girls broke their hearts over her, and the women of the world copied her bonnets. Good-hearted, intelligent, very natural, and possessing that most valuable of treasures to a woman of her kind, gayety, she charmed and amused by the contrast of her patrician beauty and her good-humor and her animal spirits. A poor girl without moral education, thrown when young into a vicious life, why should she not have been made giddy by such astonishing fortune? In that immense fête of imperial Paris—at its most beautiful moment, at the day after its victories—the beautiful girl let herself drift, intoxicated with being one of the flowers of that festival, giddy as with waltzing, and never dreaming that she had a heart.

III.

One evening in November, at about five o'clock, Nelly Robin had just come home, a little fatigued after a long rehearsal. Before dressing for dinner, she threw herself on a sofa in her boudoir, and smoked a Russian cigarette, when her maid, with a grimace, handed her a dirty card on which the actress read this name: "Saint-Firmin, deputy manager of the Théâtre Impérial of the Odéon (second Théâtre Français)."

"What! Is the poor fellow still alive? Let him come in, quick," cried Nelly, with a smile. He recalled her younger days, for that Saint-Firmin was an actor who in the old times used to play at Belleville with her and Lamorlière.

He appeared on the threshold of the door, made a bow, at the same time humble and pretentious; and, although she had not seen him for many years, Nelly immediately recognized the little man, with his face wrinkled and brown as a boiled potato, with his hair plastered to his skull like a wig, dressed in a haphazard fashion, but with a false diamond, worth at least forty sous, stuck in his black satin cravat.

She did not even find him old. Saint-Firmin showed that vague age of the actor, who fades soon, to be sure, yet defends himself by every means in his power against the ravages of age.

"Good-day, Saint-Firmin," Nelly said to him, cordially, in her most caressing voice. "How are you, and how are you getting on? What a good idea to come and see me, old comrade!"

The poor figure of the actor expanded. The hostile look of the waiting-maid and the sumptuous hanging of the antechamber had made him fear another reception. He drew his little figure to its full height, and stretched out his hand to Nelly with a theatrical gesture.

"Ah, well, I see you have remained as good as you were in the days of Lamorlière." And he added, exaggerating his real emotion with those tears in his eyes which are always at the command of the actor: "It's true indeed, there is nothing like the artist."

She made him sit down by her on a large sofa. "Look here, Saint-Firmin, what can I do for you? I see by your card that you are still at the Odéon. Pardon me! but as deputy manager do you no longer play comedy?"

"No," he replied; "I have given it up temporarily. I am now in the management."

In reality his principal function at the Odéon consisted in regulating the noise of the scene-shifting, promenading the staircases and the lobby, and winding the clock. But, thanks to that power of illusion which belongs to actors, he pronounced that word "management" as if he were at the head of a bank or president of a great railroad company.

"I can see that from here," said Nelly, with a compassionate gayety. "Twenty-five francs a month, eh? If you are pressed for money just now, you know—don't hesitate."

But the old strolling player, though very poor, was not without pride and dignity. He executed a classic gesture of refusal, the gesture of Hippocrates before the presents of Artaxerxes, and with-

out taking offence, though much moved by the generous offer of Nelly, he said:

"Thanks, Robin! I don't want anything. Not that I'm rich, but I can get along. No; I have come to ask you something more important. I have a protégé, a young poet, and I have taken it upon myself to get his first piece put on."

Before the insignificant appearance of the good fellow, Nelly, who understood the theatre, and knew that the influence of a deputy manager could at the most secure a position in a spectacular drama for the daughter of a concierge of the neighborhood, tried vainly to suppress a smile.

"Don't make fun of me," said Saint-Firmin, "and prepare to be still more astonished. This isn't a rôle for you, nor even a piece for the Vaudeville. It is for the Emperor's company; it is at the Théâtre Français that I want the piece in question played. It is worth it. Now you have powerful friends—we know that, my lovely woman—among the ministers at the Tuileries even, and if you should interest yourself in my young man, you could do a good deal for him. You see, my dear Robin, what I want of you—entirely disinterested aid. Mark, now, I am not speaking to you of a long drama," he added, taking a small roll of paper from his coat pocket. "Only one act, in verse, but delicious, or I'm no judge. And I am a judge. You remember at Belleville they called me the tutor, because I used to coach the pronunciation of the first walking gentleman at rehearsals. What do you say? Robin, was I right to count on your good heart?"

Nelly was very much flattered. Up to this time everybody—her manager, her comrades, her lovers themselves — had treated her like a pretty woman, and that was all. In the eyes of the men who said to her with cold enthusiasm, "You played your second act delightfully this evening," she read a desire more sincere than the compliment. In speaking to her as a true artist, Saint-Firmin had soothed her vanity. She promised her co-operation at once, wanted to know who the protégé of the old actor was, how he knew him, and where he had met him.

"At my cook shop, simply enough," he replied. "Hang it, Robin, you know well enough that I can't dine at the Café Anglais, and that I can't send back after the first glass a bottle of Clos-Vougeot under the pretext that it is corked. I dine at a wine-merchant's in the Rue de Vaugirard, down in the basement, where the hackney-coachmen, good chaps enough, come. It was there that I noticed my little poet, who, you may well believe, wasn't eating beefsteak and potatoes, and drinking foaming mugs of beer. Poor boy, he was too poor for that. He contented himself with the fifty-centime ordinary, bread, bouillon, and beef, washed down with a clear carafe of Château de Pump. I took to him at once. Dressed shabbily but neatly, with golden hair that shone in the sunlight, a soft forked beard, shy brown eyes, which looked down when one looked at him, and with the sad sweet air of a young god of twenty-five who has just pawned his old-fashioned family watch; and with all that, shy and unsociable. It was in vain that I passed him the oil and mustard to lead him into conversation. But when at last I made him understand that I was an old artist, that I had been on the stage for thirty years, that I was at the Odéon, he no longer feared me; he unbosomed himself. One day when we were strolling together around the reservoir at Luxembourg he repeated to me from memory his charming little piece. On the twentieth turn he repeated the last verse. I was completely carried away by it, and I embraced him before the swans' house. I was afraid that I might have deceived myself. He confided his manuscript to me. I re-read it. Charming! Only, you know, what could I do for him? To speak of such a piece as that to the director of the Odéon! I, the deputy manager! He would have said, 'Good! good!' thrown it in the bureau drawer, and told me to post in the *foyer* a twenty-franc fine against that simpleton Deborah, who is never prompt at rehearsal except when her little sous-lieutenant is under arrest. And then I said to myself, 'Ah, my little poet must storm the great house. Who can furnish him a scaling-ladder?' And I thought of you, my dear Robin. I knew your good fortune, and that you knew the Superintendent of Fine Arts. And I did well to come to you, for you are as good as you used to be. I shall be so pleased if you succeed, for, it need hardly be said, I have a great affection for the boy. He is the age of the son that I might have had if I had married. But you know

how it is. That is for the stars. Comedy only inspires one with caprices, and I have lived like a rat in the greenroom. Well, you have the manuscript, with my name and address. Do the best you can, and if you have any news, write me, and I will send my little poet to you. For I have said nothing to him about my application, in case it should miss fire."

"And what is the name of your protégé, Saint-Firmin?" asked Nelly Robin, who, during the actor's graphic story, had been dreamily thinking of the young poet, obscure and charming.

"Jean Delhy. And I tell you it is a name which will become famous."

"I shall occupy myself with your young friend to-morrow," said Nelly Robin. "I am engaged to sup with two or three persons of influence, and I hope you will soon receive good news. And now let me dress. I dine out."

She reached out her hand to the old actor, who placed there a respectful kiss, in the manner enjoined by all the tradition of the stage, and retired full of hope.

IV.

Madame Delhy, the widow of a captain of the infantry, who had died of the cholera at the Crimea, had obtained a tobacco shop at Beauvais, and kept it in person, for it was her only resource. Her only son, admitted as a government scholar to the lyceum of the village, did well at his studies, although he was rather a dreamy child, and not in very good health. When he was nineteen he lost his mother, and after the funeral expenses had been paid, he had not a hundred francs in his pocket. Furnished with the derisive diploma of Bachelor of Letters, and with his head filled with vague ambitions and beautiful dreams, he came to Paris to find no profession there but one of misery. The poor young man, in whom burned the pure flame of inspiration, copied bills for master-builders, or sold a little Greek and Latin to students. The poet with delicate and refined instincts wore second-hand shoes that he bought of cobblers, ate greasy soup with masons in odd-smelling eating-houses.

For three years he lived there horribly alone. He lived in an old house on the Quai Saint-Michel, a dog-hole of an attic, where one suffocated in the summer, and where in winter the water froze in the pitcher. The place was altogether too depressing, and he only staid there to sleep the sweet sleep of youth. Jean Delhy was dreadfully weary and discouraged. Oh, the disgust of those long hours at the office of the copyist, in company with bohemians and drunken copyists, where to gain three francs he had to engross page after page until well into the night, with bent back and aching wrist! Oh, the suppressed yawns during the lessons for forty sous in common little quarters on a corner of the dining-table to a dirty boy who picked his nose and wiped his pen on his hair! And yet he felt himself happy when he had copies to make or lessons to give. His idle hours —too numerous, alas!—he killed them in long readings at the Library of St. Geneviève, or in walks without any end in view along the quays or suburban boulevards, where he wandered slowly, seeing nothing, and absorbed in exhausting reveries. A life so miserable and so dull would have ended at last, without doubt, in brutalizing the poor poet. He wrote almost nothing, and added hardly a line to the collection of short and delicate poems which he had written in spite of everything in his least miserable hours. For youthful inspiration is as strong as the spring, which makes primroses blossom in the vagabond fields of the outskirts, among oyster shells and bits of broken bottles. Jean Delhy despaired; love saved him. One Sunday in June, warm and wet after the rain, he wandered through the Jardin des Plantes. It was a lovely afternoon. The soft earth and the wet plants breathed a grateful odor. From the menagerie came every moment the strange strident cries of the birds. Mixing with the crowd, Jean admired the clusters of roses under the Judas-trees, planted by Buffon—they are almost all dead to-day—when he met her who was to become his love.

Not fresh the gloves, not new the boots. A black dress in the month of June and a shabby straw hat brightened by three violets. But what brilliancy, what splendor of youth, in that blonde of twenty, with her wealth of hair like molten copper, her dark brown eyes, and her complexion of the dawn! A libertine would have seen under the shabby clothes of the splendid girl the form of a Venus, but the sentimental Jean saw only the dark brown eyes that looked so sweetly at him. Evidently she was some poor work-girl out

of work like himself, and, like him, whiling away her Sunday. From instinct rather than desire he followed her some steps. She went into the menagerie and stopped before the zebras. He stopped before them too, not far from her, and for the second time the eyes of the pretty blonde met his, and this time without turning away so soon. Long life to those sincere people who shorten idyllic courtship! Before long, leaning almost side by side on the railing around the bear-pit, the young people, already less timid, had in their faces that light which is the dawn of a smile. A moment later, strolling by the enclosure where the antelopes are kept, Jean Delhy, with parched lips and blushing cheeks, dared to say to the young girl, "Pretty creatures, are they not, mademoiselle?" Then they began to talk to each other, walking side by side. They exchanged names in front of the monkeys' house; and when, an hour later, the winding paths of the garden brought them for the tenth time before the elephant, they were arm in arm—Heaven forgive me!—and were deep in an interview so interesting that they quite forgot to offer a bit of rye bread to that pachyderm, although he reached his trunk toward them with a patience which merited happier results. I am afraid of shocking you, beautiful madame with three toilets a day, who will read me, perhaps. For, in the first place, you would never deign to observe that a young man had beautiful eyes were he not of your world, and had he not been formally presented; and then, before letting him perceive your weakness, you would, I am sure, have imposed upon him all sorts of slow and painful trials. You would have required to meet him at a great number of dinners, at five-o'clock teas, and subscription nights at the Opéra and Comédie Française, and he would have been obliged to hear *La Favorita* at least five or six times from the depths of your box, before your eyes would, at that supreme moment in the opera, "Ah, come! come! I yield, lost," turn to him with an encouraging look; and only after three balls and a dozen waltzes would your hand have rested in his with a significant pressure. Not that you are so cold, beautiful madame, but you require a period of novitiation from your lover. Courtship is a toll, a fee, with you, and your least favors are obtained by a formula. Pardon, I pray you, the poor child met by Jean Delhy in the Jardin des Plantes who thus hurried past all the stopping-places, and showed so little method. You are going, I fear, to hold her brazen. She was nothing but naïve and frank. During that walk through the menagerie on the arm of the gentle poet, with his sweet voice and sad eyes, Mariette—that was the girl's name—had pulled the petals from a mystic daisy in her heart, and the last petal had fallen at the word "passionately." And without delay Jean had confided to Mariette that he was alone and unhappy, and Mariette had at once been seized with a generous desire to be his companion, and secure for him a little happiness. Reassure yourself, however, lovely madame, Mariette did not yield so quickly to her impulse of tenderness and charity. Like you, she was a woman. Like you, she had both modesty and a little coquetry. It required eight days and three meetings in the evening in the quiet Rue Cuvier before she accepted Jean Delhy and joined him in his attic at the Quai Saint-Michel. But on that spring night there was up there in the moonlight which illuminated the attic a fête of tears and kisses, such as I wish you may have, lovely madame, when you shall judge that your admirer has bent the willing knee long enough, and shall admit the young novice to pass his license of love.

An orphan at six, Mariette had been brought up—oh, without any care—in a haphazard sort of way by her uncle, a porter at the Orleans Railway station. A good enough fellow, not young perhaps, a little brutal, a widower without children. Moved by a sudden kindly impulse, he had given his niece a home, finding it, moreover, convenient to be no longer obliged to eat out-of-doors, and to find his dinner prepared and his bed made every evening by the child. Later on she became an apprentice, then a workwoman, at Madame Indiana's, a milliner just then in fashion. She gained but a small salary there, being not very handy, and was principally employed in delivering bundles. The two poor young lovers, whose sole luxury and pleasure in life were their kisses, adored each other. Mariette thought always of Jean in stitching with her needle, in flitting across Paris, at night when she buried her head in her pillow, and even in her dreams. And Jean only lived for the moment when

Mariette should enter his room between two of her journeys, hat-box under her arm, with heaven in her heart and paradise in her eyes. Thus loved, the poet took heart, set himself to work, and it was then that he wrote, in certain hours of enthusiastic joy, that delicious idyllic dialogue, *The Night of Stars*, which, later, when played at the Théâtre Français, made the whole public name him the Parisian Theocritus.

Sometimes Jean read his verses to Mariette. She listened to them ravished, not understanding completely, but with the ecstasy of the mystic who hears the voice of God in the "Magnificat." Vanity—it is perhaps the great fault of the rhyme-makers. Jean drank in delicious draughts; the pleasure of being admired and his tenderness for Mariette grew. However, he did not love so much as he was loved. In such music perfect accord never exists. Jean was a good fellow, but with a fund of egotism, like all artists who are really possessed by their art. In the mean time he could not think without tenderness and without a certain self-satisfaction of the simple girl who had given herself to him. He did not imagine an existence without her. No other woman existed for him. And as he was, on the whole, considerate and just, he never formed a dream of success or happiness without associating with it her who consoled and charmed his present misery.

For several years Jean and Mariette, together as often as possible, and always together in thought, thus lived and loved; loving as only the poor can love, who have no other pleasures, and whose emotions are distracted by nothing. Timid by nature, and completely void of initiative, the young man simply let himself live, working a little, but without seeking any means of making himself known, when he met by chance Saint-Firmin in the wine shop where he dined. Jean Delhy had never thought of the theatre in writing *The Night of Stars*, and the enthusiasm of the old actor astonished him. It was at first without any real hope that he confided the manuscript to him. What could a poor deputy manager of the Odéon do?

Therefore the delight of the poet was even less lively than his astonishment when, fifteen days later, he received a very gracious letter, in which the administration of the Comédie Française congratulated him personally on his work, and invited him to call concerning it without delay.

V.

Nelly Robin, leaning her elbows on her pillow, read *The Night of Stars* on the very night that Saint-Firmin had given her the manuscript. The beautiful girl knew but little about literature. Like many actresses, she learned by heart her rôle, copied out by itself, without knowing the rest of the play, and she made out as much as she could at rehearsals, coached by the author and stage-manager. But she had for verse, for rhymed phrases that spoke of love, the instinctive respect of the children of the suburbs who follow in a two-sous song-book the words of the romance sung by the organ-grinder in a cracked voice as he turns his crank. The music of Jean Delhy's poem was delicious. It moved Nelly, and even seemed to her much superior to the couplets of Maupeon and Loïsa Puget, which she had prattled in her childhood on the pavements of Belleville. Sleeping, she dreamed of the young poet, reduced to eating with hackney-coachmen, whose verses had touched her heart.

Nelly had a great friend, the Duc d'Eylau, son of the heroic marshal, the former drummer who beat the charge at Bonaparte's side at the bridge of Arcole. He was a good-looking man, a trifle tiresome, of impassive manners and more than usual intelligence, and yet the second empire had only made a chamberlain of him. At the supper which the Duc gave on the morrow at a fashionable café, Nelly arrived with Jean Delhy's manuscript in her muff. It was not a giddy assemblage, men with gray heads and double chins. But the actress had at her right M. Caduc, the private secretary and intimate friend of the Emperor, a kind-hearted and scholarly old man, all-powerful in the theatres. She made him promise to read *The Night of Stars;* and eight days later she received the card of M. Caduc, with these words: "A little *chef-d'œuvre.* I am going to carry it to the Comédie Française."

Nelly, enchanted at the result of her recommendation, wrote to Saint-Firmin. But the poor old strolling player could not read the letter, which he received at the Hôtel Dieu, where he had been for three days between life and death; and as he had not told the poet, lest there

might be some failure of his application to the actress, she also received no word, and was at first offended at the silence of Saint-Firmin and his protégé; but swept on in her life of pleasure, she thought no more of it. In the mean time fortune, which sometimes has her caprices, was going to repay Jean Delhy in one stroke for all his past.

Not two weeks had passed since he lent his manuscript to Saint-Firmin when he received one morning in his bed the note written by the director of the Comédie Française. Mariette could not come and see him on that day, and with the wild joy of the poet there was mixed at first a regret at not being able to tell at once the good news to his little friend. Moreover, it was not visiting day at the hospital, where, however, old Saint-Firmin, always delirious, with a high fever, could not have known or felt the transports of his young friend. With a beating heart, full of his secret, and after having re-read ten times the wonderful letter, Jean Delhy made all the toilet of which he was capable, for the purpose of going that afternoon to the Théâtre Français. Happily, he had a new coat and a becoming necktie, the gift of Mariette. He went out and found a holiday air in the dusty streets and the dull November skies, an air of good-will in every passer-by. In the theme of the young student whom he was coaching at Rue Monsieur le Prince, he left heedless, through his happiness, the frightful barbarism "Romanibus," which cost that unhappy collegian until the end of his school year the heavy pleasantries of his professor. At his wine shop, among the coachmen, Jean believed himself dining with the gods of Olympus, and ate ambrosia and drank nectar, although they only served him in reality a calf's head in rancid oil and a pint of violet-colored wine. Then he started for his destination with the firm step and erect carriage of a happy man.

But his exaltation vanished when he reached the famous "house of Molière." He suddenly felt very timid. The pompous portraits and emphatic busts of the illustrious actors of the past seemed to regard him as a mere nonentity, and the usher to whom he gave his card coughed with so disdainful an air that he asked himself if he had not dreamed it all, and if he had really been called to a place so full of arrogance.

The poet regained, however, a little of his sang-froid in the presence of the administrator-general. Outside of his sumptuous office and without his red rosette, that middle-aged man, with his bent back, poor figure, ill-kept beard, and unctuous hand-clasp, had the air of a church beadle. He received Jean Delhy in the most flattering way. His piece, in a very short time—two or three months at the most—would be read to the committee, received, and played. M. Caduc had rendered a veritable service to the Emperor's company of players in bringing the little *chef-d'œuvre* to their notice. The astonished young man learned that he had a friend at court as he stammered his thanks.

"Thank M. Caduc," said the administrator, with an air of a donor of holy water. "Go and see him; he is the man of taste to whom you owe your thanks. He lives only two steps from here at the Rue de Rivoli."

Jean hurried there, and was shown into a spacious and well-lighted library, whose two large windows looked out upon the garden of the Tuileries. The amiable old gentleman who presently joined him received him with all the graces of a courtier.

"You owe me nothing, my dear boy. On the contrary, it will be a proud boast for me, by-and-by, that it was I who gave the public that delight which they are sure to experience in your charming verse. I received them, moreover, from the hands of beauty. It was Mademoiselle Nelly Robin, of the Vaudeville, who gave me your manuscript. She received it from an old actor, an acquaintance of yours." And noting the astonished air of the young man, M. Caduc added: "You know nothing about it? It's one of those ricochets of Parisian life, which is so often ill spoken of, but in which, in spite of all, a man of merit cannot long remain hidden. Take your grateful homage, then, to the feet of Nelly Robin. She plays to-night. You will find her in her dressing-room; and I am persuaded," concluded the gracious old gentleman, with a smile which was lightly significant, "that the poet will please her as much as his verse."

Nelly Robin! Jean Delhy repeated the name to himself every minute as he hurried across Paris. He had read it somewhere in the journals, that name, and always encompassed by phrases which

spoke of luxury, of gallantry. He had seen at the photographer's the portrait of the handsome actress. So it was Nelly Robin to whom he was indebted for such a service! He had in his heart some of that prejudice felt by very proper men against women of light manners. But then, what poet, being on a jury, would not acquit the worst of sinners if he found in him an admirer?

"To-morrow, when I tell my adventure to Mariette," he thought, "she will adore that Nelly Robin."

But even then he doubted it.

"Who knows? Mariette will perhaps be annoyed that this happiness comes to me through another woman. Bah! I can make her understand it all."

And, alone in the crowd, he walked rapidly over the Champs Élysées, where chance had led his steps, having already blotted out the remembrance of his little friend, thinking only of his beautiful benefactress. Some hours to kill yet before he could see her. She would receive him in her dressing-room. He was going to penetrate to those inner parts of the theatre, into the mysteries behind the scenes, pictured by innocents of his sort as catacombs of wantonness where floats an odor of women and love. How should he present himself before Nelly? He had so little assurance. How he trembled for fear of appearing stupid, dull, awkward! Where to find the graceful and expressive phrase, the moving word, wherewith to thank her? Without doubt she would smile and tender him a perfumed hand.

He attributed the beating of his heart to gratitude. On that particular evening Nelly arrived at the Vaudeville in bad humor. Life is not all roses for those lovely creatures whom golden fools use for their personal decoration as they use a gardenia in the button-hole. The Duc d'Eylau, fifty-five years old, and majestic as a hearse horse, had inflicted upon Nelly since a quarter of six a terrible game of Chinese bézique, and his indignation as a chamberlain concerning some error in genealogy committed by the Almanach de Gotha. Entering her dressing-room in a fit of ill humor, Nelly had begun by chivying her maid. But incapable of lasting ill humor, she seated herself before her toilet table in corsets and open dressing-gown, and had commenced her make-up, when the call-boy of the theatre came to tell her that a M. Jean Delhy was at the concierge's, and asked a moment's interview.

"Jean Delhy? Who's that—Jean Delhy? Wait a minute. Ah yes, the little poet, Saint-Firmin's friend. He has found time to come and thank me. Well, let us go and see him."

She had already pardoned the tardiness of his visit, thinking only of being gracious, and making welcome the young man who was so poor, and was such a genius. When he appeared on the threshold, white with emotion, without readjusting her dressing-gown, and showing her marvellous white shoulders, she ran toward him with open hands, saying:

"Come and be congratulated, monsieur. It is charming, your little piece, and I hope they are to play it soon. You must come and let people see you and make your acquaintance."

She drew him toward her, and made him sit down by her on a divan; and while Jean, giddy, bewildered, by her cordial reception, by the perfume of the dressing-room, by the pressure of her warm hands, by contact with ripe and half-unveiled beauty, made his excuses and stammered his thanks, she watched him. Nelly was thirty years old, a long past of gallantry. But suddenly she felt completely swept away by a new sensation, by a sort of magnetic current, exquisite and sad, which soothed her and fired her at the same time, which unnerved her with its warmth, and, mixed with her physical distress, she felt also a delicious emotion. It enveloped her as a bath, prompt and sharp as the stroke of a knife. For the first time in her life she loved. She felt herself seized, carried away, by something stronger than herself, by the power of an instinct. Becoming again in a moment the simple child of the people that she used to be, she remembered the comrades of her infancy—the girls of the Faubourg—whose brutal lovers had only to say to them, "Come," and they would follow them with lowered head. If that young man sitting by the side of her had only looked at her, she would have fallen on his shoulder and burst into tears. But he was too timid to hardly lift his eyes. He seemed to her so pure, so superior to herself, that she was ashamed, and as he smiled in his embarrassment, showing under his golden beard his white teeth and fresh mouth, she despaired, believing herself

unworthy of such a kiss, as one would scruple to pluck a rose with soiled hands.

What did they say? Only foolish words. She paid him some compliments, repeating the same words, and asked him kindly and awkwardly about his life. He hardly answered. Novice that he was, he was astonished at the actress's embarrassment without divining the cause. The intoxicating atmosphere of the dressing-room enervated him. Not knowing what to say, and fearing that he might be indiscreet, he rose to go. The deep black eyes of Nelly grew dim.

"You are coming to see me again, are you not?" And her voice was almost supplicatory.

"With pleasure," he replied. "But when can I?"

"In my dressing-room at this same hour. I am always alone." He bowed; she reached out her hand, now cold. And only when he was out-of-doors in the sharp night air, did it seem to him that Nelly's hand had trembled in his.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought as he went back to his attic. "I will tell Mariette that Saint-Firmin sent my manuscript directly to M. Caduc. If she knew that I am the protégé of that regal woman, I am certain that Mariette would be jealous and would suffer. It is better that she should know nothing about it. Poor little thing!"

VI.

The poet told his deceitful tale; and Mariette's joy when she knew that *The Night of Stars* was to be presented was soon embittered by a heavy care. It seemed to her that her lover suddenly grew cold. Formerly when she came to his room, Jean, who waited for her impatiently, was on the threshold before she had mounted the last stair, ran to her with a happy laugh, and then, what a hug! what a kiss! She knew then that absent or present he loved her always. Already he was changed, always good and kind to her, but less tender, his thoughts elsewhere. She excused him. The hopes and ambitions of the poet, the approach of the decisive part that he was going to play, left him, without doubt, but little time for love; yet she was distressed to see him thus, even in her arms, even amid her caresses, and it was with an accent of agony that she asked him, "What are you thinking of?"

The reply was to reassure her.

"You know well enough. Of my piece, of the reading before the committee. It is only two weeks now, you know."

But he was deceiving her still, and even while Mariette was clinging closely to him and softly kissing his neck, he was thinking of Nelly, of that luxurious flower, which he had breathed for a moment, which might be his—he was sure of it now—and whose voluptuous perfume followed him. Why, then, at the end of ten days had he not returned to the Vaudeville? Simply on account of Mariette; it was so uncomfortable to have a secret from her. He reproached himself for his thought of infidelity. She loved him so much, and he loved her very well too. Whatever might happen she should always remain his companion, his friend, she should keep the first place, an unassailable corner all by itself, in his heart of hearts; and then he would look at her, contentedly resting on his shoulder, that innocent head, he would note that golden hair, flowing in disorder like a stream of molten copper, on a slender back, on a throat almost childlike, and those dear brown eyes, which turned from time to time towards him confident and confiding.

"No; it would be disloyal!" he thought then. "I will never try to see Nelly Robin again."

But he found her again without looking for her.

It was at Père-la-Chaise, before the gaping hole of the common grave, where they were just lowering the coffin of Saint-Firmin, who died at the hospital. Very much moved by the loss of his humble and enthusiastic friend, Jean Delhy, whose piece had been received the evening before with great favor at the Comédie Française, listened to the last *De Profundis*. A fine cold rain was falling, and a small number of the comrades of the old actor had come as far as the cemetery. There were not there more than three or four young actors of the Odéon, and a dozen old strolling players, with shaved and wrinkled faces, who in the old time had played with Saint-Firmin in the suburbs.

But while they were sprinkling the holy water, a woman came up, wrapped in a magnificent fur, and with her arms full of flowers. Jean recognized Nelly Robin. The good-natured girl had come

to pay her respects to the old comrade of her years of penury. She rapidly approached the grave, bent her head with a sign of the cross, whispered a prayer, and gave the grave-digger, together with a coin, the bouquets and wreaths. Then she saw Jean, who bowed to her. What a look from under the mourning veil, at the same time tender and reproachful! For two weeks Nelly had thought only of the young poet. Every evening she had watched for him in her dressing-room. Possessed by her memories, and impatient of vain delays, torn by vain hopes, for a second Nelly's eloquent eyes met those of Jean with reproach; but they were full of happiness and pardon as well. The young man blushed, and his heart beat so violently that he lifted his hand to it. They were in the mud of the cemetery, under a bleak and sombre December sky, near the charnel-house where they throw the poor. Ah yes! love is stronger than death!

Meantime, to approach Jean, the actress assumed an air of sadness.

"Poor Saint-Firmin! We both of us liked him, didn't we?"

But they had both of them already forgotten him, poor Saint-Firmin! and undoubtedly his indulgent shade smiled at them from some paradise of actors, where they all, let us love to believe, have a superb rôle to play, with their names always in large capitals on the bills.

Jean and Nelly left the potter's field, and together went down the road under the sombre and leafless trees.

"Why have you not been to see me?" she asked, in a low voice.

He replied, in the same way, "I did not dare."

And they continued to walk silently side by side. At the gate of the cemetery Nelly Robins's coupé was waiting.

"I am to take you back to Paris, am I not, Monsieur Delhy?"

But hardly was he seated by her in the narrow carriage, quilted like a jewel-box and half filled by the perfumed fur, when Jean lost his head. Nelly surprised a fond look in the young man's eyes, and fell, overwhelmed with happiness on his shoulder.

"Don't you know how I love you?" she said, with a sigh.

Who can say how many kisses there were before the coupé stopped at the actress's house? Nelly jumped from the carriage, crossed the threshold, mounted the steps of her little hôtel, carrying Jean Delhy in her impetuous wake.

But in the antechamber the waiting-woman sprang up. "Monsieur le Duc has been here twenty minutes," she cried. "He is waiting for madame in her boudoir, and trying to reconcile himself to the delay."

The Duc! She had forgotten him. It was the hour for that terrible game of bézique. With a gesture she sent her waiting-maid away; then she put her hands, still in their black gloves, on the shoulders of Jean, who had suddenly and proudly drawn himself up, breathing out to him her very soul in a sigh.

"Oh, don't be cross! Pardon me!" she cried. "To-morrow you shall be master here, if you will, and promise me to come this evening to the Vaudeville."

One of many? Oh no! He had honor and much pride, the poet. He drew himself away, bowed, and went out without speaking.

"No, certainly," he said to himself, almost aloud, wandering at random through the streets, humiliated, sobered, walking with quick, hurried step. "No, I will not go this evening to the Vaudeville. Yes, she is as beautiful as the day, and her kisses still stir my pulse. But I am not one of those lovers to be hidden in a wardrobe, and I refuse the ignominy of divided love. 'The master,' she said, 'to-morrow,' if I will? The master! In the midst of that luxury which comes from the hand of another—of others—when I haven't in my pocket the wherewithal to buy her a bouquet of roses! What does she take me for? Can I be a fool—a fool and an ingrate? And Mariette!"

He tried to recall the memory of his love. Had he thought of forsaking her? Never! The forgetfulness of a moment was the only crime he had been on the point of committing. That was wrong, but he had never fully ceased through it all loving his little friend. Nevertheless—and Jean was astonished at the tranquillity of his heart in thinking of her whom he had been on the point of betraying, at least in intention. Involuntarily he compared the two women. An ecstasy of intoxication seized him again. He had still on his lips the taste of the actress's kisses. Why not go on? He was too scrupulous. Undoubtedly

the charming woman felt for him only a passing fancy. Why not take advantage of it? Only, frankness before everything. She should know that he was not free. He would tell her himself that very evening.

At eight o'clock he entered Nelly's dressing-room.

The poet had the courage of his convictions, and made his avowal.

She stood up instantly, with a shiver. "You love another?"

Then Jean was cowardly. He began to explain. Yes, a little girl who had been good to him, so lonely, so unhappy. He had cared for her through gratitude, and felt only friendship for her. (Alas! it was already true.) Nelly should not be astonished at that. Had she not felt such friendship?

"I have turned away my lover," cried the actress. "Quit yours."

So much logic staggered Jean Delhy. He was sincere when he committed the unpardonable and useless folly of defending a woman before her rival. He could never abandon Mariette so brutally, it would be such a blow to her. He asked time to prepare the separation, for she was capable of anything. She loved him so much.

In the eyes of a coquette Jean would have been lost by such gross maladroitness. But Nelly really loved him, and had a kind heart. She lowered her head and murmured, "True, the girl must love you!"

Then the poet reproached himself for his simplicity. He threw his arm around Nelly's waist and whispered, tenderly, lovingly, in her ear: "What matters your Duc? What matters Mariette? We can love each other all the same."

But he felt her become, even in his arms, cold and immobile. She turned away her head.

"What's the matter, Nelly?" said he, anxiously. And as he sought her mouth he saw that the girl's eyes were full of tears.

He feared that he had offended her; implored her pardon. But she seized him again by the hands, covered them with kisses, moistened them with the warm rain of her tears, and told him how much she loved him. No, she was not offended with him for what he had said. On the contrary, it was she who should ask his pardon for being only an unhappy girl who merited nothing better, and yet who had dared to hope from him something better and purer. She had dreamed the deceptive dream of redemption through love, as all her kind have done at least once in their life. It was folly; she knew it well. He was not free.

"You deceive me or you deceive yourself," she said between her sobs, "when you pretend that you love me more than your Mariette. She has been your first and your only love. She consoled you through weary days. Certainly I envy her, happy woman! But do you know I love you so much that I can love her too, she who has been so good to you, and I would not take you from her. Listen, dear," she added, growing calmer, "God knows I would throw myself into the fire to purchase you a moment's happiness—for the success of your play, for example—but I could not have the weakness to keep you, knowing that you loved another, and that you had for me only a passing fancy. For you would only hold in your arms a wretched creature, and you would carry away a most unhappy memory of me. Believe me, we must separate, see each other no more. It will be best for you and for me. Let us try to forget."

Carried away by such real distress, the poet threw himself at Nelly's feet, insisted, supplicated, swore that he loved her, and believed what he swore. But she was courageous, even strong enough to deny him a single kiss, shook her head at all his vows, and when he had gone, almost driven out by her, overwhelmed with discouragement and chagrin, she could hope—or fear—that he would never return.

VII.

He came back on the morrow, he came back every evening, and she received him, but was only good and tender to him. And, as often happens in love affairs, everybody was unhappy.

Everybody. First, Nelly; she was very certain now that the poet was madly in love with her. On his side nothing would have been easier than to break his chain, and they might have lived then as they could, happy lovers, on love and cold water. But she was generous of heart; it would distress her to think that her happiness brought unhappiness to another—was the consequence of a cruel

action. In any case she would not have asked for it, she would never have said to Jean, "Break with your Mariette"; and yet had he come to her and said, "I have broken with her," she would have thrown herself upon his neck. In the mean time he did not say it, and she asked herself, with a bitter doubt, if he felt for her more than a passing caprice, a fickle fancy.

Nor was Mariette less to be pitied. Every day Jean Delhy became more indifferent, more cold. When she complained of it, he plead his preoccupation as an excuse for his changed humor, for he went every day to the Théâtre Français to follow the rehearsals of his piece. But the simple girl was not deceived; warned by that very sure instinct of women who know that love is fading, and distressed every moment by some sharp word, by some impatient gesture, of her lover, the poor little girl lived with a heart that ached continually, and foresaw a catastrophe.

Jean suffered also; every day in the presence of Nelly Robin, a prey to all the tortures of Tantalus; he lived in a state of irritation, and whenever he saw Mariette he suffered from a frightful sense of weariness and pity. For without yet being able to accomplish it, he had determined to abandon her, and he felt in advance a horror for his cowardice and his ingratitude.

In a word, they were all unhappy. Yes, all; even to the unfortunate Duc d'Eylau. For it was now the misfortune of that aristocratic and wearisome person to irritate in a supreme degree the nerves of Nelly Robin, and to in no wise understand either her rebuffs or the innumerable faults which she had made for some time in playing Chinese bézique.

The poor Duc was the first victim of the situation. For a trifling reason, for a play at cards, he was sent away, and yet he hadn't required much outside of his little card party at a quarter of six. He withdrew discreetly, and with him disappeared the thousand-franc notes.

Bah! What was money to Nelly? She loved. Without diminishing her expenditures or altering the arrangements of her house, she sold, one after the other, her jewels, and lived from day to day with the thoughtlessness of a woman.

At last *The Night of Stars* was played at the Théâtre Français. You remember that triumph. How at the first representation the old and jaded theatre-goers of Paris shed tears of emotion! It refreshed them; it did them good. That pure idyl was for them the glass of milk that late roisterers at the restaurants seek in the suburbs at daybreak, curled up in their cabs. On the morrow of the representation the glorified name of Jean Delhy made the tour of the journals, that is to say, of France and of Europe. His face still radiant with the praise of the actors, the poet was seized behind the scenes by Beer, the Jewish editor, who bought that very evening the manuscript of his piece, and put five thousand francs in his hand. At the first representation, in the box of M. Caduc, Nelly Robin wept tears of joy, and broke her fan in applauding; and from the depths of the only box given to the author, Mariette fainted with emotion in the arms of the comrade from the shop who accompanied her.

Let us distrust happiness. It makes the good better, but it is dangerous to the egoist, and the successful man believes that all things are permitted to him.

On the morrow, waking late from his sleep, in the attic on the Quai Saint-Michel, Jean Delhy received from Nelly Robin an effusive letter, and a package of journals burning with his praises. He was celebrated, loved. Had he everything? No! for he had not Nelly. There was a single obstacle—Mariette. Then he saw the bank-notes given to him in the evening by Beer, which he had on coming in thrown on his table. Money! Was it not so often with money that youthful attachments were broken—the love affairs of the Quartier Latin? Five thousand francs would be for a working-girl an establishment, a sort of dowry, the beginning of a fortune, perhaps. And for him it might prove his ransom, his liberty. And, after all, what had he done? Mariette had only given him of her own free-will two years of her life. Five thousand francs! that would pay for it. And yet Jean Delhy was not bad. In the evening, in the height of his triumph, he had joyfully folded his little friend in his arms, who had waited for him timidly in the street at the stage door. But his desire exasperated him, blinded him. Oh, the cruelty! Oh, the hardness of the human heart! Oh, the villanies conceived, accepted, done in a moment!

Undoubtedly Mariette would come and see him as soon as possible. He dressed

himself hurriedly, and dashed off the letter of adieu. He begged Mariette to pardon him, but he loved her no more. Moreover, all they could do was to make each other suffer. And then to offer her the money, he found, the man of letters, a phrase ingenious, almost tender. He placed in plain sight on the table the envelope containing the letter and the bank-notes, went out, said to the porter if Mlle. Mariette came, there was something upstairs for her, jumped into a cab, and drove to Nelly's. For some days past she had not played at the Vaudeville, where her engagement had ended. Some months before she had refused to renew it on account of very advantageous offers that had been made her to go to Russia. Then Jean had appeared. She had not wished to leave him, and that evening again she had turned away the dramatic agent, who insisted, not being able to understand how a pretty woman could refuse to go to the country of rubles.

"It's done. I have broken!" cried Jean, in the arms of the actress, who had thrown herself on the neck of the victorious poet. And he told her, with selfish joy, the base action which he had just committed. Nelly—a woman of money before everything—admired him, was proud and touched that he had sacrificed without hesitation for her sake, the first gold that fortune had thrown at his feet.

"And I also, I am free," she said to him, leaning on his shoulder. "I am yours—yours always! This luxury which surrounds me disturbs you. You are proud; you are right. Ah, well, reassure yourself. I have lived here without thinking of money, and it is now two weeks since I turned away the Duc, who used to pay my debts. Ah, well, furniture, toilets, jewels, I will leave them all to my creditors, and you shall have a comrade as poor as yourself. Tell me, will you love me still, monsieur, in a calico gown? Bah! it isn't so long since I used to mend my linen, cook my own meals. I will quit the theatre—you wish it? You would be too jealous, wouldn't you? And if I staid there, I should not be enough with you. No; I will be your housekeeper, and you will see what good care I will take of you while you are writing beautiful things. You are really going to live now. Certainly you will not be rich. Poets never make a fortune. But I will be so reasonable, and we can indulge in some extravagance. You will buy for me soon my first jewelry—a pair of ear-rings at ten sous a pair, like those that I used to covet at the jeweller's in the Rue Mênilmontant when I was a street girl. Oh, my Jean, how I love you!" And as he embraced her ardently, "No," she cried, disengaging herself; "here everything recalls my past. Oh, pardon me! Until I met you, I did not know what it was to love. No; I will come this evening to you in the attic where you have been so unhappy. I will come never to go again, bringing with me only the clothes that I wear. You consent—yes? Now go about your affairs. You must go to the theatre. You must thank everybody—the actors, those journalists who have just bombarded you with praises, and who must be managed—I know that. In the mean time I am going to settle everything here, and it won't take long, I assure you. I shall not keep even the few louis which are in my purse, and the poor need no trunks. Watch for me this evening at six, and let us begin our life together by dining in your wine shop with the coachmen—you know, there where you met that poor Saint-Firmin. I want myself to taste also of your misery."

Jean went out, intoxicated with the pride of having inspired such a passion, provoked such a sacrifice.

Nelly alone, and wishing to destroy as much as possible the traces of her life of gallantry, took first from a bureau some bundles of letters and threw them into the fire. She watched them burn, and then, to tell her maid the resolution that she had just taken, she was about to ring, when the maid appeared and said:

"Can madame receive the girl from the milliner's? She is below with a little hat that madame ordered a week ago."

"Tell her to come up," Nelly answered, mechanically. And while the maid obeyed, "A hat for five louis!" thought the actress, who could hardly keep from laughing. "It will be a long time undoubtedly before I wear another such, and this one will be paid for by the sheriff after the seizure here, like all the rest. Bah! I will put it on to-night when I go to see Jean."

For what power in the world would prevent a woman, even a woman in love, even a woman in the height of passion, from trying on a pretty hat?

The milliner's girl entered and opened her hat-box.

"Let us see it," said Nelly.

She stood before her looking-glass, adjusted on her head the coquettish trifle, and only then noticed, reflected in the glass, the face of the young milliner.

What was the matter with her, that poor little girl with auburn hair? Why were the beautiful brown eyes filled with tears? and why was she leaning, faint, on the back of a sofa?

It was Mariette who had brought the hat.

Oh! that very morning she had gone out so happy from the shop, her hat-box under her arm. Quick! to Jean first! He must have slept late after his triumph. She would find him getting out of bed, her lover, her poet, happy at last. But no; gone out already. "You can go up all the same, mademoiselle," the porter had told her. "There is something upstairs for you." Upstairs for her! Great God! that horrible letter and those bank-notes, which she threw instantly down, as if they had burned her fingers. So it was finished. Jean loved her no more, sent her away, even paid her. Reddened as by a blow, her heart dead within her, the blood mounting to her head, she fled weeping through the streets without caring who noticed her.

When you have some great grief, when your lover leaves you, lovely madame with the three toilets a day, you shut to your door, you lock yourself in your boudoir, with a flask of smelling-salts, and you can, at least, sob in solitude. I am sorry for you, certainly! for the woman's heart abandoned suffers the same under a corset of satin or under a corset of cotton. But have pity, I pray you, for the poor little milliner who weeps for her lost happiness before all the passers-by on the pavements of the crowded street, and who, notwithstanding her suffering—as cruel as yours, charming madame—cannot forget her trivial task, and must needs carry a hat to its purchaser.

Mariette had never seen Nelly Robin; had only heard her name that morning; knew nothing of her. Without suspecting it, neither the one nor the other, the two rivals were together.

Before the face of the unknown, wet with tears, Nelly was moved with compassion. Kind-hearted by nature, she was more than ever so on that day so happy for her.

"What's the matter, my poor little girl?"

But Mariette, under the weight of a grief too heavy for her, sank on a divan, her head in her hands. Nelly came near to her, and clasped her with a caressing, almost maternal, gesture.

"A great grief, then? Look here, my child, you mustn't weep so! You do not know me, but you can confide in me. Come! I would be so happy if I could help you! And, in any case, tell me what distresses you."

Confidence is a want so natural, and that lovely woman seemed so kind! For two hours Mariette had wandered through Paris overwhelmed by her despair. She told her secret in a plaintive cry.

"Jean! my Jean has left me!"

Her Jean! Nelly's heart was oppressed by a presentiment. Many times, with a jealous curiosity, she had asked the poet about his little friend. "Pretty, is she not? What is she like?" And now, looking at the young face wet with tears so near to hers, and under that disordered auburn hair at the forehead, where in her impulse of sympathy she had been on the point of pressing her lips, the actress remembered the annoyed reply of Jean Delhy, "A girl with auburn hair and brown eyes."

"An unhappy love affair, I am sure," said Nelly, in an altered voice. "Come, my dear, tell me all about it. And first, what is the name of this poor child who suffers so much?"

And the young girl, lifting amid her tears a look of gratitude to Nelly, replied, with an effort:

"How good you are, madame! I am called Mariette."

Then the hand which pressed hers became cold, the arm which encircled her waist abandoned it. But Mariette took no notice of it. A sympathetic voice had begged to soothe her heart, and she cried, in a burst of tears and sobs:

"My Jean! I loved him so much! If you only knew!" And letting herself glide to Nelly's feet, holding in hers the hand of the woman who had shown her so much kindness, and kissing it sometimes in the beseeching manner of a weary child, Mariette told of her two years of happiness and love, when every minute of her life had been for Jean, when each stroke of her needle had been accompanied by a thought of adoration for her

lover. She had believed that he loved her; but she had been neither foolish nor vain. She had said to herself sometimes, with a sigh, that an ignorant girl like her could not be the only love of a poet. Without doubt he would be attracted by other women, would charm them—he was so charming—would be unfaithful to her. It would all pass, all end; she knew it well. She had only hoped that he would keep for her some little place in his friendship, that he would always have a little tenderness for her who had brought him happiness in his unhappy youth. He had sworn it to her a hundred times. If only she could see him, come near him—oh! not often; when he wanted her—to take care of him, for example, if he were ill—she would have been contented with a thoughtless caress, such as one gives in passing to the dog at the gate. But no; he had sent her away harshly, brutally. Oh! the wretch and the ingrate! And he had thrown to her, as a last outrage, that miserable money! Money! she no longer wanted anything. Her Jean had broken her heart. She should die! yes, she should die! And if death did not come, ah, well, there was water under the bridges and charcoal at the brazier's!

Nelly put her hand brusquely over her mouth. "What are you saying, poor little one?"

Prostrate before her rival, with her head on her knees, Mariette was silent, and now she wept, wept, wept.

Looking at the poor deserted child, Nelly felt herself moved with an immense pity. So, the unhappiness which she had under her eyes was her own work. In truth for the first time that she truly loved she was unfortunate. She could not be happy in doing such a wrong. And in pitying that poor little Mariette, whom Jean had sacrificed to her, she felt a confused sentiment of envy. She had never known herself that passion, so simple and sincere, that sweet grief. Mariette spoke of killing herself; certainly she would not do it. But, after all, she could die. She had loved, she had lived; hers had been a short but enchanted youth. Oh! how Nelly envied her that beautiful dream, even at the price of so bitter an awakening! But looking again at her victim, grief-stricken, with the great tears continually rolling from beneath her closed eyelids, pathetic as a wounded bird, Nelly's kind heart was touched, and she was seized at the same time with a vague disgust, the beginning of a dislike for that Jean, for that egoist and charming poet, to whom she had so imprudently promised herself, in whom she had inspired, it must be confessed, that cruel deed, and who soon would make her suffer in her turn, without doubt, since she loved him.

"Tell me, my dear," she said to the young girl, who was a little calmer, "do you know for whom you are abandoned?"

"Alas! no," replied Mariette. "For some time I have seen that Jean was not the same to me. But I had so much confidence in him I smothered my suspicions; I even reproached myself for them. But the very existence of Jean was changed; he goes to the theatre now. And there, I suppose, he may have found some beautiful actress far more charming than I, with rich dresses, luxurious belongings, and those coquettish ways which make a man jealous. Ah! that is it certainly; I am lost in advance. For I, I only know how to love like a fool my Jean, and I have nothing to give him but my poor heart."

And while Mariette, in stammering words, poured out her grief, in the heart of Nelly Robin a desire was born—ah! a desire which hurt her, but imperious, irresistible—and this was it, that she should renounce Jean, and give him back to that poor little girl. She knew life; she knew what she would abandon. At thirty she loved for the first time, and it was delicious; it was very hard to pluck from the heart that tardy growth of love. It would never thereafter spring up again, she was certain of it. And it was not only Jean that she regretted, but the sentiment that she felt for him. Yes, it was hard! but the beautiful girl had passed through all manner of evil without losing at heart popular generosity and plebeian equity. Because her odorless bouquet of camellias had become distasteful to her, was that a reason why she should rob the child who passed her of her poor bouquet of violets worth two sous but fragrant? Lovely madame with three toilets a day, you would do the same, I am persuaded. You carry into your love affairs neither vanity nor self-love, and if the lover of your best friend should attempt to make love to you, it would be to you, I doubt not, excessively disagreeable. Agree with me,

then, only that, notwithstanding all her errors, this Nelly Robin had nevertheless her heart in the right place, since, in the full tide of passion, in the height of desire, she obeyed an instinct of justice and mercy.

Nelly had lifted Mariette, and made her sit down by her side.

"Do you want, my child," she said, in a kind voice, "that I should give you good advice?"

"Undoubtedly, madame. But first let me tell you how confused I am. I have been saying a thousand follies to you, and I ask your pardon."

"Let that go. You will thank me later. The brutality with which your lover has left you is a proof, I think, that he has been moved by some sudden impulse violently. He is not like that ordinarily, is he?"

"Oh, certainly not. He has always been so thoughtful to me."

"Ah, well, you must see him again. Go! I know men. I would swear that at this very hour he is already regretting having been so wicked, for he must have been home and found there that money. You must see him as soon as possible. Can you do it to-day, even?"

"I can go to him, as I used often to go, after six, when I leave the shop."

"Don't fail! You promise me? If your Jean is not lacking in heart, he will blush for his action before those beautiful eyes all disfigured by tears."

"Alas, madame, do you think so? Oh, I am not so proud, and I would be too content if he would love me a little only through pity. But I dare not believe even that."

"Ah, well, my dear, I am sure that you will be astonished at your warm reception. It is quite understood. You will go this evening; only try not to weep all the way there. And now, kiss me, for I am going to prove to you how truly I am your friend."

And having kissed her forehead, Nelly sent away the young girl, still troubled, yet a little comforted, and stirred by a light hope.

On coming home, Jean Delhy had found on his table the bank-notes left by Mariette.

"Bah! I ought to have made her take that money," he said to himself, with a little bad humor and some shame. But he could not prevent himself from thinking also, "The poor little girl! she loved me all the same."

Then, dismissing that unfortunate reminder, he put his room in some sort of order, and nervous, with beating heart, walking like a deer in a cage, he waited the longed-for hour, the moment of triumph and of love, when Nelly should come to him. But at half after five the concierge appeared with a letter which a commissionnaire had just left, without waiting for a reply. And, with a shiver at his heart, Jean Delhy read these dreadful lines:

"Do not wait for me to-night, my dear poet—neither to-night nor ever. Think of me as a wretch, a coquette. Despise me! hate me! But so it is. This morning, after you had gone, I understood all of a sudden that we two were about to commit a great folly; and it was an insignificant thing, I assure you, that woke me from my dream. My milliner came to bring me a hat costing five louis, and I remembered then that such flowers did not grow in the window of an attic. In a week I should have regretted my pretty hats and all the rest. You have been mistaken. I am but a woman, though a good-hearted one, who will dispel for you, after all, a gross illusion. Do not seek to see me again. I have just signed an engagement for St. Petersburg, where the Grand Duc who admired me last winter, from a box at the Vaudeville, wishes to see me again. But before going to the white frosts of the North, I shall take a sun-bath, and shall set out this evening for Nice, whither M. le Duc d'Eylau, a friend to whom I have been very unjust, has consented to accompany me. Good-by and good fortune! I hope that in a few days, after reflection, you will not think too hardly of a woman who has been happy enough, my dear poet, to assist at your first début at the theatre, and who will never cease to watch with interest those new successes which you are sure to obtain. Your friend, notwithstanding everything, NELLY ROBIN."

That letter, which Nelly had written in the heat of her good impulse, but with swelling heart moreover and with painful effort, Jean Delhy was re-reading for the tenth time, a prey to all the tortures of wounded self-love, when Mariette entered.

Although the door was unlocked, the

young girl had first discreetly rapped—alas! as if at a stranger's. But Jean, in his exasperation, had heard nothing. She appeared suddenly before him, intimidated, and lifting her eyes toward her ungrateful friend with the appealing, faithful look of a beaten dog.

Nelly was not mistaken. A comparison of the two women flashed upon the imaginative poet—their two loves. How could he have thought of giving up that sincere child for a vain and perverse girl? He was seized with horror, and then came Mariette to be his consolation.

Jean ran toward her, and strained her passionately to his heart. "Forgive me!" he said in a trembling voice; "forgive me, my own, my Mariette! You are candor, you are sincerity, you are true happiness and honest love! And I was going to betray you, abandon you, for a deceiver, for a wretch! But it is all over, I swear to you, and as in the old days I hid nothing from you, here, read," he added, handing her the letter, "and see for what a worthless woman I was about to make you suffer so much, and become so infamous and so cowardly!"

Mariette, intoxicated and stupefied with happiness, seated herself, trembling, on a chair; and while the poet, fallen at her knees, hid his face, blushing for shame, in Mariette's lap, she read the strange letter and the name signed to it—Nelly Robin! So it was for Nelly Robin that Jean would have left her. It was to Nelly Robin that she had that very morning confided her unhappiness. And understanding at last the generous deceit and the magnanimous sacrifice of her rival, Mariette was touched to the depths of her heart.

VIII.

Now thirty years had passed since then, and the two old friends who have told me their story on a bench on the Esplanade des Invalides, on a warm afternoon in the early spring-time, were none other than Mariette and Nelly. Both sprung from the ranks of the people and from poverty, they had returned there in their old age, driven by adverse fate.

The poetic destiny of Jean Delhy was a meteor. It burned only to disappear quickly. Soon after the success of the *Night of Stars*, and the book of verse which followed it and gave to the literary world the hope that a great poet was born, he became ill, languished, worked no more. At scarcely twenty-five he died, worn out by consumption, in the arms of his faithful Mariette, to whom, egoist to the end, he left not even his name. With the scanty resources that were left to her, the poor girl hired a little store, trying to live by her trade. But she was neither clever in business nor adroit at her trade; her establishment did not succeed; and she was too happy, thanks to the little money still left her, to buy the stock and good-will of a newsstand in the Gros-Caillou, where she vegetated, selling stationery and newspapers. Her capacity for suffering died at the bedside of Jean, in the long nights of watching, and her heart closed forever at the last sigh of the poet. Moreover, her feminine charm, all her grace and freshness, faded soon. Little by little, through hard work, through grief, through solitude, she gave up, and became rapidly an old woman, with her cape and linen bonnet.

Nelly, on the contrary, remained beautiful until forty, and continued her life of gayety at St. Petersburg until she was stricken down by paralysis. Her fall was sudden and terrible. Returning to Paris almost powerless, she lived there some time on what she had saved from the wreck, and the sum received from a benefit given her at St. Petersburg. But being without foresight, she soon knew misery again. Her old admirers were dead or scattered. She was forced to accept from some of her comrades of other days, happier or wiser than she, the humiliating position of a friend in need, to whom one gives, now and then, a louis or an old dress. Soon even such wretched alms failed her. Her wearying distress and her infirmities were tiresome. Then, even in her unhappiness, the wretched woman took a little courage. She remembered that, after all, when she was young, she had been ill clad, and often breakfasted on a sausage that was not over-good. As an old actress, she could count on help, very little, but regular, from the Administration des Beaux-Arts and some charitable societies. She sold her last flaunting rags, hired a garret in an obscure quarter near the Champ de Mars, and resigned herself to living in poverty, but without ignominy.

And so one day, to buy her *Petit Journal*, Nelly Robin, who had had princes of blood at her feet, but whose aspect at present was that of an old wool-carder,

entered the shop of Mariette—Mother Mariette, as they commenced to call her at the Faubourg.

They had met but once in their life, but at what an unforgettable hour! They looked a long time at each other, and, notwithstanding their faces so cruelly ravaged, they recognized at last the look which never changes.

"But—you are Mariette?"

"You are Nelly Robin!"

And, with hearts beating, suffocated with emotion, the two women approached each other, seized hands, and embraced, weeping. They lived every day to talk of the past. Mariette told Nelly then how grateful she had always been to her for having once spared her; and Nelly could tell Mariette that that love which she had given up before the unhappiness of her rival, had been the sole love of her wild life, at the bottom so sad.

There was to them both an infinite sweetness in speaking of the beloved dead. In remembering him they loved each other. They soon decided to live together, and the good Mariette took the best care in her power of the invalid, and little by little the old actress, by force of example, learned habits of order and neatness. The partnership of their two miseries became supportable. How neat and respectable the two old friends were on the day when they made me their confidant! One would have taken them for two very respectable old ladies, I assure you. With what an affectionate gesture Mariette warmed in her hands the almost powerless hand of the paralytic! And how the eyes of Nelly Robin burned with gratitude in looking at her friend, those eyes, still lovely, which had once fired with desire the theatreful of spectators!

"You can have no idea, monsieur, of her devotion to me," said the aged actress, in finishing her story. "But she is a treasure, that Mariette! And so ingenious, so economical! With our four sous together, we lack nothing, truly. Never a complaint, an impatient word, though I am always sick and very troublesome. The most tender girl could do no more. And why is she thus, I ask you. Because, once upon a time, a long while ago, I saw her unhappy and I had a good heart. Tell me if for so little should she think herself my debtor."

But the other interrupted her with a look, and I shall never forget the deep and passionate tone with which she said these words:

"But yes, I am your debtor, your debtor forever! You left me one day what you could have taken from me and what you have never had, alas, my poor Nelly. I can never forget it, never do enough for you; for, look!" she added, turning toward me her wrinkled face, to which her smile lent a fugitive charm—"look! a little happy love in youth is all the good we have in life, we poor women."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A COLLECTION OF DEATH-MASKS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

Third Paper.

THE London *Times* contained, not very long ago, the following curious advertisement: "Napoleon I. For sale, the original mask moulded at Saint Helena by Dr. Antomarchi. Price required, £6000. Address," etc., etc.

Dr. F. Antomarchi, a native of Corsica, and a professor of anatomy at Florence, at the request of Cardinal Fesch and of "Madame Mère," and with the consent of the British government, went to Saint Helena in 1819 as physician to the exiled Emperor. He closed his master's eyes in death; and immediately before the official *post-mortem* examination, held the next day, he made the mask in question. He said in his report that the face was relaxed, but that the mask was correct so far as the shape of the forehead and nose was concerned. And unquestionably it is the most truthful portrait of Bonaparte that exists.

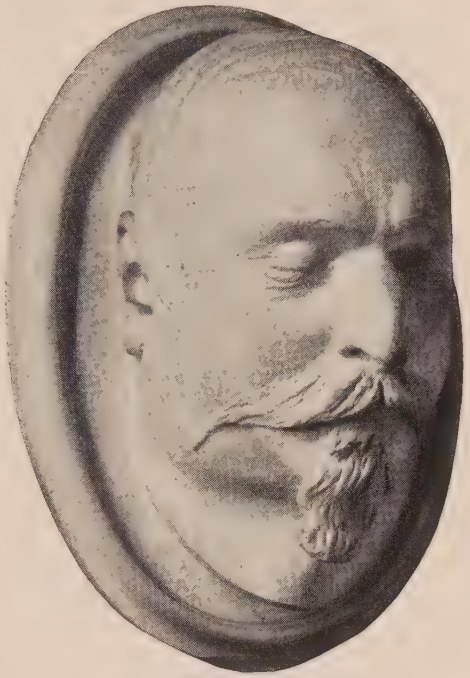
When Napoleon thought himself closely observed, he had, according to Sir Walter Scott, "the power of discharging from his countenance all expression save that of an indefinite smile, and presenting to the curious investigator the fixed and rigid eyes of a marble bust." As he is here observed, no matter how curiously or how closely, he is seen as he was. It is the face of Napoleon off his guard.

The mask of the Third Napoleon was taken, of course, at Chiselhurst, and immediately after death. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was distinguished, particularly, as being the only Bonaparte, for four generations at least, who bore no resemblance whatever to the Bonaparte family, not one of the strongly marked facial traits so universal in the tribe appearing in him.

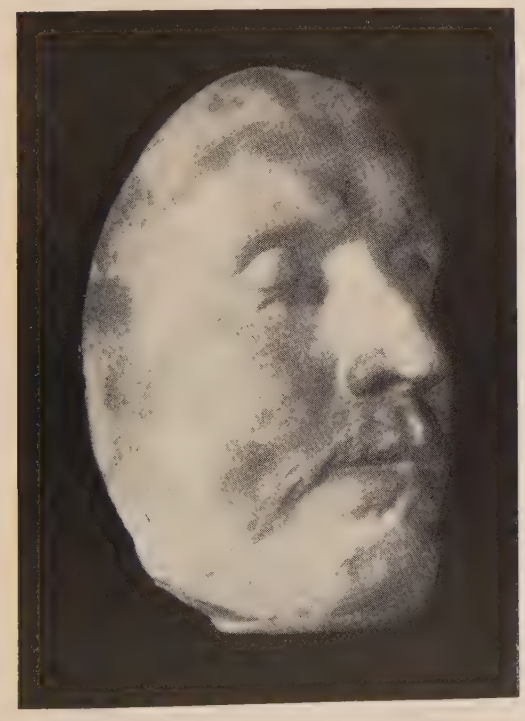
The cast of the face of Oliver Cromwell has the following apocryphal pedi-

gree. The original "was left by Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver Cromwell, to his, Richard's, daughter Elizabeth. She left it to her cousins Richard and Thomas. Thomas bequeathed it to his daughters, Anne, Elizabeth, and Lucretia. From them it came to Oliver Cromwell in 1802, who left it to his daughter, Mrs. Russell, whose husband, an officer in the British Mint, presented it to the United States Cabinet in 1859."

Cromwell, according to the *Commonwealth Mercury* of November 23, 1658, was buried that day at the east end of the chapel of Henry Seventh, in Westminster Abbey. Dean Stanley accepted this as an established fact, notwithstanding the several reports, long current, that the body was thrown into the Thames, or laid in the field of Naseby, or carried to the vault of the Claypoles in the parish church of Northampton, or stolen during a heavy tempest in the night, or placed in the coffin of Charles First at Windsor, Mr. Samuel Pepys being responsible for the last wild statement. After the Restoration this same



NAPOLEON III.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

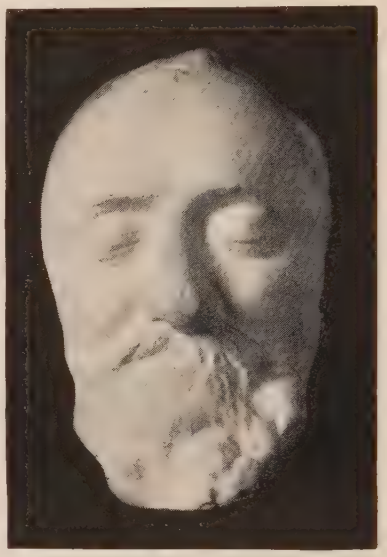
Mr. Pepys saw the disinterred head of Cromwell in the *interior* of Westminster Hall, although all the other authorities agree in stating that, with the heads of Ireton and Bradshaw, it adorned the outer walls of that building.

Both Horace Smith and Cyrus Redding, early in the present century, saw what they fully believed to be the head of Cromwell. It was then in the possession of "a medical gentleman" in London. "The nostrils," said Redding, "were filled with a substance like cotton. The brain had been extracted by dividing the scalp. The membranes within were perfect, but dried up, and looked like parchment. The decapitation had evidently been performed after death, as the state of the flesh over the vertebræ of the neck plainly showed."

A correspondent of the London *Times*, signing himself "Senex," wrote to that journal, under date December 31, 1874, a full history of this head, in which he explained

that at the end of five-and-twenty years it was blown down one stormy night, and picked up by a sentry, whose family sold it to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells, who were the nearest living descendants of the Cromwells. By them it was sold, and was exhibited at several places in London. "Senex" gave the following account of the recognition of the head by Flaxman, the sculptor. "Well," said Flaxman, "I know a great deal about the configuration of the head of Oliver Cromwell. He had a low, broad forehead, large orbits to his eyes, a high septum to the nose, and high cheek-bones; but there is one feature which will be with me a crucial test, and that is that instead of having the lower jawbone somewhat curved, it was particularly short and straight, but set out at an angle, which gave him a jowlish appearance." "The head," continued "Senex," "exactly answered to the description, and Flaxman went away expressing himself as convinced and delighted." Another, and an earlier, account, dated 1813, says that "the countenance has been compared by Mr. Flaxman, the statuary, with a plaster cast of Oliver's face taken after his death (of which there are several in London), and he [Flaxman] declares the features are perfectly similar."

Whether or not the body of the real Cromwell was dug up at the Restoration, and whether his own head or that of some other unfortunate was exposed on a spike to the fury of the elements for a quarter of a century on Westminster Hall, are questions which, perhaps, will never be decided. The head which Flaxman saw, as it is to be found engraved in contemporary prints, is not the head the cast of which is now in my possession, although it bears a certain resemblance thereto. Mine is probably "the cast from the face taken [immediately] after his death," of which, as we have seen, several copies were known to exist in Flaxman's time. It is, at all events, very like to the Cromwell who has been handed down to posterity by the limners and the statuaries of his own court. Thomas Carlyle was familiar with it, and believed in it. His copy of it is said to be in the possession of Harvard College; and he avowedly based upon it his famous picture of the Protector: "Big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibility, and also, if need were, of all fierceness and rigor; deep, loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those shaggy brows as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only



HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

labor and endeavor: on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me it was royal enough."

A copy of this mask in plaster is in the rooms of the National Portrait-Gallery, Great George Street, Westminster; and a wax mask, resembling it strongly, although not identical with it, is to be seen in the British Museum. This latter is broken in several places.

The mask of Henry IV., that darling King whose praises still the Frenchmen sing, has also a curious history. During the French Revolution, as is well known, the tombs of the Bourbons and the Valois at St. Denis were desecrated by the citizens of the republic. And when they began to "empty the rat-hole under the high altar," to use the words of one of their own leaders, the first coffin they came upon was that of Henry of Navarre. The body was discovered to have been careful-

ly embalmed, and it was enveloped in a series of narrow bands of linen, steeped in some chemical preparation. The face was so well preserved that even the fan-shaped beard seemed as if it had been but recently dressed. The upper part of the brain had been removed, and was replaced by a sponge filled with aromatic essences. Enormous crowds came from Paris to look upon what was left of the monarch who once wished that all his subjects might have capon for their Sunday dinners; and it is said that some one of them made this cast of his face, although it is much more natural to believe that it dates from Henry's death. It is, at all events, still a common object in the plaster shops of Paris; and, painted a dark green to match the lintel of his door, it serves to-day as a sign and a symbol for a dealer in plaster images who does business in one of the side streets near upper Broadway, New York.

Charles XII. of Sweden was a soldier and little else. He knew no such word as fear. He was haughty and inflexible. He never thought of consulting the happiness of his people. He ascended the throne of a nation rich, powerful, and happy; he died King of a country which was ruined, wretched, and defenceless. Whether or not he was killed by one of his own soldiers, history has never been able to determine. He was shot in the head at the siege of Fredericks-hald, in Norway, in 1718; and when his body was exhumed and examined, a hundred and fifty years later, "the centre of his forehead was found to be disfigured by a depression corresponding with a fracture of that part of the skull." The fatal missile had passed entirely through the King's head from left to right in a downward direction; and in the cast in my collection the indentures, particularly the larger one on the right temple, are clearly perceptible. An engraving of this death-mask, dated 1823, contains the legend that it was "made four hours after he was shot, and was taken from the original cast preserved in the University Library at Cambridge, by Angelica Clarke."

The copy of this cast in the British Museum is from the Christy collection. Mr. Henry Christy is known to have been in Stockholm at the time of the sale of the effects of Baestrom, the Swedish sculptor, and he is believed to have purchased it then and there. It contains more of the top and back of the head than the cast here reproduced, and it bears, very unmistakably, evidences of the bullet wounds in the temples. This cast, the wax mask of Cromwell mentioned above, and a cast of the face of James II. of England, are the only things of the kind the British Museum possesses.

Lavater wrote with unbounded enthusiasm of the impression made upon him by the face of Frederick the Great, whom he once saw in life. "Of all the physiognomies I have ever examined," he said, "there is not a single one which bears so strongly as this does the impress of its high destiny. The forehead, which forms almost a straight and continued line with the nose, announces impatience against the human race, and communicates the expression of it to the cheeks and lips," etc. And Mr. Fowler, who knew Frederick only by his portraits, ascribed to him fine temperament, intense mentality, great clearness and sharpness of thought, with a tendency to scholarship, and especially to languages, and with immense acquisitiveness.

Carlyle wrote: "All next day the body [of Frederick] lay in state in the palace;

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

thousands crowding, from Berlin and the other environs, to see the face for the last time. Wasted, worn; but beautiful in death, with the thin gray hair parted into locks and slightly powdered. And at eight in the evening, Friday, 18th [of August, 1786], he was borne to the Garrison-kirche of Potsdam, and laid beside his father in the vault behind the pulpit there."

The original of this cast of Frederick the Great is in the Hohenzollern Museum in Berlin, and of course is authentic. My own copy I brought from Berlin some ten years ago, with the consent of the authorities of the Museum.

Concerning the personal appearance of General Grant, Mr. W. A. Purrington, of New York, thus writes in a private letter, which he has kindly permitted me to make public:

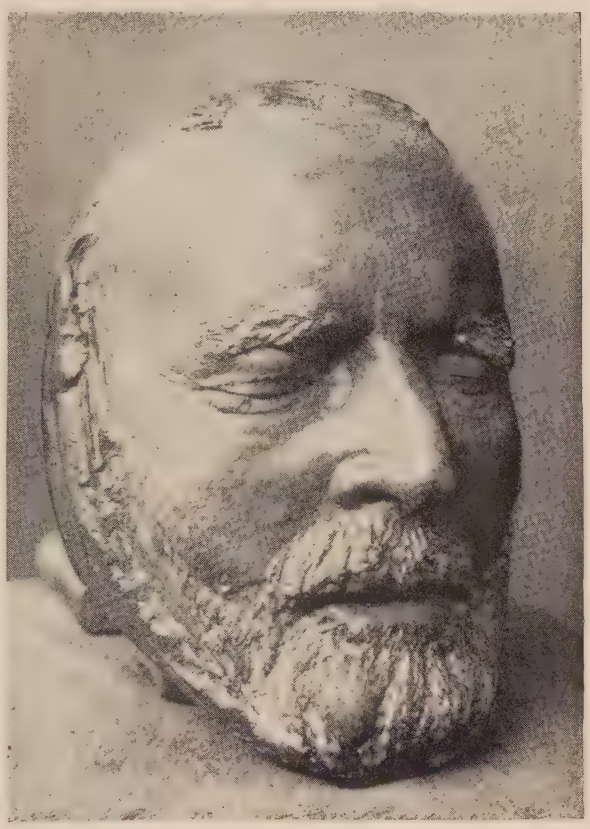
"When I first knew the General I was a school-boy, and of course felt the school-boy's awe of a great man. Privileged to know him for years in the intimacy of his own home, I never entirely overcame that feeling. What was heroic in him grew, and did not diminish. The more I saw of him the more I felt that he was good as well as great. His face used to be called sphinxlike. That was scarcely true, for although its expression was always calm, strong, imperturbable, it was also one of great gentleness. He surely was a gentleman. Perhaps his hands aided to keep his face serene, for we must all have some safety-valve. Almost the only external indication of annoyance I ever noticed in him was a nervous opening and shutting of his fingers, an index of emotion often observed by other of his more intimate friends. A notable illustration of this trait was told me by a gentleman who once accompanied him to a very large public dinner given in his honor. At its close one of the guests ventured upon the telling of stories which are not told *pueris virginibusque.* The General's fingers began to work; he quietly excused himself; and his companion, who knew the significance of the gesture, followed him. As they smoked their cigars on the streets of the foreign city in which this occurred, the General said, 'I hope I have not taken you from the table, but I have never permitted such conversation in my presence, and I never intend to.' This was not an affectation. His mind, clear and wholesome, left its imprint in his face. Grossness or scandal gave him genuine discomfort. He loved to think well of his kind. This trait showed in his face, gave it benignity, and was, I fancy, the secret of his hold on the affections of men. We chanced to be alone in his room one night after the last cruel betrayal of his confidence, he

walking to and fro by the aid of his crutch. Suddenly he stopped, and, as if following aloud the train of his silent thought, he said: 'I have made it a rule of my life to believe in a man long after others have given him up. I do not see how I can do so again.' There was no bitterness in his voice, not even an elevation of tone. It was simply an exclamation of an honest heart sorely wounded in its belief.

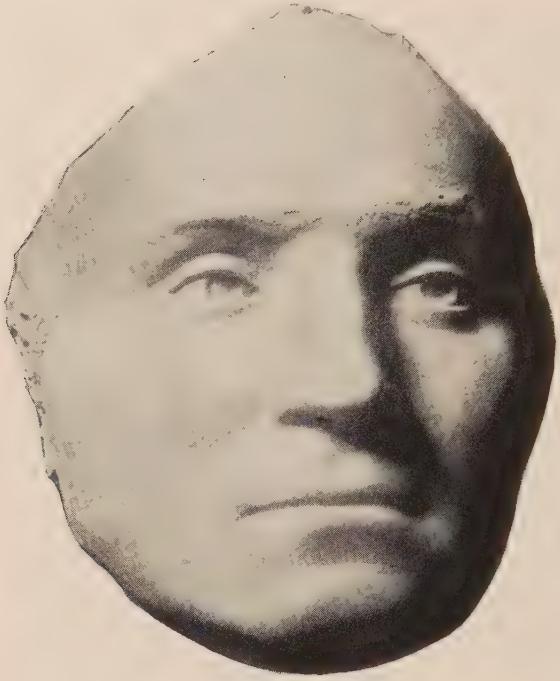
"As I recall his face, that which I remember is not so much line and contour as the expression of strength, of great patience, of calmness, and of gentleness; and the incidents which illustrate pure qualities also come back freshly to my memory.

"He had, too, a merry face; at times a merry eye. He was full of sly humor. The twinkling of his eye and his quiet laugh promptly rewarded an amusing story. In his own home his face was always kind and responsive. There he was not the silent man the world thought it knew, but a fluent and well-informed talker on all that was of interest to him. Undoubtedly, however, he had the gift of silence, and when he saw fit to exercise it his face became a mask, conversation ceased to be among the possibilities, and a chat with a graven image would have been a relief at such a time. He became then, and designedly, a silence-compeller. When there was nothing to be said, he said nothing."

Of General Sherman, General Porter said: "He was a many-sided man, who had run the entire gamut of human experience. He had been merchant, banker, lawyer, professor, traveller, author, doctor, president of a street railway, and soldier. Wherever he was placed, his individuality was conspicuous and pronounced. His methods were always original, and even when unsuccessful they were entertaining. He could not have been commonplace if he had tried." There was certainly nothing commonplace in his personal appearance. His frame was tall and wiry; his hazel eyes were sharp and penetrating; his nose was aquiline; his beard was short and crisp; his mouth was firm and tender; his bearing was courtly, unpretentious, and dignified. He was the typical soldier in appearance and action; like Grant, he was entirely devoid of any outward expression of vanity, self-esteem, or self-consciousness. As he was one of the bravest, so was he one of the gentlest, kindest, most sympathetic of men. The mask of General Sherman was made immediately after his death, under the direction of Mr. St. Gaudens.



U. S. GRANT.



GEORGE WASHINGTON—HOUDON'S MASK.

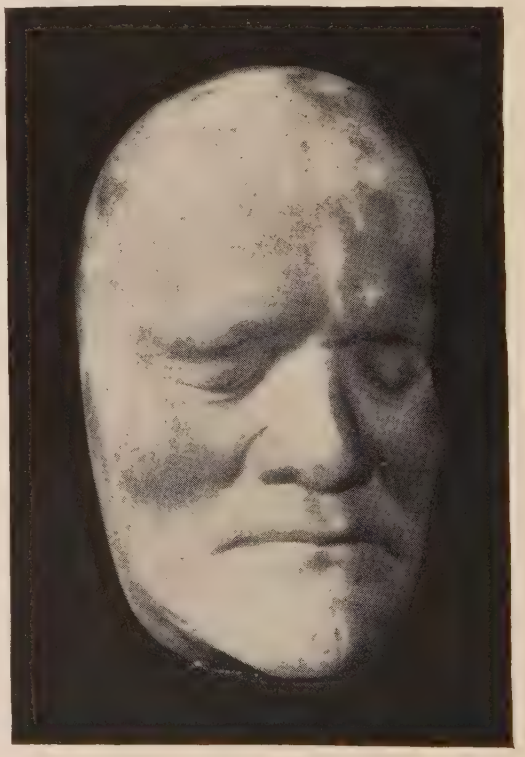
great care, and of it he says that there is no question that "it was made from the living face of Washington, and that therefore it is the most absolutely authentic representation of the actual forms and features of his face that exists. In all respects, any portrait which materially differs from it must be wrong." Mr. Story cannot account for the fact that the sculptor opened the eyes of Washington in the mask, except upon the supposition that he did not remain long enough at Mount Vernon to have studied and modelled the eyes for his bust from the face of Washington himself.

It is but just to add here that Mr. Story says that never, to his knowledge or belief, has a cast been made from the original which he owns. He examined the so-called cast in the Corcoran Gallery

Washington was as blessed in his death as in his life. He rests still upon the banks of the Potomac, among the people whom he so dearly loved, and among whom he died; and no later administration has ever cared to cut off his head for exhibition on the roof of the Patent Office or the Smithsonian Institute.

At least two plaster casts were taken from the living face of Washington. The first, by Joseph Wright, in 1783, was broken by the nervous artist before it was yet dry; and the subject absolutely, and, it is whispered, profanely, refused to submit to the unpleasant operation again. The second was made by Houdon, the celebrated French sculptor, in 1785, and from it he modelled the familiar bust which bears his name.

The original Houdon mask of Washington is now in the possession of Mr. W. W. Story, in his studio in Rome. He traces it directly from Houdon's hands, and naturally he prizes it very highly. It has been preserved with



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

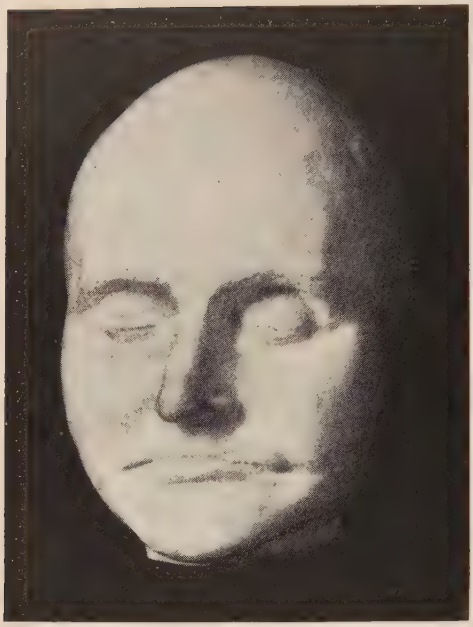
at Washington, and he was fully satisfied that, like all the other specimens in existence, it is of no value in itself, and was made from a worn-out copy of the bust. The Washington here presented is from a photograph taken by Mr. Story in Rome, and from his own copy of the mask.

When Houdon came to America in 1785 to make the bust of Washington, he was the companion of Benjamin Franklin, and he was, in all probability, the author of this cast of Franklin's face, taken in Paris that year as a model for the well-known Houdon bust of Franklin, which it somewhat resembles. The original mask was sold for ten francs after the death of the artist in Paris in 1828.

W. T. SHERMAN.

The familiars of Franklin have shown that his face in his old age changed in a very marked degree. He was in his seventy-eighth or his seventy-ninth year when he sat for Houdon in 1784–5. Many of the features of the Franklin cast as here reproduced, the long square chin, the sinking just beneath the under lip, the shape of the nose, and the formation of the cheek-bones, are strongly preserved in the face of one of his great-granddaughters living in Philadelphia to-day.

Leigh Hunt in his *Autobiography* said that Franklin and Thomas Paine were frequently guests at the house of his maternal grandfather in Philadelphia when his mother was a girl. She remembered them both distinctly; and in her old age she told her son that while she had great affection and admiration for Franklin, Paine "had a countenance that inspired her with terror." Hunt was inclined to attribute this in a great measure to Paine's political and religious views, both of them naturally obnoxious and shocking to the daughter of a Pennsylvania Tory and rigid churchman. Concerning the physical as well as the moral traits of the author of the *Age of Reason*, there seems to have been great diversity of opinion. To paraphrase the speech of Griffith in *Henry VIII.* concerning Wolsey, He was uncleanly and sour to them that loved him not, but to those men that sought him, sweet and fragrant as summer. His friend and biographer Clio Rickman, who considered him "a very superior character to Washington," gave strong testimony to his personal attractions and tidiness of dress; while James Cheetham, his biographer and not his

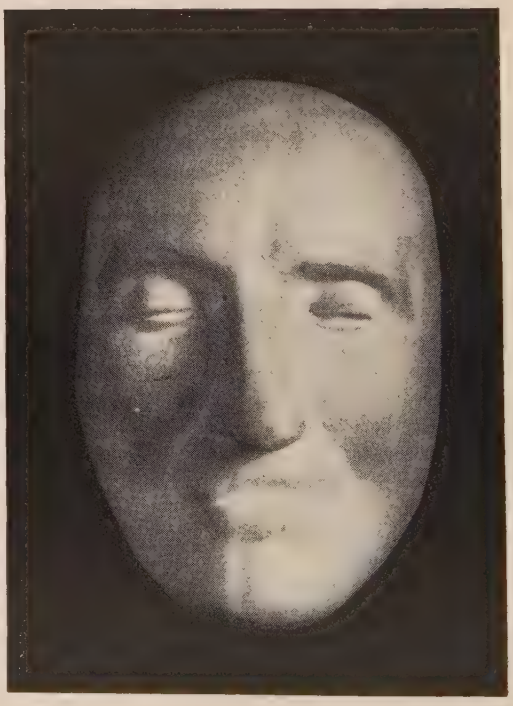


AARON BURR.

friend, told a very different and not a very pleasant story, in which soap and water—or their absence—play an important part. The former, according to Cheetham, was never employed externally by Paine, and the latter was very rarely, if ever, internally applied.

None of his earlier biographers give any hint as to the taking of this death-mask, nor is it to be found in any contemporary printed account of the death-bed scene. Experts agree that it is the face of Paine, and see in it a strong resemblance to the face in the Romney portrait, painted in 1792, seventeen years before Paine died. It was undoubtedly made after death, by John Wesley Jarvis, the painter, who was at one time an intimate of Paine's. He studied modelling in clay, and made the bust of Paine which is now in the possession of the Historical Society of New York. Concerning this bust Dr. Francis, in his *Old New York*, wrote: "The plaster cast of the head and features of Paine, now preserved in the gallery of arts of the Historical Society, is remarkable for its fidelity to the original at the close of his life. Jarvis, the painter, then felt it his most successful work in that line of occupation, and I can confirm the opinion from my many opportunities of seeing Paine." He added that Jarvis said, "I shall secure him to a nicety if I am so fortunate as to get plaster enough for his carbuncled nose," which was not a very pretty speech to have made under any circumstances, particularly if the bust was a posthumous work.

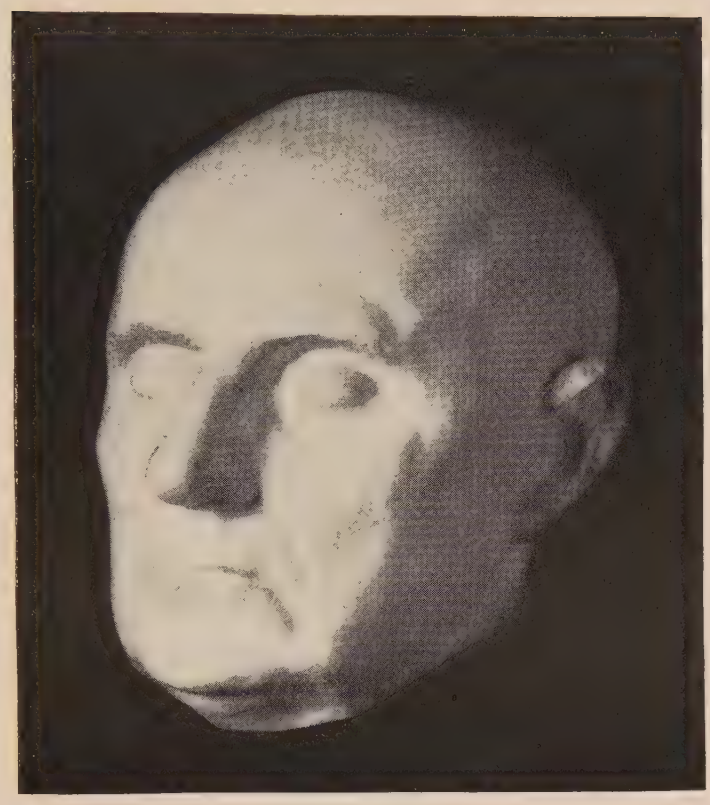
This cast of the face of Aaron Burr was made, after death, by an agent of Messrs. Fowler and Wells, who still possess the original mould. The features are shortened in a marked degree by the absence of the teeth. Mr. Fowler said that in "Burr destructiveness, combativeness, firmness, and self-esteem were large, and amativeness excessive." It is a curious fact, now generally forgotten, that Burr and Hamilton resembled each other in face and figure in a very marked degree,



THOMAS PAINE.

although Burr was a trifle the taller.

A bust of Burr by Turnerelli, an Italian sculptor residing in London during the first decade of the century, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1809; and Burr, in his *Diary and Letters*, spoke more than once of the cast of his face made by the sculptor at that time. He explained to Theodosia that he "submitted to the very unpleasant ceremony because Turnerelli said it was necessary," and because Bentham and others had undergone a similar penance; and in his *Diary* he wrote: "Casting my eyes in the mirror, I observed a great purple mark on my nose; went up and washed and rubbed it, all to no purpose. It was indelible. That cursed mask business has occasioned it. I believe the fellow used quick-lime instead of plaster of Paris, for I felt a very unpleasant degree of heat during the operation.... I have been applying a dozen different applications to the nose, which have only inflamed it. How many curses have I heaped upon that Italian!....At eleven went to Turnerelli to sit. Relieved myself by abusing him for that nose disaster....He will make a most hideous frightful thing [of the bust]; but much like the original."

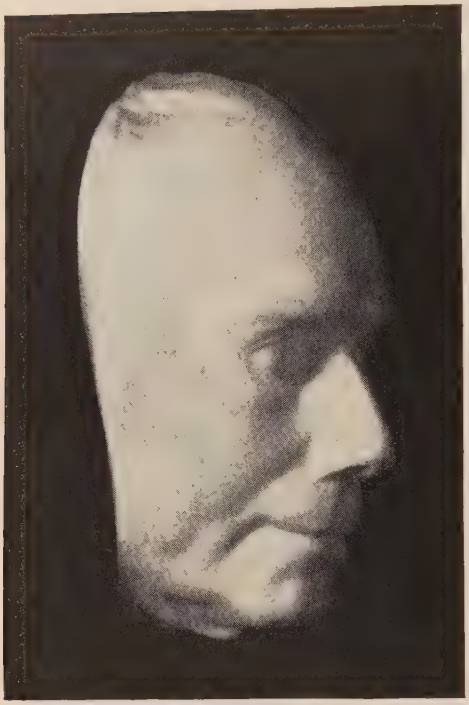


DANIEL WEBSTER.

This mask, if it is still in existence—which is not probable—would be an invaluable addition to the portraiture of Burr.

Of Lincoln, as of Washington, two life-masks were made—one in Chicago in the spring of 1860, by Mr. Leonard W. Volk, and here reproduced; one in Washington, by Mr. Clark Mills, about five years later. Mr. Volk, in the *Century Magazine* for December, 1881, gives a pleasant account of the taking of the former. Mr. Lincoln sat naturally in the chair during the operation, watching in a mirror every move made by the sculptor, as the plaster was put on without interference with the eyesight or with the breathing of the victim. When, at the end of an hour, the mould was ready for removal—it was in one piece, and contained both of the ears—Mr. Lincoln himself bent his head forward and worked it off gradually and gently, without injury of any kind, notwithstanding the fact that it clung to the high cheek-bones, and that a few hairs on his eyebrows and temples were pulled out by the roots with the plaster.

This is, without question, the most perfect representation of Mr. Lincoln's face in existence. I have watched many an eye fill while looking at it for the first time; to many minds it has been a reve-



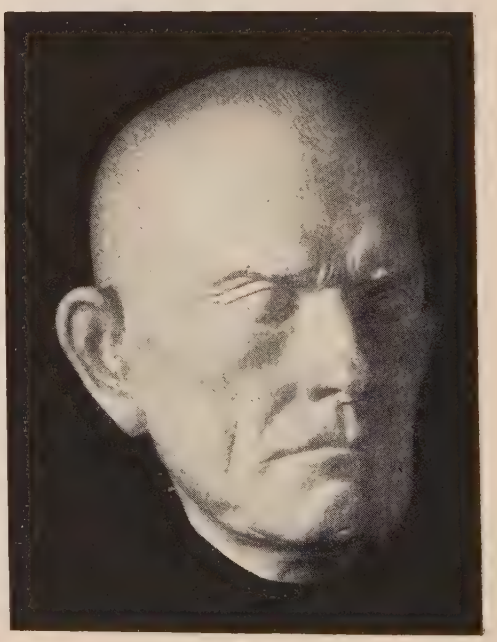
HENRY CLAY.

lation; and I turn to it myself more quickly and more often than to any of the others, when I want comfort and help.

Speaking of Webster, Mr. O. F. Fowler, in his *Practical Phrenology*, said: "A larger mass of brain, perhaps, never was found, and never will be found, in the upper and lateral portions of any man's forehead. Both in height and in breadth his forehead is prodigiously great." The head of Clay, according to the same authority, was also "unusually large. It measured seven and three-eighths inches in diameter, and it was very high in proportion to its breadth; the reasoning organs were large, and the perceptive and semi-perceptive organs still larger." Mr. G. P. A. Healy, the painter, says that Mr. Clay's mouth was very peculiar, that it was thin-lipped, and extended from ear to ear. This last is not particularly noticeable in the familiar portraits of Clay, not even in that painted by Mr. Healy himself. Both Mr. St. Gaudens and Mr. Hartley incline to the opinion that the mask of Clay in my collection is a cast from the actual face, and, notwithstanding the fact that the eyelids are open, that it is from life. Lewis Gaylord Clark, writing in 1852 in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of Clay's funeral, said: "His countenance immediately after death looked like an antique cast. His features seemed to be perfectly classical, and the repose of all his muscles gave the lifeless body a quiet majesty seldom reached by living human beings."

Comparing Calhoun with Webster, Mr. Fowler attributed to Calhoun the greater power of analysis and illustration; to Webster, the greater depth and profundity. In Calhoun he found, united to a very large head, an active temperament and sharp organs, the greatest peculiarity of his phrenology consisting in the fact that *all* the intellectual faculties were very large. The casts of Webster and Calhoun were made in Washington by Clark Mills from the living faces—Calhoun's in 1844; Webster's in 1849—and they are, consequently, of no little interest and value.

Sydney Smith, who once called Daniel Webster "a steam-engine in trou-



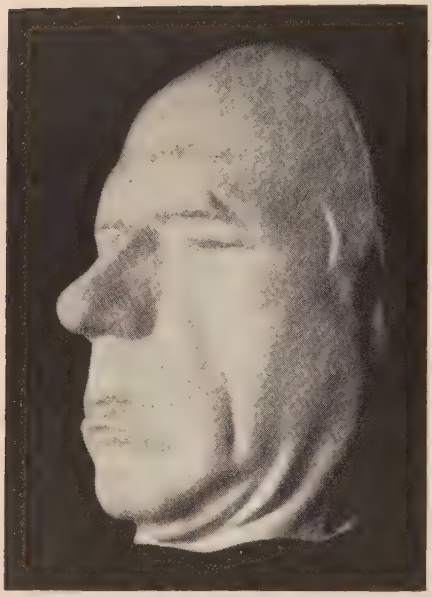
JOHN C. CALHOUN.

sers," thus disposed of a contemporary British statesman: "Lord Brougham's great passions," he said, "are vanity and ambition. He considers himself as one of the most wonderful works of Providence, is incessantly striving to display that superiority to his fellow-creatures, and to grasp a supreme dominion over all men and all things. His vanity is so preposterous that it has exposed him to ludicrous failures, and little that he has written will survive him. His ambition, and the falsehood and intrigue with which it works, have estranged all parties from him, and left him, in the midst of bodily and intellectual strength, an isolated individual, whom nobody will trust, and with whom nobody will act."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The head of Brougham was of full size, but not unusual. A student of physiognomy, but not a student of the back numbers of the London *Punch*, who did not recognize the man in this cast, said of it that it was the head of a man more remarkable for vivacity and quickness of mind than for original and powerful thinking. George Combe, in his "Lectures on Phrenology," delivered in the United States in the winter of 1838–9, exhibited a mask of Brougham—of course from life, for Brougham did not die until thirty years after that, and he was born in 1778—which is perhaps the mask here reproduced, as it is the face of a man in his prime—and his was a marvellous prime—not that of a nonogenarian. Brougham's powers of activity and endurance were phenomenal. It is recorded of him that he went from the law courts to the House of Commons, from the House to his own chambers, where he wrote an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, then, without rest, to the courts and the House again, sitting until the morning of the third day before he thought of his bed or his sleep; and that during all this time he showed no signs of mental or physical fatigue. Such continuous activity certainly did not shorten his days, even if it lengthened his nights.

Probably no single facial organ in the world has been the subject of so much attention from the caricaturists as the nose of Lord Brougham. It is doubtful if any two consecutive numbers of any so-called comic or satirical journal appeared in England during Brougham's

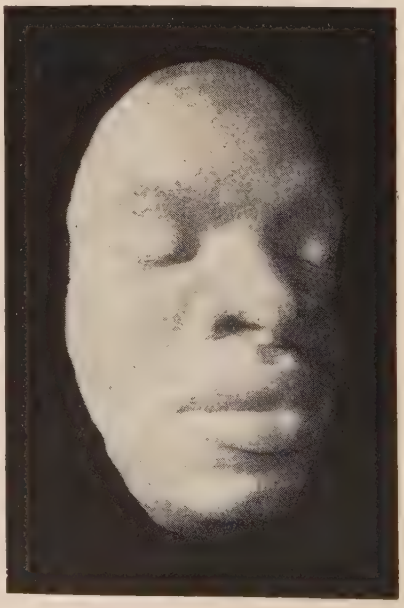


LORD BROUGHAM.

time without some representation of Brougham's nose. The author of *Notes on Noses* thus spoke of it: "It is a most eccentric nose; it comes within no possible category; it is like no other man's; it has good points and bad points and no point at all. When you think it is going right on for a Roman, it suddenly becomes a Greek; when you have written it down cogitative, it becomes as sharp as a knife.... It is a regular Proteus; when you have caught it in one shape, it instantly becomes another. Turn it and twist it, and view it how, when, and where you will, it is never to be seen twice in the same shape; and all you can say of it is that it's a queer one. And such exactly," he added, "is my Lord Brougham.... Verily my Lord Brougham and my Lord Brougham's nose have not their likeness in heaven or earth.... And the button at the end is the cause of it all."

An interesting tribute to this remarkable organ is to be found in the printed *Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley.* Concerning Commemoration Day at Oxford he wrote, in 1860, "Nothing could be more absurd than Lord Brougham's figure, long and gaunt, with snow-white hair under the great black porringer, and his wonderful nose wagging lithely from side to side as he hitched up his red petticoats [Commemoration robes] and stalked through the mud."

There is no button on the end of the nose of the specimen of humanity whose mask forms a tail-piece to the present paper. Cowper, Combe, and others believed that the brain of the native African is inferior in its intellectual powers to the brain of the man of European birth and descent, while a certain body of naturalists contend that the negro owes his present inferiority entirely to bad treatment and to unfavorable circumstances. This black boy, the cast of whose face was made at St. Augustine, Florida, by Mr. Thomas Hastings, the architect, a year or two ago, for this collection, has undoubtedly been for generations the victim of unfavorable circumstances, and perhaps of bad treatment as well. He is, at all events, one of the lowest examples of his race, and his life-mask is only interesting here as an object of comparison. Whatever the head of a Bonaparte, a Washington, a Webster, or a Brougham is, his head is not. But whether his Creator or the Circassian is responsible for this, the naturalists and the experts must decide.



FLORIDA NEGRO BOY.

THE NEW GROWTH OF ST. LOUIS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

POPULATION and wealth are classified by the same standards. In both cases a million is the utmost figure that is popularly comprehended. A million of citizens or of dollars suggests the ripening of success in both fields. It is true that London has five millions of citizens and the Astors have thirty times as many dollars, but London is simply one of the world's capitals and the Astors are but millionaires in the general thought and speech. In America we are growing familiar with big figures, and now it seems logically likely that another town will soon increase our acquaintance with them. It startled the English-speaking world to learn that Chicago had reached the million mark, but to-day we foresee that in a few years—perhaps the next census will record it—St. Louis is to share the honor with her. No other Western city has such a start in the race. It is true, if the signs are to be trusted, that the Twin Cities—Minneapolis and St. Paul—may then have a joint population of a million, but St. Louis is the commercial rival of all three of her great Northern neighbors, and is drawing trade which they were seeking, while the Twins are separate cities. The only millionaire towns, so to speak, will be Chicago and St. Louis.

St. Louis is already the fifth in size among the cities of the land, and would be fourth if Brooklyn were rated what she is in fact—a bedchamber of New York. But it is the new growth of St. Louis, her re-start in life, that is most significant and interesting; it began so recently and is gathering momentum so fast. And we shall see that never was city's growth more firmly rooted or genuine. What is accomplished there is performed without trumpeting or bluster, by natural causes, and with the advantages of conservatism and great wealth. More remarkable yet, and still more admirable, the new growth of the city is superimposed upon an old foundation. It is an age, as this world goes, since this proud city could be called new and crude. The greater St. Louis of the near future will be a fine, dignified, solid city, with a firmly established and polished society, cultivated tastes, and the monuments, ornaments, and atmosphere of an old capital.

I have had occasion once or twice in the course of these articles upon the development of our West to speak of what may be called the "booming organizations" which father the commercial interests of the more ambitious cities, and in some instances of the newer States. These should have had more prominence, and should have been mentioned more frequently. Though they have nothing to do with the governments of the cities, they are, like the governments, the instruments of the united will of the people, working for the general good, and when they and the governments conflict, the will of "the boomers" often rises supreme above the local laws. For instance, it was announced in one city that the excise laws would be ignored, in order that the place might prove more attractive to a convention of politicians while they were the city's guests. There are good reasons for such supremacy of these powerful and active unions. Their leading spirits are always the most energetic and enterprising men in the cities, and their interest in their schemes for the general advantage is more enthusiastic than that which is felt in the government.

The phrase "booming organizations" is applied to these institutions for the benefit of Eastern and transatlantic readers. It is not altogether satisfactory to the persons to whom it is applied, because in parts of the West booming is a word that has come to be coupled with unwarranted and disastrous inflation, as when a new town is made the field of adventure for town-site and corner-lot gamblers. I use the phrase as we do who have succeeded in getting General Horace Porter to "boom" the completion of the Grant monument in Riverside Park. To "boom," then, is to put a plan generally and favorably before the people, to put a scheme in motion with *éclat*, to vaunt the merits of an undertaking. And that is what is done with and for the interests and merits of the Western cities by these organizations, which are there variously known as Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, and Commer-

cial Clubs. They are in essence what our Chambers of Commerce in Eastern seaports are, but in some cities they work apart from the Chambers of Commerce and on separate lines, while in others they do some of the same work, and a great deal else that is very different. They are in some cities what an engine is to a machine-shop or a locomotive is to a railway train. Whoever visits a city that is well equipped in this respect feels the pulsations and is conscious of the power and influence of its Board of Trade, as we note the presence of the dynamo in a boat that is lighted by electricity.

These unions consider the needs of their cities, and set to work to supply them. They raise the money for a fine hotel, if one is lacking; and in at least one city of which I know they turn what trade they can over to the hotel after it is built, even going to the extreme of giving a grand annual banquet there, and paying a purely fancy price per plate to the lessee of the house, in order that he may get a sort of *pourboire* out of it. They raise the means to build street railroads; they organize companies for the erection and maintenance of a first-class theatre in such a city, for the holding of an annual fair or carnival parade, for the construction of a great hall, to which they afterward invite conventions. These ventures are not all expected to be profitable by any means, particularly in the smaller cities; but they are "attractions," they swell the local pride, they promote that civicism which is such a truly marvellous factor in the even more marvellous progress of our Western cities. But these local unions go farther. They obtain the passage of laws exempting certain manufactures from license fees and taxes on the buildings in which they are carried on, and then they induce manufacturers to establish their workshops in those cities, giving them bonuses in the form of exemption from taxes, in the form of a gift of land, or even of a gift of a building designed and constructed as the recipients desire to have it. To give one illustration out of ten thousand, the little town of Rapid City, South Dakota, gave a noble store-house of brick and stone to a wholesale grocery firm for coming there to do business. To give another view of the subject, the editor of an influential newspaper in one of the ambitious smaller cities of the West resigned his membership in the local Board of Trade because he said it contained so many wealthy men, and they so frequently subscribed large sums of money for public improvements, that he was uncomfortable at the meetings, and preferred to do his share of the work outside "until he had made his pile" and could "chip in with the rest."

These commercial circles send committees to Congress, to the heads of great societies, to the capitalists of the East and of the Old World, to urge their needs and merits, for especial ends. They cause the building of railroads and railroad spurs; they print books, pamphlets, and "folders," to scatter praise of their cities wherever English is read. They stop at nothing which will tend toward the advancement of their local interests. They are unions of business men, landowners, and capitalists; but, as in all things, one man is the dominant spirit and the most fertile in expedients. This is usually the secretary, who is a salaried officer. Men with an especial genius for the work drift into such positions, and when they prove especially and signally capable officials, such as those are who are in St. Paul, Spokane, and St. Louis, other cities try to secure them.

St. Louis has one of the most progressive and influential bodies in the West in its Merchants' Exchange. It is by no means a mere exchange. It does very much of the work toward the public and general good of which I have spoken; indeed, it may be said that the entire Southwest, and the immense territory drained by the Mississippi, find in it the ablest and most active champion of their needs. It is to the central West and the Southwest what our Chamber of Commerce is to New York and the commercial interests of the Atlantic coast. But with the sudden assumption of a new youthfulness in old St. Louis there has sprung up an auxiliary, or, at all events, another organization for the exploitation and advancement of local interests. It is called "the Autumnal Festivities Association," and is one of the most remarkable of the mediums through which Western enterprise works.

The story of its inception and organization, with the incidents I gathered concerning the firelike rush of the movement among all classes of St. Louis citi-

zens, presents a peculiarly clear reflection of the character of the new life that now dominates that city, as well as of the forcefulness and ambition of the Western people generally.

When St. Louis failed to secure the World's Fair, instead of sinking back discouraged, its leading men concluded that one fault with the city must be that its merits were not as widely or as clearly understood as was necessary. Therefore, in the spring of 1891, a meeting was called at the Exposition Building to discuss the advisability of forming an organization which, for three years at least, should devote itself to celebrating the achievements and adding to the attractions of the city. From the stage the crude plan of the campaign was announced, and suggestions from the audience were asked for. As my informants put it, "the first 'suggestion' was a subscription of $10,000 from a dry-goods firm; the second was a similar gift from a rich tobacconist. Then came two subscriptions of $7500 each, and others of amounts between $5000 and $1000. Mr. John S. Moffitt, a leading merchant, as chairman of the Finance Committee, promised to undertake the raising of one million dollars within three years, and received promises of sums amounting to $100,000 on that first evening. The sense of the meeting was that this large amount should be expended in attracting visitors to the city, and in interesting and caring for them after they came.

A sum of money was set aside as a bonus for any persons who should build a one million dollar fire-proof hotel in the city on a site to be approved by the executive committee. It was resolved to appropriate as much as would be needed to illuminate the city with between 20,000 and 100,000 gas and electric lights on especial evenings during each year's autumnal festivities, and committees were appointed to look after illuminations, transportation, and whatever. It was also arranged that one-third of the full amount raised should be expended under the supervision of a branch of the organization to be called the Bureau of Information, and to be headed by Mr. Goodman King as chairman. Mr. James Cox, who had been the managing editor of one of the daily newspapers, became the secretary of this bureau. It has offices in St. Louis, and it arranged to open others in London and other cities in pursuit of a systematic effort to advertise the commercial, social, and sanitary advantages which St. Louis possesses.

Without waiting for the raising of the prescribed amount of money, the association fell to work at once, and the illuminations and festivities of the autumn of 1891 attracted hundreds of thousands of persons to the city, and were characterized as the finest displays of their kind that had up to that time been made in the country. In the mean time the finance committee began its task of raising a million of dollars. It adopted a shrewdly devised plan. Every trade was appealed to with a request that a committee be appointed and a canvass be made within its own field. Within a week 200 such sub-committees were at work. Each vied with the other in an effort to secure the largest sum, and subscriptions, in sums that ranged between three dollars and $5000, poured in. Those who did not subscribe promised to do so at a later time. In answer to about 4000 applications by these committees, it is said that there were only five refusals to join the popular movement.

It had not occurred to the leaders, even in this general sifting of the population, to ask the police for any subscriptions, the feeling being that the money was to be expended for purposes that would greatly increase their work; but, after waiting for months to be asked to join the movement, the police force applied for a thousand subscription cards, appointed their own collectors, and sent the money to the association headquarters in silver dollars carried in sacks. The citizens who were not directly appealed to—the lawyers and doctors and all the rest — sent in their checks, and five months after the organization was effected the finance committee reported the receipt of two-thirds of the total amount that was to have been raised in three years, or $600,000. It is not to be supposed, at this writing, that there will be a failure to raise the remaining $400,000 within the period in which it will be needed.

It will be seen that this association was formed after the city failed to secure the World's Fair, and that its term of duration covers the period of preparation for and the holding of the exposition. It is not antagonistic to the fair, however,

but is simply due to the determination of St. Louis not to be lost sight of, and not to hide its light under a bushel, while the country is filled with visitors to Chicago.

It may cause a smile to read that Chairman King and Secretary Cox report, in a circular now before me, what work the Bureau of Information has done "to correct any false impressions which have been created by the *too great modesty* of St. Louisans in the past." But they are right, for, as compared with its rivals, St. Louis possessed that defect, and the frank admission of such a hated fault shows how far removed and reformed from retarding bashfulness that city has since become. The bureau reports that it is causing the publication of half-page advertisements of St. Louis, precisely as if it were a business or a patent-medicine, in sixty-two papers, circulating more than a million copies; that it has obtained reading notices in all those dailies; that "articles on St. Louis as a manufacturing and commercial metropolis and as a carnival city" are sent out every day; that arrangements are making for a weekly mail letter to 500 Southern and Western journals; and that once or twice a week news items are sent to the principal dailies of the whole country. It was found that St. Louis was not fairly treated in the weekly trade reports published generally throughout the country, and this source of complaint has been removed. Invading the camp of the arch-enemy — Chicago — the bureau has caused a handsome "guide to Chicago" to add to its title the words "and St. Louis, the carnival city of America." It is also getting up a rich and notable book, to be called *St. Louis through a Camera*, for circulation among all English-speaking peoples. The local service for the press telegraphic agencies has been greatly improved, "and the efforts of the bureau to increase the number and extent of the notices of St. Louis in the daily papers throughout the United States have continued to prove successful," so that "instead of St. Louis being ignored or referred to in a very casual manner, it is now recognized as fully as any other large city in America."

I have described the operations of this association and its most active bureau at some length because they exhibit the farthest extreme yet reached in the development of the most extraordinary phase of Western enterprise. There we see a city managed by its people as a wide-awake modern merchant looks after his business. It is advertised and "written up" and pushed upon the attention of the world, with all its good features clearly and proudly set forth. There is boasting in the process, but it is always based upon actual merit, for St. Louis is an old and proud city; and there is no begging at all. The methods are distinctly legitimate, and the work accomplished is hard work, paid for by hard cash. It is considered a shrewd investment of energy and capital, and not a speculation. If we in the Eastern cities, who are said to be "fossilized," are not inclined to imitate such a remarkable example of enterprise, we cannot help admiring the concord and the hearty local pride from which it springs.

St. Louis is the one large Western city in which a man from our Eastern cities would feel at once at home. It seems to require no more explanation than Boston would to a New-Yorker, or Baltimore to a Bostonian. It speaks for itself in a familiar language of street scenes, architecture, and the faces and manners of the people. In saying this I make no comparison that is unfavorable to the other Western cities, for it is not unfriendly to say that their most striking characteristic is their newness, or that this is lacking in St. Louis. And yet to-day St. Louis is new-born, and her appearance of age and of similarity to the Eastern cities belies her. She is not in the least what she looks. Ten or a dozen years ago there began the operation of influences which were to rejuvenate her, to fill her old veins with new blood, to give her the momentum of the most vigorous Western enterprise. Six or seven years ago these began to bear fruit, and the new metropolitan spirit commenced to throb in the veins of the old city. The change is not like the awakening of Rip Van Winkle, for the city never slept; it is rather a repetition of the case of that boy god of mythology whose slender form grew sturdy when his brother was born. It was the new life around the old that spurred it to sudden growth.

There is much striving and straining to fix upon a reason for the growth of St. Louis, and in my conversations with a great number of citizens of all sorts between the City Hall and the Merchants'

Exchange, I heard it ascribed to the cheapness of coal, iron, and wood; to river improvement, reconstructed streets, manufactures, and even to politics. All these are parts of the reason, the whole of which carries us back to the late war. In the war-time the streets of St. Louis were green with grass because the tributary country was cut off. After the war, and until ten years ago, the tide of immigration was composed of the hardy races of northern Europe, who were seeking their own old climate in the New World. Chicago was the great gainer among the cities. That tide from northern Europe not only built up Chicago, but it poured into the now well-settled region around it, where are found such cities as St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Milwaukee, Omaha, and a hundred considerable places of lesser size. It was a consequence of climatic and, to a less extent, of political and social conditions, and it caused St. Louis to stand still. But for the past ten years the tide of immigration has been running into the Southwest, into Missouri, and the country south and southwest of it.

St. Louis is commonly spoken of as the capital of the Mississippi Valley, but her field is larger. It is true that there is no other large city between her and New Orleans — a distance of 800 miles — but there is no other on the way to Kansas City, 283 miles; or to Chicago, 280 miles; or for a long way east or southwest. Her tributary territory is every State and city south of her; east of her, to the distance of 150 miles; north, for a distance of 250 miles; and in the west and southwest as far as the Rocky Mountains.

Between 1880 and 1890 the State of Missouri gained more than half a million of inhabitants; Arkansas gained 326,000; Colorado, 300,000; Kansas, 430,000; Kentucky, 200,000; Nebraska, 600,000; Texas, 640,000; Utah, 64,000; New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma, 114,000. Here, then, was a gain of 3,174,000 in population in St. Louis's tributary country, and this has not only been greatly added to in the last two and a half years, but it leaves out of account the growth in population of the States of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Mississippi, and Louisiana. St. Louis had 350,518 souls in 1880; now she calls herself a city of half a million inhabitants. Her most envious critics grant that she has 470,000 souls. In 1891 permits were granted for 4435 new buildings, to cost $13,259,370, only eleven hundred thousand dollars of the sum being for wooden houses.

The city now has 347½ miles of paved streets, and they are no longer the streets of crumbling limestone, which once almost rendered the place an abomination. They now are as fine thoroughfares as any city possesses, 272 miles being of macadam, 41 of granite blocks, and the rest being mainly of wooden blocks, asphaltum, and other modern materials. A system of boulevards, of great extent and beauty, is planned and begun. New waterworks are being constructed beyond the present ones at a cost of four millions of dollars, but with the result that a daily supply of one hundred millions of gallons will be insured. The principal districts of the city are now electrically lighted. A new million dollar hotel is promised.

The old city, with its stereotyped forms of dwellings and stores, is being rapidly rebuilt, and individual tastes, which search the world for types, are dominating the new growth. The new residence quarters, where the city is reaching far from the river in the vicinage of the great parks, are very pretty and open, and are embellished with a great number of splendid mansions. In the heart of the city are many high modern office buildings. They are not towering steeples, as in Chicago, nor are they massed together. They are scattered over the unusually extended business district, and in their company is an uncommon number of very large and substantial warehouses, which would scarcely attract the eye of a New-Yorker, because they form one of the striking resemblances St. Louis, both new and old, bears to the metropolis. The most conspicuous of the office buildings are distinguished for their massive walls and general strength. Beside some of the Chicago and Minneapolis buildings of the same sort they appear dark and crowded, and are rather more like our own office piles, where room is very high-priced. But they are little worlds, like their kind in all the enterprising towns, having fly-away elevators, laundry offices, drug shops, type-writers' headquarters, barber shops, gentlemen's furnishing shops, bootblacks' stands, and so on.

But in praising the new orders of architecture in St. Louis I do not mean to condemn all of the old. The public and

semi-public edifices of its former eras should be, in my opinion, the pride of her people. That cultivated taste which led to the revival of the pure and the classic in architecture, especially in the capitals of the Southern States, found full expression in St. Louis, and it commands praise from whoever sees such examples of it as the Court-house, the old Cathedral, and several other notable buildings. What was ugly in old St. Louis was that cut-and-dried uniformity in storehouses and dwellings which once made New York tiresome and Philadelphia hideous.

But to return to the size and growth of the city. It reaches along the river-front 19 miles. It extends six and sixty-two one-hundredth miles inland, and it contains 40,000 acres, or 61.37 square miles. This immense territory is well served by a great and thoroughly modern system of surface street railways, having more than 214 miles of tracks, and run almost entirely by electric and cable power. Some of the newer cars in use on the electric roads are as large again as our New York street cars, and almost half as large as steam railway coaches. Their rapid movements, their flashing head-lights at night, and the cling-clang of the cracked-sounding gongs in the streets seem to epitomize the rush and force of Western development. There is an element of sorcery in both of them—in modern progress and in the electric cars. Was it not Dr. Holmes who likened those cars to witches flying along with their broomsticks sweeping the air?

If Chicago was not the first, it was at least a very early railway centre in the West, and her citizens are right in ascribing to that fact much of her prosperity. To-day St. Louis has become remarkable as a centring-place of railways. The city is like a hub to these spokes of steel that reach out in a circle, which, unlike that of most other towns of prominence, is nowhere broken by lake, sea, or mountain chain. Nine very important railroads and a dozen lesser ones meet there. The mileage of the roads thus centring at the city is 25,678, or nearly 11,000 more than in 1880, while the mileage of roads that are tributary to the city has grown from 35,000 to more than 57,000. These railways span the continent from New York to San Francisco. They reach from New Orleans to Chicago, and from the Northwestern States to Florida. Through Pullman cars are now run from St. Louis to San Francisco, to the city of Mexico, and to St. Augustine and Tampa in the season. New lines that have the city as their objective point are projected, old lines that have not gone there are preparing to build connecting branches, and several of the largest systems that reach there are just now greatly increasing their terminal facilities in the city with notable works and at immense cost. The new railway bridge across the river is yet a novelty, but it is to be followed at once by a union depot, which is promised to be the most commodious passenger station in the world. It will embrace all the latest and most admirable concomitants of a first-class station. It will be substantial and costly, and will follow an architectural design which will render it a public ornament.

But St. Louis is something besides the focal point of 57,000 miles of railways. She is the chief port in 18,000 miles of inland waterways. She is superior to the nickname she often gets as the mere "capital of the Mississippi Valley," but her leading men have never been blind to the value of that mightiest of American waterways as a medium for the transportation of non-perishable and coarse freights, and as a guarantor of moderate freight rates. The Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis has for twenty years been pressing the government to expend upon the improvement of this highway such sums as will render it navigable at a profit at all times. The government has greatly bettered the condition of the river, but it will require a large expenditure and long-continued work to ensure a fair depth all along the channel at low water. What is wanted is a ten-foot channel. Now it drops to five feet and a half, and even less where there are obstructions in the form of shoals and bars. It is argued that the improvement asked for would so reduce the cost of freighting on the river as to bring to the residents of the valleys of the river and its tributaries a gain that would be greater than the cost of the work. In the language of a resolution offered in Congress by Mr. Cruise, of Kansas, "it would reclaim an area of lands equal to some of the great States, and so improve the property of the people and increase their trade relations with other sections of the United

States, and improve the condition of our foreign trade, as to benefit every interest and every part of the whole country."

This year the Exchange and the city government, with the leading industrial bodies of the city, sent a memorial to Congress which they called "a plea in favor of isolating the Mississippi River, and making it the subject of an annual appropriation of $8,000,000 until it shall be permanently improved for safe and useful navigation." They said that the removal of a snag or a rock anywhere between Cairo and New Orleans extends relief to Pittsburg, Little Rock, Nashville, and Kansas City. This is because the stream runs past and through ten States, and (with its tributaries) waters and drains, wholly or in part, more than one-half the States and Territories of the Union.

After proving that 28,000,000 persons inhabit the region directly interested in the improvement of the river, the memorialists proceed to show that the railroads in 1890 carried freight at .941 cents per ton per mile, and that this amounted to $11 29 for 1200 miles, the distance between Boston or New Orleans and St. Louis, whereas the river rate for that distance was $2 20 a ton. They show that whereas it cost 42½ cents to send a bushel of wheat by rail from Chicago to New York in 1868, the rate had decreased in 1891 to .941 of a cent. This saving to the people was not brought about solely by competition among the railroads; the competition of the water lines with the railroads also influenced the reduction. Upon the basis of an estimate that fifty millions of dollars must be spent upon the river, they offer other reasons for believing that the money will be well spent. They assert that before the jetties deepened the mouth of the river, only half a million bushels of wheat were annually exported to Europe from New Orleans. Now eighteen millions of bushels are shipped thus, and the amount is increasing. Had that wheat not gone by that route at the rate of 14⅓ cents a bushel from St. Louis to Liverpool, it must have been sent by rail to New York at 21⅓ cents a bushel — a difference of seven cents a bushel in favor of the river route, or a saving of $1,260,000 on the annual shipment of wheat alone. The census figures of 1890 show that the amount of freight carried on the river and its tributaries in 1889 was 31,000,000 tons. It is impossible to here follow the arguments and pleas that are embodied in the memorial, but it is well to know that they are not the outcome of the interests and ambition of St. Louis alone, but of the entire region which makes use of the now erratic, destructive, and uncertain river. What St. Louis asks is what New Orleans wants, and this is what Memphis, Vicksburg, Cairo, and the masses of the people in several large and populous States believe should be granted for their relief and gain.

The bill that was prepared in this interest provides that the river, from the Falls of St. Anthony to the jetties, be permanently improved under the direction of the Secretary of War and the chief engineers of the army; that $8,000,000 be appropriated for said improvement, and that a similar sum be annually expended under the direction of the Secretary of War until the river is permanently improved for safe and useful navigation.

The coal supply, which has had so much to do with the development of the new St. Louis as a manufacturing centre, comes from Illinois, the bulk of it being obtained within from ten to twenty miles of the city. St. Louis is itself built over a coal bed, and the fuel was once mined in Forest Park, though not profitably. The Illinois soft coal is found to be the most economical for making steam. It is sold in the city for from $1 15 to $1 50 a ton. The Merchants' Exchange has it hauled to its furnaces in wagons for $1 56 a ton, but Mr. Morgan, the secretary—to whom I am greatly indebted for many facts respecting the commerce of the city—says that those manufacturers who buy the same coal by the car-load get it cheaper. All southern Illinois, across the Mississippi, is covered with coal. Fifty or sixty miles farther south in that State a higher grade of bituminous coal is found, and marketed in St. Louis for household use. It is cleaner and burns with less waste, but it costs between 25 and 30 per cent. more.

The Exposition and Music Hall Building was the subject of what was perhaps the first great expression of the renewed youth of the city. It is a monument to the St. Louis of to-day. It is said to be the largest structure used for "exposition" purposes in this country since the Centennial World's Fair at Philadelphia.

It is 506 feet long, 332 feet wide, and encloses 280,000 feet of space. The history of its construction is one of those stories of popular co-operation and swift execution of which St. Louis seems likely to offer the world a volume. A fund of three-quarters of a million was raised by popular subscription six or seven years ago, and the building was finished within twelve months of the birth of the project. It is built of brick, stone, and terra-cotta, has a main hall so large that a national political convention took up only one nave in it, contains the largest music hall in the country, with a seating capacity for 4000 persons, and a smaller entertainment hall to accommodate 1500 persons. The famous pageants and illuminations which mark the carnival in that city are coincident with the opening of the exhibitions. Six of these fairs have been held in this building, each continuing forty days, and showing the manufactured products of the whole country, but principally of the Mississippi Valley. The merchants and manufacturers of St. Louis naturally make a very important contribution to the display.

I say "naturally," because this busy capital of the centre of the country and of its main internal water system has an imposing position as one of the greatest workshops and trading-points of the nation. In the making of boots and shoes no Western city outstrips St. Louis, and her jobbing trade in these lines is enormous, and rapidly increasing. Boston, the shoe-distributing centre of the country, sent 310,500 cases of goods to St. Louis in 1891, as against 288,000 to Chicago and 284,000 to New York. The gain in the manufactured product of St. Louis was 17 per cent. last year, and in the jobbing trade it was more than 40 per cent. *The Shoe and Leather Gazette* of that city makes the confident prediction that, "at this rate of progress, in five years St. Louis will lead the world in the number of shoes manufactured and in the aggregate distribution of the same."

She has an enormous flour-milling interest, having sold in 1891 no less than 4,932,465 barrels of flour. Her 14 mills in the city have a capacity of 11,850 barrels a day, and her 16 mills close around the city, and run by St. Louis men and capital, grind 9850 barrels a day. The city turned out 1,748,190 barrels and the suburbs 1,542,416 barrels in 1891. In the neck-and-neck race in flour-milling between St. Louis and Milwaukee, St. Louis has recently suffered through the loss of a large mill by fire. The figures for the two cities are, St. Louis, 1,748,190 barrels; Milwaukee, 1,827,284 barrels. It is seen that our reciprocal treaties with the Central and South American countries and the islands off our coast will open up a large and lucrative trade in flour, as well as in many other commodities. While I was in St. Louis, in the early spring of 1892, a large shipment of flour had been made to Cuba, where the duty on that staple had been reduced from nearly five dollars to one dollar a barrel. The city exported 344,506 barrels to Europe, and sold more than two millions of barrels to supply the Southern States.

Cotton is received in St. Louis from Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, and Indian Territory. It seeks that way to the East, and as much passes on as is stopped in St. Louis. It is used to a slight extent in manufactures there. A wooden-ware company in the city sells fully one-half of all that ware that is marketed in the country, and manufactures, or controls the manufacture, in many places. The largest hardware company in the country which does not make, but carries on a jobbing trade in those goods is a St. Louis institution. The saddlery and harness makers do a business of three millions; the clothing-makers have a trade of six millions; the new and growing trade in the manufacture of electrical supplies reached a value of five millions last year; four millions in wagons and carriages was an item of the city's manufactures; the making of lumber, boxes, sashes, doors, and blinds amounted to five millions; of paints, to three millions, and of printing, publishing, and the periodical press, to eight and a quarter millions. The businesses of the manufacture of iron and iron supplies, brass goods, and drugs and chemicals are all very large.

Within ten years the furniture-making industry has doubled, and there are now 57 furniture factories, employing 4000 men, and making $5,500,000 worth of goods. St. Louis is said to be the only city that increased its operations in this respect in 1891. The territory of distribution was largely extended, and now includes Mexico and the Central American States. The fact that the city is a

great hard-wood lumber market, coupled with her cheap coal, accounts for this growth. The cattle business is another line in which St. Louis, among the larger cattle depots, made a unique progress. She handled more than three-quarters of a million of cattle, nearly half a million of sheep, 1,380,000 hogs, and 55,975 horses and mules. The only falling off was in the horse and mule trade, and that was due to the supremacy of electric and cable power over horse-power on street railroads. St. Louis is still the great mule market of the country.

The city caters to human weakness by an enormous output of beer and tobacco. Of each of these luxuries she makes fourteen millions of dollars' worth annually. Here is the largest lager-beer brewery in the country, if not in the world, and the city is third in the list of brewing towns. The business excited the interest of English capital, and a syndicate bought up a great number of the breweries, but the two largest remain the property of the original companies. Twenty millions of dollars are invested in this trade, which is carried from St. Louis into every State, into Canada and Mexico, and even into Australia and Europe.

St. Louis is our biggest market for manufactured tobacco. Thus the principal depots of the trade compare with one another:

	Pounds.
Total sales of chewing and smoking tobacco in the United States	243,505,848
St. Louis	52,214,862
Fifth New Jersey District	22,000,000
Cincinnati	21,000,000
Petersburg, Virginia	18,000,000

Of plug tobacco, 44,503,098 pounds were taxed as the city's product in 1891; of smoking tobacco, about 5,682,000 pounds; and of fine-cut chewing tobacco, 314,702 pounds. The cigars made there numbered fifty-three and a quarter millions.

St. Louis has twenty-three national and State banks and four trust companies with a joint banking capital of $29,661,075. The city is one of the two second-class national banking depositories, New York being the other, and Washington (the United States Treasury) being the one of the first-class. In the monetary strain of 1891, St. Louis developed a reserved financial strength which enabled its banks not only to supply the bare needs, but to very substantially assist other cities.

It is a comfortable and a dignified city, with every sign of wealth in its commercial and residence districts, and with a shopping district whose windows form a perpetual world's fair. The knowledge of the value of tasteful and attractive shop-window displays always accompanies push and prosperity in a city, and in this respect none in America excels this one. Yet it offers a chance to compare modern customs in this respect with the shabby inert ways of the traders of the past. To see the contrast it is only necessary to leave the centre of Broadway and walk to where that street passes the French Market. Here is the cramped, careless untidiness of half a century ago; but the place has a distinct interest for a New-Yorker, because it is his Eighth Ward transplanted. The same low brick houses, the same dormer-windows, the same cheap signs, and the stalls and stands and tiny shops that are found near Spring Street market are all repeated.

But it is easy to change one's point of view of the city, and declare it to be one of the most open, clean, and clear of settlements. This can be accomplished by going out to Grand Avenue and beyond, and riding through the dwelling districts. There one sees broad tree-lined streets, costly houses, and many beautiful semi-private, courtlike streets that are the seats of pretty homes. In this neighborhood are the parks which are the crown and glory of the city. Some, like Forest Park, boast nature's beauties merely tidied and treasured up; but others show the blending of human taste with natural greenery and blossom adorned by statuary and fountains. But St. Louis is rich otherwise in those possessions which have elsewhere been described—her fine theatres, her clubs and churches, her great fire-proof hotel, her schools, and her old and cultivated society.

The levee along the river-side is worth a visit. It is diametrically different in itself and its atmosphere from the city that lies back of it, and that seems so familiar to a New-Yorker. It is a wide and imposing incline of stone paving, perhaps 250 feet broad. It is not Western; it is Southern. Hides, wool, cotton, and tobacco are heaped about on the wharf-boats, which seem to cling to the levee with gangways that are like the antennæ of an insect. There is a line of huge old-time river packets, looking as open and frail as bird-cages, but with towering black funnels from which jet smoke curls

lazily up. Beyond is the turgid, hurrying river. The street along the top of the levee is a single line of warehouses and shops. The latter recall those of our own water-side in New York. In place of our bronzed and bearded salt-water men, here are shiftless white laborers and negro roustabouts. But the same petty traders are among them, keeping drinking-places and stands for the sale of brass watches and rings, dirks, brass knuckles, pistols, cartridges. Cheap gin, cheaper clothing, and still cheaper jewelry are the prime articles all along the thoroughfare, precisely as in New York or Liverpool or Havre.

The water supply of the city is drawn from the Mississippi, as is the case in New Orleans, and the cities between there and St. Louis. It is mud-colored, and seems thick and soupy, whether it is or no. I was assured that it was second in high sanitary qualities to the Nile water, which is still muddier.

It used to be said that the sum of the collective ambition of St. Louis was represented by a pretty woman with jewels in her ears and mounted on a thoroughbred horse. Women, horses, and diamonds, in other words, were the things dearest to its heart in the by-gone days. I do not know whether this taste has changed with the inrush of new inhabitants. They certainly have the fine horses in plenty, and St. Louis is likely long to maintain her fame as a seat of womanly beauty. Having observed several very large and splendid jeweller's shops that are a notable feature of the showy business streets, I went into one of the finest and inquired of the manager whether the city still is true to its old love, the diamond. Behold his answer:

"There is no one of moderate means in St. Louis who does not own and wear diamonds," said he; "however, they are not worn as large as formerly. Two and a half carats is the size of the largest stones now worn by men or women. The ladies who possess ear-rings still wear them, but few are now bought. There is no nonsensical law, such as obtains in London and Paris, making it bad form to wear diamonds in the daytime. Those who have them wear them when they please."

The Chief of Police, Mr. Lawrence Harrigan, assured me that there is no fixed gaming-place in St. Louis—not one regular "game," even of poker. The people did not want it, and the police did not want it, so it was stopped, he said. The men play at their homes, in clubs, and in the hotels, but I saw no sign of any indulgence in cards anywhere in this which was once the greatest gambling-town, next to New Orleans, in the country.

I do not mean to say that the city is a moral one, for its people are distinctly human, and the imperfections of their lives are apparent and, in some respects, lively. The theatres are open seven nights in the week, and, while Friday is the play-going night for the fashionables, Sunday is the night for the people.

They have an American Sunday in St. Louis. It is the same as what we in the East call a European Sunday. But it becomes apparent to whoever travels far in the United States that the only Sunday which deserves a distinct title is that of England, New England, and the Atlantic coast. The Sunday of Chicago, San Francisco, Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis, and most of the larger cities of the major part of our land is European, if you please; but it is also American. In St. Louis the theatres, groggeries, dives, "melodeons," cigar stores, candy stores, and refreshment places of every kind are all kept wide open. The street cars carry on their heaviest trade, and the streets are crowded then as on no other day of the week. On the other days the city keeps up, in great part, the measure of its old river-side hospitality, a survival of the merry era of the steamboats. The numerous night resorts—the variety and music halls, the dance-houses and the beer-gardens, blaze out with a prominence nothing gets by day.

To conclude, in the language of the editor of one of the several thoroughly equipped newspapers of the city: "St. Louis prefers to do business according to safe and creditable doctrines, and to win success by honestly deserving it. Her experience has vindicated her policy. She has never taken a step backward. She does her business with her own money. She has multiplied her mercantile and manufacturing establishments, her blocks of magnificent buildings, and her facilities of trade in every direction out of her legitimate profits. As she has been in the past, so she will be in the future—the country's best example of a truly thrifty city."

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XL.

RAY followed Hughes to his grave in the place where Denton and his children were already laid. It did not seem as if the old man were more related to them in death than he had been in life by their propinquity; but it satisfied a belated maternal and conjugal sentiment in Mrs. Denton. She did not relinquish the leading place in the family affairs which she had taken in her father's last days. She decided against staying in their present apartment after their month was out, and found a tiny flat of three rooms in a better neighborhood down-town, where she had their scanty possessions established, including the cat.

Kane did not go to the funeral because of a prejudice which he said he had against such events; David Hughes, he said, would have been the first to applaud his sincerity in staying away. But he divined that there might be need of help of another kind in the emergency, and he gave it generously and delicately. He would not suffer Mr. Brandreth to render any part of this relief; he insisted that it was his exclusive privilege as Hughes's old friend. Now that David was gone, he professed a singularly vivid sense of his presence; and he owned that he had something like the pleasure of carrying a point against him in defraying his funeral expenses. "You know that there was a time in David's life when he believed that if men could be got to live rightly they need never die. He compromised with death afterwards, on condition that its mystery should be taken away, but I think that in his own case he always had a lurking expectation of living forever."

Hughes's daughters accepted his help frankly, each after her kind: Mrs. Denton as a gift which it must long continue to be; Peace as a loan which must some day be repaid. The girl went back to her work in due time, and whenever Ray visited his publisher he saw her at her desk.

He did not always go to speak to her, for he had a shamefaced fear that she was more or less always engaged in working up hints from Mr. Brandreth into paragraphs about *A Modern Romeo.* His consciousness exaggerated the publisher's activity in this sort; and at first he shunned all these specious evidences of public interest in the forth-coming novel. Then he began jealously to look for them, and in his mind he arraigned the journals where they did not appear for envy and personal spite. It would have been difficult for him to prove why there should have been either in his case, unless it was because their literary notes were controlled by people whose books had been ignored or censured by *Every Evening*, and this theory could not hold with all. Most of the papers, however, published the paragraphs, with that munificence which journalism shows towards literature. The author found the inspired announcements everywhere; sometimes they were varied by the office touch, but generally they were printed exactly as Mr. Brandreth framed them; however he found them, they gave Ray an insensate joy. Even the paragraphs in the trade journals, purely perfunctory as they were, had a flavor of sincere appreciation; the very advertisements which accompanied them there affected him like favorable expressions of opinion. His hunger for them was inappeasable; in his heart he accused Mr. Brandreth of a stinted proclamation.

The publisher was hurrying the book forward for the summer trade, and was aiming it especially at the reader going into the country, or already there. He had an idea that the summer resorts had never been fully worked in behalf of the better sort of light literature, and he intended to make any sacrifice to get the book pushed by the news companies. He offered them rates ruinously special, and he persuaded Ray to take five per cent. on such sales if they could be made. He pressed forward the printing, and the author got his proofs in huge batches, with a demand for their prompt return. The nice revision which he had fancied himself giving the work in type was impossible; it went from his hand with crudities that glared in his tormented sense, till a new instalment eclipsed the last. He balanced the merits and defects against

* Begun in March number, 1892.

one another, and tried to believe that the merits would distract the attention of criticism from the defects. He always knew that the story was very weak in places; he conceived how it could be attacked in these; he attacked it himself with pitiless ridicule in a helpless impersonation of different reviewers; and he gasped in his self-inflicted anguish. When the last proof left his hands the feeblest links were the strength of the whole chain, which fell to pieces from his grasp like a rope of sand.

There was some question at different times whether the book had not better be published under a pseudonyme, and Ray faithfully submitted it to the editor of *Every Evening*, as something he was concerned in. It was to be considered whether it was advisable for a critic to appear as an author, and whether the possible failure of the book would not react unfavorably upon the criticisms of the journal. The chief decided that it would make no difference to him, and at the worst it could do no more than range Ray with other critics who had failed as authors. With the publisher it was a more serious matter, and he debated much whether the book, as a stroke of business, had not better go to the public anonymously. They agreed that P. B. S. Ray on the title-page would be rather formidable from the number of the initials which the reader would have to master in speaking of the author. Shelley Ray, on the other hand, would be taken for a sentimental pseudonyme. They decided that anonymity was the only thing for it.

"But then, it will be losing the interest of your money, if the book goes," Mr. Brandreth mused. "You have a right to the cumulative reputation from it, so that if you should write another—"

"Oh, don't be afraid of there ever being another!" said Ray, with his distracted head between his hands. He suddenly lifted it. "What is the matter with the Spartan severity of S. Ray?"

"S. Ray might do," Mr. Brandreth assented, thoughtfully. "Should you mind my asking Mrs. Brandreth how it strikes her?"

"Not at all. Very glad to have you. It's short, and unpretentious, and noncommittal. I think it might do."

Mrs. Brandreth thought so too, and in that form the author's name appeared on the title-page. Even in that form it did not escape question and censure. One reviewer devoted his criticism of the story to inquiry into the meaning of the author's initial; another surmised it a mask. But, upon the whole, its simplicity piqued curiosity, and probably promoted the fortune of the book, as far as that went.

There was no immediate clamor over it. In fact, it was received so passively by the public and the press that the author might well have doubted whether there was any sort of expectation of it, in spite of the publisher's careful preparation of the critic's or the reader's mind. There came back at once from obscure quarters a few echoes, more or less imperfect, of the synopsis of the book's attractions sent out with the editorial copies, but the influential journals remained heart-sickeningly silent concerning *A Modern Romeo.* There was a boisterous and fatuous eulogy of the book in the Midland *Echo*, which Ray knew for the expression of Sanderson's friendship; but eager as he was for recognition, he could not let this count; and it was followed by some brief depreciatory paragraphs in which he perceived the willingness of Hanks Brothers to compensate themselves for having so handsomely let Sanderson have his swing. He got back some letters of acknowledgment from people whom he had sent the book; he read them with hungry zest, but he could not make himself believe that they constituted impartial opinion: not even the letter of Mr. Richings, who praised the classic purity of the diction, and promised himself the pleasure of a more careful perusal of the work than he had yet been able to give it; or the letter of the young lady who had detected him in the panoply of his hero, and who now wrote to congratulate him on a success which she too readily took for granted. One of his sisters replied on behalf of his father and mother, and said they had all been sitting up reading the story aloud together, and that their father liked it as much as any of them; now they were anxious to see what the papers would say; had he read the long review in the *Echo?* and did not he think it rather cool and grudging for a paper that he had been connected with? He hardly knew whether this outburst of family pride gave him more or less pain than an anonymous letter which he got from his native village, and which betrayed the touch of the local apothecary; his correspondent, who also

dealt in books, and was a man of literary opinions, heaped the novel with ridicule and abuse, and promised the author a coat of tar and feathers on the part of his betters whom he had caricatured, if ever he should return to the place. Ray ventured to offer a copy to the lady who had made herself his social sponsor in New York, and he hoped for some intelligent praise from her. She asked him where in the world he had got together such a lot of queer people, like nothing on earth but those one used to meet in the old days when one took country board; she mocked at the sufferings of his hero, and said what a vulgar little piece his heroine was; but she supposed he meant them to be what they were, and she complimented him on his success in handling them. She confessed, though, that she never read American novels, or indeed any but French ones, and that she did not know exactly where to rank his work; she burlesqued a profound impression of the honor she ought to feel in knowing a distinguished novelist. "You'll be putting us all into your next book, I suppose. Mind you give me golden hair, not yet streaked with silver."

In the absence of any other tokens of public acceptance, Ray kept an eager eye out for such signs of it as might be detected in the booksellers' windows and on their sign-boards. The placards of other novels flamed from their door-jambs, but they seemed to know nothing of *A Modern Romeo*. He sought his book in vain among those which formed the attractions of their casements; he found it with difficulty on their counters, two or three rows back, and in remote corners. It was like a conspiracy to keep it out of sight; it was not to be seen on the news-stands of the great hotels or the elevated stations, and Ray visited the principal railway depots without detecting a copy.

He accused Mr. Brandreth, in his heart, of a lack of business energy in all this; he would like to see him fulfil some of those boasts of push which, when he first heard them, made him creep with shame. Mr. Brandreth had once proposed a file of sandwich men appealing with successive bill-boards:

I.
HAVE YOU READ
II.
"A MODERN ROMEO?"
III.
EVERY ONE IS READING
IV.
"A MODERN ROMEO."
V.
WHY?
VI.
BECAUSE
VII.
"A MODERN ROMEO" IS
VIII.
THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

Ray had absolutely forbidden this procession, but now he would have taken off his hat to it, and stood uncovered, if he could have met it in Union Square or in Twenty-third Street.

XLI.

In this time of suspense Ray kept away from old Kane, whose peculiar touch he could not bear. But he knew perfectly well what his own feelings were, and he did not care to have them analyzed. He could not help sending Kane the book, and for a while he dreaded his acknowledgments; then he resented his failure to make any.

In the frequent visits he paid at his publishers', he fancied that his welcome from Mr. Brandreth was growing cooler, and he did not go so often. He kept doggedly at his work in the *Every Evening* office; but here the absolute silence of his chief concerning his book was as hard to bear as Mr. Brandreth's fancied coolness; he could not make out whether it meant compassion or dissatisfaction, or how it was to affect his relation to the paper. The worst of it was that his adversity, or his delayed prosperity, whichever it was, began to corrupt him. In his self-pity he wrote so leniently of some rather worthless books that he had no defence to make when his chief called his attention to the wide divergence between his opinions and those of some other critics. At times when he resented the hardship of his fate he scored the books before him with a severity that was as unjust as the weak commiseration in his praises. He felt sure that if the situation prolonged itself his failure as an author must involve his failure as a critic.

It was not only the coolness in Mr. Brandreth's welcome which kept him aloof; he had a sense of responsibility, which was almost a sense of guilt, in the publisher's presence, for he was the author of a book which had been published contrary to the counsel of all lit-

erary advisers. It was true that he had not finally asked Mr. Brandreth to publish it, but he had been eagerly ready to have him do it; he had kept his absurd faith in it, and his steadfastness must have imparted a favorable conviction to Mr. Brandreth; he knew that there had certainly been ever so much personal kindness for him mixed up with its acceptance. The publisher, however civil outwardly—and Mr. Brandreth, with all his foibles, was never less than a gentleman—must inwardly blame him for his unlucky venture. The thought of this became intolerable, and at the end of a Saturday morning, when the book was three or four weeks old, he dropped in at Chapley's to have it out with Mr. Brandreth. The work on the Saturday edition of the paper was always very heavy, and Ray's nerves were fretted from the anxieties of getting it together, as well as from the intense labor of writing. He was going to humble himself to the publisher, and declare their failure to be all his own fault; but he had in reserve the potentiality of a bitter quarrel with him if he did not take it in the right way.

He pushed on to Mr. Brandreth's room, tense with his purpose, and stood scowling and silent when he found Kane there with him. Perhaps the old fellow divined the danger in Ray's mood; perhaps he pitied him; perhaps he was really interested in the thing which he was talking of with the publisher, and which he referred to Ray without any preliminary ironies.

"It's about the career of a book; how it begins to go, and why, and when."

"Apropos of *A Modern Romeo*?" Ray asked, harshly.

"If you please, *A Modern Romeo*." Ray took the chair which Mr. Brandreth signed a clerk to bring him from without. Kane went on: "It's very curious, the history of these things, and I've looked into it somewhat. Ordinarily a book makes its fortune, or it doesn't, at once. I should say this was always the case with a story that had already been published serially; but with a book that first appears as a book, the chances seem to be rather more capricious. The first great success with us was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that was assured before the story was finished in the old *National Era*, where it was printed. But that had an immense motive power behind it—a vital question that affected the whole nation."

"I seem to have come too late for the vital questions," said Ray.

"Oh no! oh no! There are always plenty of them left. There is the industrial slavery, which exists on a much more universal scale than the chattel slavery; that is still waiting its novelist."

"Or its Trust of novelists," Ray scornfully suggested.

"Very good; very excellent good; nothing less than a syndicate perhaps could grapple with a theme of such vast dimensions."

"It would antagonize a large part of the reading public," Mr. Brandreth said; but he had the air of making a mental memorandum to keep an eye out for MSS. dealing with industrial slavery.

"So much the better! So much the better!" said Kane. "*Robert Elsmere* antagonized much more than half its readers by its religious positions. But that wasn't what I was trying to get at. I was thinking about how some of the phenomenally successful books hung fire at first."

"Ah, that interests me as the author of a phenomenally successful book that is still hanging fire," sighed Ray.

Kane smiled approval of his attempt to play with his pain, and went on: "You know that *Gates Ajar*, which sold up into the hundred thousands, was three months selling the first fifteen hundred."

"Is that so?" Ray asked. "*A Modern Romeo* has been three weeks selling the first fifteen." He laughed, and Mr. Brandreth with him; but the fact encouraged him, and he could see that it encouraged the publisher.

"We won't speak of *Mr. Barnes of New York*—"

"Oh no! Don't!" cried Ray.

"You might be very glad to have written it on some accounts, my dear boy," said Kane.

"Have you read it?"

"That's neither here nor there. I haven't seen *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. But I wanted to speak of *Looking Backward*. Four months after that was published, the first modest edition was still unsold."

Kane rose. "I just dropped in to impart these facts to your publisher, in case you and he might be getting a little impatient of the triumph which seems to be

rather behind time. I suppose you've noticed it? These little disappointments are not suffered in a corner."

"Then your inference is that at the end of three or four months *A Modern Romeo* will be selling at the rate of five hundred a day? I'm glad for Brandreth here, but I shall be dead by that time."

"Oh no! Oh no!" Kane softly entreated, while he took Ray's hand between his two hands. "One doesn't really die of disappointed literature any more than one dies of disappointed love. That is one of the pathetic superstitions which we like to cherish in a world where we get well of nearly all our hurts, and live on to a hale old imbecility. Depend upon it, my dear boy, you will survive your book at least fifty years." Kane wrung Ray's hand, and got himself quickly away.

"There is a good deal of truth in what he says—" Mr. Brandreth began cheerfully.

"About my outliving my book?" Ray asked. "Thank you. There's all the truth in the world in it."

"I don't mean that, of course. I mean the chances that it will pick up any time within three months, and make its fortune."

"You're counting on a lucky accident."

"Yes, I am. I've done everything I can to push the book, and now we must trust to luck. You have to trust to luck in the book business, in every business. Business is buying on the chance of selling at a profit. The political economists talk about the laws of business; but there are no laws of business. There is nothing but chances, and no amount of wisdom can forecast them, or control them. You had better be prudent, but if you are always prudent you will die poor. 'Be bold; be bold; be not too bold.' That's about all there is of it. And I'm going to be cheerful too. I'm still betting on *A Modern Romeo.*" The young publisher leaned forward and put his hand on Ray's shoulder, in a kindly way, and shook him a little. "Come! What will you bet that it doesn't begin to go within the next fortnight? I don't ask you to put up any money. Will you risk the copyright on the first thousand?"

"No, I won't bet," said Ray, more spiritlessly than he felt, for the proposition to relinquish a part of his copyright realized it to him. Still he found it safest not to allow himself any revival of his hopes; if he did it would be tempting fate to dash them again. In that way he had often got the better of fate; there was no other way to do it, at least for him.

XLII.

After a silent and solitary dinner, Ray went to see Mrs. Denton and Peace in their new lodging. It was the upper floor of a little house in Greenwich Village, which was sublet to them by a machinist occupying the lower floors; Ray vaguely recalled something in his face at his first visit, and then recognized one of the attendants at Hughes's Sunday ministrations. He was disposed to fellowship Ray in Hughes's doctrine, and in the supposition of a community of interest in Hughes's daughters. They could not have been in better or kindlier keeping than that of the machinist's friendly wife, who must have fully shared his notion of Ray's relation to them. She always received him like one of the family, and with an increasing intimacy and cordiality.

That evening when she opened the street door to him she said, "Go right along up; I guess you'll find them there all right," and Ray mounted obediently. Half-way up he met Mrs. Denton coming down, with her cat in her arms. "Oh, well!" she said. "You'll find Peace at home; I'll be back in a moment."

He suspected that Mrs. Denton fostered the belief of the machinist and his wife that there was a tacit if not an explicit understanding between himself and Peace, and he thought that she would now very probably talk the matter over with them. But he kept on up to the little apartment at the top of the house, and tapped on the door standing wide open. The girl was sitting at one of the windows, with her head and bust sharply defined against the glossy clear evening light of the early summer. She had her face turned toward the street, and remained as if she did not hear him at first, so that there was a moment when it went through his mind that he would go away. Then she looked round, and greeted him; and he advanced into the room, and took the seat fronting her on the other side of the window. There was a small, irregular square below, and above the tops of its trees the swallows were weaving their swift flight and twittering song; the street noises came up slightly muted through

the foliage; it was almost like a sylvan withdrawal from the city's worst; and they talked of the country, and how lovely it must be looking now.

He said: "Yes, I wonder we can ever leave it. This is the first spring-time that I have ever been where I couldn't feel my way with Nature at every step she took. It's like a great loss out of my life. I think sometimes I am a fool to have staid here; I can never get it back. I could have gone home, and been the richer by the experience of another spring. Why didn't I do it?"

"Perhaps you couldn't have done your work there," she suggested.

"Oh, my work! That is what people are always sacrificing the good of life to —their work! Is it worth so much? If I couldn't do my newspaper-work there, I could do something else. I could write another unsuccessful novel."

"Is your novel a failure?" she asked.

"Don't you know it is? It's been out three weeks, and nobody seems to know it. That's my grief, now; it may one day be my consolation. I don't complain. Mr. Brandreth still keeps his heroic faith in it, and even old Kane was trying to rise on the wings of favorable prophecy when I saw him just before dinner. But I haven't the least hope any more. I think I could stand it better if I respected the book itself more. But to fail in a bad cause—that's bitter." He stopped, knowing as well as if he had put his prayer in words that he had asked her to encourage him, and if possible flatter him.

"I've been reading it all through again, since it came out," she said.

"Oh, have you?" he palpitated.

"And I have lent it to the people in the house here, and they have read it. They are very intelligent in a kind of way—"

"Yes!"

"And they have been talking to me about it; they have been discussing the characters in it. They like it because they say they can understand just how every one felt. They like the hero, and Mrs. Simpson cried over the last scene. She thinks you have managed the heroine's character beautifully. Mr. Simpson wondered whether you really believe in hypnotism. They both said they felt as if they were living it."

Ray listened with a curious mixture of pleasure and of pain. He knew very well that it was not possible for such people as the Simpsons to judge his story with as fine artistic perception as that old society woman who thought he meant to make his characters cheap and ridiculous, and in the light of this knowledge their praise galled him. But then came the question whether they could not judge better of its truth and reality. If he had made a book which appealed to the feeling and knowledge of the great, simply conditioned, sound-hearted, common-schooled American mass whom the Simpsons represented, he had made his fortune. He put aside that other question, which from time to time presses upon every artist, whether he would rather please the few who despise the judgment of the many, or the many who have no taste, but somehow have in their keeping the touchstone by which a work of art proves itself a human interest, and not merely a polite pleasure. Ray could not make this choice. He said dreamily: "If Mr. Brandreth could only find out how to reach all the Simpsons with it! I believe a twenty-five-cent paper edition would be the thing, after all. I wish you could tell me just what Mr. and Mrs. Simpson said of the book; and if you can remember what they disliked as well as what they liked in it."

Peace laughed a little. "Oh, they disliked the wicked people. They thought the hard old father of the heroine was terrible, and was justly punished by his daughter's death. At the same time they thought you ought to have had her revive in time to seize the hero's hand, when he is going to shoot himself, and keep him from giving himself a mortal wound. The cousin ought to get well, too; or else confess before he dies that he intended to throw the hero over the cliff, so that it could be made out a case of self-defence. Mr. Simpson says that could be done to the satisfaction of any jury."

Ray laughed too. "Yes. It would have been more popular if it had ended well."

"Perhaps not," Peace suggested. "Isn't it the great thing to make people talk about a book? If it ended well, they wouldn't have half so much to say as they will now about it."

"Perhaps," Ray assented with meek hopefulness. "But, Peace, what do *you*

say about it? You've never told me that yet. Do you really despise it so much?"

"I've never said that I despised it."

"You've never said you didn't, and by everything that you've done, you've left me to think that you do. I know," said the young man, "that I'm bringing up associations and recollections that must be painful to you; they're painful and humiliating to me. But it seems to me that you owe me that much."

"I owe you much more than that," said the girl. "Do you think that I forget — can forget — anything — all that you've been to us?"

"Oh, don't speak of it!" said Ray. "I didn't mean that. And you needn't tell me now what you think of my book. But some time you will, won't you?" He drew forward a little nearer to her, where they sat in the light which had begun to wane. "Until then—until then—I want you to let me be the best friend you have in the world—the best friend I can be to any one."

He stopped for some answer from her, and she said: "No one could be a truer friend to us than you have been, from the very first. And we have mixed you up so in our trouble!"

"Oh, no! But if it's given me any sort of right to keep on coming to see Mrs. Denton and you, just as I used?"

"Why not?" she returned.

XLIII.

Ray went home ill at ease with himself. He spent a bad night, and he seemed to have sunk away only a moment from his troubles, when a knock at his door brought him up again into the midst of them. He realized them before he realized the knock sufficiently to call out, "Who's there?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Brandreth's voice without; "you're not up yet! Can I come in?"

"Certainly," said Ray, and he leaned forward and slid back the bolt of his door: it was one advantage of a room so small that he could do this without getting out of bed. "I'm not up yet, you see."

Mr. Brandreth seemed to beam with one radiance from his silk hat, his collar, his boots, his scarf, his shining eyes and smooth-shaven friendly face, as he entered.

"Then of course," he said, "you haven't seen the *Metropolis* yet?"

"No; what is the matter with the *Metropolis*?"

Mr. Brandreth, with his perfectly fitted gloves on, and his natty cane dangling from his wrist, unfolded the supplement of the newspaper, and accurately folded it again to the lines of the first three columns of the page. Then he handed it to Ray, and delicately turned away and looked out of the window.

Ray glanced at the space defined, and saw that it was occupied by a review of *A Modern Romeo.* There were lengths of large open type for the reviewer's introduction and comments and conclusion, and embedded among these, in closer and finer print, extracts from the novel, where Ray saw his own language transfigured and glorified.

The critic struck in the beginning a note which he sounded throughout: a cry of relief, of exultation, at what was apparently the beginning of a new order of things in fiction. He hailed the unknown writer of *A Modern Romeo* as the champion of the imaginative and the ideal against the photographic and the commonplace, and he expressed a pious joy in the novel as a bold advance in the path that was to lead forever away from the slough of realism. But he put on a philosophic air in making the reader observe that it was not absolutely a new departure, a break, a schism; it was a natural and scientific evolution, it was a development of the spiritual from the material; the essential part of realism was there, but freed from the grossness, the dulness of realism as we had hitherto known it, and imbued with a fresh life. He called attention to the firmness and fineness with which the situation was portrayed and the characters studied before the imagination began to deal with them; and then he asked the reader to notice how, when this foundation had once been laid, it was made to serve as a "star-pointing pyramid" from which the author's fancy took its bold flight through realms untravelled by the photographic and the commonplace. He praised the style of the book, which he said corresponded to the dual nature of the conception, and recalled Thackeray in the treatment of persons and things, and Hawthorne in the handling of motives and ideas. There was, in fact, so much sub-

tlety in the author's dealing with these, that one might almost suspect a feminine touch, but for the free and virile strength shown in the passages of passion and action.

The reviewer quoted several of such passages, and Ray followed with a novel intensity of interest the words he already knew by heart. The whole episode of throwing the cousin over the cliff was reprinted; but the parts which the reviewer gave the largest room and the loudest praise were those embodying the incidents of the hypnotic trance and the tragical close of the story. Here, he said, was a piece of the most palpitant actuality, and he applauded it as an instance of how the imagination might deal with actuality. Nothing in the whole range of commonplace, photographic, realistic fiction was of such striking effect as this employment of a scientific discovery in the region of the ideal. He contended that whatever lingering doubt people might have of the usefulness of hypnotism as a remedial agent, there could be no question of the splendid success with which the writer of this remarkable novel had turned it to account in poetic fiction of a very high grade. He did not say the highest grade; the book had many obvious faults. It was evidently the first book of a young writer, whose experience of life had apparently been limited to a narrow and comparatively obscure field. It was in a certain sense provincial, even parochial; but perhaps the very want of an extended horizon had concentrated the author's thoughts the more penetratingly on the life immediately at hand. What was important was that he had seen this life with the vision of an idealist, and had discerned its poetic uses with the sense of the born artist, and had set it in

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Much more followed to like effect, and the reviewer closed with a promise to look with interest for the future performance of a writer who had already given much more than the promise of mastery; who had given proofs of it. His novel might not be the great American novel which we had so long been expecting, but it was a most notable achievement in the right direction. The author was the prophet of better things; he was a Moses, who, if we followed him, would lead us up from the flesh-pots of Realism toward the promised land of the Ideal.

From time to time Ray made a little apologetic show of not meaning to do more than glance the review over, but Mr. Brandreth insisted upon his taking his time and reading it all; he wanted to talk to him about it. He began to talk before Ray finished; in fact he agonized him with question and comment, all through; and when Ray laid the paper down at last, he came and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I don't believe in working on Sunday, and that sort of thing; but I believe this is providential. My wife does, too; she says it's a reward for the faith we've had in the book; and that it would be a sin to lose a moment's time. If there is to be any catch-on at all, it must be instantaneous; we mustn't let the effect of this review get cold, and I'm going to strike while it's red-hot." The word seemed to suggest the magnitude of the purpose which Mr. Brandreth expressed with seriousness that befitted the day. "I'm simply going to paint the universe red. You'll see."

"Well, well," said Ray, "you'd better not tell me how. I guess I've got as much as I can stand, now."

"If that book doesn't succeed," said Mr. Brandreth, as solemnly as if registering a vow, "it won't be my fault."

He went away, and Ray passed into a trance such as wraps a fortunate lover from the outer world. But nothing was further from his thoughts than love. The passion that possessed him was egotism flattered to an intensity in which he had no life but in the sense of himself. No experience could be more unwholesome while it lasted, but a condition so intense could not endure. His first impulse was to keep away from every one who could keep him from the voluptuous sense of his own success. He knew very well that the review in the *Metropolis* overrated his book, but he liked it to be overrated; he wilfully renewed his delirium from it by reading it again and again, over his breakfast, on the train to the Park, and in the lonely places which he sought out there apart from all who could know him or distract him from himself. At first it seemed impossible; at last it became unintelligible. He threw the paper into some bushes; then after he had got a long

way off, he went back and recovered it, and read the review once more. The sense had returned, the praises had relumed their fires; again he bathed his spirit in their splendor. It was he, he, he, of whom those things were said. He tried to realize it. Who was he? The question scared him; perhaps he was going out of his mind. At any rate he must get away from himself, now; that was his only safety. He thought whom he should turn to for refuge. There were still people of his society acquaintance in town, and he could have had a cup of tea poured for him by a charming girl at any one of a dozen friendly houses. There were young men, more than enough of them, who would have welcomed him to their bachelor quarters. There was old Kane. But they would have all begun to talk to him about that review; Peace herself would have done so. He ended by going home, and setting to work on some notices for the next day's *Every Evening*. The performance was a play of double consciousness in which he struggled with himself as if with some alien personality. But the next day he could take the time to pay Mr. Brandreth a visit without wronging the work he had carried so far.

On the way he bought the leading morning papers, and saw that the publisher had reprinted long extracts from the *Metropolis* review as advertisements in the type of the editorial page; in the *Metropolis* itself he reprinted the whole review. "This sort of thing will be in the principal Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis papers just as soon as the mail can carry them my copy. I *had* thought of telegraphing the advertisement, but it will cost money enough as it is," said Mr. Brandreth.

"Are you sure you're not throwing your money away?" Ray asked, somewhat aghast.

"I'm sure I'm not throwing my chance away," the publisher retorted with gay courage. He developed the plan of campaign as he had conceived it, and Ray listened with a kind of nerveless avidity. He looked over at Mr. Chapley's room, where he knew that Peace was busily writing, and he hoped that she did not know that he was there. His last talk with her had mixed itself up with the intense experience that had followed, and seemed of one frantic quality with it. He walked out to the street door with Mr. Brandreth beside him, and did not turn for a glimpse of her.

"Oh, by-the-way," said the publisher at parting, "if you'd been here a little sooner, I could have made you acquainted with your reviewer. He dropped in a little while ago to ask who S. Ray was, and I did my best to make him believe it was a real name. I don't think he was more than half convinced."

"I don't more than half believe in him," said Ray, lightly, to cover his disappointment. "Who is he?"

"Well, their regular man is off on sick leave, and this young fellow—Morrell is his name—is a sort of under-study. He was telling me how he happened to go in for your book—those things are always interesting. He meant to take another book up to his house with him, and he found he had yours when he got home, and some things about hypnotism. He went through them, and then he thought he would just glance at yours, anyway, and he opened on the hypnotic trance scene, just when his mind was full of the subject, and he couldn't let go. He went back to the beginning and read it all through, and then he gave you the benefit of the other fellow's chance. He wanted to see you, when I told him about you. Curious how these things fall out, half the time?"

"Very," said Ray, rather blankly.

"I knew you'd enjoy it."

"Oh, I do."

XLIV.

Whether the boom for *A Modern Romeo* which began with the appearance of the *Metropolis* review was an effect of that review or not, no one acquainted with the caprices of the book trade would undertake to say. There had been enthusiastic reviews of other books in the *Metropolis* which had resulted in no boom whatever, as Kane pointed out in ironically inviting the author to believe that the success of the book was due wholly to its merit.

"And what was its long failure due to?" Ray asked, tasting the bitter of the suggestion, but feigning unconsciousness.

"To its demerit."

Mr. Brandreth was at first inclined to ascribe the boom to the review; afterwards he held that it was owing to his own wise and bold use of the review in advertising. There, he contended, was

the true chance, which, in moments of grateful piety, he claimed that he was inspired to seize. What is certain is that other friendly reviews began to appear in other influential journals, in New York and throughout the country. Ray began to see the book on the news-stands now; he found it in the booksellers' windows; once he heard people in an elevated car talking of it; somehow it was in the air. But how it got in the air, no one could exactly say; he, least of all. He could put his hand on certain causes, gross, palpable, like the advertising activities of Mr. Brandreth; but these had been in effectless operation long before. He could not define the peculiar attraction that the novel seemed to have, even when frankly invited to do so by a vivid and pretty young girl who wrote New York letters for a Southern paper, and who came to interview him about it. The most that he could say was that it had struck a popular mood. She was very grateful for that idea, and she made much of it in her next letter; but she did not succeed in analyzing this mood, except as a general readiness for psychological fiction on the part of a reading public wearied and disgusted with the realism of the photographic, commonplace school. She was much more precise in her personal account of Ray; the young novelist appeared there as a type of manly beauty, as to his face and head, but of a regrettably low stature, which, however, you did not observe while he remained seated. It was specially confided to lady readers that his slightly wavy dark hair was parted in the middle over a forehead as smooth and pure as a girl's. The processed reproduction of Ray's photograph did not perfectly bear out her encomium; but it was as much like him as it was like her account of him. His picture began to appear in many places, with romanced biographies, which made much of the obscurity of his origin and the struggles of his early life. When it came to be said that he sprang from the lower classes, it brought him a letter of indignant protest from his mother, who reminded him that his father was a physician, and his people had always been educated and respectable on both sides. She thought that he ought to write to the papers and stop the injurious paragraph; and he did not wholly convince her that this was impossible. He could not have made her understand how in the sudden invasion of publicity his personality had quite passed out of his own keeping. The interviewers were upon him everywhere: at his hotel, whose quaintness and foreign picturesqueness they made go far in their studies of him; at the *Every Evening* office, where their visits subjected him to the mockery of his associates on the paper. His chief was too simple and serious of purpose to take the comic view of Ray's celebrity; when he realized it through the frequency of the interviews, he took occasion to say: "I like your work and I want to keep you. As it is only a question of time when you will ask an increase of salary, I prefer to anticipate, and you'll find it put up in your next check to the figure which I think the paper ought to stand." He did not otherwise recognize the fact of the book's success, or speak of it; as compared with his paper, Ray's book was of no importance to him whatever.

The interviews were always flattering to Ray's vanity, in a certain way, but it was rather wounding to find that most of the interviewers had not read his book; though they had just got it, or they were going to get it and read it. In some cases they came to him with poetic preoccupations from previous interviews with Mr. Brandreth, and he could not disabuse them of the notion that his literary career had been full of facts much stranger than fiction.

"Mr. Brandreth says that if the truth could be told about that book," one young lady journalist stated, keeping her blue eyes fixed winningly upon the author's, "it would form one of the most dramatic chapters in the whole history of literature. *Won't* you tell *me* the truth about it, Mr. Ray?"

"Why, I don't know the truth about it myself," Ray said.

"Oh, how delightful!" cried the young lady. "I'm going to put *that* in, at any rate;" and she continued to work the young author with her appealing eyes and her unusually intelligent flatteries, until she had got a great deal more out of him concerning the periculations of his novel in manuscript than he could have believed himself capable of telling.

He went to Mr. Brandreth smarting with a sense of having made a fool of himself, and, "See here, Brandreth," he

said, "what is so very remarkably dramatic in the history of a novel kicking about for six months among the trade?"

Mr. Brandreth stared at him, and then said, with a flash of recollection, "Oh! *That* girl! Well, she was determined to have *something* exclusive about the book, and I just threw out the remark. I wasn't thinking of your side of the business entirely. Ray, you're a good fellow, and I don't mind telling you that when I chanced it on this book of yours, it had got to a point with us where we had to chance it on something. Mr. Chapley had let the publishing interests of the house go till there was hardly anything of them left; and when he went up into the country, this spring, he was strongly opposed to my trying anything in the publishing line. But my wife and I talked it over, and she saw as well as I did that I should either have to go actively into the business, or else go out of it. As it stood, it wouldn't support two families. So I made up my mind to risk your book. If it had failed, it would have embarrassed me awfully; I don't say but what I could have pulled through, but it would have been rough sledding."

"That *is* interesting," said Ray. "I don't see why I shouldn't begin to pose as your preserver."

"Well, it wasn't quite so bad as that," Mr. Brandreth gayly protested. "And at the last moment, it might have been some one else. There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you that the night you came and wanted me to take old Hughes's book, I talked it very seriously over with my wife, and we determined that we would look at it in the morning, and perhaps postpone your novel. We woke the baby up with our talk, and then he woke us up the rest of the night, and in the morning we were not fit to grapple with the question, and I took that for a sign and let them go on with your book. I suppose these things were in my mind when I told that girl what she repeated to you."

"Well, the incidents are dramatic enough," said Ray, musingly. "Even tragical."

"Yes," sighed Mr. Brandreth. "I always dreaded to ask you how you made it right with Mr. Hughes."

"Oh, Mrs. Denton made it right with *him*," Ray scoffed. "I told her how I failed with you, and she went right to him and said that you had taken his book and would bring it out at once."

Mr. Brandreth looked pained. "Well, I don't know what to say about that. But I'm satisfied now that I acted for the best in keeping on with your book. I'm going to have Mr. Hughes's carefully examined, though. I believe there's the making of another hit in it. By-the-way," he ended, cheerily, "you'll be glad to know that *A Modern Romeo* has come of age: we've just printed the twenty-first thousand of him."

"Is it possible!" said Ray, with well-simulated rapture. With all the talk there had been about the book, he supposed it had certainly gone to fifty thousand by this time.

The sale never really reached that figure. It went to forty two or three thousand, and there it stopped, and nothing could carry it farther. The author talked the strange arrest over with the publisher, but they could arrive at no solution of the mystery. There was no reason why a book which had been so widely talked about and written about should not keep on selling indefinitely; there was every reason why it should; but it did not. Had it, by some process of natural selection, reached exactly those people who cared for a psychological novel of its peculiar make, and were there really no more of them than had given it just that vogue? He sought a law for the fact in vain, in the more philosophical discussions he held with old Kane, as well as in his inquiries with Mr. Brandreth.

Finally Kane said: "Why do we always seek a law for things? Is there a law for ourselves? We think so, but it's out of sight for the most part, and generally we act from mere caprice, from impulse. I've lived a good many years, but I couldn't honestly say that I've seen the cause overtaken by the consequence more than two or three times; then it struck me as rather theatrical. Consequences I've seen a plenty, but not causes. Perhaps this is merely a sphere of ultimations. We used to flatter ourselves, in the simple old days when we thought we were all miserable sinners, that we were preparing tremendous effects, to follow elsewhere, by what we said and did here. But what if the things that happen here are effects initiated elsewhere?"

"It's a very pretty conjecture," said Ray, "but it doesn't seem to have a very

direct bearing on the falling off in the sale of *A Modern Romeo.*"

"Everything in the universe is related to that book, if you could only see it properly. If it has stopped selling, it is probably because the influence of some favorable star, extinguished thousands of years ago, has just ceased to reach this planet."

Kane had the air of making a mental note after he said this, and Ray began to laugh. "There ought to be money in that," he said.

"No, there is no money in Hard Sayings," Kane returned, sadly; "there is only—wisdom."

Ray was by no means discouraged with his failures to divine the reason for the arrested sale of his book At heart he was richly satisfied with its success, and he left the public, without grudging, to their belief that it had sold a hundred and fifty thousand. Mr. Brandreth was satisfied, too. He believed that the sale would pick up again in the fall after people got back from the country; he had discovered that the book had enduring qualities; but now the question was, what was Ray going to write next? "You ought to strike while the iron's hot, you know."

"Of course, I've been thinking about that," the young fellow admitted, "and I believe I've got a pretty good scheme for a novel."

"Could you give me some notion of it?"

"No, I couldn't. It hasn't quite crystallized in my mind yet. And I don't believe it will, somehow, till I get a name for it."

"Have you thought of a name?"

"Yes—half a dozen that won't do."

"There's everything in a name," said the publisher. "I believe it made the *Modern Romeo's* fortune."

Ray mused a moment. "How would *A Rose by any other Name* do?"

"That's rather attractive," said Mr. Brandreth. "Well, anyway, remember that we are to have the book."

Ray hesitated. "Well—not on those old ten-per-cent. terms, Brandreth."

"Oh, I think we can arrange the terms all right," said Mr. Brandreth.

"Because I can do much better, you know."

"Oh, they've been after you, have they?"

The young fellow held up the fingers of one hand.

"Well," said Mr. Brandreth, "your next book belongs to Chapley & Co. You want to keep your books together. One will help sell the other. *A Rose by any other Name* will wake up *A Modern Romeo* when it comes out."

XLV.

For Peace Hughes and her sister, the summer passed uneventfully. The girl made up for the time she had lost earlier in the year by doing double duty at the increased business of the publishing house. The prosperity of *A Modern Romeo* had itself added to her work, and the new enterprises which its success had inspired Mr. Brandreth to consider meant more letter-writing and more formulation of the ideas which he struck shapelessly if boldly out. He trusted her advice as well as her skill, and she had now become one of the regular readers for Chapley & Co.

Ray inferred this from the number of manuscripts which he saw on her table at home, and he could not help knowing the other things through his own acquaintance, which was almost an intimacy, with Mr. Brandreth's affairs. The publisher was always praising her. "Talk about men!" he broke out one day. "That girl has a better business head than half the business men in New York. If she were not a woman, it would be only a question of time when we should have to offer her a partnership, or run the risk of losing her. But there's only one kind of partnership you can offer a woman." Ray flushed, but he did not say anything, and Mr. Brandreth asked, apparently from some association in his mind, "Do you see much of them at their new place?"

"Yes; I go there every week or so."

"How are they getting on?"

"Very well, I believe." Ray mused a moment, and then he said: "If it were not contrary to all our preconceptions of a sort of duty in people who have been through what they have been through, I should say they were both happier than I ever saw them before. I don't think Mrs. Denton cared a great deal for her children or husband, but in her father's last days he wouldn't have anybody else about him. She strikes one like a person who would get married again."

Mr. Brandreth listened with the air of one trying to feel shocked; but he smiled.

"I don't blame her," Ray continued. "Perhaps old Kane's habit of not blaming people is infectious. She once accounted for herself on the ground that she didn't make herself; I suppose it might be rather dangerous ground if people began to take it generally. But Miss Hughes did care for those poor little souls and for that wretched creature, and now the care's gone, and the relief has come. They both miss their father; but he was doomed; he *had* to die; and besides, his fatherhood struck me as being rather thin, at times, from having been spread out over a community so long. I can't express it exactly, but it seems to me that the children of a man who is trying to bring about a millennium of any kind do not have a good time. Still, I suppose we must have the millenniums."

"You said that just like old Kane," Mr. Brandreth observed.

"Did I? I just owned he was infectious. If I've caught his habit of mind, I dare say I've caught his accent. I don't particularly admire either. But what I mean is that Miss Hughes and her sister are getting on very comfortably and sweetly. Their place is as homelike as any I know in New York."

"As soon as we get back in the fall, Mrs. Brandreth is going to call on them. Now that Mr. Chapley and Mr. Hughes are out of the way, there's no reason why we shouldn't show them some attention. Miss Hughes, at least, is a perfect lady. I'm going to see that she doesn't overwork; the success of *A Modern Romeo* has killed us nearly all; I'm going to give her a three weeks' vacation towards the end of August."

Ray called upon Peace one evening in the beginning of her vacation, and found her with the manuscript of a book before her; Mrs. Denton was sitting with the Simpsons on their front steps, and sent him on up to Peace when he declined to join her there.

"I supposed I should find you reading up the Adirondack guide-books, or trying to decide between Newport and Saratoga. I don't see how your outing differs very much from your inning."

"This was only a book I brought home because I had got interested in it," the girl explained in self-defence. "We're not going away anywhere."

"I think I would stay myself," said Ray, "if it were not for wanting to see my family. My vacation begins to-morrow."

"Does it?"

"Yes; and I should be very willing to spend my fortnight excursioning around New York. But I'm off at once to-night. I came in to say good-by. I hope you'll miss me."

"We shall miss you very much," she said; and she added, "I suppose most of our fashionable friends have gone out of town."

"Have they?"

"I should think you would know. We had them at second-hand from you."

"Oh! Those!" said Ray. "Yes. They're gone, and I'm going. I hate to leave you behind. Have you any message for the country?"

"Only my love." She faced the manuscript down on the table before her, and rocked softly to and fro a moment. "It does make me a little homesick to think of it," she said, with touching patience.

He felt the forlornness in her accent, and a sense of her isolation possessed him. When Mrs. Denton should marry again, Peace would be alone in the world. He looked at her, and she seemed very little and slight, to make her way single-handed.

"Peace!" he said, and the intensity of his voice startled him. "There is something I wanted to say to you—to ask you," and he was aware of her listening as intensely as he spoke, though no change of attitude or demeanor betrayed the fact; he had to go on in a lighter strain if he went on at all. "You know, I suppose, what a rich man I am going to be when I get the copyright on my book. It's almost incredible, but I'm going to be worth five or six thousand dollars; as rich as most millionaires. Well—I asked you to let me be your friend once, because I didn't think a man who was turning out a failure had the right to ask to be more. Or, no! That *isn't* it!" he broke off, shocked by the false ring of his words. "I don't know how to say it. I was in love once—very much in love; the kind of love that I've put into my book; and this—this worship that I have for you—it isn't the same, Peace; for I do worship you! It's everything that honors you, and once it *was* like that; but now I'm not sure. But I couldn't go away without offering you my worship, for you to accept for all our lives; or re-

ject, if it wasn't enough. Do you understand?"

"I do understand," the girl returned, and she nervously pressed the hand which she allowed to gather hers into it.

"I couldn't leave you," he went on, "without telling you that there is no one in the world that I honor so much as you. I had it in my heart to say this long ago; but it seems such a strange thing to stop with. If I didn't think you so wise and so good, I don't believe I could say it to you. I know that now whatever you decide will be right, and the best for us both. I couldn't bear to have you suppose I would keep coming to see you without— I would have told you this long ago, but I always expected to tell you more. But I'm twenty-six now, and perhaps I shall never feel in that old way again. I *know* our lives would be united in the highest things; and you would save me from living for myself alone. What do you say, Peace?"

He waited for her to break the silence which he did not know how to interpret. At last she said, "No!" and she drew back from him and took her hand away. "It wouldn't be right. I shouldn't be afraid to trust you—"

"Then why—"

"For I know how faithful you are. But I'm afraid—I *know*—I don't love you! And without that it would be sacrilege. That isn't enough of itself, but everything else would be nothing without it." As if she felt the wound her words must have dealt to his self-love, she hurried on: "I did love you once. Yes! I did. And when Mr. Brandreth wanted me to read your book that time, I wouldn't, because I was afraid of myself. But afterwards it—went."

"Was it my fault?" Ray asked.

"It wasn't any one's fault," said the girl. "If I had not been so unhappy, it might have been different."

"Oh, Peace!"

"But I had no heart for it. And now my life must go on just as it is. I have thought it all out. I thought that some time you might tell me—what you have—or different—and I tried to think what I ought to do. I shall never care for any one else; I shall never get married. Don't think I shall be unhappy! I can take good care of myself, and Jenny and I will not be lonesome together. Even if we don't always live together—still, I can always make myself a home. I'm not afraid to be an old maid. There is work in the world for me to do, and I can do it. Is it so strange I should be saying this?"

"No, no. It's right."

"I suppose that most of the girls you know wouldn't do it. But I have been brought up differently. In the Family they did not think that marriage was always the best thing; and when I saw how Jenny and Ansel— I don't mean that it would ever have been like that! But I don't wish you to think that life will be hard or unhappy for me. And you—you will find somebody that you can feel towards as you did towards that first girl."

"Never! I shall never care for any one again!" he cried. At the bottom of his heart there was a relief which he tried to ignore, though he could not deny himself a sense of the unique literary value of the situation. It was from a consciousness of this relief that he asked, "And what do you think of me, Peace? Do you blame me?"

"Blame you? How? For my having changed?"

"I feel to blame," said the young man. "How shall we do, now? Shall I come to see you when I return?"

"Yes. But we won't speak of this again."

"Shall you tell Mrs. Denton?"

"Of course."

"She will blame me."

"She will blame *me*," said Peace. "But—I shall not be troubled, and you mustn't," she said, and she lightly touched him. "This is just as I wish it to be. I've been afraid that if this ever happened, I shouldn't have the courage to tell you what I have. But you helped me, and I am so glad you did! I was afraid you would say something that would blind me, and keep me from going on in the right way; but now— Good-night."

"Good-night," said Ray, vaguely. "May I—dream of you, Peace?"

"If you'll stop at daybreak."

"Ah, then I shall begin to think of you."

XLVI.

They had certainly come to an understanding, and for Ray at least there was release from the obscure sense of culpability which had so long harassed him. He knew that unless he was sure of his

love for Peace, he was to blame for letting her trust it; but now that he had spoken, and spoken frankly, it had freed them both to go on and be friends without fear for each other. Her confession that there had been a time when she loved him flattered his vanity out of the pain of knowing that she did not love him now; it consoled him, it justified him; for the offence which he had accused himself of was of no other kind than hers. How wisely, how generously she had taken the whole matter!

The question whether she had not taken it more generously than he merited began to ask itself. She might have chosen to feign a parity with him in this. He had read of women who sacrificed their love to their love; and consented to a life-long silence, or practised a life-long deceit, that the men they loved might never know they loved them. He had never personally known of such a case, but the books were full of such cases. This might be one of them. Or it might much more simply and probably be that she had received his strange declaration as she did in order to spare his feelings. If that were true she had already told her sister, and Mrs. Denton had turned the absurd side of it to the light, and had made Peace laugh it over with her.

A cold perspiration broke out over him at the notion, which he rejected upon a moment's reflection as unworthy of Peace. He got back to his compassionate admiration of her, as he walked down to the ferry and began his homeward journey. He looked about the boat, and fancied it the same he had crossed to New York in, when he came to the city nearly a year before. The old negro who whistled, limped silently through the long saloon; he glanced from right to left on the passengers, but he must have thought them too few, or not in the mood for his music. Ray wondered if he whistled only for the incoming passengers. He recalled every circumstance of his acquaintance with Peace, from the moment she caught his notice when Mrs. Denton made her outcry about the pocket-book. He saw how once it had seemed to deepen to love, and then had ceased to do so, but he did not see how. There had been everything in it to make them more to each other, but after a certain time they had grown less. It was not so strange to him that he had changed; he had often changed; but we suppose a constancy in others as to all passions which we cannot exact of ourselves. He tried to think what he had done to alienate the love which she confessed she once had for him, and he could not remember anything unless it was his cruelty to her when he found that she was the friend who would not look at his story a second time. She said she had forgiven him that; but perhaps she had not; perhaps she had divined a potential brutality in him, which made her afraid to trust him. But after that their lives had been united in the most intimate anxieties, and she had shown absolute trust in him. He reviewed his conduct toward her throughout, and he could find no blame in it except for that one thing. He could truly feel that he had been her faithful friend, and the friend of her whole uncomfortable family, in spite of all his prejudices and principles against people of that kind. In the recognition of this fact he enjoyed a moment's sense of injury, which was heightened when he reflected that he had even been willing to sacrifice his pride, after his brilliant literary success, so far as to offer himself to a girl who worked for her living; it had always galled him that she held a place little better than a type-writer's. No, he had nothing to accuse himself of, after a scrutiny of his behavior repeated in every detail, and applied in complex, again and again, with helpless iteration. Still he had a remote feeling of self-reproach, which he tried to verify, but which forever eluded him. It was mixed up with that sense of escape, which made him ashamed.

He lay awake in the sleeping-car the greater part of the night, and turned from side to side, seeking for the reason of a thing that can never have any reason, and trying to find some parity between his expectations and experiences of himself in such an affair. It went through his mind that it would be a good thing to write a story with some such situation in it; only the reader would not stand it. People expected love to begin mysteriously, but they did not like it to end so; though life itself began mysteriously and ended so. He believed that he should really try it; a story that opened with an engagement ought to be as interesting as one that closed with an engagement; and it would be very original. He must study his own affair very closely when he got

a little further away from it. There was no doubt but that when the chances that favored love were so many and so recognizable, the chance that undid it could at last be recognized. It was merely a chance, and that ought to be shown.

He began to wonder if life had not all been a chance with him. Nothing, not even the success of his book, in the light he now looked at it in, was the result of reasoned cause. That seemed to him as purely a chance as any caprice in that world of chance which old Richings had portrayed in the colors of Eastern apologue. His success had happened; it had not followed; and he didn't deserve any praise for what had merely happened. He wondered if the fellows at Midland would wish to celebrate it with another dinner to him. He had them propose the dinner to him, and he refused it on the ground of demerit. Then he accepted it because it gave him the opportunity to reply to some things in Mr. Richings's speech. He was on his legs, saying, "But, sir, if this apparent fatality were confined to the economic world alone, I should be willing to censure civilization, and take my chance dumbly, blindly, with the rest. I have not found it so. On the contrary, I have found the same caprice, the same rule of mere casualty, in the world which we suppose to be ordered by law—the world of thinking, the world of feeling. Who knows why or how this or that thought comes, this or that feeling? Then, in that world where we live in the spirit, is wrong always punished, is right always rewarded? If we are honest we must own that we often see the good unhappy, and the wicked enjoying themselves. This is not just; and somehow we feel, we know, that justice rules the universe. Nothing, then, that seems chance is really chance. It is the operation of a law so large that we catch a glimpse of its vast orbit once or twice in a lifetime; and it touches us like the hand of God. It is Providence!"

He sat down in a storm of applause, and the car rushed on through the night with its succession of smooth impulses. The thought of the old friends he should soon meet began to dispossess the cares and questions that had ridden him; the notion of certain girls at Midland haunted him sweetly, warmly. He told that one who first read his story all about Peace Hughes, and she said they had never really been in love, for love was eternal. After a while he drowsed, and then he heard her saying that he had got that notion of the larger law in his speech from old Kane. Then it was not he, and not she. It was nothing.

THE END.

MASSINGER AND FORD.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PHILIP MASSINGER was born in 1584, the son of Arthur Massinger, a gentleman who held some position of trust in the household of Henry, Earl of Pembroke, who married the sister of Sir Philip Sidney. It was for her that the *Arcadia* was written. And for her Ben Jonson wrote the famous epitaph:

> "Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death! ere thou hast slain another,
> Learn'd and fair and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It would be pleasant to think that Massinger's boyhood had been spent in the pure atmosphere that would have surrounded such a woman, but it should seem that he could not have been brought up in her household. Otherwise it is hard to understand why in dedicating his *Bondman* to Philip, Earl of Montgomery, one of her sons, he should say, "however, I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship; yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massinger." We know nothing of him till he entered a commoner at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in 1602. At the university he remained four years, but left it without taking a degree.

From the year 1606, until his name appears in an undated document which the late Mr. John Payne Collier decides to be not later than 1614, we know

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nothing of him. This document is so illustrative of the haphazard lives of most of the dramatists and actors of the time as to be worth reading. It was written by Nathaniel Field, the actor who played the part of Bussy d'Ambois in Chapman's play of that name, and who afterwards became prosperous and one of the shareholders in the Globe Theatre. Here it is:

"*To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, Esq., These:*

"MR. HINCHLOW,—You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I do not think you so void of Christianity, but you would throw so much money into the Thames as we request now of you rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is X*l.* more at least to be received of you for the play. We desire you to lend us V*l.* of that, which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bailed, nor I play any more till this be despatched. It will lose you XX*l.* ere the end of the next week, besides the hindrance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of need. We have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises and always acknowledgment to be your most thankful and loving friend, NAT FIELD."

Under this is written:

"The money shall be abated out of the money [that] remains for the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours, ROB DABORNE."

"I have always found you a true loving friend to me, and, in so small a suit, it being honest, I hope you will not fail us.
"PHILIP MASSINGER."

The endorsement on this appeal shows that Hinchlow sent the money. No doubt Field was selected to write it as the person most necessary to Hinchlow, who could much more easily get along without a new play than without a popular actor. It is plain from the document itself that the signers of it were all under arrest, probably for some tavern bill, or it would not otherwise be easy to account for their being involved in a common calamity. Davison was doubtless released as being the least valuable. It is amusing to see how Hinchlow's humanity and Christianity are briefly appealed to first as a matter of courtesy, and how the real arguments are addressed to his self-interest as more likely to prevail. Massinger's words are of some value as showing that he had probably for some time been connected with the stage.

There are two other allusions to Massinger in the registers of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels. Both are to plays of his now lost. Of one of them even the name has not survived. On the 11th of January, 1631, Sir Henry refused to license this nameless performance "because it did contain dangerous matter—as the deposing of Sebastian King of Portugal by Philip II., there being peace sworn between England and Spain." He adds, amusingly enough, "I had my fee notwithstanding, which belongs to me for reading it over, and ought always to be brought with a book." Again, in 1638, at the time of the dispute between Charles I. and his subjects about ship-money, Sir Henry quotes from a manuscript play of Massinger submitted to him for censure the following passage:

"Monies? We'll raise supplies which way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify, the wives
And daughters of the senators bowing to
Their wills as deities," etc.

Sir Henry then adds, "This is a piece taken out of Philip Massinger's play called *The King and the Subject*, and entered here forever to be remembered by my son and those that cast their eyes upon it, in honor of King Charles, my master, who, reading the play over at Newmarket, set his mark upon the place with his own hand and in these words: 'This is too insolent, and to be changed.' Note that the poet makes it the speech of Don Pedro, King of Spain, and spoken to his subjects." Coleridge rather hastily calls Massinger a democrat. But I find no evidence of it in his plays. He certainly was no advocate of the slavish doctrine of passive obedience, or of what Pope calls the right divine of kings to govern wrong, as Beaumont and Fletcher often were, but he could not have been a democrat without being an anachronism, and that no man can be.

The license of the stage at that time went much farther than this; nay, it was as great as it ever was at Athens. From a letter of the Privy Council to certain justices of the peace of the County of Middlesex in 1601, we learn that

"certain players who use to recite their plays at the Curtain in Moorfields do represent upon the stage in their interludes the persons of some gentlemen of good desert and quality, that are yet alive, under obscure manner, but yet in such sort as all the hearers may take notice both of the matter and the persons that are meant thereby." And again it appears that in 1605 the Corporation of the City of London memorialized the Privy Council, informing them that "Kemp Armyn and other players at the Black Friars have again not forborne to bring upon their stage one or more of the Worshipful Company of Aldermen, to their great scandal and the lessening of their authority," and praying that "order may be taken to remedy the abuse, either by putting down or removing the said Theatre." Aristophanes brought Socrates and Euripides upon the stage,—but neither of these was an Alderman.

Massinger committed no offences of this kind, unless Sir Giles Overreach be meant for some special usurer whom he wished to make hateful, of which there is no evidence. He does indeed express his own opinions, his likes and dislikes, very freely. Nor were these such as he need be ashamed to avow. It may be inferred, on the strength of some of the sentiments put by him into the mouths of his characters, that he would have sympathized rather with Hampden and Pym than with Charles I. But nothing more than this can be conjectured as to his probable politics. He disliked cruel creditors, grinders of the poor, enclosers of commons, and forestallers, as they were called; for corners in wheat and other commodities were not unknown to our ancestors, nor did they think better of the men that made them than we. There is a curious passage in his play of *The Guardian* which shows that his way of thinking on some points was not unlike Mr. Ruskin's; Severino, who has been outlawed, draws up a code of laws for the banditti of whom he has become captain, defining who might be properly plundered and who not. Among those belonging to the former class he places the

> "Builders of iron-mills that grub up forests
> With timber trees for shipping";

and in the latter, scholars, soldiers, rackrented farmers, needy market folks, sweaty laborers, carriers, and women. All that we can fairly say is that he was a man of large and humane sympathies.

But though Massinger did not, so far as we know, indulge in as great licenses of scenic satire as some of his contemporaries, there is in his *Roman Actor* so spirited a defence of the freedom of the stage and of its usefulness as a guardian and reformer of morals that I will quote it:

> *Aretinus.* Are you on the stage,
> You talk so boldly?
> *Paris.* The whole world being one,
> This place is not exempted; and I am
> So confident in the justice of our cause
> That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
> All kings are comprehended, sat as judge
> To hear our plea, and then determine of us.
> If, to express a man sold to his lusts,
> Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
> In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
> A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;
> Deterring careless youth, by his example,
> From such licentious courses; laying open
> The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts
> Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof,
> Why are not all your golden principles,
> Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
> To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
> Condemned unto the fire?
> *Sura.* There's spirit in this.
> *Paris.* Or if desire of honor was the base
> On which the building of the Roman Empire
> Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame
> The noble youth with an ambitious heat
> T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
> To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
> By glorious undertakings, may deserve
> Reward or favor from the commonwealth,
> Actors may put in for as large a share
> As all the sects of the philosophers.
> They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
> Deliver, what an honorable thing
> The active virtue is; but does that fire
> The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
> To be both good and great, equal to that
> Which is presented on our theatres?
> Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
> Shew great Alcides honour'd in the sweat
> Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus
> Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold
> From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,
> After his victories, imposing tribute
> On conquer'd Carthage; if done to the life,
> As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
> And did partake with them in their rewards,
> All that have any spark of Roman in them,
> The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
> Like those they see presented.
> *Rusticus.* He has put
> The consuls to their whisper.
> *Paris.* But 'tis urged
> That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
> When do we bring a vice upon the stage
> That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,
> By the success of wicked undertakings,

Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We shew no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined,
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives as tedious to him, if there be
Among the auditors one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger; if a matron,
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
Guilty of such a foul, unnatural sin,
Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over,
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessaries
To maintain life; if a patrician
(Though honour'd with a consulship) find himself
Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence as he favours
The person, not the cause—saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom
That puts you in remembrance of things past,
Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
I have said, my lord: and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

We know nothing else of Massinger's personal history beyond what has been told except that the parish register of St. Saviour's contains this entry: "March 20, 1639–40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger." A pathos has been felt by some in the words "a stranger," as if they implied poverty and desertion. But they merely meant that Massinger did not belong to that parish. John Aubrey is spoken of in the same way in the register of St. Mary Magdalen at Oxford, and for the same reason.

Massinger wrote thirty-seven plays, of which only eighteen have come down to us. The name of one of these non-extant plays, *The Noble Choice*, gives a keen pang to a lover of the poet, for it seems to indicate a subject peculiarly fitted to bring out his best qualities as a dramatist. Four of the lost plays were used to kindle fires with by that servant of Mr. Warburton who made such tragic havoc in our earlier dramatic literature, a vulgar Omar without the pious motive of the Commander of the Faithful, if, as is very doubtful, he did indeed order the burning of the Alexandrian Library.

To me Massinger is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most delightful of the old dramatists, not so much for his passion or power, though at times he reaches both, as for the love he shows for those things that are lovely and of good report in human nature, for his sympathy with what is generous and high-minded and honorable, and for his equable flow of a good every-day kind of poetry with few rapids or cataracts, but singularly soothing and companionable. The Latin adjective for gentleman, *generosus*, fits him aptly. His plots are generally excellent; his versification masterly, with skilful breaks and pauses, capable of every needful variety of emotion; and his dialogue easy, natural, and sprightly, subsiding in the proper places to a refreshing conversational tone. This graceful art was one seldom learned by any of those who may be fairly put in comparison with him. Even when it has put on the sock, their blank verse cannot forget the stride and strut it had caught of the cothurnus. Massinger never mouths or rants, because he seems never to have written merely to fill up an empty space. He is never bombastic, for bombast, you know, gets its metaphorical name from its original physical use as padding. Indeed, there are very few empty spaces in his works. His plays are interesting alike from their story and the way it is told. I doubt if there are so many salient short passages, striking images, or pregnant sayings to be found in his works as may be found in those of very inferior men. But one feels always that one is in the company of a serious and thoughtful man, if not in that of a great thinker. Great thinkers, indeed, are seldom so entertaining as he. If he never taxes the mind of his reader, or calls out all its forces with profound problems of psychology, he is infinitely suggestive of not unprofitable reflection, and of agreeable nor altogether purposeless meditation. His is "a world whose course is equable," where "calm pleasures abide," if no "majestic pains." I never could understand Lamb's putting Middleton and Rowley above him. un-

less, perhaps, because he was less at home on the humbler levels of humanity, less genial than they, or, at least, than Rowley. But there were no proper æsthetic grounds of comparison, if I am right in thinking, as I do, that he differed from them in kind, and that his kind was the higher.

In quoting from Wordsworth's "Laodamia" just now, I stopped short of the word "pure," and said only that Massinger's world was "equable." I did this because in some of his lower characters there is a coarseness, nay, a foulness, of thought and sometimes of phrase for which I find it hard to account. There is nothing in it that could possibly corrupt the imagination, for it is altogether repulsive. In his case, as in Chapman's, I should say that it indicated more ignorance of what is debasingly called Life than knowledge of it. With all this he gives frequent evidence of a higher conception of love than was then common. The region in which his mind seems most naturally to dwell is one of honor, courage, devotion, and ethereal sentiment.

I cannot help asking myself, did such a world ever exist? Perhaps not, yet one is inclined to say that it is such a world as might exist, and, if possible, ought to exist. It is a world of noble purpose not always inadequately fulfilled; a world whose terms are easily accepted by the intellect as well as by the imagination. By this I mean that there is nothing violently improbable in it. Some men, and, I believe, more women live habitually in such a world when they commune with their own minds. It is a world which we visit in thought as we go abroad to renew and invigorate the ideal part of us. The canopy of its heaven is wide enough to stretch over Boston also. I heard, the other day, the story of a Boston merchant which convinces me of it. The late Mr. Samuel Appleton was anxious about a ship of his which was overdue, and was not insured. Every day added to his anxiety, till at last he began to be more troubled about that than about his ship. "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that I am getting to love money for itself, and not for its noble uses?" He added together the value of the ship and the estimated profit on her cargo, found it to be $40,000, and at once devoted that amount to charities in which he was interested. This kind of thing *may* happen and sometimes *does* happen in the actual world; it *always* happens in the world where Massinger lays his scene. That is the difference, and it is by reason of this difference that I like to be there. I move more freely and breathe more inspiring air among those encouraging possibilities. As I just said, we find no difficulty in reconciling ourselves with its conditions. We find no difficulty even where there is an absolute disengagement from all responsibility to the matter-of-fact, as in the *Arabian Nights*, which I read through again a few years ago with as much pleasure as when a boy, perhaps with more. For it appears to me that it is the business of all imaginative literature to offer us a sanctuary from the world of the newspapers, in which we have to live, whether we will or no. As in looking at a picture we must place ourselves at the proper distance to harmonize all its particulars into an effective whole, I am not sure that life is not seen in a truer perspective when it is seen in the fairer prospect of an ideal remoteness. Perhaps we must always go a little way back in order to get into the land of romance, as Scott and Hawthorne did. And yet it is within us too. An unskilful story-teller always raises our suspicion by putting a foot-note to any improbable occurrence, to say "this is a fact," and the so-called realist raises doubts in my mind when he assures me that he and he alone gives me the facts of life. All I can say is, if these are the facts, I don't want them. The police reports give me more than I care for every day. But are they the facts? I had much rather believe them to be the accidental and transitory phenomena of our existence here. The real and abiding facts are those that are recognized as such by the soul when it is in that upper chamber of our being which is farthest removed from the senses and commerces with its truer self. I very much prefer *King Lear* to Balzac's bourgeois version of it in *Le Père Goriot*, as I do the *naïveté* of Miranda to that of Voltaire's Ingénu, and, when I look about me in the fortunate islands of the poet, would fain exclaim with her:

> "O! wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world,
> That has such people in't!"

Those old poets had a very lordly contempt for probability when improbability

would serve their purpose better. But Massinger taxes our credulity less than most of them, for his improbabilities are never moral, that is, are never impossibilities. I do not recall any of those sudden conversions in his works from baseness to loftiness of mind, and from vice to virtue, which trip up all our expectations so startlingly in many an old play. As to what may be called material improbabilities, we should remember that two hundred and fifty years ago many things were possible, with great advantage to complication of plot, which are no longer so. The hand of an absolute prince could give a very sudden impulse to the wheel of Fortune, whether to lift a minion from the dust or hurl him back again; men might be taken by Barbary corsairs and sold for slaves, or turn Turks, as occasion required. The world was fuller of chances and changes than now, and the boundaries of the possible, if not of the probable, far wider. Massinger was discreet in the use of these privileges, and does not abuse them, as his contemporaries and predecessors so often do. His is a possible world, though it be in some ways the best of all possible worlds. He puts no strain upon our imaginations.

As a poet he is inferior to many others, and this follows inevitably from the admission we feel bound to make that good sense and good feeling are his leading qualities—yet ready to forget their sobriety in the exhilaration of romantic feeling. When Nature makes a poet, she seems willing to sacrifice all other considerations. Yet this very good sense of Massinger's has made him excellent as a dramatist. His *New Way to Pay Old Debts* is a very effective play, though in the reading far less interesting and pleasing than most of the others. Yet there are power and passion in it, even if the power be somewhat melodramatic, and the passion of an ignoble type. In one respect he was truly a poet—his conceptions of character were ideal; but his diction, though full of dignity and never commonplace, lacks the charm of the inspired and inspiring word, the relief of the picturesque image that comes so naturally to the help of Fletcher. Where he is most fanciful, indeed, the influence of Fletcher is only too apparent both in his thought and diction. I should praise him chiefly for the atmosphere of magnanimity which invests his finer scenes, and which it is wholesome to breathe. In Massinger's plays people behave generously, as if that were the natural thing to do, and give us a comfortable feeling that the world is not so bad a place, after all, and that perhaps Schopenhauer was right in enduring for seventy-two years a life that wasn't worth living. He impresses one as a manly kind of person, and the amount of man in a poet, though it may not add to his purely poetical quality, adds much, I think, to our pleasure in reading his works.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of Ford, but it will suffice. In reading him again after a long interval, with elements of wider comparison, and provided with more trustworthy tests, I find that the greater part of what I once took on trust as precious, is really paste and pinchbeck. His plays seem to me now to be chiefly remarkable for that filigree-work of sentiment which we call sentimentality. The word alchemy once had a double meaning. It was used to signify both the process by which lead could be transmuted into gold, and the alloy of baser metal by which gold could be adulterated without losing so much of its specious semblance as to be readily detected. The ring of the true metal can be partially imitated, and for a while its glow, but the counterfeit grows duller as the genuine grows brighter with wear. The greater poets have found out the ennobling secret, the lesser ones the trick of falsification. Ford seems to me to have been a master in it. He abounds especially in mock pathos. I remember when he thoroughly imposed on me. A youth unacquainted with grief and its incommunicable reserve sees nothing unnatural or indecent in those expansive sorrows precious only because they can be confided to the first comer, and finds a pleasing titillation in the fresh-water tears with which they cool his eyelids. But having once come to know the jealous secretiveness of real sorrow, we resent these conspiracies to waylay our sympathy, conspiracies of the opera plotted at the top of the lungs. It is joy that is wont to overflow, but grief shrinks back to its sources. I suspect the anguish that confides its loss to the town crier. Even in that single play of Ford's which comes nearest to the true pathetic, *The Broken*

Heart, there is too much apparent artifice, and Charles Lamb's comment on its closing scene is worth more than all Ford ever wrote. But a critic must look at it *minus* Charles Lamb. We may read as much of ourselves into a great poet as we will; we shall never cancel our debts to them. In the interests of true literature we should not honor fraudulent drafts upon our imagination.

Ford has an air of saying something without ever saying it that is peculiarly distressing to a man who values his time. His diction is hackneyed and commonplace, and has never the charm of unexpected felicity, so much a matter of course with the elder poets. Especially does his want of imagination show itself in his metaphors. The strong direct thrust of phrase which we cannot parry, sometimes because of very artlessness, is never his.

Compare, for example, this passage with one of similar content from Shakespeare:

> "Keep in,
> Bright angel, that severer breath to cool
> The heat of cruelty which sways the temple
> Of your too stony breast; you cannot urge
> One reason to rebuke my trembling plea
> Which I have not, with many nights' expense,
> Examined; but, oh Madam, still I find
> No physic strong to cure a tortured mind
> But freedom from the torture it sustains."

Now hear Shakespeare:

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff
> That weighs upon the heart?"

Ford lingers-out his heart-breaks too much. He recalls to my mind a speech of Calianax in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy:* "You have all fine new tricks to grieve. But I ne'er knew any but direct crying." One is tempted to prefer the peremptory way in which the old ballad-mongers dealt with such matters:

> "She turned her face unto the wa',
> And there her very heart it brak."

I cannot bid you farewell without thanking you for the patience with which you have followed me to the end. I may have seemed sometimes to be talking to you of things that would weigh but as thistle-down in the great business-scales of life. But I have an old opinion, strengthening with years, that it is as important to keep the soul alive as the body, nay, that it is the life of the soul which gives all its value to that of the body. Poetry is a criticism of life only in the sense, that it furnishes us with the standard of a more ideal felicity, of calmer pleasures, and more majestic pains. I am glad to see that what the understanding would stigmatize as useless is coming back into books written for children, which at one time threatened to become more and more drearily practical and didactic. The fairies are permitted once more to imprint their rings on the tender sward of the child's fancy, and it is the child's fancy that often lives obscurely on to minister solace to the lonelier and less sociable mind of the man. Our nature resents the closing up of the windows on its emotional and imaginative side, and revenges itself as it can. I have observed that many who deny the inspiration of Scripture hasten to redress their balance by giving a reverent credit to the revelations of inspired tables and camp-stools. In a last analysis it may be said that it is to the sense of Wonder that all literature of the Fancy and of the Imagination appeals. I am told that this sense is the survival in us of some savage ancestor of the age of flint. If so, I am thankful to him for his longevity, or his transmitted nature, whichever it may be. But I have my own suspicion sometimes that the true age of flint is before and not behind us, an age hardening itself more and more to those subtle influences which ransom our lives from the captivity of the actual, from that dungeon whose warder is the Giant Despair. Yet I am consoled by thinking that the siege of Troy will be remembered when those of Vicksburg and Paris are forgotten. One of the old dramatists, Thomas Heywood, has, without meaning it, set down for us the uses of the poets:

> "They cover us with counsel to defend us
> From storms without; they polish us within
> With learning, knowledge, arts, and disciplines;
> All that is nought and vicious they sweep from us
> Like dust and cobwebs; our rooms concealed
> Hang with the costliest hangings 'bout the walls,
> Emblems and beauteous symbols pictured round."

MR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN GISH'S BALL.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

"I'LL do it! *I'll do it!*" exclaimed Mr. Gish aloud. But the mere thought of what he was about to do made him so light-headed and faint that he had to cling for support to the spearlike points of the low iron fence; the music took on a confused far-away sound; the forms of the dancers gliding past the long open windows became hazy and indistinct, as if suddenly enveloped in mist. He came to himself in a spasm of fright lest the policeman leaning idly against the gate, or the liveried coachmen lolling on the box-seats of the waiting carriages, might have heard his outburst. Apparently his indiscretion had passed unnoticed, and he took heart to repeat more emphatically still, but in an inaudible whisper, "As sure as my name is Benjamin Franklin Gish, I'll do it!"

It was a soft Southern winter night. The large, many-galleried residence in front of which he stood was brilliantly illuminated. Within, the dancers were weaving intricate and symmetrical figures to the airy music of a band stationed behind a screen of palms; women in trailing robes and men in faultless evening dress loitered in groups about the wide old-fashioned halls, and sauntered up and down the lantern-hung verandas; a few couples had ventured down into the large garden, where Duchesse roses bloomed in great dewy clusters, and straggling sprays of sweet-olive scented the air. A tall girl in a fluffy pink gown even strayed along the flower-bordered walk by the fence; she leaned lightly upon the arm of her companion; her round, bare shoulder brushed Mr. Gish's worn coat sleeve in passing.

The little man on the banquette heaved a profound sigh. It was a sigh of unutterable longing.

Mr. Gish—christened Benjamin Franklin, though his employers called him Gish, his fellow-clerks "B. F.," and his family Benjy (they even wrote it Bengie)—was an assistant bookkeeper in the office of T. F. Haley and Co., cotton-buyers. He was short, fat, and quite bald, being in fact a bachelor nearing his fifties. He had been brought up (by his mother, relict of the late Samuel Gish, Esq.) to regard dancing as a frivolous, not to say sinful, amusement. Naturally timid and retiring, he had from his boyhood avoided all gatherings which included the element that with bashful antiquated courtesy he called "the fair sex." Two or three times, indeed, in earlier years, in company with his sisters, the six Misses Gish, he had attended a church sociable or a conversation party. But his sufferings on these occasions had been so great that he had mildly but firmly declined to expose himself to a repetition of them. Year in and year out, always at the same hour of the morning, he walked down to the office of Haley and Co., where he worked methodically over his ledgers until business hours were over, when he went home—in a street car—to his late dinner. Once a week, on Monday evenings, he escorted his mother and "the girls" to prayer-meeting. On Sundays he sat with the oldest Miss Gish in the choir. He did not sing; the habit dated from the time when—a boy in roundabouts—he blew the bellows of the long-discarded wind-organ. The neighbors were unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Benjy was an exemplary son, a good brother, and a consistent church member.

Latterly, however, Mr. Gish's feelings had undergone a mysterious change. He could not himself have explained the phenomenon, but he could lay his finger, as he often declared to himself, upon the

exact moment when the idea first took hold of him. They were coming home from Monday-night prayer-meeting; his mother was on his arm; the girls trailed along behind, two and two. A light streamed out from the wide-open windows of a house set well back from the street and embowered in roses; a rhythmic strain of waltz music pulsated on the air; couples embracing each other moved down the long room, floating, floating, as if borne on unseen wings. It was but a flash, a momentary glance; "but that done it," groaned Mr. Gish, inwardly, "and I've never been the same man since." He continued to blush and tremble if by chance he encountered one of the fair sex. But a new and strange fever burned in his veins. An extraordinary passion haunted him day and night. The truth is, Mr. Gish was beset with an overwhelming desire to dance. His mother, had she been aware of this shameless ambition of her only son, would no doubt have declared that Benjy was being tempted of the devil. But she did not know. He kept it to himself, gloating over it in secret; taking it out, so to speak, when he was alone, and turning it over and over in his mind, stealthily, as a girl counts her trinkets and shoves them hurriedly back into the box when she hears some one coming. Standing at his high desk in the office of Haley and Co., his mild blue eyes fixed on the columns of figures, his finger slipping mechanically from line to line, his heart would give a sudden thump, and a vision would swim before his eyes—a marvel of radiant beings swaying, wheeling, advancing, retreating, winding in and out in squares and rings and loops, to the music of unheard melodies!

For nearly two years past he had been accustomed to loiter at night about the great mansions in the Garden District; the echo of dance music from any point whatsoever drew him as a magnet draws the needle, from the tall narrow tenement-house on a side street where the Gishes lived, to stately avenues, where he leaned for hours, as he was now doing, jostled by a rabble of small boys, elbowed by unkempt idlers, and gazed into open windows, or stood out in the middle of the street watching the moving shadows on drawn shades. Now, at last, a resolution which had been slowly gathering in his brain for many weeks had taken definite shape. "Yes! I'll do it," he repeated a third time, as he turned away and hurried homewards; for he was supposed at such times to be overworked by the sordid and avaricious firm of Haley and Co. —for shame, Benjy!—and his mother always sat up until he came in.

A day or two later a good-humored bustling crowd thronged the streets, for the holiday-loving old town was making ready for one of its great annual holidays. Mr. Gish came out of the office about noon and walked down toward Canal Street. His round, clean-shaven face wore an unwonted look of excitement. He seemed to be searching, in a covert sort of way, for some one or some thing. He paused at the street corners, casting hurried glances in either direction; once he made a few steps toward a knot of boys gathered in front of a peanut stand, but he changed his mind, a pink flush mounting to his cheeks as he moved hastily on.

His conference, far down in the French quarter, with a slim, dark, foreign-looking gentleman who wore immense hoops of gold in his ears, and whose shoulders went up and down in incessant shrugs, was an animated one. Mr. Gish talked a good deal, and seemed to be giving minute directions. The foreign-looking gentleman listened attentively, and nodded understandingly from time to time. Presently they walked together, threading the crowd, across Canal Street, and a few squares up Carondelet. From the opposite sidewalk Mr. Gish pointed out the office of his employers. There was a quick movement from hand to hand, and they separated. "All-a rright-a!" said the gentleman, showing his beautiful white teeth. Around the corner he stopped to examine the crisp bill; he grinned, and puckered his lips into a whistle, slapping his knee. The transaction was evidently a business one, and the shabby little accountant had not been niggardly.

The next day was the eve of the festival. "Mr. Haley," said Mr. Gish, looking up from his books as the senior partner was about quitting the office, "I—I think, sir, I will come back to-night and finish this piece of work."

"Very well, Gish," said Mr. Haley, carelessly, from the doorway. "It is of no great importance; you can let it stand over if you like."

"You'd better come along and have a

blow-out with the boys, B. F.," remarked Bob Haight, shaking himself into his overcoat and watching for the look of horror which these unseemly suggestions always brought into that modest gentleman's face.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Haight," Mr. Gish replied, nervously, the blood rushing into his cheeks; "I—I have made other arrangements."

Haight stared at him a moment in amazement. "Blest if I don't believe old B. F. is sowing some oats on his own account!" he muttered to himself. But he forbore any comment.

The assistant bookkeeper left the office a little late. He walked rapidly up the street some four or five blocks and turned to the right, plunging, a few doors from the corner, into a small dingy shop, whence a minute later he reappeared, carrying under his arm a good-sized bundle done up in thick brown paper.

In the crowded car he held the bundle carefully on his knees; but when he alighted he hugged it to his breast, folding his overcoat closely about it, and stole along the street, devoutly hoping to gain his own room without being seen. It was twilight when he reached the gate and slipped across Miss Charlotte's trim little flower-garden to the front door. He let himself in as softly as he could with his latch-key. Fortunately the narrow hall was dark and deserted. He bolted up the stair, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, his knees trembling beneath him. Inside the small hall room where he slept he drew a long breath of relief. But the troubled look returned to his face as he cast about for a safe hiding-place for the brown-paper package. He had at first thought of slipping it between the mattresses of his bed, but he drew back in sudden terror. Sister Mary-Lou would certainly sniff it out when she came up to take off the ruffled day pillows and turn down the covers. He dropped it into the flat clothes-basket and threw some soiled linen carelessly over it; it bulged frightfully, and Mary-Lou's eyes were so keen! The rickety old armoire, which contained, besides his own well-worn best coat, sundry articles belonging to the girls, was not to be thought of. After much hesitation, and with many qualms, he laid the bundle in the top drawer of the high bureau, and—for the first time in his life—turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket. Then he went guiltily down to dinner.

"THEY WERE COMING HOME FROM MONDAY-NIGHT PRAYER-MEETING."

Mrs. Gish and the six Misses Gish were already at table. The Misses Gish, with the exception of Miss Martha, the youngest, just turned of thirty-nine, all "took after" their mother, who was tall and spare, and very brisk and alert in spite of her seventy-five years. Miss Martha was short and plump, like her brother, with a round fresh face and a dimpled chin. Time was when Benjamin Franklin came, or believed he came, fourth in due order of age in the family circle. Certain it is that the names of Caroline, Amelia, and Mary-Lou preceded his own in the list recorded on the yellowed register of the big family Bible, while those of Jane, Charlotte, and Martha came after. But, by

some occult calculation on their part, he had found himself suddenly, half a score of years ago, older than Mary-Lou and Amelia. A year or two later he had stepped above Charlotte herself, and now bore himself as became the first-born and the head of the house. This, however, by the way.

"Benjy," said his mother, passing him a plate of thin soup, "you are late. It is almost time for the first bell."

Sure enough! it was Monday night!

Benjy turned scarlet. "I'm s-sorry," he mumbled, with his face in the napkin, "but I have to go back to the office—a little business—"

Mrs. Gish shook her head mournfully. She had her opinion of the hardened and inhuman taskmasters who were "working the life" out of Benjy.

"I am sure," said Miss Martha, rebelliously, pushing away her plate, "*I* don't pity Benjy! I'd a great deal rather add up figures than go to prayer-meeting! I *hate* prayer-meeting."

A shiver of horror went around the table. Mrs. Gish dropped her knife and fork and stared aghast at Miss Martha, who threw up her head defiantly, then dropped it and burst into tears.

Benjamin Franklin did not hear the storm of reproach which followed. A wild scheme revolved in his brain as he gazed absently at the culprit.

"I did not know Martha was so—so nice!" he murmured. "I'll ask her to go with me. But no," he added, after a moment's reflection, "I could never manage it. Poor Martha!"

He watched them trooping off to prayer-meeting, a forlorn and straggling procession, with the penitent Miss Martha bringing up the rear. A slight pang of remorse stirred within him, but he stiffened himself against it. Indeed, no sooner were they out of sight than he went boldly out into Miss Charlotte's flower-garden and began cutting her cherished roses with his pocket-knife. He looked uneasily over his shoulder during the operation, it is true; he even had a prophetic vision of Delphy, the fat black cook, undergoing suspicion, arraignment, perhaps dismissal, on account of the crime he was committing. But he did not desist until he had a generous handful of dewy, long-stemmed buds. To these he added cluster after cluster of scarlet and pink geranium blossoms, snipped recklessly from Miss Charlotte's well-trimmed borders.

He hurried up to his room, closing and locking the door behind him. When he had lighted the smoky lamp, he took the bundle from the drawer and spread its contents on the bed. It was an evening suit of black cloth—coat, vest, and trousers. A smaller parcel within contained a pair of dancing-pumps, a white silk handkerchief, a white tie, and a small round cap.

Mr. Gish contemplated these things for a moment in abstracted silence. Then, with a sort of feverish haste, he began to put them on.

The low-cut vest gave him a queerish sensation; the coat made him blush. He pulled uneasily at the claw-hammer tails, with much the same feeling that a ballet-girl may be supposed to have when she dons her short skirts for the first time. But, twisting and squirming in front of the tilted looking-glass, with the lamp on the floor, he passed abruptly from gloom and anxiety to rapture. The coat wrinkled between the shoulders, and the gentleman who had hired the suit last had bagged the trousers at the knee. These, however, were but trifles. Mr. Gish had undergone a transformation! He swelled with pride as he surveyed himself from head to foot, and from foot to head again.

He hesitated a moment before he could make up his mind to put on the little silk cap, but he ended by setting it rather jauntily on his bald head. He got gingerly into his light overcoat, and drew on his overshoes—a precaution he never neglected in any kind of weather—and tiptoed out, carrying the flowers wrapped in a bit of newspaper.

He left the car a few blocks above the office of Haley and Co., and walked down, keeping well in the shadow of the tall buildings.

There were noise and bustle enough a stone's-throw away; here the street was quite deserted. But a woman was sitting on the lowest step of the long dark stairway that led up to the office. She had a child in her arms, and a little bundle of rags with its head on her knees was sobbing in its sleep.

"I can walk home," muttered Mr. Gish. He dropped his only remaining coin in her lap, and groped his way up the stair.

He unlocked the door, and refastened

it on the inside. When he had removed his overcoat and overshoes, he lighted the gas, every jet of it, turning up each tongue of yellow flame as high as possible. He pushed the chairs and office stools against the wall, and thrust the roses into a dusty glass that stood on the head bookkeeper's desk. Finally he threw open the three large windows that looked down upon the street. Then he seated himself gravely in Mr. Haley's revolving armchair and waited.

The hands of the small clock over his own desk pointed to a quarter of nine.

The minute-hand moved slowly. The big bell in a church steeple not far away boomed nine.

Mr. Gish began to fidget. A cold perspiration gathered on his forehead. "Can it be possible," he whispered, with his eyes glued to the clock, "that there has been a mistake?"

The disappointment was too great. He covered his face with his pudgy hands and groaned. Half past nine. Ten. He got up slowly and began to turn out the lights, one by one.

Suddenly his face cleared; a hand-organ sounded in the street below. The preliminary notes of "The Maiden's Prayer" floated up on the night wind, which came in a little chill through the wide windows. Mr. Gish hastily relighted the gas, and crossing to the further side of the room, he faced about with a low bow, smiling and extending his hand.

"AND THEN, HE DANCED!"

And then, he danced!

The repertory of the somewhat rickety organ consisted of five "tunes," including "The Maiden's Prayer." The others were "The Evergreen Waltz," "The Tower Song," from *Trovatore*, "Monastery Bells," and "Carry me Back to Ole Virginny." To all of these, and to each one of them over and over, did Benjamin Franklin Gish dance. He glided, he leaped, he bounded, he swung corners, he chasséd, he fanned an imaginary partner, he ogled her as he pranced back and forth with her, he gazed down at her with

a blissful smile, as he revolved slowly and laboriously with her in a supposed waltz.

At the conclusion of each set of tunes he walked about, red and panting, but delicately mindful of the (imaginary) tall girl in a fluffy pink gown whose hand rested on his arm.

Once there was an abrupt break in the music. Mr. Gish looked at the clock, and then ran to the window, dizzy with apprehension. A spirited dialogue was going on between the organ-grinder in the street below and an occupant of one of the rooms in the lofty building across the way. A head was thrust out of an upper window and a string of impotent missiles whizzed downward. But the sash presently dropped, and the cheery notes of "Carry me Back" rang once more on the air.

Mr. Gish was no longer young; he was fat and short-winded. As the evening wore on he took fewer steps; he sat down between dances, mopping his face with his handkerchief; and it must be confessed that he became at times a little forgetful of his partner. But when the big bell struck twelve and the music broke off with a jerk in the midst of a strain, a pang shot through his heart. He stared blankly about him, and choked down a mournful sigh.

The ball was at an end.

"I must contrive somehow to pay for the gas," he muttered as he turned off the last jet.

The long tramp homeward was dreary enough. His feet were bruised and blistered, his knees trembled, his arms hung limp from his shoulders, his back ached, his temples throbbed, and his eyes burned. But all this was a trifle as compared with the state of his mind. A mortal reaction had set in. The thought of his mother sitting up for him hung on him like a weight, and he groaned outright as he approached the gate. He opened the door cautiously and slipped in. His foot was already on the stair.

"Benjy!" called his mother from the little sitting-room.

"Yes, 'm," he gasped. The perspiration broke out anew on his forehead as he limped slowly down the hall.

Mrs. Gish sat in a low rocking-chair in front of the grate, where the handful of coals had long ago fallen to ashes. Her head and shoulders were wrapped in an old-fashioned black and white plaid shawl. Her slim old hands were crossed over the Bible which rested on her knees. When Benjamin Franklin entered she looked up, and began, severely, "Do you know, Benjy, that it is after one o'—" But at sight of his woe-begone face her voice changed. "Why, my son," she cried, "what is the matter?"

Benjy had no heart for further concealments. He dropped on his knees and hid his face in his mother's lap, like a boy, and there fairly sobbed out the whole story. He went over it all with simple directness—the first fleeting vision of the dance, the long evenings spent in gazing through open windows at the airy inhabitants of another world, the growing desire to taste this unknown and forbidden joy, the final resolution, the bargain with the organ-grinder, the hiring of the dress-suit, even the surreptitious clipping of Miss Charlotte's roses, and then the ball, the delight of those untaught steps! He told it all, or nearly all. His dream of the tall girl in a fluffy pink gown, with red lips and laughing eyes, *that* he kept to himself.

"Benjamin Franklin," said Mrs. Gish, when he had finished, "stand up."

He got upon his feet. Something unwonted in his mother's voice penetrated his troubled senses and gave him a curious thrill.

"Take off your overcoat," she added, peremptorily, "and let me look at you."

He obeyed, giving the tails of the claw-hammer a vigorous pull toward the front.

The old lady put out a thin blue-veined hand and turned him slowly around and around.

"La, Benjy," she exclaimed at last, "how han'some you are! You look exactly like your pa did the night me and him stood up to be married!"

Benjy stared at her in blank amazement. She had risen to her feet and dropped the shawl from her shoulders. Her white old head went up proudly; her sunken eyes flashed. "As for *dancin'*," she cried, "there wa'n't a lighter foot in Pike County than Sam Gish! He could dance all night without losin' his breath, Sam could! And *when* me and him led off *together*"—she paused to chuckle softly—"the balance of the girls and boys had to stand back, I tell you! La, Sam—Benjy, I mean—it's been a long time since I've heard a fiddle talk. But I believe in my soul if I was to hear 'Rabbit in the Cotton Patch,' or 'Granny, does yo' Dog

"BENJY HAD NO HEART FOR FURTHER CONCEALMENTS."

bite?' I couldn't no more keep my foot off the floor than I could when I was Polly Weathers and Sam Gish was holdin' out his hand!"

She laughed so gayly that Benjy, whose heart was wellnigh bursting with relief, caught the infection and laughed too. The sound of their mirth penetrated the thin partition and echoed through the next room, where Miss Charlotte and Miss Martha were sleeping. Miss Martha turned upon her pillow, half awake, and a wistful smile flitted ghostlike over her round face.

"I'd like to have seen you at the ball, Benjy," the old lady went on, with a youthful ring to her cracked voice. "I'll be bound you stepped out like your pa."

All Benjamin Franklin's weariness had vanished. His face was beaming. He tossed away his tear-wet handkerchief, glided backward, laid his hand on his heart, and bent his short body in a graceful bow. A roguish gleam shot into his mother's dark eyes. She shook out her scant black skirts, and sank nearly to the floor in a sweeping courtesy, extending her finger-tips as she rose to lay them on Benjamin Franklin's arm. Thus, slowly and with measured steps she made the circuit of the dim little room, halting near the fireplace with another wonderful reverence. Then, softly humming a by-gone tune, she tripped lightly through the mazy turnings of an old-fashioned reel. Mr. Gish, radiant, bobbed after her, clumsily imitating her mincing steps. Her tall erect figure had an almost girlish grace; a smile hovered about her thin lips; her small feet in their loose felt slippers fairly twinkled. More than once she held up a warning finger and glanced over her shoulder, fearful lest the girls should awake. At last, with a quaint little twirl, she stopped, her hands set saucily upon her hips, and looked at her son with laughter-wet eyes.

"Go 'long to bed, Benjy," she said presently, giving him an affectionate little shove; "it's high time the chickens was crowin' for day!"

He kissed her, and ran, breathless, up to the little hall bedroom, the happiest assistant bookkeeper that ever gave a ball.

FLUNKYANA.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

(*A visit to the portrait gallery of Brabazon Towers.*)

"Pardon me! but you have passed over that picture in the corner; an old Dutch master, I think!"

"Oh, *that!* The Burgermaster, it's called—by Rembrank, I b'lieve! It ain't nothing much—only a work of hart—*not one of the family, you know!*"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the very prime of the year appears the hectic of its decay. Sitting upon some happy June lawn, or strolling in some wood whose branches "high overarch and embower," while still the roses are blowing and the dog-days are far away, one little yellow leaf forecasts autumn, frost, and winter. Shall we say because of the startling hue, as of that bright spirit, "far off his coming shone," or as in Lochiel's warning, "and coming events cast their shadows before"? This will depend upon the mood of the mind. If it be a pensive or minor mood anticipating decay or sorrow, the coming event will cast a shadow. If, on the contrary, it be a major mood, a feeling of cheerful anticipation, then far off the coming event will shine.

Coleridge speaks of a melancholy both in the spring and in the autumn. But he discriminates between them. One is soft, buoyant, evanescent, the mist of the morning. The other is a gathering shroud of storm. Every pleasant anniversary is anticipated with pleasure until, as time passes, it comes to record inexorably the lapse of time, and the heart begins to ask itself, "How many more shall I behold?" One of Hawthorne's grewsome tales is the "Christmas Banquet," whose company is never to be enlarged. With the inexorable years the guests dwindle and dwindle, until only one remains, and the happiest of festivals becomes a ghastly feast. The reader is ready to chide the story-teller who can find it in his heart to cast a shadow upon that day of happiness, and turns to Irving and Dickens and Thackeray for the Christmas of good cheer and general joy.

Yet the question that we have to ask, forecasting in these summer days the coming of Christmas, which already shines far off, is this, whether, while we praise Christmas as a day of general joy, we take care to keep it so. In point of fact, now, some months before the holidays, as the day of days in all the year rises in anticipation, does its coming shine, or is it an event which casts its shadow before? The Easy Chair asks betimes, and it is not the first who asks, have we not done much to spoil the happy season?

The old custom of New-Year's calling is no longer observed. It was a pretty custom, recalling the social circle of a small community, when everybody knew everybody, and the neighborhood gave a day to visiting. But when the little town became a great city the devotee of old traditions began after breakfast, and until a late dinner was breathlessly running in and out of a hundred houses, and vagabonds, presuming upon the general hurry and confusion, pushed into houses in which they had no acquaintance. The significance and interest of the day were lost, and will never be revived.

Christmas has a deeper hold and a humaner significance than the old Dutch New-Year. But how much of its charm as we feel it in English literature and tradition, how much of the sweet and hallowed association with which it is invested, are we retaining, and what are we substituting for it? Irving's "Christmas," we are told, is his most delightful paper. There is a peacefulness, a freshness, a simplicity, a domesticity in his treatment which breathe the very spirit of the day. It is very Christmas that he describes, whether in the *Sketch-book* or in *Bracebridge Hall*. It is a soft, idyllic picture, blended of the spirit of Christmas and of England.

But what is the substance of the picture? Is it vast and ostentatious expense, a lavish display, a toilsome and exhausting endeavor to give something to all your acquaintance, a wearisome anticipation, and a painful suspicion that somebody has been omitted? Thackeray describes a little dinner at Timmins's. A modest couple make themselves miserable and spend all their little earnings in order to give a dinner to people for whom they do not care and who do not care for them. It is a series of mortifications, and the young pair make themselves needlessly miserable and at a most damaging cost. They know it. Their good sense accuses them of it. But other people do so, and they cannot do otherwise. What would Mrs. Grundy say? Awful thought! She might tell the truth, and say that they could not afford it. They cannot afford it. Timmins and his wife cannot live as the Duke of Westminster lives, nor even as the water-tax collector. But instead of

living pleasantly as they can live, they must needs pretend to do as their richer neighbors do, and ludicrously fail in the pretence.

Christmas is made miserable to the Timminses because they feel that they must spend lavishly to buy gifts like their richer neighbors. They thank God with warmth that Christmas comes but once a year. It is becoming a vulgar day, a day not of domestic pleasure, but of ruinous rivalry in extravagance, a day to be deprecated rather than welcomed. Are not the Timminses legion? Is there not reason in their dread of Christmas because of the sordid and mercenary standards by which it is measured?

The same good sense that sees the folly of Timmins's little dinner and avoids it can stay the abuse and regenerate Christmas. It is essentially a day of human good-will. It commemorates the spirit of the brotherhood of men. You cannot buy Christmas at the shops, and a sign of friendly sympathy costs little. If the extravagance of funerals is such that a great society is organized to withstand it, should not the extravagance of Christmas cause every honest man and woman practically to protest by refusing to yield to the extravagance?

George William Curtis

In Memoriam

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Born February 24, 1824—Died August 31, 1892

THE last communication to his readers from our dear old Easy Chair is a plea for Christmas; and with the timely warning against the wasting blight menacing the gracious holiday there is another note of presage, as if in those June days the writer already felt the approach of life's decay. The "one little yellow leaf" has now become the full autumn of sad mists and shining glories. But he was taken before the autumn came, and another Christmas he will not see.

A month ago we cherished the hope that the end might be still afar off; it seemed impossible that the sweet, strong music grown so familiar to our ears could come thus suddenly to its close, broken thus abruptly in the full summer of its melody. How gladly would we hear its rich though sad autumn requiem and the wise prophecy of its winter psalm!

But no chill was to fall upon the fragrant air where for him swung the ample censers of the July and August days and nights, while, during all those days and nights, in the library of his Staten Island home, he sat in the easy-chair where so often he had written for this Magazine, where alone he could find even partial respite from pain, and where at last the peace of heaven fell upon him. All of summer's incense flowed about him as he drew near the new world he was about to discover....

"My voice quivers when I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odors of the land mingled with the sea-air as the Admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous promises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps with blossoms not all decayed, floated to welcome the strange wood from which the craft were hollowed. Then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions I have seen before I have even undertaken the journey to the West, and I cry aloud to Prue:

"'What sun-bright birds, and gorgeous blossoms, and celestial colors will float out to us, my Prue, as we approach our Western possessions!'"....

We have just returned from the simple, unceremonious burial of our beloved friend. A little group of those who had known him intimately; a few earnest, loving words from the Rev. J. W. Chadwick, heartfully impressive and appreciative; a tender farewell utterance at the grave from his long-time comrade and summer neighbor, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and then, in sight of the beautiful New York Bay, and under the cloudless sky of a September day—reminding us of the lines of Herbert, which he often quoted,

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky"—

all that was mortal of George William Curtis passed from human view.

We leave to others the fit eulogy of Mr. Curtis as publicist, orator, and lecturer, as the antagonist of slavery, and

as protagonist in the hard struggle—but to him never seeming a hopeless one—for purer politics and an unpartisan civil service. Whoever shall worthily say for him such words as he was called to say and so nobly said for others—for Bryant, Longfellow, Sumner, Phillips, and Lowell—must needs traverse the whole field of our political history during the last forty years, and, to complete the portrait, he will give no merely passing glance at the changes which during that period have passed upon the surface of our society, and at the influences which have been at work in the development of our art and literature. Nor can he wholly ignore the quiet but important educational activities proceeding from the University of the State of New York during the Regency and Chancellorship of Mr. Curtis.

But here we are only saying a loving good-by to our friend—saying it for his publishers, who not only miss a great moral and literary force, which they have valued at its highest, and a wise counsellor in whom they have always had unreserved confidence, but feel as a deep personal grief the loss of *him*, the sympathetic companion, the partner of their aspirations, of their joys and their sorrows; for his editorial associates, who will forever cherish the memory of his genial kindly presence and loyal affection, to whom his every word was an inspiration and his smile a benediction; for all who were brought in contact with him in the special field of his work here, who felt his simple worth, the unaffected dignity of his speech and bearing, the affability of a sincere and generous nature; and last of all, but not the least, for the readers of this Magazine, since in bidding him good-by we are also saying a final good-by to the Easy Chair itself, wherein his readers have been admitted to the most familiar and frank expression of his personality—an intimacy next to that of the home circle. For them, therefore, there is a deeper and more lasting regret than may be expressed in the general voice lamenting a public loss—it is a private grief, less easily definable, and forever finding some new fountain from which it springs afresh.

In the eloquent oration on the poet Burns, in the exquisite lecture on Sir Philip Sidney, and, indeed, in every public utterance of Mr. Curtis, whether he spoke for freedom or for the quickening of the public conscience, or at the annual Academy dinner in the interest of living and ennobling art, there was that singular personal quality—the magic of an enchantment beyond the spoken word and informing it—which flowed through the less formal play of his fancy in the Easy Chair. Of his essays in this department Mr. Edwin P. Whipple said, sixteen years ago:

"In these he has developed every faculty of his mind and every felicity of his disposition; the large variety of the topics he has treated would alone be sufficient to prove the generous breadth of his culture; but it is in the treatment of his topics that his peculiarly attractive genius is displayed in all its abundant resources of sense, knowledge, wit, fancy, reason, and sentiment. His tone is not only manly, but gentlemanly; his persuasiveness is an important element of his influence, and no reformer has equalled him in the art of insinuating sound principles into prejudiced intellects by putting them in the guise of pleasantries. He can on occasion send forth sentences of ringing invective, but in the Easy Chair he generally prefers the attitude of urbanity, which the title of his department suggests. His style, in addition to its other merits, is rhythmical; so that his thoughts slide, as it were, into the reader's mind in a strain of music. Not the least remarkable of his characteristics is the undiminished vigor and elasticity of his intelligence, in spite of the incessant drafts he has for years been making upon it."

We have always felt in the Easy Chair a summer presence, such as Mr. Curtis himself was in every gathering of friends, a blithe spirit, prodigal of cheer as are the pines of balm, tireless in its play as are the tropical sea and sky. The feast where he presided never lacked its roses, or the charm of

"Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

Around the corner at every turn of his wit was the swift way to the heart. And if the occasion of the merrymaking was one that deeply moved him, then when the unwearying round of mirth and good feeling came to an end, he would lead in "Auld Lang-Syne," sung with locked hands around the table.

So in that vast round of the festival of Easy Chairs, where grandsire, sire, and son have listened to strains of music that in their ideal harmony seem to blend with the strains that are never heard by

any outward ear, has this tireless and deathless spirit found its way to millions of human hearts that will ever love him and cherish his memory.

There is a conflict in the music—as in what music is there not?—always the two centres of its elliptic orbit, the storm centre and the centre of repose. He who in his youth "breathed the Orient and lay drunk with balm" encountered the fiercest blasts of hatred that blew in his time, even as in the valley of the Nile "the wind and cold hovered, awful, upon the edges of dreaming." His love of goodness and beauty was a passion. He would fain have seen that all was fair and good, and he strove to find it so; finding it otherwise, he strove to make it so. Thus, with no heart for satire, yet the discord that fell upon his sensitive ear made itself felt in his dauntless comment upon social shams and falsehoods, and through his whole career as a writer he was often compelled to don the habit he was most loth to wear. Not thus unwillingly did he take up arms against the dragon wrongs which assailed the nation's heart—for he was the best knight of our time, a genuine crusader. Unwaveringly he met the bitter scoff of the discomfited foe whose disguises he had penetrated and the jeers of the censorious partisan. There was no uncertain sound in the clarion notes of his challenge to battle. But he was a lover of peace, and the retirement of his library and of his Ashfield home was dearer to him than the applause of the Senate Chamber or the triumphs of diplomacy as minister to the most stately of European courts. And yet he sacrificed the ease of many years to meet an obligation which to many honest men would have seemed to rest upon a too fastidious sense of honor.

But the old dream days of his golden youth—"the lotus-eating days of faith in the poets as the only practical people, because all the world is poetry"—were kept alive in the pages of the Easy Chair, and, like the sunshine of a Syrian summer, glowed through all his musings. They brought no delirious fever; no desire for startling effectivism ever disturbed the calm serenity of his style. They did not shut out the "riddle of the painful earth"; he never failed to impart the noblest of lessons—"how to help the helpless, how to console the suffering, how to teach poverty to hope and to labor for its own relief."

As he was the ideal gentleman, the ideal citizen, he was also the ideal reformer, without eccentricity or exaggeration. However high his ideal, it never parted company with good sense. He never wanted better bread than could be made of wheat, but the wheat must be kept good and sound. "If the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

There were some shining days which are especially commemorated by the Easy Chair, made luminous by enthusiasms whose rapture is communicated to his readers with charming frankness. Such was the day when he met the Brownings in Florence. "Oh, happy day!" How characteristic of him is the unreserved delight with which he so often reverts to the singing of Jenny Lind—"an unwasting music which has murmured and echoed through a life"; and how pleasant to us is his pleasure to remember that when she came forward to sing her farewell to America she bore in her hand the flowers he had sent her—a bouquet of white rose-buds, with a Maltese cross of deep carnations in the centre! The happiness of one we loved is so dear to us that we would gladly linger over all the felicities of a life that was not without its shadows and chastening sorrows: the years of youthful travel in the East, and of leisurely sojourn in Italy with Kensett and Hicks, in Switzerland and Germany and England; the earlier companionship of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Dana, Ripley, and Margaret Fuller at Brook Farm; and the later friendships of his growing manhood, including the best and greatest of his contemporaries; the heroic moments of his country's triumphs, in which he was so great a part; and the unmarred pleasures of his home.

Such grace of fortune crowned his summer, which was so bountiful of grace to us. But, as he sang many years ago in the closing lines of his poem "The Reaper,"

> "Though every summer green the plain,
> *This* harvest cannot bloom again."

Dear Easy Chair, beloved friend, once more with locked hands, the festival being now over at which you have sat so long as master, we sing the old song of "Auld Lang-Syne," and with hearts full of sorrow that cannot be uttered even in our tears, we bid you good-by!

Editor's Study.

I.

LITERATURE cannot escape its responsibilities. The literature of a people is largely the creator of the moral atmosphere of that people. From the word to the deed is but a step; from the printed suggestion to the unlawful act the way is as straight as the flight of an arrow. In our excessive concern for the absolute freedom of utterance and of publication, as well as freedom of thought, this responsibility of literature has been overlooked, and the relation of the written word to the moral sanity of society has not been calculated. In this time of increasing lawlessness; of impatience at the restraints of law; of the disposition of employers and employed, and of evil-doers, and of communities suffering by evil-doers, to take the execution of the law into their own hands, or rather to substitute individual suggestions for legal enactments; of growing laxness as to social obligations, in regard to marriage, and as to condonation of known rascalities in business; of public confusion of mind as to right and wrong in so many cases in which a properly instructed conscience ought not to hesitate, such, for instance, as a man's duties to his family and to the state—it is imperative that we should look for the causes of demoralization. Is it due to the pushing of the doctrine of individualism to excess—an individualism which logically can only end in the rule of the strongest individual, that is, the rule of force? Is it unavoidable in a period of necessary license, in a day of transition out of various mental bondages and personal servitudes into a society where no law need be invoked, because no man will desire to do anything that is not right? Are we demoralized because we have cast away tradition, and are not instructed or guided by the lessons of the past, while materialistic science, which has destroyed so much that we used to rest in, created so much of self-confident expectation, and confused us as to the value of life and the way of life, and mechanical utilitarianism, with its cold doctrine of *laisser-faire*, have not yet been able to make for us a *modus vivendi*? The drift of an age, or the philosophy permitting that drift, is too complex to be dogmatized about, and we shall not make the error of attributing the present condition, an onward or a retrograde movement, to any one cause. But there is one reason for our present situation which is too palpable to escape attention. It is a cause which is recognized by the new school of moralists in France as the direct source of the degradation of thought and of life. It is a source of the loss of faith, of the lowering of ideals, of the loss of respect for law, of the loss of the power to discriminate between right and wrong. We speak of the relation of literature to lawlessness, to the duties of life, to crime. By literature is here meant whatever is read, spread broadcast by the press, and especially fiction, which is universally read by young and old, and is most subtly influential in its effect upon mental and moral states. Before going further it is well to say that it is not here a question of intellectual emancipation, nor of what is called the freedom of thought and the freedom of the press. It is just a question of the responsibility of writers in the creation of the moral atmosphere of a people.

II.

This responsibility should be put where it belongs. Much has been written about the low-grade and vulgar stories of adventure and crime, which are read by incipient Jack Sheppards, and which help to manufacture before our eyes young "toughs," who fill the jails and the reform schools; and girls who, having set before them false ideals, tread the glittering path of vanity that is lighted by no ray of modest and womanly feeling; or the weak and sentimental stories that reduce to flabbiness the moral sense and the intellectual fibre of the young reader. We are not likely to overestimate the deleterious effect of these demoralizing works, which publishers circulate in unrecognized channels, and which newspapers scatter like the down of the Canada thistle. But all these, if not comparatively harmless, are only reflections of demoralization in a higher plane —only symptoms of a disease that does not originate where it seems to spread with most virulence. For ideas that corrupt or that save society do not originate from below; they filter down from serene

MISS MARY E. WILKINS'S STORIES.

THE reader, after perusing Mr. Richard Harding Davis's story in this number, "The Boy Orator of Zepata City," need not be told the difference between the formal, elaborate expression which is the result of training, and that which springs from a real feeling, resting wholly upon the reality for its effectiveness. This is all told in the contrast between the sententious appeal made by the ambitious young attorney to the jury, and the artless plea of the prisoner at the bar. Zepata City is very proud of its civilization, of its new court-house, and of its boy orator, who has so flatteringly shown how far the struggling town has lifted itself height upon height above the rude wild life of its early days, leaving the prisoner, who belonged to that life, stranded behind, an outcast, with no longer an excuse for existence. Yet a few words from the prisoner, and the nobby town with its showy court-house and all its other brand-new splendors suddenly has vanished, and the Aladdin's lamp whose magic has wrought all these wonders seems somehow to have been stolen for a season, and now to have been gotten back by its proper Genius, who is working a spell of his own, after an old, old fashion—as old as Nature herself.

The magic spell is only too potent, and our neighbor the Study shows how in much of recent fiction it has lost its legitimate charm, becoming an unnatural touch—a power to blight and consume what it was meant to conserve.

Of natural realism, pure and simple, there is no better example than has been furnished by Miss Wilkins's work. Nothing in the history of literature stands so entirely by itself as the career of this demure New England maiden, whose portrait is given in this number, with the concluding chapters of her first novel, "Jane Field."

Sometimes our attention is arrested by the work of a mere child, and we are attracted by its freshness, quaintness, and originality. We do not call it precocious, for it does not seem to us like what her elders are in the habit of doing. We are inclined to say that her elders have got too far away from her in their progression rather than that she has anticipated them. If we do not meddle with the child, suggesting models or insisting upon conformity to well-established rules of literary composition, she will perhaps still listen to the gentle spirit that whispers in her ear and go on writing these wonderful things. These are the genuine unfoldings of genius.

This is really the story of Miss Wilkins's beginnings in literature, if we may call that literature which has no likeness to anything else that is so denominated, which is the spontaneous expression of a quality simply human and natural, but nevertheless distinctly personal, not to be defined except by saying what it is *not*. It is an exceptional quality in Miss Wilkins's case; it is so in all cases, but especially it seems so in hers because we are permitted to see it without any adulteration or sophistication. From the circumstances of her life she had the good fortune to be without tutors or advisers until her own peculiar culture had become a habit. She was also fortunate in that her early contributions fell into the hands of Miss Mary L. Booth, the first editor of HARPER'S BAZAR, who did not tell her to write like other people, but who saw the value of her singular gift, and kept her in the living lines she was following.

Miss Wilkins's method is as peculiar as her work. She does not transfer the material of every-day life, as observed by her, to her stories. These tales come to her as a series of pictures that flow from fancy's own inward suggestions, as ballads took shape before there was poetry in any other form. Because of their genuine human reality these sketches have humor, and that sympathetic touch which makes her pictures of life seem so like Millet's paintings.

To one who submits to her leading in this way Nature gives her own graces. Miss Wilkins's genius has given birth to an art all its own. In her later work the excellence of this art is apparent, and especially in the novel just concluded. But there has been no surrender of that personal quality which characterized her earliest tales, nor is there any mixture of conventional patterns with those of her free fancy. Long may she sit at her loom, our Lady of Shalott, and weave this rare rich tapestry, ever remembering

> "A curse is on her if she stay
> To look down to Camelot."

heights through the masses. It is the theory that is potent; it is the philosophy that kills or brings life. Nearly every social disorder is the child of some closet-thought set afloat in the world. It is the parallel of Carlyle's remark that there is certain to be trouble when a thinker is let loose in the world. It is as idle to say that the theory or the philosophy is not responsible for the crudeness and the violence of its application by ill-educated and sensual men as it is to relieve of responsibility for the devastation of an inundation the mountain flood that gathers force as it goes, and rages all the more on account of the dams and the obstructions in its path. This influence is as plain as that of the sun upon the vegetation of the earth. We see it clearly enough historically, in another time or in another country. In France it is not necessary, in tracing the literary genealogy of crime and of social demoralization, to go back to the pre-Revolutionary theories. We find the spirit of license in the Restoration period, in and beyond the revolution of 1830. There is in the higher literature a revolt against law; respect for authority is weakened—"passion alone is interesting; it excuses every sin and every crime." Madame St. Blaze de Bury traces with a firm hand this decadence in a paper in the *Contemporary Review*—one of those remarkable papers in which from time to time this philosophic thinker has mirrored the tendencies of an age and marshalled the thought of Europe. Victor Hugo's dramatic types opened the downward road in fiction and poetry. Wrong was not to be denounced, still less punished; violence was tolerated, untruthfulness was venial. Châteaubriand's *René* "altered the whole conception of criminal possibilities, and traced out hitherto unavowed currents of sinful thought, beautifying them by the manner of their presentation." From this time began the hero-worship of the Criminal; everything is forgiven to him who defies the law. The moral recklessness in literature grew; unlawfulness is the element of George Sand; the gospel of transgression is preached, and responsibility for such preaching is denied; to the cynical spirit the moral is nothing, the style everything; the Realist asserts that he is no more responsible for the effects of his scenes of vice and degradation in the printed page than for the effect of his shameless pictures in the salon. "Here, then" (says Madame de Bury, referring to the period from 1800 to 1840), "began that long series of 'bad examples' set forth by French fiction, the influence of which was destined to expand till, by the strange progression of evil thought into evil deed, it culminated in active crime, and was embodied in such heroes of infamy as Lacenaire or Pranzini, and in the typical malefactors, from Troppman down to the anarchists of to-day. All these were engendered by the printed thought, by the subtle teaching of the book. 'From the perpetual reading of immoral books,' says Ravachol's nearest relative (and be it remembered that he says it by way of excuse) 'came the irresistible attraction of all sin for my unfortunate brother.' Equally emphatic is the testimony borne to the power of books by the latest confession of the miserable Anastay. Yet, until a few weeks ago, every journalist throughout France, and most of her so-called moral philosophers, maintained that it was absurd to attach criminal acts to criminal theories, and that in unlawful principles, proclaimed with no matter what force to the outside world, there lay no responsibility of any kind for unlawful acts." So the deterioration went on, from the theories of life that admitted that there was no absolute right, that in individual cases wrong might be right, to the admission of "*le crime passionnel*," which confused juries and even the legal mind itself. The claims of morals were set aside by the formula, "*Il faut avoir du talent.*" From 1825 to 1870, it is not too much to say, exclaims Madame de Bury, "that the art and literature of France were the slaves of licentiousness. To no one principle of right did they render service; to no one principle of wrong did they offer antagonism. Idealism was mocked at. The real type of the age is Robert Macaire." Whence come cynicism, depravity of manners, contempt of women, disrespect for parents and for all authority, in short, respect for nothing, a disease of this age of realism and materialistic science? Who teaches the worthlessness of life, fatalism, helplessness of the will, that whatever we attempt, the end is the same—weariness, nothingness, defeat? It is the testimony also of M. Wagner in *Jeunesse* that the breath of disrespect which blows over the youth of

France comes from men highly placed, teachers of the wrong way—*des éducateurs à rebours, des prophètes de néant et de boue*—writers whose doctrines, which confuse all notions of right and wrong, filter down through a thousand channels into the heart of the masses. And, says this courageous assertor of the value of life and the value of the soul, "there is something more dangerous for a people than the demolition of principles, than holding up to ridicule things holy and things respectable, or even soiling their imaginations with impure recitals, and that is the destruction of faith in honesty, in disinterestedness, in all virtue." Degradation is then accomplished.

III.

It is easy to understand how the writings, perfect in form, in style, seductive in art, which undermine the moral character and render one hazy as to distinctions of right and wrong, should breed a spirit of lawlessness among men in the coarse shock of interests in common life. The sympathy of the leaders of the Realistic School with disorder and defiance of law, so often expressed, may not be so easily explicable. When that sympathy is expressed, does it not show that they are conscious of the tendency of their writings? These teachers seem to have gone astray from the fundamental truth that a crime cannot be made a good act by affixing to it an apologetic adjective. No theory of the rights of man, of the unequal distribution of property, of the hardship of labor, will excuse it. If the world is ever to be any better it is to be by the gospel of love and not the gospel of hate—it is through obedience only that freedom comes. Murder is not less murder, pure and simple, because it is called political by the man who commits it, or because it is committed by a nihilist or an anarchist or by a striker. The murderer may be pitied, indeed; perhaps naturally he would have shrunk from this crime; his mind has been confused and crazed by false theories. Whence come these theories? How did it happen that a private in the Pennsylvania militia stepped out from the ranks and cheered the assassin of one of the men whom the military arm of the State was then under orders to protect? This soldier was under discipline; he was a part of the majesty of the State, legally evoked to save the State. He was not only insubordinate to military law, but to all law that holds society together. His insubordination pervading the ranks would have brought anarchy and chaos to the State. His punishment should have been prompt and severe—the degree of severity is not in question in this argument. His position was monstrous. But was he the chief sinner? No. The theoretic preachers of lawlessness had demoralized him. Of course his action had its defenders, for the sympathy with lawlessness is widespread, and a sympathetic writer promptly comes forward to say that the man had a right to express his opinion, and that to curtail it was an outrage on the American freedom of speech! So it would have been an outrage on freedom of speech if his commanding officer had promptly shot a private in a critical moment of a battle in the late war who had stepped from the ranks and called for cheers for secession. No theory about the conduct of the war ought to have saved him. He would have been not less despised by the enemy than by his own company.

Loss of a sense of the need of discipline in life, the spread of lawlessness, sympathy with anarchy, can be directly traced to the indifferentism, to the cynical view of life, in literature, to its debased ideals; but this does not affect simply the class that labor and that are still poor. The demoralization becomes general. The gospel of sordid facts unrelieved by any spiritual life or aspiration excuses if it does not stimulate the materialistic spirit. The coarse greed for wealth, for luxury, the want of sympathy with the struggling multitude, the tyranny of the insolent rich, the indifference to means of success, are also the result of vicious theories of life woven in fiction and disseminated by the prophets of disorder. It is against the selfishly prosperous and the disregarders of others' rights that the discipline of law and the principles of justice must be invoked, as well as against the more ignorant and helpless disturbers of the social order. Outside of law equally applied to all conditions there is no hope for anybody in this republic or elsewhere. But law cannot be enforced, the judges cannot judge, the juries will not hold even scales, if the moral sense of the nation is warped or confused as to private relations

or public obligations by the literature which is the food of the mind as grain is of the body.

Negative influences may be as demoralizing as positive. There is no fruitfulness in negation; there is no upbuilding in a barren realism which amasses all the facts of a degraded and hopeless human nature. But why should the Study fall into this didactic statement of truisms? Because, for the moment, it seems necessary to revert to some basic lines. The prevailing downward, *néant* tendency of so much of our literature, especially in fiction, is not perhaps of forethought intended to be demoralizing. It is largely purely imitation, from wrong standards, or from a misconception of the standards of masters in literature; it is little more than the fad or fancy of a day. It is partly an affectation, from a misconception of the real spirit of the age, which is one of struggle, of struggle for equality against intrenched privilege, but which is also one of hope. The theory of equality does not legitimately lead to the gospel of worthlessness and despair any more than it does to lawlessness and disorder. It needs more malignant influences than yet appear to land this republic in despotism by the familiar path of individual insubordination. There are signs already of reaction. It lies with the writers of America to open wide the new day, to infuse hopefulness into life, to fight materialistic tendencies, to cease to expect to make the world better by the exhibition of its debasement and vulgarity, and to hold up an ideal for inspiration. It is believed that literature needs only to apprehend its responsibility to assume it.

IV.

The American who wishes to comprehend the depth and sweep of the campaign in France against the materialistic spirit, against "realism" and lawlessness, which, under the standard of the Ideal, strives to make seen of all men the true worth and the true object of life, cannot do better than to read the *Jeunesse* of M. Charles Wagner, a volume which has rapidly gone to its fifth edition, and which in English would be of great service in this country. M. Wagner, born in Alsacia, and a pastor in the Reformed Church, is not a reactionist either against democracy or science; he is in accord with the modern spirit, and the note of his volume is sympathy—sympathy with youth, with the struggling masses, with the public school, belief in love (not hate) as a social solvent, and apostleship of the Ideal. "The ideal," he says, "is not a world of fantasie, so remote and so different from reality that one must despair of ever attaining it; the ideal is the lively representation of the realities of which we bear in ourselves the germ." He addresses himself to youth because in the young he finds most clearly reflected the disease of the times, and also the most hopeful promise of the future. He treats youth seriously; its sufferings are real; the disease which afflicts it is not a puerile pose, it is real and of the gravest interest. Its origin is in the general crisis of our epoch. "Scepticism, realism, the factitious life, transitory results of modern civilization, constitute a sad educational medium (*un triste milieu pédagogique*). The human plant does not prosper in it....The abnormal existence that we lead has produced a lowering of the human vitality." The author's diagnosis of the evils of the time is as searching as it is fearless. But he does not leave us in a blind alley. With equal perspicacity and charm of style he traces the indications of a more hopeful life, and points out the paths to a better future. Even young France is becoming weary of negations, of facts without soul, of a life unilluminated by any ray of the ideal. There is indication in man as he is, of that which he may become: "to become what we are capable of becoming, that is the object of life. That is our part. Fac tua, sua Deus faciet." This value set on life is the keynote of the new teaching. And in his analysis of the causes of the current moral confusion and indifference, the author makes it clear that he appreciates the responsibility of the written word.

It would be quite impossible to put into a single volume a true description of the youth of America and their habits and tendencies, or to make any single study of them that should fit the various types of all our latitudes and of our many nationalities. The author has in France a subject more homogeneous. But in the youth as seen in the mirror of French life we recognize many traits universal in our time, and, indeed, we have a class of young people whose portrait is drawn in *Jeunesse*. Mechanical inventions, facility of intercourse, fashion, tend to uni-

formity. The roller of industrialism, of bureaucracy, of the mode, has passed over the world and erased originality. All the world sings and whistles the same melody for six months, and then drops it for another. Local manners, costumes, provincial idioms and songs, all are effaced. To the traveller the railways, the stations, the hotels, the theatres, are as alike as brothers. The province, spread out and empty, despairing of itself, offers only a reduced and feeble image of the great city. How can the youth have an individual physiognomy? It is a heresy not to be like the rest of the world. "The fear of being singular appears even in the dress. No one submits more passively to the mode than certain young people. They must have the same hat, the same knot in the cravat, the same cut of garments. There are no more individuals who walk the streets, but specimens, by the dozen—by the gross, as they say in the factory. In fact, one has a vague impression of the manufactory, of something put on, in seeing move about such a great number of beings identically alike. The eye-glass, the cane, the attitudes, the stereotype speech, remind one of an automaton. One would not be surprised to find stamped on him somewhere a trade-mark, a signature, something like *Grévin fecit.*" Manners conform to the régime of dress, and ideas follow suit. It is a procession of imitative sheep—*les moutons de Panurge*, says the author.

And yet there are some, from day to day more in number, who begin to comprehend that if there is any way to be saved, it is to draw near to the normal life, to return to base lines, to elementary things, to appropriate the good, near or far off, in the present and in the past, wherever a shred of it can be found, to renounce exclusive tendencies and party interests, and become simply men. "To be really young, and really men," is the last word. To believe in life, to taste it with faith, to have joy in it and make the most of it, that it is to find the soul in one's self, the soul in things.

V.

Whoever helps to keep alive the respect for a book, for books as books, renders a great service in this time, when the feeling towards books is becoming like that towards newspapers — that they are to be rudely handled and cast aside when the news has been snatched out of them—or when regard for them is like that of a hungry man for oysters, who scoops out the soft parts and chucks away the shells, perhaps with pearls in them. The love for the book goes along naturally with the love of literature itself, and there is something wanting in the "humanities" of a man, whatever his attainments, who has not a respect for what may be called the personality of a book. It is an underbred culture which does not honor it. Books, those unfailingly faithful companions, stand mute and waiting on the shelves; in their hearts are preserved the thought, the aspiration, the despair, the love, the heroism, the emotion, the tragedy, the immortal beauty, the bewitching loveliness, the personality of all the ages. We take one down—it is ready to yield to our every mood; we handle it with care; we linger a little over the cover; we study the book-plate; we judge the title-page; we inhale the book fragrance as we open it and begin to taste its un-material essence. It is brutal not to respect its individuality.

No one of late years in America has done more than Mr. Laurence Hutton to recall us to this refined taste and reverence for books. He is more than their lover; he is their intimate and friend. He treats them always with a gentle courtesy, and yet with the humorous freedom of a friend. It would be exaggeration to say that they are to him exactly living things, but they are all alive with human associations, with the interest of life, with the warmth of the personality of their authors. We see what books are even in their accidental features in a dainty little volume, *From the Books of Laurence Hutton.* The title, which at first sight is misleading, is suggested by the first essay, which is on "Book-plates." The term book-plate is not felicitous. As the author says, the Latin *Ex Libris* ("from the books of"), still employed by the French and other Latin races of the Continent, is much more happy.... *Ex Libris Gulielmi Stubbsi* is unquestionably the parent of "Bill Stubbs, One of his Books." From the book-plates, the engraved or printed labels pasted in the books to denote ownership, in his library, it is that Mr. Hutton makes a most charming chapter of reminiscence, anecdote, and information about engravers, authors, and

their tastes. And it all has a quiet humor and an exquisite literary flavor. The same may be said of the succeeding chapters: "Grangerism," from Granger's *Biographical History;* on "Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots"; on some "Portrait Inscriptions"; and on "Poetical Inscriptions."

The author's accuracy in research, his curious learning, his lively humor, and power to give charm to details, were exhibited in his *Curiosities of the American Stage*, which is a delightful supplement to his *Plays and Players.* It has a place in a notice like this rather on account of its literary quality than for its faithful delineation of the mimic life of the stage. But it is in two other volumes, *The Literary Landmarks of London* and the, later, *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*, that Mr. Hutton has rendered the most distinguished service to literature. For there is nothing more important in regard to the respect for books of which we have spoken than the preservation of the traditions of literature, the flavor of human interest and personality in it. Both these volumes, on London and on Edinburgh, filled with portraits and drawings of the abodes of authors, are as far as possible from being dry guide-books *de place;* they are, indeed, so accurate and comprehensive as to excite the admiration of the cities, which take shame for leaving this important work to be done by an American; but they contain the very essence of literary history, are full of personal anecdote and allusion, and have a charm of narrative, of brightness, of fun, and of pathos which is quite another thing than the gabble of professional *valets de place.* The reader would be tempted, were it not for offending the author by an exaggeration, to exclaim, "If Hutton makes my literary guide-books, I care not who makes the literature."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of September.—The State election in Arkansas, on the 5th of September, resulted in a decisive victory for the Democrats. L. K. Fuller, Republican, was elected Governor of Vermont on the 6th of September, and Henry Cleaves, Republican, was elected Governor of Maine on the 12th.

On the 18th of August orders were issued by the Governor of New York for the assembling of the entire National Guard of the State at Buffalo, to enforce the law during the strike of railroad switchmen at that place, the beginning of which was noted in our Record for October. On the 24th a conference of the chiefs of other railway labor unions decided not to order a sympathetic strike, and the grand master of the switchmen's union declared the conflict at an end, advising those who could do so to return to their places. The greater part of the militia were at once withdrawn.

In Tennessee several other attempts, besides that mentioned in our Record for October, were made by the free miners to liberate the convicts employed in the mines, but without success.

The cholera continued to rage with great fatality in southern Russia, causing, according to official reports, nearly 3000 deaths daily. About the 20th of August it appeared in Hamburg, Germany, and soon afterward broke out in Antwerp, Bremen, Havre, and other cities. Within the next week there were cases of the disease in London, Liverpool, and some other places in Great Britain. On the 31st the steamship *Moravia*, from Hamburg, arrived in New York Bay with cholera on board. Twenty-two deaths from the disease had occurred among the passengers during her voyage. The survivors and crew were at once quarantined in the lower bay, and vigorous measures were taken to prevent infected vessels from passing through the Narrows. On the 1st of September a circular was issued by authority of the President requiring all immigrant vessels from infected ports to be detained at quarantine at least twenty days. On the 4th two other steamships from Hamburg arrived in the bay with cholera on board, and on the 9th still another, on which thirty-two deaths had occurred during the voyage.

DISASTERS.

August 15th.—The new British ship *Thracian* was wrecked off the Isle of Man, and twenty-three persons were drowned.

August 25th.—The British steamer *Anglia* was capsized in the Hooghly River, India, and fifteen of her crew were lost.—An explosion occurred in a coal mine at Bridgend, Wales, and nearly 100 miners lost their lives.

August 31st.—The steamer *Western Reserve* was wrecked in Lake Superior, and twenty-six lives were lost.

September 11th.—In a collision on the Fitchburg Railroad, Massachusetts, nine persons were killed and thirty-seven injured.

OBITUARY.

August 22d.—In Rio Janeiro, Brazil, Marshal Manoel Deodora da Fonseca, ex-President of Brazil.

August 23d.—At Canandaigua, New York, Myron Halley Clark, ex-Governor of New York, aged eighty-six years.

August 31st.—At Livingston, Staten Island, New York, George William Curtis, aged sixty-eight years.

September 5th.—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Daniel Dougherty, lawyer, aged sixty-six years.—At Scituate, Massachusetts, Thomas William Parsons, poet, aged seventy-three years.

September 7th.—At Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, John Greenleaf Whittier, aged eighty-five years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE SURRENDER OF THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS.

I HAD the honor done me once to be appointed provisional secretary and treasurer of the State Chapter of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, or of the American Revolution; I never can remember which. (To this unhappy fault of memory I owed my early removal from the responsible and remunerative office, for the offspring of the two societies were like the first pair of brothers, not wholly in unity.) In the discharge of this office I became acquainted with a good deal of history which has satisfied me that the commonly received versions are far from accurate. Among the true accounts which I thus received is the following story of the surrender of the Marquis Cornwallis, related to me by an eyewitness, and which is of course true.

I was seated one day in my office, when there was a tap at my door. It differed essentially from either the deferential tap of a client, or the more imperious rap of the creature who carries around a packet of long, narrow invitations to settle, the acceptance of which keeps a man poor. This knock was light and tentative, and yet had in it a certain assertion.

"Come in," I called.

It was repeated. I knew then that it was not the gentleman of the narrow and inconvenient invitations. He never waits to be invited twice. Sometimes he comes even when a response is withheld. I called more boldly, "Come in."

The door opened slowly, and a person entered—a little, old, dried-up-looking individual with a little, old, dried-up black face, surmounted by a little, old, dried-up black beaver. The white corners of two little eyes, or of what from their geographical position I supposed were eyes, were visible. The visitor, with his back to me, closed the door without the slightest sound, as carefully as if a creak would have blown the house down. Then he turned and faced me.

"Well?" I said. "What is it?"

"Sarvent, suh. Is dis de place whar you gits you' money?"

"No, it is not," I said, feeling that I was safe within the bounds of truth this far.

"'Tain't?" He reflected a little while. "Dis de place dee tole me is de place." He gazed all around curiously.

"Who told you?" I asked.

"Dee. Who is you? Is you de American

Rebelution?" His little eyes were on me scrutinizingly.

"Well, I believe I am; but I am not sure," I said.

"Well, you's de one." He looked relieved. "I is de son of de American Rebelution."

This cast some doubt on my identity.

"You are the son of which one?" I asked, having learned to be discreet.

"Of bofe," he said. "I wuz right dyah at de time—in little York. I seed it all."

"You saw it? What?"

"Generul Wash'n't'n's surrender. I seed it. I seed it when he come a-gallinupin' up on he big iron-gray haws, an' I see de Markiss Cornwallis too. I see 'em bofe."

I began to be interested. "You saw it all?" I asked. "Well, tell me about it."

"Den you gwine gi' me my money?"

"Yes, if it is not too much."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "You see twuz dis a-way. I wuz born right dyah in little York. My mammy she wuz de nuss for ole missis chillern, an' I wuz—"

"Wait; how old are you?" I asked.

"I don' know how ole I is. I so ole I done forgit. I know I is over a hunderd. I know I is, 'cuz I wuz twelve year ole when my mammy die, an' she die when she had nuss ole missis lars gal, jes after de holidays, de littles' one o' all, an' I know she wuz ol'er'n ole missis. I know I is over a hunderd. I reckon maybe I is two hunderd—maybe I is."

This was convincing, so I said, "Go on. You know all about it."

"Oh! yes, suh, I knows all about it. Hi! how I gwine help it? Warn't I right dyah! seein' of it fum de top of de ole Father Aberham apple-tree in ole marster gyardin? Markiss Cornwallis he had done been dyah for I don' know how long, jes a-bossin' it 'roun', eatin' off o' ole marster bes' chany an' silver whar Nat rub up, an' chawin' tobacker, an' orderin' roun' jes big as ole marster. An' he use' to strut roun' dyah, an' war he beaver hat an' he swo'd, an' set on de front poach, an' drink he julep jes like he own all de niggers fum Pigeon Quarter spang to Williamsbu'g. An' he say ef Gen'l Wash'n'n jes dyah to set he foot dyah he'd teck de hide off him, he say. An' one day, jes after dinner, he wuz settin' on de poach a smokin' he cigar, an' come a nigger on a mule wid a note, an' he look at it, an' squint he eye up dis a-way, an' say, 'Heah he now.' An' de urrs say, 'Who?' An' he say, 'Dat feller, Gen'l Wash'n'n.' An' he say, 'He want me to s'render.' An' dee all laugh. An' he say, 'You go back, an' tell him I say to come on, an' ef he come I'll teck de hide off'n him,' he say, 'an' I'll whup him wid one han' 'hine my back,' he say. 'Talk 'bout surrender!' he say. An' he sont de nigger back, an' holler for he haws an' he swo'd. An' fus' thing you know, heah come Gen'l Wash'n'n a-ridin' on a big iron-gray, a gol' pum'l to he saddle, an' a silver bit to he bridle long as you' arm, an' a gol' cyurb to it big as log-chain, an' a swo'd by he side long as a fence-rail. An' as he come ridin' up he say, 'Did'n' I tole you to s'render?' he say. 'You don' s'render, don't you?' he say. An' Markiss Cornwallis he wuz so skeert he ain' know what to do. He jes turn white as you' shut, an' he ain' wait ner nuttin'; he jes took out hard as he could stave it. An' Gen'l Wash'n'n he teck out after him, an' he hollers, 'Stop! s'render!' says he. An' he say, 'I ain' gwine s'render,' says he. An' he wuz a-ketchin' up wid him; an' Markiss Cornwallis he teck out roun' a apple-tree—a gre't big apple-tree—a Father Aberham apple-tree. An' Gen'l Wash'n'n he teck out right after him, an' dyah dee hed it! Well, suh, you nuver see san' fly so in you' life. Fus' Markiss Cornwallis, an' den Gen'l Wash'n'n. Markiss Cornwallis he wuz ridin' of a little sorrel pacin' myah, an' she wuz jes a-movin'; her legs look like guinea-hens. Gen'l Wash'n'n he wuz ridin' of a big iron-gray haws, an' he wuz gwine like elephant. De myah war'n' nowhar. An' ev'y now an' den Gen'l Wash'n'n he hollers out an' say, 'S'render!' an' Markiss Cornwallis he say, 'I ain' gwine s'render,' says he, an' he wuz jes a-flyin'. An' pres'ny Gen'l Wash'n'n he come up wid him—even—so, an' he draws he swo'd, an' Markiss Cornwallis he holler out an' say, 'I s'renders,' says he. But 'tain' no use to say 's'render' den. Gen'l Wash'n'n he done git he blood up, an' he say, 'Oh yes,' he say. 'Who dat you gwine teck de hide off'n him?' he say, an' he jes drawed he weepin', an' he giv' a swipe, an' he cut he head right clean off, he did. Yes, suh; he done dat thing, 'cuz I seed him. Whar wuz I? I wuz right up in de apple-tree. What did I do? I jes slip' down out'n de tree an' hol' Gen'l Wash'n'n haws for him while he wuz cuttin' he head off; an' when he git thoo, he say, 'Felix, how's de Cun'l an' de ladies, an' de fambly?' an' he wipes he swo'd, an' put 't back in de scabbard, an' when he git ready to mount, he gi' me two an' threepence, an' says he, 'Felix, a gent'man nuver gies less 'n dat to a servant,' says he. Suh?

"Well, suh, anything you choose. You is a gent'man, I see; an' Gen'l Wash'n'n he say a gent'man nuver gies a servant less 'n—Thankee, suh; I knowed you wuz a gent'man."

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

BROAD VIEWS.

THEY were talking over the interesting point of how far a million dollars could be made to go, when one of them said:

"A million silver dollars piled on top of each other would make a column two miles high."

"Really?" said the other. "Jove! What a broad view of the world one could get from the top of that column!"

"Yes," was the response. "And what a broad view of everything you could take at the foot of it, if you owned the column!"

THANKSGIVING DAY.

It's been a year to-day sence last I kneeled 'nd thanked the Lord
For all the wondrous blessin's 'nd the joys these days afford,
'Nd here I am agin this year, prepared to do my part
At renderin' of thanks devout, most humbly, from the heart,
For all the good things I have got from this here sinful life,
Although I vow I've seed of late a mighty lot of strife.

My craps went back on me this year; my Jersey cow, she's dead;
'Nd I for sixteen mortal weeks lay groanin' on my bed
With rheumatiz; 'nd cracky! Gee! It wasn't any fun,
I tell ye. Then my little mare—the speedy sorrel one
I sot so much store on—one day she shied 'nd run away,
'Nd lamed herself for life, 'nd smashed to smithereens the shay.

'Nd then my darter Susan, she eloped the fourth o' June
With that young Silas Tompkins. He's a worthless sort o' 'coon.
He never earned an honest cent, 'nd, far as I can see,
Ain't never likely to begin. The couple lives with me.
'Nd wife's gone kind o' flighty, too. It was indeed a sin
For me to sell for rags the sock she kep' her savin's in.

'Nd yet, you know, I'm thankful, spite of all my beastly luck,
Because I don't get flabbergasted ev'ry time I'm struck.
I know there's lean 'nd fat for all, 'nd I've just had my lean,
'Nd now a juicy slice of fat 'll come my way, I ween;
'Nd even if it doesn't come, you'll hear my thankful roar
Because this dog-goned year just past 's behind me—not before.

SCAGGS'S MARE POLLY.

THEY were talking about horses, and more particularly about Nancy Hanks's wonderful record of 2.05¼. Every one seemed to be more or less impressed with the marvellousness of this record except old Mr. Scaggs, a retired farmer.

"She's fast, yes," he said. "But I oncet owned a mare up on the farm as could beat her. That mare was lightnin' on legs. Polly was her name—named her after Mrs. Scaggs's mother, and a finer woman you never met. She could bake all around any other woman in the county, an' when it came to me bein' sick, she'd nurse me tenderlier than as if I wasn't a son-in-law at all, but her own boy. My, how she could trot!"

"Your mother-in-law?" asked one of the circle.

"No; the hoss," snapped Scaggs, with fire in his eye. "I'm talkin' about the hoss. I bought her when she was eight years old from old Mrs. Tompkins. She wasn't much on looks, Mrs. Tompkins wasn't, but she was business all through. When her husband died she took charge of the grocery, an' added a millinery department to it, 'nd by Joe! inside of a year she was able to close up the grocery 'nd do nothin' but make hats. Tompkins used to hitch her up to the delivery wagon, you know, but of course—"

"You don't mean to say that any man was ever mean enough to hitch his wife up to a grocery wagon, and make her haul the packages about town?" queried the inquisitive member of the party.

"'Ain't said nothin' o' the kind," retorted Scaggs. "Don't you get too funny. I'm talkin' about the hoss. I was goin' on to tell ye how when old Mrs. Tompkins got makin' two-dollar hats for the women folks 'nd sellin' 'em to 'em for ten, she give up the grocery business, 'nd so didn't have any use for the hoss old Tompkins had used for drivin' his delivery wagon. It happened I wanted a hoss 'bout that time, 'nd so I called on old Mrs. Tompkins to talk it over. She was only eight years old at the time, and hadn't much style about her, though she was calculated to be faster'n anything else in town. I ast old Mrs. Tompkins what she'd take, 'nd she says $24.

"'That's pretty high for an eight-year-old,' says I. 'I'll give ye a dollar 'nd a half a year for the hoss. That's $12.'

"'Make it two, and she's yours,' says old Mrs. Tompkins.

"'Throw in a hat for my wife,' says I, ''nd it goes.'

"'Done,' says she.

"So I bridled her, paid the money, 'nd led her home. Few days later some o' the boys, knowin' as I had sportin' blood, came an' ast me to let Polly trot on a mile track for the record. My wife didn't want me to at first, because she was a little off her feed, 'nd didn't approve of racin' anyhow, but when the boys offered a purse of $10 if she could beat 2.10, she let up. So I said all right, 'nd we set a date."

"Well, what was the result?" asked the inquisitive youth.

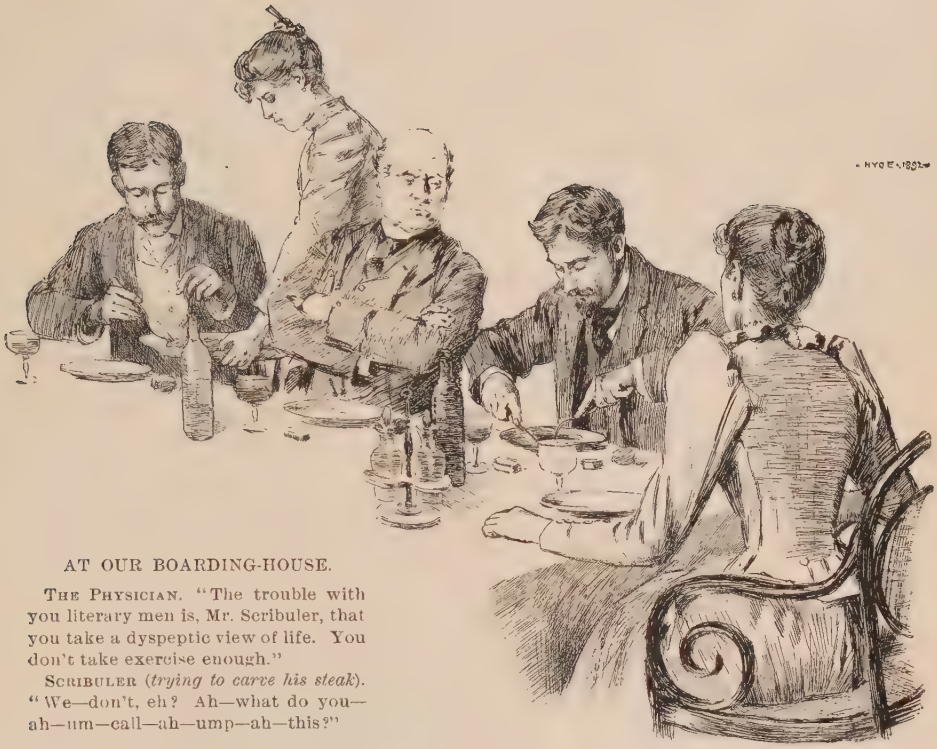
"Two four for the mile," said Scaggs.

"Two four?" cried the whole circle at once.

"Yep," said Scaggs. "But it was the track as helped her. There was somethin' in the track as had ought to be give some o' the credit, for the old mare couldn't beat more'n four minutes at the County Fair grounds."

"What was the special quality of the track, Scaggs?" asked one of the party.

"Waal," said Scaggs, slowly, "as far as I could make out, a mile on our track warn't more'n half a mile on any other."



AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE PHYSICIAN. "The trouble with you literary men is, Mr. Scribuler, that you take a dyspeptic view of life. You don't take exercise enough."

SCRIBULER (*trying to carve his steak*). "We—don't, eh? Ah—what do you—ah—um—call—ah—ump—ah—this?"

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NEWSPAPER.

THERE lives in a prominent Hudson River town a young man of considerable energy and some wit whose chief ambition it is to be original, and to attain to this, as he tersely puts it, the only true way is in the line of minding his own business. One of the results of his system has been that he writes his own newspaper, since the newspapers as published contain only information as to the business of other people. Probably the most interesting column in this personal journal—which he calls the *Yellowplush Gazette*—is that which is devoted to society notes, among which, in the August issue, are found these:

The dashing Mrs. Porco-Sayre, of Chicago, who lately married Peter H. Sayre of the same city, is summering at Harrowgansett. She is reported engaged to Harry Beemington, of Providence, the wedding to take place as soon as her present husband will consent to a divorce.

Owing to the unexpected illness of Mrs. Pottleton Potts at Newport, her bathing suits that have aroused so much curiosity will be exhibited at the Casino for one week—admission, twenty-five cents—the proceeds to be devoted to a Fresh-Air Fund in which Mrs. Pottleton Potts is interested, the object of which is, I am told, to send the little Pottleton Potts off to a farm during the heated term.

Henderson Hicks Harlow, the famous young poet who had a quatrain in the Bumbleton *Gazette* two years ago, is summering at the Pike House, in Newburytown, Connecticut. He is interesting himself in a projected Author's Reading for the benefit of the Newburytown library, at which, it is expected, Mr. Harlow will read his quatrain.

The eccentric banker Theodore B. Spendelton, has hit upon a novel way of spending the summer, having engaged for himself and family a suite of ten state-rooms on the Albany night boat for the whole month of August. The experiment will be watched with considerable interest, particularly by the transient passengers.

Thomas Peterby Parkins, the well-known poet, spent Sunday at the Mawkish House, Spattsville, New York. Mr. Parkins will be remembered as the author of that extraordinary volume of verse, *Huckleberries from Helicon*, which ran through three-eighths of an edition last winter.

The town band of Hicks Centre, the popular Pennsylvania watering-place, gave a concert at the Hawkins House last Saturday. Yankee Doodle was rendered with great effect as a trombone solo, and Jerry Stimpson, the favorite base-drummer of the village, superbly played a solo arrangement of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," made for him by his fiancée, Miss Maude Perkins, of St. Smithers P. E. Church choir.

A HARD POSITION.

"IT'S awful to be foot of the class," said Master Tommy, after school was over. "I knew my lesson splendid this mornin', but by the time the teacher got down to me I'd forgotten it all."

TOO QUICK.

SAM WHEELER was an uncouth rustic who, had his chances of education and observation been more complete, might have been launched upon the world as a second Munchausen. His favorite had to do with a sea-serpent, and ran something like this:

"When I wuz comin' over the ocean," he said, "we wuz all woke up one mornin' by the ship a-rollin' 'round considerable. Goin' on deck, we saw a sea-serpent crawlin' over it, an', gentlemen, it wuz such a big serpent that it took two days to git across that deck!"

"Why didn't you kill it, Sam?"

"It went over so quick we couldn't," said Sam. CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

NOT AVAILABLE AS AN INTERPRETER.

THE late General Donaldson, a veteran of the Seminole war, the Mexican war, and the rebellion, used to relate the following anecdote of General Zachary Taylor. During hostilities with Mexico, General Taylor was, upon a certain occasion, present at an advanced outpost. While there a Texan scout in the employ of our government, speaking Spanish only, evidently the bearer of very important tidings, rode headlong into the outpost, and leaping to the ground, rushed up to the General, whose uniform showed him to be an officer of high rank, and began in the most excited manner to pour forth a torrent of Spanish. The General, whose linguistic attainments ended with a knowledge of his mother-tongue, was completely taken aback, and so plainly did his face express his feelings that a sentry on duty near by burst into laughter. Noticing this, with a frown the General called to the sentry:

"Fellow, come here!" Trembling for the consequences probably attendant upon his want of respect the soldier obeyed. "Fellow," asked the General, "do you know any one around here who speaks Spanish?"

"Yes," replied the abashed soldier, designating the Texan; "*that man does.*" C. B. MOORE.

BRANCHED OUT.

"Do you make much money out of your orange grove?"

"Yes; that is, I have since I planted palm-trees. I find that fans and dates are less perishable than oranges."